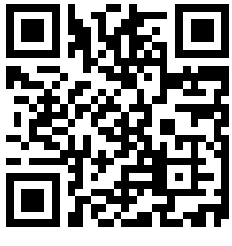
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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 5, 1879. No. 27.

The Procession of the Precious Blood.

[We select for the edification of our readers this week a beautiful chapter from "The Precious Blood," by Father Faber, of which we were reminded by the recurrence of the month specially dedicated to the veneration of the Great Price of our Redemption. Nothing more sublime, we think, can be found in the writings of Father Faber. "The Precious Blood" is the least popular, though perhaps the most remarkable production of his pen. It is a glory for the age to have produced such a volume.]

Our present task, then, is to marshal a Procession of the Precious Blood, with all its various yet kindred images, through our minds. It shall be to us like the defiling of soldiers over the mountain passes. The bravery of war shall add to the beauty of the scenery, and the scenery shall set off the bravery of war. Far off we shall see the glittering pomp, and then again so near that the martial music shall strike upon our ears. Here the light shall fall upon it in all its beautiful array, and there the clouds shall obscure its path, and the crags appear to swallow up the pageant. Much we may see which we cannot understand; but much also which we can both understand and love. From first to last it all tells of Jesus. From first to last it is a thing of God. Nay, we must not be strange to it ourselves. We too must fall in with the Procession. We must climb with it, as part of its life, its beauty, and its music, until we are lost to sight among the cloud-covered mountains of eternity. Our soul longs for rest. It would fain seek some peaceful solitude, where the sights and sounds of the world cannot intrude. It yearns to repose itself on God in the vigilant sleep of prayer. How shall it attain its end? We read in the Book of Esther that when King Assuerus could not sleep "he commanded the histories and chronicles of former times to be brought him," and they read them before him. So may we have the history and chronicle of the Precious Blood brought to us. It will make music in our ears, like the reading of a famous ancestry to the high-born and the royal. It will be a picture before our eyes, like a procession emerging out of that first dark eternity of God, winding over the picturesque inequalities of time, and reëntering the second illuminated eternity of God, up which we see in a vista of confused gorgeousness, as those who look through the doorway of some vast cathedral, and behold the banners waving, and the masses of gold and color all tinted with the hues of the painted windows, moving slowly in indistinct progress to the distant starry altar. If with this pageant we can fill our minds, for a time at least the hold of the world upon us will be loosened. The things of God will interest our hearts, and many acts of Divine love will flow from us, as from a fountain. Let us then turn aside from the images of earth, and rest a while, and watch this venerable Procession.

To what shall we dare to liken the Mind of God? With what shapes of allegory shall we venture to clothe that infinite, eternal object, which is the fountain of all our destinies? To us it looks like some tremendous chain of mountains, whose sublimities are inaccessible, whose heights are hidden always in the darkness, whose shapes are not the shapes of earthly scenery, whose sound and silence are alike terrible, and yet whose sides are always clad in the beautiful repose of radiant light. But it is a chain of mountains which has only one side, one descent. None has ever climbed those heights, nor ever shall. But we know that if they were surmounted there would be no descent upon the other side. A vast table-land stretches interminably there into the boundless distance, an unbeginning, uncreated land, of which faith alone, itself a supernatural virtue, can report; and it reports only, together with some few facts, the unchanging peace of awful sanctity which is the life and joy of God. That is the land of the Divine Decrees. There is the cradle of Eternal Purposes, which were never younger than they are to-day, and needed no cradle, because they

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had neither beginning, growth, nor change. In the trackless distances of that nameless upland have we ourselves been hidden from all eternity: so that, in some sense, our nothingness is clothed in the robes of God's eternity. In those untravelled, unimaginable plains, the Divine Perfections have been tranquilly occupied with us in unbeginning love, an unbeginning love which does the work of everlasting justice. In those fastnesses, round which a glory of impenetrable darkness hangs, lie the living mysteries of Predestination, of the Divine Permissions, and of that unnamed perfection out of which the gift of Freedom to creatures came. It is a land before whose misty regions we bend our knees in breathless adoration, in prayer which ventures not to clothe itself with words. A sacred horror fills our souls as we think of the irresponsible power which reigns there, of the mightiness and the celerity of that all-absorbing will, of the resistless march of that all-devouring glory, of the unfathomable abysses of that incomprehensible secrecy, of the unswerving exactions of that appalling sanctity, and of that amazing plenitude of life, to which no creations have been able to add, and which no incarnations could intensify. If the mysteries which we know to lie there undivulged are so tremendous, what may we not conceive of other grand mysteries which are simply unimagined? Yet one thing we know of that pathless world of the Mind of God, pathless because neither reason of man nor intelligence of angels has ever wandered there; pathless because God Himself traverses it not by any process of remembrance or discourse but always possesses it in simple act,—one thing we know of it, and cling to: it is, that everywhere its vastest solitudes, its farthest-withdrawn recesses, are all resplendent with the most tender justice, and are all beautified by the omnipotence of love. Nothing is small to a God so great. It is this thought which renders so vast a majesty, not tolerable only, but so sweetly intimate and so intensely dear.

Over then those fertile deserts, fruitful though nothing grows there, unpeopled but where all is life, coming out of the interminable dark distances, we behold the Procession of the Precious Blood emerging. We could not see its starting-point, if it had had one. But it never had. In the Mind of God it was an unbeginning Procession of created things. It went forth from His power, and it returns into His love. The Precious Blood is the crowned King of all His decrees. All other creation sprang from it in prolific, multitudinous diversity, and it is forever fetching creation back to the Creator. We see it only as it were through dazzling mists. Yet it seems to come with banners flying, whereon the names of the Divine Perfections are emblazoned. The Divine Decrees hover above it like glorious clouds, which are dark from their exceeding luminousness. All the Types of created things appear to follow in its train. Onward it comes, so like an uncreated splendor that it is hard to think it a created thing. We kneel to worship, because faith, like a herald, proclaims it as it comes, as the Created Life of an Uncreated Person. Ages of epochs hang like shapeless mists about the long Procession. as if there were even in eternity some divisions which would seem to us like time, or as if eternity were thus striving to make its length and its endurance visible to mortal eyes. The whole of that illimitable country is somehow covered with the Precious Blood. It is like the spirit of the place, or at least the atmosphere which hinders its being mere darkness to our view. The light is colored by it. The darkness is thickened by it. The silence makes it felt; and if there be any sound it is the sound of that Blood lapsing in its channels.

Now it has reached the edge of that boundless upland. Now it stands revealed upon the heights, which face down upon creation. It passes from the region of bright bewildering mists, mists which bewilder the more because they are so bright; and it emerges into light amidst created things. Or rather, to speak more truly, it comes, the Procession of Divine Decrees, the pageant of the Precious Blood, to that invisible, imperceptible point in eternity, when time should fittingly begin. At once a whole universe of fairest light broke forth, as if beneath the tread of those decrees, as if at the touch of that Precious Blood. It was but an instantaneous flash, the first visibility of the invisible God; and there lay outspread the broad world of angels, throbbing with light, and teeming with innumerous and yet colossal life. The brightness that silvered them was the reflection of the Precious Blood. From it and because of it they came. Out of it they drew their marvellous diversity of graces. Their sanctities were but mantles made of its royal texture. They beautified their natures in its supernatural streams. It seemed as if here the Procession halted for a moment; or perhaps it was only that the sudden flash of light looked like a momentary halt. The new creatures of God, the first created minds, the primal offspring of the Uncreated Mind, were bidden to fall in, and accompany the great Procession. Oh, it was fearful,—that first sight outside the immense serenity of God! Then truly, too truly, there was a halt, as if homage and obedience were refused. There is a gleam as of intolerable battle, and a coruscation of archangelic weapons, and Michael's war-cry, echoing, the first created cry, among the everlasting mountains. A third of that creation of purest light has refused to adore the Human Blood of the Incarnate Word, and is flung speedily

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into the dread abyss; and the ranks close in, and the unfallen light now beams more resplendently with its thinned array than ever it beamed before the fallen fell; and onward the Procession moves.

To our eyes it has a firmer footing when it comes among material things. It is a material thing itself. It has passed the world of angels, who are now following in its train. Suddenly, on its advance, or even before it has advanced at all, another universe springs up to life, the immense universe of matter. Perhaps there was hardly any gulf between this creation and that of spirit. But it was a new manifestation of the Divine Perfections. In some respects it was more wonderful than the creation of spirit, because its product was less like any thing in God. It was a wider thing than spirit, and perhaps more various. It carried God further out of Himself. It was a longer reach of His perfections. It was a more unexpected thing than spirit. Yet it was in some way older in the decrees of God. It was the creation in which His predilections lay. It was here that He had selected the created nature which He would assume to Himself. It should be a nature neither wholly material nor wholly spiritual, but which should bridge the interval between the two. It was a creation also which should be more under the dominion of time. It should be left to ripen through long epochs for human habitation. Material life should be tried in a gradually ascending scale. The laws of physical nature should be allowed to operate for long successions of periods upon the huge masses of matter. Moreover, God Himself, by a series of secondary creative acts, would set in order and adorn in a sequence of six divine days the matter which in one instant, without succession, He had evoked from nothingness. Moreover, alongside the secular mutations of matter God would move in a series of unresting creative acts. Age after age, every hour of every day, would He call up from nothing beautiful souls to tenant the new bodies perpetually budding forth and growing upon the earth. So that this creation of matter was in all respects a very peculiar and notable creation, not to be thought meanly of because of its manifold imperfections, but to be deeply studied and reverently admired as the locality and material of the Incarnation. It was now to this point that the Precious Blood had come, to a world which was as it were its natural home. The types of created things, which had surrounded it from the first, now suddenly as if at some Divine command spread themselves out in front. With lightning's speed they flew in showers of golden fire into the vast realms of space created to contain them. It was like a vast swarm of locusts gleaming, now lonely, now in troops, in the distinct blackness of space. Orbs, and pairs of orbs, and brotherhoods of orbs, and hosts of brotherhoods of orbs, sprung off exultingly on their immense careers. It was a scene that looked to be one of wild terrific power, of ruin rather than of creation: only that on closer view there was such unstriving peace, such harmony among the unimpeded crowds of worlds, such a magnificent gentle self-confidence of order, that it was amazing to behold. Minerals and vegetables, solids and fluids, shone in families with hitherto uncovered types, which had come from the exhaustless beauty of the Maker. It was all so ponderous and yet all so light, so multiplied and yet so simple, so profuse yet so economical, so free and yet loving law so strangely, that we could never weary of admiring this spectacle of the material creation. It was created also expressly as the equipage of the Sacred Humanity. It was formed upon its model. It was in intimate relations with it. The Precious Blood was beneath the jurisdiction of its laws, even while it was advancing like a lawful king and like a heavenly conqueror. Verily the Divine Decrees are coming now in sight of their magnificent conclusion.

For a long while the road of our Procession has lain over lonely worlds, now in lifeless chaos, in heaps of mineral ruin or in fantastic crystal shapes, now clamorous with life which, to our eyes used to other types, seems portentous and uncouth, now through periods of glacial cold when life died out, and then again through epochs of steaming heat when life was almost strangled in the green density of colossal verdure. Order grows beneath the feet of the Procession, as if the earth were beautified by its advance: when, all at once, in a mountain-girdled garden of this uncentral planet there are seen amid the shades two startling shapes, shadows to the angels they would seem, shadows of Jesus and Mary whom those blessed spirits had been allowed to gaze upon in the Divine Decrees. Now from out eternity that beautiful patient pomp has reached so near to us, has reached the father and the mother from whom we ourselves are sprung. But why does it linger on the banks of Eden's fourfold river? Why does it not rather come on with quickened step, quickened by love to meet us, the children of centuries still far on, who are so yearning for its coming? Alas! there are mists covering the mountains. There are rude winds waving the boughs of Eden, and displacing its quiet foliage. The powers of evil, through mysterious permission, are breaking up out of their dark imprisonment. There is a stir among the angels. The faces of the Divine Decrees are clouded. The Procession has halted, not in confusion, yet abruptly. Man also has sought himself, and has used his liberty against the Divine dominion. The beautiful paradise is overcast

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with shades. The rivers brawl more hoarsely in their beds. There are sounds of tempests among the mountains. The quiet beasts are seized with a panic which they do not comprehend. Yet there is no suddenness of God's glorious anger now, as with the angels. It is as if there were heavenly deliberations, as if mercy were pleading against justice, and staying the uplifted arm. Those two human Faces, the likenesses of Jesus and of Mary, are sweet to the Eye of God even in their fall. That look of human sorrow and of human penitence, why should it be so availing? Why should He pause to look at it, and as if to let it work upon Him, when He dashed in pieces with so summary a wrath the surpassing beauty of those countless angels? It is the Precious Blood Itself which seems to interfere. It glows with unusual light. The splendor of It appears to clothe the justice and the mercy and the sanctity of God with a glory which to our eyes makes those perfections softer, while it also makes them more resplendent. A kind of glorified sadness, yet also of well-pleased love, comes over all countenances in that Procession; and it looks even more Divine. Now angels join the ranks, bearing new banners in their hands, emblazoned with mysterious symbols. They are the emblems of the Passion. The vision of the blissful Mother passes into the Queen of Dolors; and the Incarnation forsakes the white brightness of Thabor for the unutterable gloom of Calvary. Yet the human sadness beautifies it all. That Precious Blood was human from the first; and now that those two human faces of Adam and of Eve have joined it, and have not only joined it but called forth new possibilities in its nature, there seem, if we may dare to say it, a more congruous loveliness, a more harmonious unity, in the wonderful Procession. But it turns away from the mountainous frontiers of Eden, and advances slowly over the expanses of the untilled earth.

Men built cities for themselves, because they had instincts of the heavenly city which was above; and Damascus was the first city which they built, the first Jerusalem of the Precious Blood. Then for four thousand years the ever-widening and ever-lengthening Procession wended on. They were four thousand years of those grand vicissitudes which form the traditions and religions of all the nations of the earth. There was a murder and a martyrdom just outside the gates of paradise. The first brother shed his brother's blood, and the hitherto unpolluted earth cried aloud to God. Yet, rightly considered, that elder brother was not the first to shed fraternal blood; Adam had already shed the Blood of his Elder Brother, who should also be his Son, in Eden itself: and now Abel, like another St. Stephen, was the martyr of the Precious Blood, and went to dwell, himself the first inhabitant, in the peaceful expectation of the limbus of the Fathers. They were wild scenes amidst which the Procession had now to move. The glorious science of Adam faded from the minds of men. The patience of God seemed at last worn out, and the deluge came. But the Precious Blood, with Its retinue of angels, was everywhere on the face of the angry waters. It was not only in the ark with the chosen eight. It was cleansing countless souls among the drowning. It was shriving them upon the high hill-tops. It was uttering brief but victorious prayers out of their souls, as they sank like stones into the depths. That Flood was a stern mission. Yet the Precious Blood was a marvellous missionary, and a glorious harvest of souls was garnered, with Abel and the primeval saints, into the limbus of the Fathers. But the new earth grew colossal sins. It was like the time when the steaming soil had grown the gigantic ferns of the coal-beds. The cries of the hunters filled the glens, and the animals fell off from humankind in terror and alarm. Had God's judgments only quickened the fertility of sin? Truly a singular portentousness of sins answered to a singular immensity of mercy. Multitudes banded together to build a high tower to reach to the low-seeming heavens; but their tongues were confounded, and they could no longer sing the same songs in the Procession. Still everywhere that Procession was reflected; for their religion and their worship were nothing but blood-shedding and prayer.

It would take too long to tell all the travels of the Precious Blood during those wistful ages, while It was at once a pilgrim and a warrior, an explorer and a king, a conqueror going up to take possession and a victim led forth to sacrifice and to be slain. We know of It by the tents of Abraham on the Chaldean plains. It was Isaac's evening meditation in his pastoral fields. Jacob dreamed of It in the dark nights upon the lonely wolds of Mesopotamia. Job sang of It wonderfully amid the ruddy cliffs of the stony Arabia. Moses shed the glory of It over the gravelly desert and round the haunted sanctuaries of Sinai. It shone like moonlight over Palestine, and It was the dim but sufficient light of all the rest of earth. The time of sunshine was not come. It was a voice of minstrelsy in the heart of David ravishing the world. It was the sun behind the clouds of prophecy, making them to glow with such a crimson glory. The Temple of Jerusalem was Its well-head; but Its tricklings reached to the newest-peopled island in the far Pacific. It had made the limbus of the Fathers populous with the accumulated generations of the saints. Angels cannot tire. Yet there was a look of weariness about the long Procession. It went slowly, was often silent, and was manifestly

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travel-stained. Sighs took the place of songs. Hearts made faces beautiful by the intensity of their desires. Yet on many countenances there was an air of doubt which mingled sadly with their wistfulness. Everywhere there were bands of brave Machabees, whose hearts could be unmanned by no captivity. But the greater part of men marched on like slaves going toward the land of their foreign bondage, rather than pilgrims to their homes. Nevertheless, in the foresight of the shedding of that Blood, grace took possession of those four thousand years, and delighted itself in incessant victories, victories that were not confined to the chosen race of Israel.

But now a great and sudden change comes over the aspect of our Procession. It is not so much a change in the retinue of the Precious Blood, as it was in the case of Adam and Eve: this time it is a marvellous change in the Precious Blood Itself. It has prepared all things for Itself in secret; but Its preparations have been hidden mysteries. The souls of Joachim and Anne have been adorned with unusual graces. The yearnings of the saints in Israel have burned within them, until their hearts have hardly been able to endure the fire. The instincts of all the earth have grown uneasy, as if some unwonted thing were coming upon nature. In secret the Precious Blood has done a work which may vie with the great work on Calvary. It has effected the Immaculate Conception, wherein heaven was opened, and such abysses of grace poured out upon the earth that the accumulated graces of the four thousand years of human history, and even the worlds of grace with which the angels were so munificently endowed, were as drops to the ocean compared with the grace of the Immaculate Conception. Beautiful as an unexpected sunrise seen suddenly as we turn out of the dark defiles of a mountain-pass was the Nativity of Mary, as the Procession of the Precious Blood came all at once into Its visible effulgence. Perhaps there is not among the Divine mysteries one of such unblemished gladness, of such unmixed joy, as the Nativity of our Blessed Mother. It was like Bethlehem, without those grave foreshadowings of Calvary which give to Bethlehem such pathetic solemnity. The birth of Mary was like a mystery of the unfallen world. It was the sort of mystery unfallen worlds would have, and its feast the sort of feast unfallen souls would keep. Swiftly the Procession advances. The shapes, the figures, and the symbols of the pageant seem to furl themselves one by one, while the Precious Blood assumes the distinct features of an actual Human Life. It is more heavenly now, because It is more earthly. Its actual creation renders yet more visible those uncreated perfections out of which It sprang. It is more manifestly a glory to be worshipped, now that It can be seen in the Face of the Infant Jesus.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Sacerdotal Dignity.

BY THE LATE B. M. J. KERNAN.

Happy Priests, with joy uplifting
Daily the Unspotted Host!
Angels from on high beholding
You, in wondering awe are lost.

See ye not around the altar
How those radiant spirits throng!
Hark! their voices never falter,
Swelling the triumphal song.

Echo of the hymn eternal
Sung before the Godhead's throne,
"Praise and love and power be given
To the Lamb—the Father's Son."

How they gaze with holy envy
On those hands which dare to raise
Such an offering—such a Victim—
Such a wealth of prayer and praise!

"*Ecce, Panis Angelorum!*"
Yet to Angels 'tis not given
To be fed as Christ's anointed,
Daily on the Bread of Heaven.

Worthier then, and still thrice worthy,
May all faithful Priests become,
"Perfect praise" our God to offer
"E'en from rise to set of sun."

Gentle, meek, and loving, Jesus,
May their best affections be—
Disengaged from all things earthly—
Fondly, firmly fixed on Thee.

Cyril's Vocation.

CHAPTER XV.

Never did anyone enter on Holy Week in a frame of mind more congenial to its austere and tender commemorations than Angela, when, after this retreat, she returned home on the eve of Palm Sunday.

One of the most touching sights of this beautiful time in Rome is the arrival of the pilgrims at the *Trinità dei pellegrini*. The *contadini* flock in for the Easter festivities, trooping into the Holy City in bands of hundreds together—dusty, jaded, their feet cut and bleeding from the long tramp over the hills and the campagna, and go straight to the *Trinità*, where such refreshment awaits them as neither gold nor silver could pay for. Rome's noblest and best are there ready to welcome and serve them, the men on one side, the women on the other. Simply and gladly each weary wayfarer takes her place, while a Borghese or a Colonna kneels down to wash her feet. Angela

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obtained permission to join this patrician sisterhood, and there was not one amongst them who valued the Christ-like prerogative of their office more than she. This washing of the pilgrims' feet is no mere symbolical ceremonial, as some who have not seen it may suppose. It is a coarse, courageous work of corporal mercy performed in good earnest, and regardless of all natural, fastidious shrinkings. At the risk of offending the delicate susceptibilities of some of my readers, I must desire to describe it in its details. The "tub" is not a social institution in the sunny south, and the foot-bath itself is an event which only comes once a year to these horny-footed peasants who meet annually at the *Trinità*. The result may be easily imagined, and the basin and towel are used by the princesses and duchesses as thoroughly as by a Sister of Charity in our hospitals. Angela told me it was sometimes as much as she could do not to get sick during the operation, so overpowering was the disgust it provoked. Yet who would fancy this, to look at her? How bravely she goes about her work, pouring the clear water over the big brown feet, and soaping and rubbing them with her little white hands, while every now and then the sweet face is lovingly uplifted to that of the old unwashed *contadina* smiling down on her.

Strangers are admitted to see this ceremony so beautifully commemorative of the scene in the Cenacle, where One greater than these knelt and washed the feet of the disciples, and many still remember the impression produced on them by the spectacle of this lovely English girl performing the lowly office for her peasant sisters. Some were moved to tears, and one Protestant lady was so affected that her emotion found vent in poetry, and she went home and composed the following lines, which fell into my hands long afterwards.

ANGELA WASHING THE FEET OF THE PILGRIMS.

"A pure and peaceful vision,
I think I see her now,
Tending the throng of pilgrims,
With fair and youthful brow.

"She greets those weary women
With smile so mild and sweet,
And kneels in Christian meekness
To wash their way-worn feet.

"I mark her slender figure
On its humble deed of love,
I hear her breathe an *Ave!*
As she lifts her head above.

"Her work is done. She kisses
The feet she has washed with care,
And my heart feels a holy gladness,
As I gaze on a sight so fair.

"O! sweet and lovely sister,
We may not meet again,
But thy gentle form forever
Will in my soul remain.

"From thee I've learnt a lesson
Once spurned with careless mind,
Thou hast taught my wandering spirit
Where alone it rest may find."

But these tender and devout ministrations did not bring peace to Angela, or silence the storm that was still raging within her: not that it raged permanently; she could not have borne it; our hearts could not live if they did not beat with alternate pulses; now slumbering in expectation, now fluttering and fainting in despair, but ever and again awaking to high throbs of hope.

She asked no questions about Cyril. She knew that he had written during her absence, and that he was well. This was all she had a right to know. But the thought haunted her day and night, "He loves me, and I am going to make him suffer, to make him miserable!" She had written to Monsignor Chrysostom, and sent him the notes of her retreat, and now waited for his permission before speaking to her parents. "I feel that my courage wants the support of obedience," she said. And it was true; but in the depths of her heart there was a lurking hope that he might overrule her decision, and declare that her heroic resolution was a mistake. When her heart leaped at this possibility, she turned away from it and made fresh acts of abandonment, of renewal of her intended sacrifice. Her will never wavered for an instant; but she felt exactly as if her heart were being torn out of her body; sometimes it seemed to burn physically, as if there were a piece of hot metal laid against it. She told me this herself. One who had her confidence, and who had had immense experience in such things, declared that in all his experience he had never seen a soul suffer so intensely as Angela did during this period.

On Easter-Monday week the Hopes left Rome. Just before they started, the post came in, and amongst the letters was one from Monsignor Chrysostom to Angela. She had barely a moment now to glance over it, when it was time to get into the carriage and drive away. But the rapid glance had been enough to change the whole aspect of life. The clouds rolled away; the sun shone out; she walked on air. And yet, strange inconsistency of the human heart! it was not an undivided joy; a pang of real anguish came with it, and the tears rained down her cheeks while she could have sung for very happiness. The Admiral and her mother attributed this emotion to leaving Rome, where she had been, as far as they saw, intensely happy, and they let her have her cry out quietly in the corner of the carriage, and did not trouble her with questions. They made a short stay at Florence, and there I saw Angela on her way home. We had not met since my visit to Ballygowan, when, you will remember, I left her full of the idea that she was to be a nun. I saw at once that she was changed. I could not say how; but there was a look of peace

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about her, as of one satisfied, at rest, that contrasted strongly with the air of eager expectation, uncertainty, unrest, of which I carried away the memory from our last parting. We spent the afternoon alone, and I seized the first opportunity of speaking about what had then so absorbed her.

"And Cyril Beresford? Is he ordained yet?" I said.

She blushed as red as a rose, and looked at me with an expression of shy surprise, as if unable to comprehend how I could be ignorant of so mighty an event. "No! Have you not heard? He is not going to be a priest."

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed. "Well, I can't say I am very much surprised; but I am very sorry, very sorry!"

"Are you?" said Angela, in a tone of slight disappointment.

"Are *you* not sorry?" I said in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes—no—that is——; of course," she stammered; "only you always said that it might not be God's will, and that if it was not I should be satisfied that it was for his good."

I looked at her for a moment, then the truth flashed upon me. "You are going to marry him!" I said.

"I! what an idea! What could have put such a thing into your head!" she cried; "I have not seen him for months!"

"That has nothing to do with it," I said; "you are engaged to him. Tell me the truth or I will ask your mother."

"No, no! you mustn't do that!" said Angela, forgetting her shyness in real terror; "it is a secret yet; promise me you won't breathe a word about it to mamma!"

"Then tell me yourself," I persisted. "It is odious of you to have such a secret from me! Tell me this minute how it has all come about."

"I can't; I dare not: Monsignor Chrysostom has forbidden me; that is to say, he says I am not to speak about my vocation, or anything, till I see him."

"Monsignor Chrysostom!!!" I could say nothing more for sheer amazement.

"Oh! no; I don't mean that," protested Angela, sinking deeper and deeper in confusion at every word; "I have never said anything to him, and Cyril has not said anything; but it all happened —oh! I wish I had said nothing! I did not mean to tell you a word about it!"

"You have not; it was I who told you," I said; "I saw it written on your face; scold your face if you must scold somebody."

This seemed to reassure her until by degrees I elicited all the little details of the romance, as far as it had unfolded itself to Angela herself. Once she felt free to speak, it was an immense relief to her to pour out the story to me. She was radiantly happy, although she knew nothing definitely; it was all dim and vague and delicious as a dream. There are a few pencil notes hurriedly jotted down in my journal on the evening of this day with Angela. I will transcribe them just as they are: "I spoke of Cyril's having given up his splendid patrimony, and the chance there might be of his father's restoring it to him, now that he had given up the priesthood, and was going to marry. Angela cried out against this indignantly. 'God forbid he should get it back!' she said, 'I am so glad he is a poor man; it is such a happiness to think I shall share his poverty! I would not have him become rich again for the world!' I said something about how rare it was to see anything so near to ideal happiness as hers was."

"Yes," she said, quite simply, looking up with such a radiance on her face; "it is wonderful when I think that God has given me the love of the noblest man in the whole world, and that often having been an instrument of so many graces and blessings to my soul, he is to be my husband! I shall never be worthy of him—*never!*"

We had endless matter for conversation now; but though Cyril Beresford and the part he was henceforth to play in her life formed our chief topic, it was wonderful to see how steadily Angela's soul was fixed on God above all, how deeply and fully she responded to the *Sursum corda* of Him for whose sake she had been ready, had He so willed it, to sacrifice the happiness of her life. She was detached, in the true sense of the word, amidst the tender joys of her first and passionate human love. She was showing me all the pretty treasures she had brought from Rome, presents for various friends. Amongst them were some relics that she seemed to prize specially. "Then why should you give them away?" I said. "Keep them."

"Oh, no!" she replied; "I am all the more pleased to give them away, because I value them so much. I should like to give away every blessed thing I have!"

We ran on talking of one thing and another, and something led to our discussing the virtues, which of them we should like best to have, if the choice were given us. I remember I chose humility. "Yes," said Angela; "humility is a grand virtue, and I suppose it would bring all the others with it if one had it in perfection; but if you talk of longing, the one I most long for is purity; purity makes us like the angels; if our hearts were perfectly pure, we should 'see God'; oh! I do *long* to have a pure heart!"

I shall never forget the expression of her face as she said this. She had a way of throwing back her head, a little to one side, and gazing intently upwards, as if she expected to see some vision in

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the sky, or in the ceiling. Her brow had caught that peculiar light, that I have spoken of, and which invested her beauty with something that was really more than of earth. It was natural she should love purity with a special predilection; the brightness of a virgin soul shone in her eyes, in every line of her face.

This is *not* a love story; so I will not dwell on what followed, more than to say that before a month Cyril Beresford came to Tyre Hill as a bridegroom. They were married very quietly. It was a beautiful wedding for all that; full of joy and of romance, and of the promise of happiness as complete as mortals dare hope for in this valley of tears. Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were there, and Hubert. The latter was well content with the marriage, although it destroyed his one remaining hope of Cyril's possible return. Had he married a strong Protestant, she might have worked his conversion in time.

The Squire made great friends with Admiral Hope, and it was a surprise and disappointment to the latter that Mr. Beresford, in spite of his satisfaction at the marriage and warm admiration for Angela, should not have increased his son's allowance by one shilling. But so it was. He had put Cyril in Hubert's place, and would do for him neither more nor less than he would have done for his nephew had things been as they once were. Cyril was satisfied that it should be so, and Angela was perfectly content. They would be rich enough for their wants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mother's Song.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

Within a lab'rer's simple cot
A pale faced mother's weeping,
Singing a tender lullaby
To a little babe that's sleeping.
"Sleep on, my darling; may the Saints
Watch o'er your slumber ever,
May Sin upon your fair young brow
Its with'ring hand lay never!

"Oh sad's my fate, a widowed bride—
Alone, and full of sorrow;
But you remain, my angel child,
To bring a brighter morrow."
And as she sang that gentle song
It angel hymns resembled,
For all the lonely watcher's voice
With holy fervor trembled.

.

The scene is changed.—A temple now
Where mad men worship Pleasure;
And hark! the music—how it swells
In soft, voluptuous measure.
The heart is filled with wild delight,
With rapture soft doth languish;
"But, rev'ler, why that sudden start,
That speaks a thought of anguish?"

"Why—why?" he cries: "you question thus!
Nay, how could I dare rejoice
When in each note it seems to me
I hear my mother's voice:
"'Sleep on, my darling; may the Saints
Watch o'er your slumbers ever;
May Sin upon your fair, young brow
Its with'ring hand lay never!'

"Why ever thus, midst gayest scenes,
At morn, or noon, or even,
Comes aye to mar my joyous hours
This warning voice from heaven?
But let that pass—I know full well
That this is fancy purely,
To revel while our youth remains
A crime can ne'er be, surely."

.

Again a change! A deathbed scene,
A soul with anguish riven;
On earth forlorn, it dare not raise
Its sinful eyes to Heaven.
But hark! what sound steals on his ear?
The sound of distant chanting;
He stares around—what ghostlike thought
His memory is haunting?

Louder and louder grow the strains,
For mercy they're appealing;
His head is bowed, his tears declare
The change his heart is feeling.
His soul is shriven; all its woe
Is past and gone forever;
That mother's darling now shall know
The doom of sin—oh, never!

N. J. O'CONNELL FRENCH.

[*From the Scientific American Supplement.*]

Galileo and the Inquisition.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

The substance of a letter from Mr. H. D. Garrison to the *Pharmaceutist and Chemist*, of Chicago, published in your issue for February 15, contains so much that is at utter variance with truth that I venture to send you corrections. Mr. Garrison's story to the *Pharmaceutist* is so well put together, and so plausibly told, as to deceive any one not conversant with the matters of which he treats: therefore, in the interest of truth—in justice to those great scientific lights who have lived and labored both before and since Galileo's time, and who are wronged by the assertion that Galileo had fully confirmed the Copernican theory—in justice to the feelings of the large proportion of the readers of your excellent periodical which have been aspersed by the ignorant or malicious assertions of Mr. Garrison, I trust to your sense of honor and fair dealing for the publication of this defense.

Galileo was certainly a great mathematician and philosopher, and made many scientific dis-

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coveries, such as the doctrine of motion, the theory of falling bodies, the cycloid (probably), the gravity of the air, the invention, or rather re-invention, of the pendulum; the propagation, properties and ratios of sound, etc., together with his astronomical discoveries by means of his then large though now comparatively diminutive telescope, showing the phases of Venus and the movements of the satellites of Jupiter; but to say that he "fully confirmed" the Copernican theory is simply ridiculous. It was not until centuries afterwards, when the discoveries of Kepler, Torricelli, Newton, Roemer, Bradley, and a host of others, had cast further light on the question that that theory had begun to be regarded as a fact by scientific men. It is now generally conceded that Galileo made many serious mistakes, such as the theory of the tides, on which he rested so much, and which brought discredit on his real discoveries. Even Bacon scornfully rejected his theories; and we are told by the celebrated Delambre, that until the velocity of light was ascertained by Roemer, the aberration of light calculcated by Bradley, and the laws of gravitation (now beginning to be questioned, it would seem) were established by Newton, all the Copernicans were reduced to mere probabilities.

The fact of Mr. Garrison's writing his letter from Florence, for some years the residence and the scene of Galileo's labors, would naturally lead people to suppose him correctly informed. I propose to show that he was not. The drift of his letter is unmistakably sensational—to make Galileo a martyr of science, and to hold up the Church to execration as his narrow-minded persecutor, an enemy to scientific research, and to the Copernican system in particular. His statements are briefly as follows: That Galileo was arrested and condemned for maintaining the Copernican theory, which he says, "was then regarded as heretical in the highest extreme"; that the only alternative left him was the renunciation of that theory or "indefinite imprisonment, probably ending in death"; that the doctrine of Copernicus was "completely confirmed" by Galileo (which I have shown was not the case), but that "the Church," unwilling to accept it, "then unused to reverses, and unskilled in explaining away scientific contradictions, saw no way to meet the issue successfully, but by physical force"; that Galileo had before his eyes the fate of Hypatia, and Giovanni Bruno, who a short time before, being driven successively from England, Germany, and Switzerland, and imprisoned in Venice for six years, was finally sent to Rome and burned at the stake—"and all this," says Mr. Garrison, "for having simply *argued* [the italics are his own] in favor of the probability of the Copernican doctrine"; that Galileo, although having submitted to the Inquisition, was detained a prisoner for life in his own house at Arcetri, not being permitted to leave it "even to attend church, or to secure medical advice at Florence; nor was he even permitted to see his friends until after he became blind"; that, finally, "at his death he was refused burial in consecrated ground, and his right to make a will contested." We will see how far these assertions can stand the test of truth; and first, naturally, as to the Copernican theory being "then regarded as heretical in the highest extreme." This brings us back a little, but I will be brief.

A century and a half before Galileo's time the Copernican theory was written upon and publicly taught by eminent churchmen, and for more than three quarters of a century it had been publicly written upon and discussed by some of the most learned men in Europe. A century and a half before, the celebrated scientist and scholar, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, taught it and wrote upon it, and was never reproached therefor. The son of a poor fisherman on the banks of the Moselle, Nicholas had, through the liberality of eminent ecclesiastics, obtained a liberal education in the most famous universities of Germany and Italy, eventually became canon of Liege, and in that capacity assisted at the Council of Basle in 1431. Previous to this he had written several works, among them a treatise on astronomy in which he boldly laid down his conviction that the earth, and not the sun, was in motion, and that the true system of astronomy should be called heliocentric and not geocentric. This opinion he maintained side by side with his friend Cardinal Ceserni before the assembled Fathers of the Council. Not that astronomy had necessarily anything to do with church matters, but because learned ecclesiastics naturally took an interest in it as well as in the other sciences. "Was he summoned to Rome to answer for his bold speculations?" asks the Very Rev. Canon Murphy, of Dublin, in a lecture on "Galileo." Yes," he continues, "he was summoned before the reigning Pontiff, Nicholas V, but it was to receive the highest dignity the Pope could confer upon him —the Cardinal's hat, and with it the bishopric of Brixen in Tyrol." This does not look as if his advocacy of the Copernican theory had been regarded as a heresy.

Again, Celius Calcagnini, born in 1479, also published a work in which he endeavored to prove "*quod cœlum stet, terra autem moveatur*," but there is no record of his being regarded as a heretic or persecuted for it.

Still later, in 1533, ten years before the publication of Copernicus's work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," (Marienburg, 1543), John Albert Widmanstadt, while on a visit to Rome from Germany, was invited by Pope Clement VII to give in his presence, at the Vatican, an expla-

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nation of the Copernican system. He did so, lecturing on the subject in the Vatican garden; and the Pope, in token of his appreciation and favor, presented him with a valuable Greek manuscript, which is now preserved at the Royal Library of Munich, with the event noted on a flyleaf in Widmanstadt's own handwriting.

In 1510 Leonardo da Vinci had connected his theory of bodies with the earth's motion, "showing," as Whewell says (quoted in the *Catholic World* for January, 1879), "that the heliocentric doctrines were fermenting in the minds of intelligent men, and gradually assuming clearness and strength." But no word of persecution here.

We now come to Copernicus, the humble, holy, and learned Catholic priest from whom the system takes its name. He was canon of Frauenburg, in Prussia, and nephew to the Bishop of Ermeland, Lucas Walzelrodt, or, as he is sometimes called, Waisselrodt von Alten (in whose absences Copernicus took charge of the diocese). Having passed the regular course and received his degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Cracow, Copernicus afterwards, when a priest, made three divisions of his time—one for the duties of the priesthood, one for the gratuitous practice of medicine among his friends and the poor, and one for the pursuit of astronomical and other scientific studies. He spent twenty-three years in completing his astronomical system, but had not yet published it when it became known to his friend Cardinal Schomberg, who urged its publication and offered to pay the expenses. The Bishop of Culm, Tindemann Giese, had also for a long time advocated its publication, but the modesty of the learned canon and his desire of further improving this work withstood their importunities. Finally, when it was published, it was at the expense of Cardinal Schomberg, who generously gave the money in advance. Copernicus had some years before been a professor in Rome, where he was held in high estimation, and was frequently, after leaving it, consulted on mathematical questions, notably in 1516 concerning the improvement of the calendar. He dedicated his work, by permission, to Pope Paul III, and placed it under his protecting ægis, in order "that the authority of the Pontiff might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture." Copernicus died a few hours after receiving the first printed copy of his book, and was buried at the foot of the altar where he usually said Mass. Thirty-eight years afterwards, Cromerus, Bishop of Ermeland, had a suitable inscription placed on his tombstone, which may be seen to this day. A monument was erected to his memory in the Catholic city of Cracow in 1822, by the Polish Catholics, than whom none are more devoted to the Church, and a colossal statue was also erected by Thorwaldsen, in Warsaw, the capital of the same Catholic Poland. From these circumstances we may estimate the value of the gratuitous hints thrown out by chroniclers and writers that Copernicus's death so soon after the publication of his book probably saved him from persecutions similar to those of Galileo. No word of "heresy" or "persecution" here, notwithstanding the length of time that had elapsed, the prominence given to the astronomer's name, and the men of various stations in life, clerical and lay, that had done him honor, and this in a thoroughly Catholic country.

From the foregoing may plainly be seen the groundlessness of Mr. Garrison's assertion of the Copernican theory being regarded as "heretical in the highest extreme," and we are forced to seek other reasons for Galileo's condemnation. If there be any doubt about its not being regarded as heretical, perhaps Galileo's own assertion may dissipate it. In a letter to Piccheria (quoted in the *Catholic World's* article), Galileo writes, after the decree of 1615: "The result has not been favorable to my enemies, the doctrine of Copernicus not having been declared *heretical*, but only as not consonant with Sacred Scripture; whence, the whole prohibition is of those works in which that consonance was maintained." It was at this time his enemies first circulated the false reports that he had been tried, condemned, and punished—reports which stung Galileo so much that he went to Cardinal Bellarmine and obtained a writing over his (the Cardinal's) signature, contradicting them. The Cardinal's certificate bears date of the 26th of May, 1616.

So we see that it was Galileo's obstinacy in making a theological or scriptural question of the Copernican theory, and at a time when there were no substantial proofs in its favor of being more than a theory, that first brought him into trouble. Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII, had advised him "not to travel out of the limits of physics and mathematics, but confine himself to such reasonings as Ptolemy and Copernicus used; because, declaring the views of Scripture the theologians maintain to be their particular province." Therefore, we see the fallacy of the claim put forth that Galileo was a martyr to science in general, and the Copernican theory in particular; in fact, he, by his rashness, undid much of what Copernicus had done. Even Chambers, or rather the learned Protestant who wrote the article on "Galileo" for his Encyclopædia, candidly acknowledges that "no great man had ever less claim to the title" of martyr; that "the great deficiencies in his [Galileo's] character were *a want of tact to keep out of difficulties*, and a want of moral courage to defend himself when involved in them. His biting, satirical turn,"

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continues the encyclopedist, "more than his physical discoveries, was the cause of his misfortunes." Long before Galileo went to Rome, and while yet teaching in Pisa, his native city, the overbearing and dictatorial spirit of the man had raised such a storm of ill-feeling against him, and entangled him in so many broils, that he was glad to leave Pisa and take a professorship in Padua. In the social circle, it is true, Galileo was genial and affable, but, like many others, even in our own day, in business matters he was arrogant, overbearing, and so self-confident that he would neither take advice nor brook restraint. Hence it was that when he took a notion to prop up his opinions with Holy Scripture, a check was put to his action, and not unjustly, for although it happened that later scientific discoveries have borne him out in supporting the Copernican theory, they have also condemned the many errors with which he had hampered it, and more particularly the very one of all others upon which he rested the truth of that theory, namely, the ebb and flow of the tides, which has since been proved fallacious. It is asserted by many that on discovering the sun-spots Galileo ascertained also the movement of that luminary, which was not the case; he supposed it stationary, or revolving only upon its axis, which was another serious mistake. The Pope had often told him, in private conversation, that his theory of the tides was untrue, and that he weakened his position by resting mainly, if not altogether, on such a false basis—all which scientific research has since proved true. Hence we see that even from a scientific point of view Galileo was more wrong than right, for he had not been able to see and turn to account the full extent of the discoveries he had made with his telescope. It was not till long afterwards that they brought fruit, and then only by accident. It was not till 1672 that Richer, when sent to Cayenne by the French Academy of Sciences, found it necessary to shorten the pendulum on account of the centrifugal force of the earth in its rotation on its axis, as afterwards explained by Newton and Huyghens; in the same year Römer, the Danish astronomer, discovered the transmission of light and the value of its velocity—verified in 1676; and it was not until fifty years later that Bradley's discovery of the aberration of light was made. Thus, we see, more than a century had elapsed after Galileo's death before any positive proofs had been obtained, although Mr. Garrison tells us Galileo had "fully confirmed" the Copernican doctrine. When we see Galileo asserting the immobility of the sun, failing in his method of ascertaining the longitude at sea when he thought he had succeeded, resting the truth of the Copernican system on his "Theory of the Tides" (published in 1618), and then attempting to force the Scriptures to prove his assertions, we need not wonder that the tribunal of the Inquisition bade him desist, as being on dangerous ground. "The dignitaries of the Church," says Chambers's Encylopedia, "who persecuted Galileo warned him beforehand, in the friendliest way, to be more 'prudent'"—to confine himself to science and mathematics, and let the Scriptures alone. Moreover, the same authority continues—a fact which it would be well that Mr. Garrison would bear in mind: "It is also right to add that the Congregation of the Inquisition, by which Galileo was condemned, is not believed by Roman Catholics to speak with the plenary authority of the Catholic Church, nor are its decisions regarded as infallible even by the most extreme Ultramontane."

Finally, as to the assertions that Galileo was not permitted to leave his house even to attend church or obtain medical advice, or to see his friends until he became blind—that at his death his right to make a will was disputed, and that he was refused burial in consecrated ground, we can say on the best authority, both Catholic and non-Catholic, that they are sheer fabrications, with no foundation in fact. It is true that Galileo was condemned by the Inquisition (and not by "the Vatican Council," as Mr. Garrison calls it), (1) for contempt of its authority, (2) for a breach of trust in using the name of a government functionary, Riccardi, for an illegal purpose in the publication of a work "containing a high estimate of his own discoveries," says Delambre, "but depreciation of others," in which the confidence of his personal friends, including even the Pope, was outraged, and which really contained so little except personalities that Arago says he would "advise scholars not to lose their time in reading it,"—for these things he was condemned by the Inquisition to imprisonment at its pleasure, and to recite once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms—reserving to itself the privilege of moderating, commuting, or taking away in whole or in part the penalties and penances. But it is also a fact that the same Pope Urban VIII who before had settled upon Galileo a pension for life of 100 crowns a year, and on his son Vincenzo a similar pension of 60 crowns, *immediately commuted the sentence* pronounced on the 22d of June by the Inquisition, and that on the 6th of July following Galileo left Rome for Sienna, where he remained with one of his most intimate friends, Archbishop Piccolomini, until his return home, in December, to his villa at Arcetri. "Here he spent," says the celebrated Protestant Encyclopedist, Rees, (London, 1819) "the residue of his days, prosecuting his studies and observations, *and communicating the result of them occasionally to the public;* AND HERE HE WAS VISITED BY PERSONS OF THE PRINCIPAL RANK AND CHARACTER AT FLORENCE."

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Arcetri was only about a mile from Florence, and not far from it was the Convent of St. Matthew, where Galileo's two daughters were cloistered nuns, and where he often went to see them, to enjoy their conversation and their many proofs of tender filial affection. "Thus the last years of the philosopher were spent," says the Very Rev. Canon Murphy, "not, as has often been asserted, moping about the gloomy precincts of a prison, but among the amenities of a charming villa," and in converse and communication with his friends. "He was comforted and strengthened in the hour of death by the last Sacraments and by the proper blessings, and his eyelids were closed by the hands of his affectionate son and of his cherished friends, Torricelli and Viviani."

As to the assertion that Galileo "was refused burial in consecrated ground," it is or should be well known that his body rests in the Cathedral of Santa Croce, at Florence, "along with some of the remains of the most eminent men of modern Italy." B. S. C.

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 13, 1879.

Consolation.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

The "sister" who unfolded before our eyes, and before our hearts that quickly warmed to her and hers with love, her Memories of the beautiful story of Albert de la Ferronays and his wife Alexandrine, has now given us further reminiscences of her life, though not so intimately connected with her family affections.* Madame Craven's "Souvenirs d'Angleterre et d'Italie" show us a Catholic's thoughts and experiences in two European countries, and cause the wish that the same pen would give us, as it could do, in the future, souvenirs of France and Spain and Russia.

Our attention has been specially attracted to the descriptions of Charity in Naples,—a charity remarkable in itself and noticeably connected with our Blessed Lady. The book bears the date 1879, and we have heard of no translation as yet into English. Pending this, it may interest some readers of the Ave Maria to gain a prior knowledge of this agreeable volume, and may incite some hearts to emulate the noble examples and burning faith therein shown forth. And we trust that Madame Craven will see in it no infringement of "*Tous droits reservés*," but rather regard it as one more token of the blessings resting on her labors.

On the first of September, 1860, there died in Florence a child eleven years of age, named Lina. Her mother, Thérèse Filangieri, Duchess Ravaschieri-Fieschi, spent in the monastery of St. Dorothea the first days of her bitter grief, and there wrote down her memories of her angelically lovely child.

"In this pious retreat," she says, "where I am come to offer to the Lord a sorrow which has not and can never have human consolation, but which seeks, in the blessed thought of the home of the angels, the only peace possible, I desire to think of her who has been taken from me after so great sufferings; for all my consolation is founded upon the memory of what her short life was, and this is also the foundation of my eternal hope."

Tenderly, with all a mother's tenderness, the sweet, saintly story of this child's life is told,—the affection expressed from her infancy for Jesus, the Virgin and the saints; her first kisses being given to their pictures, as to the crucifix her last was given by her pain-wrung loving lips; her courage in danger at sea, her practice of self-denial, her liking, young as she was, for a methodical life; her sole idea of the use of any money in her possession—*to give it away;* her conquering of pain in order to go to Holy Communion, "You will see, mamma, that to-morrow, as on all feast-days of the Madonna, I shall be better, and shall be able to go to church"; her answer to her father in his despair at sight of her fearful sufferings, "Papa, why, why do you say all that? What is it to suffer! and even to suffer a long time? The good God has made us such beautiful promises"; and then that final "*Madonna! Luce! Io muojo!*" and the soul's flight home to God.

Sixteen years after this sweet life was written, a book appeared from that same mother's hand, "The Story of Neapolitan Charity." Its dedication was: "To the Memory of my Lina, who said to me one day, on seeing me weep for her martyrdom: *Mamma, there are so many poor who suffer!*"

Into earnest labors for those poor the bereaved mother threw herself, and those who read her Lina's life and Mme. Craven's account of the subsequent charitable labors of the duchess and of her valuable book, which so many years later followed her Lina's story, may trace the sweet and holy connection between the two writings. Let us go also into that region of work for God, begun in Naples six hundred years ago, and learn how true Catholic hearts can love Him who loved them, and with what loyal whole-heartedness they can serve Him. May He hasten the time when our rich and beautiful women shall lay down their all, after such generous fashion, for His dear sake!

CHARITY IN NAPLES.

I.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

La Santa Casa dell' Annunziata.

In the beginning of the 14th century, in the reign of King Robert of Naples, two brothers, Jacques and Nicollo, young and noble Neapolitan lords, of the house of the Capece Scondito, were made prisoners in a battle fought in the Val-de-Nievole. Cast into a dungeon, they were left there for more than a year. During this captivity, memories of their native home and of their childhood were, we may easily fancy, constantly present to their memory. Holy and tender memories, among which came often that of an image of the Madonna of the Annunciation placed outside the walls of Naples and particularly reverenced by the Neapolitan children of that time. This image was, however, in a place reputed dangerous, and called for that reason *Male Passo*, whence it seemed destined rather to protect travellers, and trouble the ill-doers who might wish to cause them harm, than to be the sanctuary beloved by little children. It is not the less true that the blessed image was often present to the minds of the two captive brothers, and one day when, more discouraged than usual, they were asking whether they were to be forgotten forever, and whether their whole life was to pass away in this gloomy prison, the idea came to them to address themselves with redoubled fervor to the holy Virgin, and to make her a solemn vow to build a church and a refuge for the poor if she would deign to obtain for them

* Reminiscences. Souvenirs d'Angleterre et d'Italie. Par Mme. Augustus Craven. Paris: Libraires-Editeurs. 1879.

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their liberty. Pious tradition relates that this was scarcely uttered when the Holy Virgin herself appeared to the two brothers, making the sign of blessing them; and history affirms that they were, in fact, liberated before the end of the same year. Peace being made between the contending parties, the prisoners on either side were released, and the two brothers left their dungeon

Returned to their home, they began at once to fulfil their vow, and with a confidence in the blessing of the Virgin which the result showed to be indeed rightly founded, they proceeded to negotiate for the very land where the holy image of the Annunciation was placed, in order piously to build in this spot, so sadly notorious hitherto, a refuge of charity and religion, and to cause the very name of *Male Passo* to be forgotten by transforming it into a place of benediction. The land in question belonged to a friend of the Scondito, like them of very noble family. He was happy to second their desire and to associate himself with their good act, and gave them immediately the ground which they wished. It was then surrounded by walls, and in the midst of their enclosure rose rapidly but in modest proportions the Church of the Annunciation.

When the building was finished, and while they were still uncertain as to the special purpose proper to the charitable foundation which was yet to be added to the little church, they confided its administration to a confraternity of laymen named Battenti or "Ripentiti," who reckoned among their members the most illustrious personages. Many noble barons and feudatories of the realm made part of it. At this time, the Hospital of Sant' Eligio, the only one in Naples, was no longer sufficient for the needs of the sick poor. The pious and noble confraternity resolved then, at first, that this should be the purpose to which the new edifice should be consecrated.

In the mean time the confraternity found themselves called one night to perform the austere penance to which, doubtless, their association owed its name. According to some, on Good Friday, according to others, on all the Fridays of the year, the members of this association were accustomed to go through the streets of Naples by night, striking themselves severely with the discipline, and reciting prayers aloud. On the night of which we are speaking, while they were doing this nocturnal penance, they met suddenly, under their feet, in the middle of the road, a little girl, very young and almost dying. A label upon her breast bore these words: "Abandoned by poverty." The pious brotherhood received her tenderly, and regarded this incident as an indication of the will of God. This poor child, forsaken, found, and welcomed, was the first received into the Holy House of the Annunciation, destined to become finally the permanent and generous refuge of so great a number of these unfortunate little creatures.

But the humble foundation of the Scondito brothers was destined after their death to take more vast proportions. The place where they had fulfilled their vow was near to the monastery of St. Mary Magdalen, built twenty years previous by the good Queen Sanche, as a refuge for penitent women and to keep them in the right way. This monastery had in time become too small, and the pious queen, wishing to enlarge it, asked the Confraternity of the Annunciation to resign to her their little church, as well as the adjacent buildings, promising to give them in exchange a large piece of land where she would erect at her own expense another church and another hospital. The confraternity met to consider this proposal and resolved unanimously to put "into the hands of royal courtesy" the ownership of the two edifices and to accept the advantageous exchange proposed to them. The queen magnificently kept her promise; she consecrated to this new construction, to which was given the name *Ave gratia plena*, nearly the whole of the 8,000 ounces of gold which King Robert had given her in 1336 for her works of charity. This, the most vast of all, once accomplished, the holy queen, covetous of solitude, of consolation, and of peace, went to enclose herself in the pious edifice which she had built, and after having given to the poor even her last obolus, she vowed herself to poverty, embracing the austere rule of St. Francis; she died peaceably some months after.

This pious princess added thus, by the magnificence of her charity, a living pure glory to that which art and letters gave with so great profusion to the times and reign of King Robert of Anjou.

A hundred years after the death of Queen Sanche, Jeanne II (in 1420) enlarged still further a work whose proportions were already considerably increased, and to which the gifts of monarchs continually added new donations. Among these must be mentioned the gift of the town of Lesina, transformed into a fief of the holy house by the queen, Marguerite de Durazzo, in accordance with a vow made by her during an illness.

These examples, given in such high position, were followed throughout the kingdom. Princes, pontiffs, rich citizens, vied with one another in their zeal for all the good works of which the Holy House of the Annunciation was the centre. It would be needful to name all the lords of the realm, if one wished to enumerate the benefactors who added their gifts to those of the monarchs; and the high ecclesiastical dignitaries did not let themselves be surpassed by the laity.

In the beginning of the 17th century, this accumulated wealth amounted to the sum (immense for that period) of 200,000 crowns. Yet, if the Holy House was the object of a general munificence, what it accomplished in its turn seems to have surpassed even what one was accustomed to expect, at that period, from the generosity of princes and of private individuals. Towards the end of the year 1500 the ambassadors of the King of Poland to the Counts of Rome and Florence wrote to a Bishop who had asked information from him in regard to the charitable institutions of Naples:

"You tell me you have heard much of the works of mercy exercised in Naples towards the poor. These works are, it is said, very numerous, even when one speaks only of the Holy House of the Annunciation. But I can tell you that you are ignorant of a great number of which I could not have believed myself if I had not seen the things, which I shall narrate, with the same eyes which guide, at this moment, this hand with which I write."

It is, in fact, difficult to enumerate all the charitable institutions which by degrees were grouped around the foundations of the Scondito: a hospital (where the wounded and the sick were admitted and cared for separately), a refuge for young girls, an asylum for convalescents, a retreat for pious women desirous of solitude, or who under the name of Oblates wished to join to solitude the austerity of a religious rule, all this was added, in course of time, to the asylum for foundlings which dated from the first foundation and which never ceased to remain in force with the others. But, after this beautiful aurora and this marvellous increase, the fatal period of the decadence came for the Holy House, and this period was, as for so many other venerable institutions of the past, the beginning of that 18th century which was to use before its end so scornful a language, and declare, in the midst of the blood-thirsty and un-

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hallowed delirium of its closing years, that it was the inventor of all the progress of the world.

The immense riches accumulated by the liberality of the preceding generations were dissipated or ill administered; great embarrassments followed, which the administrators of the Holy House sought to remedy by means little conformed to the noble and generous spirit of the first founders. Then, after dangerous expedients, came niggardly economies, and more rigorously applied to the real needs of the poor than to the abuses which were little by little introduced into the administration of their patrimony.

Among all these economies, they invented that of suppressing the sum allotted to each of the nurses to whom the foundlings were entrusted, and who took them home with them (generally into the villages around Naples) till the time when they no longer needed their care. They were all told that their salary was cut off, and that if they did not wish to keep these orphans gratuitously, they were free to bring them back at once to the Holy House.

To the honor of these women, there was not one who consented to this last proposal. All, with one accord, declared that they would keep, without any remuneration, the poor children who had been entrusted to them, and that they would not tear them from their breasts to give them up to a nearly certain death. "We are poor, it is true," said these poor Christian peasants, "but we will not abandon our little *creatures;** the holy Virgin will help us."

This will not surprise those who know the humanity of the Neapolitan people towards these poor children, the first forsaking of whom witnesses more often in Naples to the poverty than to the depravity of the parents who have abandoned them.

We will add here, in this regard, some details which seem to us little known, and not to be devoid of a certain interest. We begin by recalling that formerly (and to-day also without doubt) at the time when these unfortunate little beings were baptized, around the neck of each was hung a leaden medal upon which was engraved the picture of the Blessed Virgin. By this decoration they were declared to be: "*Legitimate sons of the Holy House of the Annunciation*," or, as the Neapolitan people said and still say, "Children of the Madonna." Now one finds in all the villages a very large number of these poor children, the women being persuaded that if death takes from them their own children before they are weaned, it is necessary for them, in the interest of their own health, to obtain instantly another nursling. The result is that as soon as they lose a child, they hasten to find another at the "Annunziata." It would be singular if the welcome given to those children, protected by the blessed name of the Virgin, did not render this custom as touching as characteristic. By this title of *Child of the Madonna*, in fact, he who is thus invested becomes almost a sacred being in the family where he is adopted, and where he is soon classed among the other children to such a degree that the mothers themselves sometimes seem no longer to distinguish them one from another. I have often discovered very late that one of two children, to whom the care of the parents seemed equally given, belonged to them only in this manner. One may even go so far as to say that these sometimes seem to be preferred, so much the good peasants of these countries would scruple to be lacking in care towards those who are marked with the name of Mary, and whom they regard as having been confided to them by that august and compassionate Mother, always so dear to the heart and to the soul of the Neapolitan people. It is necessary to have passed through this beautiful country not as a tourist, but to have lived for several years together in one of these hamlets nestled in the mountains whose aspect is so lovely,—it is necessary, I say, to have lived in the midst of these people to comprehend that which the living and true cultus of the Blessed Virgin produces, practically, of purity and of piety, what consolations it brings, what poesy it sheds into their daily lives. The feature which I have just recalled is but one instance among many. I should myself, doubtless, have been ignorant of these things of which I write, had I not, after two years' stay in one of these hamlets, remarked with surprise that one found always intact the most numerous families.

"Does there never die in this village one single little child?" said I.

"Many die each year," was the reply; "but one goes quickly to ask another from the Madonna."

"And how do they support these children?" I asked.

"We work for them when they are little," was the answer, "and they work for us when they are large."

A very simple solution, and perhaps one might find many of the same kind, which would resolve not less easily the most difficult problems; but for this it would be needful that nothing come to disturb the regions where such solutions are prepared. It would be necessary, in what concerns Italy, that nothing should do injury to the faith of her people. Oh! let us not tire of repeating: If the new Italy is bound to live, it is on this condition alone that she will live!

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK].

* This word in Italian signifies a child in swaddling clothes, or very young.

What will Well-meaning Protestants say to this?

For more than two centuries Catholic teachers have been endeavoring to convince Protestants of the various sects of the error of their ways, of the evils into which they were precipitating society; endeavoring to convince them that disobedience to the Vicar of Christ and the living Church of God would end in evils temporal as well as the immensely greater evil eternal—but Protestants shut their ears and would not listen. Holy Mass, the Sacrament of Penance, the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, devotion to the Blessed Virgin as the Mother of our Divine Redeemer, and consequently true devotion to the Incarnation and Humanity of our Lord, were laid aside, even derided--the *empty title* of Christian alone being retained. The inevitable results began to show themselves long ago, but Protestants shut their eyes and would not see. Now, however, the rolling thunders of communism,—a succession of terrible social shocks which would almost make one dread the speedy dissolution of society, or another deluge of fire in punishment of the sins we see around us, begin to open their eyes to the fearful truth. God grant that they may see their error to its full extent, and retrace their steps. Every one knows

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that New England was in times gone by an intensely Protestant district—that its people were stricter in their self-imposed Protestant discipline than any other. Now let us see what this branch of a Church not yet three hundred years old, and which would *reform* the Holy Catholic Church of eighteen centuries, can show as fruit. Here is what a non-Catholic paper, the outspoken New York *Sun*, says of it:

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH NEW ENGLAND?

The startling frequency of divorce in Massachusetts has of late provoked much discussion. Not long after Judge Lord lectured the Cape Cod people on their loose notions regarding the obligations of marriage, an officer of one of the State courts at Boston came forward with the declaration that, there, too, the number of divorce cases was on the increase, so that suits for the dissolution of marriage more than made up for the loss of legal business caused by the repeal of the Bankruptcy act.

But it now appears that, common as divorce is in Massachusetts, it is not so frequent as in the other New England States. The New Haven *Journal* finds that the ratio of divorce to marriage has been as follows during the last few years in four of the New England States: Vermont, 1 to 16; Massachusetts, 1 to 23.7; Rhode Island, 1 to 13; Connecticut, 1 to 104. If Maine and New Hampshire have a like divorce record, the number of couples in the New England States who make shipwreck of matrimony must be not far from 1,800 annually.

These are figures to make people think very seriously. So great a proportion of divorces indicates both a surprising laxity of morals and a prevalence of skeptical ideas regarding the solemnity of marriage in the land of steady habits. We used to look to the newer communities of the West for such a state of society; but now we find it in the home of the Puritans, and among their descendants especially.

Moreover, this remarkable record of divorce, which puts the States named among those of the world where marriage is least permanent and of least binding force—a record which has few parallels in history—is only one of several symptoms of moral decline in New England, or of a disposition to chafe under the religious and conventional restraints which the Puritan forefathers deemed essential to the well-being of society. The reports from the New England villages show that church-going is falling into disuse; that while the Irish and French Canadian Catholics are punctual in their attendance at Mass, the native Protestants are frequently found altogether indifferent to religious services, or only occasional in their attendance on them.

The prayer meetings, which of old were deemed so important, are shunned by the younger generation, and immorality of a pretty gross sort crops out in the rural communities, which have not yet found a safe substitute for church-going. As for Boston, it is filled with unbelievers, who take pride in their doubts, and regard attendance upon church as a relic of superstition. The Unitarians, who are so numerous there and elsewhere in the State of Massachusetts, are oftentimes only agreed in their points of unbelief. At Harvard College, though good old Dr. Peabody lays down a sound morality and talks of practical religion, there is little real religious sentiment of any sort among the professors and the students. And as to Yale College, what can be expected of it with Beecherism rampant at its head?

What is the meaning of this strange state into which the descendants of the Puritans have got themselves? —*N. Y. Sun, June* 12.

Catholic Notes.

—The *Reformer*, a paper started in Paris with a view to converting Roman Catholics to Protestantism, suspended after the twentieth number.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—REV. C. MACKINNON, a graduate of Oxford, who has been rector of the Protestant church in Lima, Peru, was formally received into the Catholic Church on the 18th of May.

—AN OMISSION.—The article in our issue of last week entitled "The Relative Influence of Catholic and Public School Education" we neglected crediting to the *Catholic Parent's Friend.*

—In the death of Rev. Michael Lawlor, S. J., which sad event occurred at the College of St. Ignatius in Chicago, on the 17th ult., his order has lost a most devoted and efficient member. He was for many years the silent victim of a painful malady. His death is greatly mourned. *R. I. P.*

—The Reverend Director of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost, the London branch of which the Holy Father has lately erected into an Archconfraternity, exhorts the members to pray for the extension of the Association in parishes, and for the spread of devotion to the Holy Ghost.

—A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS was celebrated at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., on the 25th ult., for the repose of the soul of Very Rev. Father Rice. The occasion was the reinterment of his remains at the Seminary, of which he was the former director. We have known few men that have been so much beloved as Father Rice. His memory is embalmed in thousands of hearts.

—As an item of Catholic news, we have lately taken pains to record remarkable conversions to the Church. We know it must be interesting to Catholics to see what progress the Church is making in this direction, and therefore shall continue to give such news. In this connection we may say that within a few weeks, four adult Protestants have been received into the Church at the Cathedral in this city.—*Catholic Citizen.*

—A GENEROUS PRESENTATION.—Mr. James A. Bradley, the great advocate of temperance, and proprietor of Ashbury Park, New Jersey, has presented a charming site on his estate to the Rev. Father Walsh, of Long Branch, for a church, besides an endowment of $100 a year towards the maintenance of a priest. The church, which is to be Gothic in design, will be erected immediately, and attended from Long Branch. Mr. P. C. Keely, of Brooklyn, is engaged as architect.

—ORDINATION.—Three fresh laborers have been added to the ranks of the clergy of the diocese of Fort Wayne. The preparatory retreat was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop himself. On Wednesday, the 18th ult., Messrs. Joy, Romer, and Quendling were admitted to tonsure and Minor Orders. On Thursday, Rev. Messrs. Joy and Romer received subdeaconship, on Friday, deaconship, and on Saturday, together with Rev. Mr. Kroll, they were raised to the priesthood.

—CANON OAKELY has always been noted for his classic literary style; and his article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* will certainly maintain, if it does not enhance, his reputation as a writer of pure and excellent English. His paper is en-

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titled "English Views of Catholicism Fifty Years Ago and Now." He begins it by remarking that those who are old enough to remember the light in which the Catholic religion was regarded half a century ago cannot fail to be struck with the change for the better that has taken place in the interval; and he goes on to illustrate his point in thirteen pages of perfect prose.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

——Mr. Charles Goldie has in the London Academy Exhibition a beautiful picture in commemoration of the last hours of the Venerable Bede, portraying the incident as it is described by Cuthbert in his memorable epistle to Cuthwin: "Thus he passed the day in joy until evening, when the youth said to him, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered: 'Write quickly.' Presently the youth said: 'Now it is finished.' He replied: 'Good! thou hast said the truth —*consummatum est.*' And so on the floor of his cell, he sang 'Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!' And just as he said 'Holy Ghost,' he breathed his last and went to the realms above."

——A reviewer in *La Défense* pays Kathleen O-Meara, the accomplished writer of the Life of Frederick Ozanam, and a favorite contributor to the Ave Maria, a remarkable compliment. He says he thought he knew all that could be known of Ozanam, till Miss O'Meara's book came upon him with a new light, which revealed deeper secrets and new treasures. It is rarely, indeed, that a foreigner finds it possible to earn such a tribute in France, and Miss O'Meara may be excused if she feels proud of her work. We are glad to see that Miss O'Meara finds ready publishers for her writings on this side of the Atlantic; she is a regular contributor to the *Catholic World* as well as to the Ave Maria.

——On the 11th of June, the Eve of the Festival of Corpus Christi, laborers commenced pulling down the old Church of St. Bartholomew, New York city, preparatory to the erection of the first House of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the protection of Homeless and Destitute Children. The director of the Mission is the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, a most zealous and self-sacrificing priest, who has organized the St. Joseph's Union for the erection of the house and the permanent support of this great work. By paying 25 cts. a year a person may become a member, enjoy all the spiritual benefits (and they are many and great), and receive a copy of *The Homeless Child and Messenger.* Address Rev. John C. Drumgoole, 53 and 55 Warren St., New York.

—— Oil City, Pa.—We learn from an esteemed correspondent that about one-fourth of the children attending school in Oil City, Pa., are taught in the free parochial school, which is under the care of the Benedictine Sisters. The cost is trivial compared with public-school education. The public examinations and entertainments given by the pupils are not only a credit to themselves and their devoted teachers, but also a source of much satisfaction to the excellent pastor, Rev. Father Carroll, who is untiring in his efforts to secure to his flock all the temporal and spiritual advantages possible. The school building, convent, parsonage and church are free of debt and are kept in the neatest order imaginable. The religious societies of the parish (five in number), which have effected much good in their respective spheres, are in a flourishing condition.

——More Aid for the Burned University.—At a meeting of the young ladies forming the Association of Post-Graduates of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., it was unanimously resolved as follows: "1. That we take in hand and make it our object to procure for Notre Dame a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin for the dome of the college. 2. That each one of us will do all in her power to procure subscribers to said object, and send the names of such to the Treasurer of the Association. 3. That the Secretary write to each post-graduate, enclosing a copy of these resolutions, and requesting said graduate to subscribe, and at the same time to secure all the subscribers that she can. 4. That the Association meet here on commencement day next year, for the election of officers and transaction of business. 5. That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Ave Maria and *Scholastic.*" The following officers were elected for the coming year: Miss Rose Devoto, of '74, President; Miss Helen Foote, of '76, Vice-President; Miss Katherine Joyce, of '76, Secretary; Sister Rosa, of the Academy, Treasurer.

——The Emperor and Empress of Austria are perhaps the only sovereigns in Europe at the present day who may justly be called Catholic—Catholic in verity, and not such only in name—and are also perhaps the only sovereigns who retain the filial affection of their subjects. As an instance of the manner in which educational interests are attended to in Austria when infidel and Jewish schemes do not prevail, the Hungarian *Official Gazette* publishes a letter addressed by the Bishop of Transylvania to the Hungarian Minister of Public Works and Education, in which the Bishop proposed, as a memorial of the silver festival of their Majesties the Emperor and Empress, to contribute out of his own savings the sum of 30,000 florins for the improvement of popular education. Of this sum 5,000 was to go towards the enlarging of the school which the Franciscan nuns have at Hermanstadt, to which purpose last year the Emperor himself contributed 3,600 florins. The Bishop devotes 12,000 florins to the rebuilding of Catholic female schools at Szekely-Udvarhely; finally, he gives 13,000 florins to the support of poor Catholic teachers. The Minister has addressed a letter of thanks to the generous Bishop for his liberality.

——The Ypsilanti, Mich., *Sentinel* of June 18th speaks of Notre Dame University after the following manly fashion. The venerable editor's sympathy with noble actions draws this tribute from him, while his incisive good sense cuts into the hollow prejudice and pretentious professions of the day.

"The True Glory of Notre Dame.—The Catholics of the United States appear to be responding liberally to the call for aid to rebuild the University of Notre Dame. It is pleasing to see the lively and spontaneous interest which old and young take in the restoration of that seat of learning. Who will, after this, indulge in talk about the 'ignorance of Catholics'? Suppose Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, or the Wesleyan University to have burned, what an outcry we should have heard! What a call for public meetings! What a passing of resolutions, and what appeals to the rich for large subscriptions! And finally, what after-pains on account of unpaid pledges and deficient receipts! While Notre Dame rises from its ashes silently, surely, and quickly by the constant, unsolicited rills of fifty cents, dollars, five dollars, and similar small sums, from the pious and willing hands hardened by earning the money, in the field, the laundry, and other useful, and therefore honorable, labor. The true glory of Notre Dame will be that it is built with honest money, earned by honest labor; and that it is not indebted for a single brick in its walls to wealth got by successful rascality, or to the ostentatious display of pride."

——Catholicism versus Protestantism.—The following, from a well-known Congregationalist paper in New York, is worthy of note as coming from a non-Catholic pen: "That the way of Catholicism is vastly wider than that of Protestantism we freely admit. What that way is, is not clearly understood; but in some

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way Catholicism keeps its unity and grandeur, while Protestantism cuts itself into numberless, too often quarrelsome, sects, and makes itself little and mean by its divisions. On one side of this Catholic unity it presents the appearance of being forced, to the extent of the suppression of private judgment; and this is the side most commonly presented to Protestants. But on another side it is tolerant and enforces toleration. So much it believes and imposes on the consciences of its members; beyond this they may differ. In Protestantism, which primarily makes the Bible the sole rule—apart from conscience—of faith and practice, any one is at liberty to make any little miserable peculiarity of his accidental belief the basis of a 'Church'; and the sad spectacle is presented of a snarl of wrangling sectaries, which no man can disentangle. Probably not five men on the continent can give the names of all the "Presbyterian" denominations in the United States. They exist because their members could not tolerate error, and thus failed of one of the first duties of gentlemanliness, not to say Christian charity."

—EDUCATIONAL INJUSTICE IN IRELAND.—The Archbishop-elect of Dublin, Mgr. McCabe, in a recent circular shows the great educational injustices to which the Catholics of Ireland have to submit. He writes: "We must pray fervently that God may open the eyes of our temporal rulers, that so they may see the injustice they are perpetuating on our country and the dangers they are preparing for religion and social order by leaving unredressed our admitted educational wrongs. Seven hundred thousand Episcopalian Protestants even yet hold the University of Dublin, with its magnificent college—a library of two hundred thousand printed volumes and one thousand seven hundred rare manuscripts, richly stocked museums, a fully furnished botanic garden, two hundred thousand acres of landed property, producing forty thousand pounds, etc., a year, with about twenty-five thousand a year from students' fees. Seven thousand pounds a year and Belfast Queen's College are in the hands of five hundred thousand Presbyterians. Fourteen thousand pounds a year are given to Cork and Galway to bribe tepid Catholics into a betrayal of conscience. Four millions and a quarter of Catholics have their University, for which they have taxed themselves to the amount of £200,000; but from the State they have received not one farthing—nay, the very existence of the University is ignored. The Catholics of Ireland urge no unreasonable demand, yet their prayer for justice is disregarded."

—A GRAND CELEBRATION OF CORPUS CHRISTI.—It is gratifying to note that the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi is becoming more generally celebrated. From all parts of the country we hear of demonstrations that would not dishonor the most Catholic countries. The feast was celebrated this year at the French settlement near Fort Wayne with much splendor. Right Reverend Bishop Dwenger had thoughtfully selected the day for the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, during which the children received Holy Communion and afterwards Confirmation. An appropriate and very impressive sermon was preached by his Lordship. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which took place after Confirmation, was truly grand. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by the Bishop, accompanied by Very Rev. Father Benoit, V. G., whose presence was a pleasure to all, as he was the first pastor of the congregation, Rev. Father Roche, C. S. C., formerly a missionary in India, but now the pastor of St. Vincent's, and Rev. Fathers Fallize and Louage, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame, who chanted the usual hymns. There were two tasteful repositories, one erected by the members of the parish, the other by the good Sisters of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the pupils of which walked in procession. Two young ladies performed on the harp at one of the benedictions. The scene was most solemn. Vespers was sung in the course of the afternoon by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, assisted by the other priests. Rev. Father Louage, to whom the task of preparing the children for their First Communion and for Confirmation was intrusted, preached a sermon which will long be remembered by all who heard it. At the conclusion of Vespers the children renewed their baptismal vows and dedicated themselves to the Blessed Virgin. A few parting words of exhortation were addressed to them by the Bishop.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

M. O'Donnell, $1; Angeline Sweeney, $1; Thos. Quinn, $5; Catharine Gillespie, $1; P. Stinson, $2; H. McElaney, $5; M. Owens, $1; Mary Owens, $5; Mary Owens, $1; J. Shields, $1; T. Shields, $1; C. F. Kuhn, $1; J. Kuhn, $1; Rose Shields, 50 cts.; T. Lawler, 50 cts.; Ann Shields, $1; J. Gibbons, $2; James Carr, $1; A Friend, $1; Charles F. Gannon, $1; Miss Anna Stitle, $1; Miss C. Hargrafen, $1; W. Burke, $3; Mrs. Manning, $1; Mrs. Catharine McCarthy, $1; Mrs. Thomas Brennan, $1; Charles Hogan, $1; P. McDonnell, $5; Mrs. D. Maher, $1; A Friend, $1; Michael Cahalan, $1; Mrs. Mary Gallagher, $1; Rev. Arthur P. Haviland, $5; Anna Murphy, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Ford, 50 cts.; Louis N. Clark, $10; Mrs. J. Lynch, $1; Mrs. James Prendergast, $2; Mrs. John M. Ryan, $1; Mrs. Bunce, $4; A Friend, $1; Wm. Burke, $3; John McQuade, $5; T. Morre, $5; G. W. Consolly, $5; Mrs. P. Nolan. $2; T. McGovern, $1; Jane Ryan, $1; Mary Simmons, $1; Mrs. C. E. Agnew, $1; A Friend in St. Louis, $25; F. W. Bloom, $5; Mr. M. I. Madden, $2; Mrs. Edwards, $2; J. Dowd, $2; Mrs. M. I. Higgins, $1; Mrs. E. B. Holloway, $1; A Friend, $1; Miss Julia Allen, $1; E. F. Oakley, $1; Miss Eliza Carey (correction), $1; Margaret Conway, $5; Mrs. E. Usher, $1; Josephine Kerr, $2; Mr. Homer Wheaton, $25; Annie Maloney, $1.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

"Virgin most powerful, pray for us!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 25TH.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 75 persons and two families,—change of life for 16 persons and 6 families,—conversion to the faith for 9 persons and 15 families,—grace of perseverance for 7 and that of a happy death for 2 persons,—special graces for 8 priests, 12 religious and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 29 persons and 8 families,—spiritual favors for 24 persons and 5 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 7 communities, 3 congregations, and 5 schools. Also 36 particular intentions and 7 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Several particular intentions, spiritual and temporal, which are requested to be prayed for for an indefinite period, others during thirty days, and some for nine days,—conversion of several per-

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sons on the point of death.—successful sale of property, and extrication from business difficulties,—conversion of several Catholics who have lost the Faith and married out of the Church,—temporal and spiritual aid for several widows and orphans,—a safe journey to and from Europe for a certain family,—several persons deranged in mind,—success of the annual retreat and the arrangements for the coming scholastic year in several religious communities,—reformation of several drunkards,—several Catholic soldiers deprived of the opportunity of going to confession, and a number of young men working in dangerous places and far away from home.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We learn with pleasure that a person addicted to intemperance has given up his bad habit and joined the temperance society. He had been recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity. A pious client of Mary says: "Please return thanks for the conversion of a lady who had not been to confession for eight years. We asked prayers for her some time ago. She attended the mission and now goes regularly to the Sacraments." Some Sisters of Charity write: "Many thanks, for recommending our intentions to the prayers of the Associates. One of the intentions was the success of our schools, and, thanks to our Blessed Mother, they are progressing most satisfactorily." A pious correspondent informs us that a young woman who had led a scandalous life for many years is now truly penitent. After being recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity and the Association of the Sacred Heart, over a year ago she began to reform. God grant her the grace of perseverance! A grateful daughter writes: "I am at a loss for words to thank you for the Lourdes water and for the prayers I solicited. They have proved all-powerful with our Lord. My mother is completely restored to health, despite the prophecies of her physicians who, from the beginning of her illness, saw no chance of her recovery. Every one thinks her cure wonderful." "A fond mother says: "About four months ago I requested prayers for my little boy who was afflicted with St. Anthony's dance. After applying the water of Lourdes a few times, he recovered entirely." Another correspondent writes: "I gave some of the blessed water to a lady, who had a sore for upwards of twenty years, and she was cured in two weeks, for which she returns many thanks to God and our Blessed Lady."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. M. A. STADER, a most estimable Catholic lady who departed for heaven on the 14th ult. She was a model mother and wife, and her many virtues endeared her to hosts of friends. Miss MARY LEE, of Dubuque, Iowa, whose death occurrred during the month of May. Miss MAGGIE HEALY, a life-subscriber of the AVE MARIA, who departed this life at Archbald, Pa., on the 13th of the same month, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church. Mr. JOHN ELDER, who fell asleep in the Lord on the 11th of June. SISTER M. MARIAN, of the Community of the Holy Child Jesus. Mrs. ANN DORNFLINGER, of Sharon, Pa.; Mr. JOHN QUINN, of Springfield, Mass.; Mr. JAMES ADELSBERGER, of Corpus Christi, Texas; Mrs. JOHANNA KEARNEY, of Chicago, Ill., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. REV. FATHER WUBBELS and Mr. JOHN DAVY, deceased some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

Rivals and Friends.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"What about that medal, my boy?" said uncle Tim as he gave Jack's right ear a good-natured twitch.

"Oh, I don't know or care about the medal," answered Jack, rather gloomily.

"Don't care about the medal, eh! how is that? I heard the medal was to be a gold one," urged merry uncle Tim.

"So much the worse!" said Jack. "Don't you know, uncle Tim"—and as he said this Jack's eyes flashed as if he were ready to do battle with the first boy who might come in his way,—"don't you know, uncle Tim, that every boy in school who is not a known dunce is trying for that medal, just because it is a gold medal, as if its being gold or silver made any difference? A copper medal, if it told the story of standing at the head of the class, would be as good. Why need any medal at all, uncle Tim, if I knew myself to be the best scholar in that class, to be happy? And even if I am not the best scholar in my class, and am, still, the best scholar I can be with diligence, I am satisfied I don't care at all about the medal, and I don't care who gets it."

Uncle Tim took off his gold-bowed spectacles, wiped them very carefully, and then set them back on the wide bridge of his high, long Roman nose in a slow way peculiar to himself. When uncle Tim did this, his nephews and nieces always imagined that he did it so as to see them better; "look straight through them," as they said. But uncle Tim's eyes did not seem to be looking any sharper at Jack, after he had wiped his spectacles than before. But this small act had given Jack's wrath time to cool, and had given uncle Tim time to think of a good answer to Jack. Then in his usual tone of voice, he said: "I suppose Walter Smith, and Jimmy Brown, and Dick Goodhue, and Cyrus Windet—"

"O yes, everybody; every dunce and booby in school," said Jack, impatiently.

"I suppose all these boys," uncle Tim went on to say, just as if he had not been interrupted, "are trying hard for the medal. All of them are good scholars."

"Good scholars enough," said Jack. "But, uncle Tim, if you could see all the cheating and sneaking and lying that goes on, all for that gold medal! These boys just hate each other, and they hate, worst of all, the best scholar. It is not to deserve the medal, uncle Tim, but to get it."

"I see, I see," said uncle Tim. "A good scholar, so he be good-natured as well, should be

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a favorite in his class, and the best scholar should be the pride of the class. Every boy cannot be the best scholar; but every boy should be manly enough to admire a good scholar, and admire especially the *best* scholar. A boy who really loves his books will love a good scholar. But let us see about that medal. I once heard of a boy who was sent to a Roman college, our own American College in Rome, to study for the priesthood. In all the Roman colleges they give medals, prizes; and to win a prize is to gain great honor. When this boy, this youth, was starting for Rome, his mind full of dreams of college honors, his aunt said to him: "Promise me that you will never study one hour longer to win an honor or a medal, than you would to please God." It seemed a little strange to him that his aunt should say this, for what had he said about honors or medals? But he promised. Time went on, and although at first nothing would be expected in the way of honors and medals, yet as one term after another went by, his aunt began to think she had damped his lawful ambition. Besides, there were others in the family who *looked* for medals, *expected* medals and wondered why the young student in Rome got none! This became hard to bear, for his aunt knew there was no lack of talent, no lack of diligence. But at last, when everybody had decided that Rome had no medals for this boy, one, two, three medals, and all of the first rank, gladdened the eyes of the family, gladdened all eyes but those of the watchful aunt. For months she had feared that her words had destroyed his scholarship,—now she feared that he had become ambitious and would lose all the singular graces of a college life in Rome. But the next letter ran thus: "Dear Auntie, I have kept my promise. Although I won the three medals, I did not study one hour longer for them than I would have studied for God."

By this time Jack's eyes had softened. All the fire of battle had died out from them. "That will do for seminarians and priests, Uncle Tim; but we boys in the world, how are we to keep out of a squabble, if we really go in for the prize?"

"This depends entirely upon yourselves. But remember, one half the value of this trial for the prize lies in the habit it forms of bearing disappointment. Life is one long struggle for some prize in the way of knowledge, of merit. To strive for it, yet never to lose one's temper, to see others win it, before us, yet never envy their honors or love them the less, is one of the best of schools for men and boys; for life, remember, is a training-school. To be too proud to try for a prize for fear of losing it, is cowardly. But try for the gold medal, Jack; always, however, resolving to study no harder for the prize than for the love of knowledge, the love of exellence, because God loves excellence; and all that gives a sting to rivalry will die out of your heart. Study to deserve the prize; this is all I ask you to do. But I can give you a story pat to your case; for, I hope you are not the only boy in school who has a noble disdain for a medal won merely to take it from others.

"In the year 1400 there was a terrible pestilence in Florence. People fled from it to every other part of Italy. When the pestilence ceased, the city authorities began to think how they could do something to express their gratitude for the deliverance, when they remembered that only one of the doors of their Baptistery was worthy of this ancient church, where the children born in Florence had been baptized ever since the year 600."

"The year 600!" exclaimed Jack. "So old as that, uncle Tim? are you sure?"

"Quite sure," said uncle Tim; "for it was built by Queen Theolinda, the widow of the Lombard king Autharis. The same Theolinda for whom the Abbot John collected holy oils burning before the relics of the saints, and among others, before the tomb of Saint Cornelius in the Catacomb of Saint Callistus. One door had been made for this church, or Baptistery, as it is called, by Andrea Pisano, giving the Scripture story of Saint John the Baptist in twenty panels; and now they wanted a door to match this. So they sent word to the artists in all the cities of Italy to bring specimens of their designs. A crowd of artists appeared in Florence; old and young, especially goldsmiths and sculptors. Among them was a young man, Lorenzo, not yet twenty, who had been urged by his stepfather, a goldsmith, to try for this prize even if he did not win it, because it would be a good school for him. To the astonishment of Lorenzo, he found himself named one of seven artists, chosen out of this crowd, to whom a sum of money was given, and who were to promise, solemnly, to bring in, at the end of a year, a panel in bronze, of a given shape and size, representing the Sacrifice of Abraham. Of the other six, two were artists who had already won fame among the Florentines. Lorenzo knew he must work hard to have his panel deserve to be compared with theirs. But see how he goes about it. In the first place he took his stepfather's (mind, not his own father's, but his stepfather's,) advice, in everything. Moreover, he not only allowed his work to be criticized, but asked artists to criticize it. Then when the design was as perfect as he could make it, he cast it in bronze and finished it with the greatest care, and at the end of the year took it to the judges appointed to say which was the best. All this time he had been working hard to produce the most beautiful work of art in his power. Even if he did not win the prize, if some one else produced one more beautiful, more perfect, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his very best. But now appears the result of all this con-

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scientious labor. When Lorenzo's panel was put among the others, everyone of the judges singled it out as the best of the seven. And yet, here came in a very delicate question, "This Lorenzo Ghiberti (1) is only twenty years old, a mere boy," say the judges; "while Brunelleschi (2) is thirty, and Donatello nearly as old. How can we say that the work of this boy is more excellent than that of the two most distinguished artists in Florence, and who are his seniors? We might bring great blame upon ourselves by giving this important work to so young a man, whatever his genius."

But if the lords and merchants and wise men of the city of Florence had such sharp eyes as to see the merits of the bronze panel by Lorenzo, so had the two rival artists Brunelleschi and Donatello. These two artists, although rivals for the door of the Baptistery, were devoted friends; true and honest friends to each other. So when each of them had seen the panel of Lorenzo beside his own, he saw it to be superior. When they met they agreed to go together and examine it closely and compare it with their own. They talked over the seven panels again and again; then talked over their own and Lorenzo's. At last they said: "It is a clear case that this young Lorenzo has produced a finer panel than either of us. The work can be trusted to him, and he will be a glory to Florence. In the name of honor and of art, let us do the only thing which is right in this. Let us go to the judges and tell them our candid opinion, and that we ourselves award the prize to Lorenzo."

They did exactly what they proposed to each other to do. The bronze door of the Baptistery was given to Lorenzo. When this door, after twenty-four years of close labor and study, was hung on its hinges, the people of Florence told him to do another,—and the great fame of Lorenzo Ghiberti rests on these doors, or *gates* as they are called: and which Michael Angelo said were 'fit to be the gates of Paradise.' Meanwhile, our Brunelleschi and Donatello—"

"Yes, yes," said Jack, "I want to know about those splendid fellows!"

"Donatello became one of the greatest sculptors, in marble, of his age—became as famous as Lorenzo himself; and Brunelleschi hung that dome over the Cathedral of Florence which no architect before him had ever dared to undertake. As it rises into the blue of that sky, or stands with its outline against the light clouds, we are ready to say with Michael Angelo, about his own dome over Saint Peter's:

"Yes, she may be larger, grander, than her sister dome of Florence, but she cannot be more beautiful!" Brunelleschi, by letting the doors go to Lorenzo, did what no other man living could do—gave a dome to the vast Cathedral which may be called perfect. And all three of these noble artists, at one time rivals, were friends through their whole lives. What if one of them had been a coward and had not not worked for the prize?"

"I see," said Jack. "It is all straight now, Uncle Tim."

It is not time, yet, for the gold medal to be given in the school. Whether Jack will win it or not, Uncle Tim is not at all certain. But one thing we know: Jack's lessons are well recited, and with a face as open, as free from care, as if a prize had never been thought of. When another boy wins as good marks as himself, he loves that boy as a friend, and I think he would be sorry to see him lose the prize even if he were thereby to get it himself.

(1) Pronounce Gi-bert-e; Gi, as in give. (2) Bru-nell-es-ke.

The Tombs of the Apostles.

Of the body of St. John the Evangelist there are no tidings. Not a bone of the body of this holy Apostle and beloved Disciple of our Lord can be found.

St. James the Greater is at St. Jago de Compostella in Spain. That is the far-famed pilgrimage that takes its name from this Apostle. The ten remaining Apostles are in Italy, without counting St. Paul, who was not one of the original twelve.

As most of the Apostles are in Rome, we shall speak of the others first. Three are in the kingdom of Naples. St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, is at Salerno; St. Andrew at Amalfi, near Naples, and St. Thomas at Ortona.

Rome has seven of the Apostles, namely, SS. Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Simon, Jude, Bartholomew, and Mathias, who filled up the place left vacant by the apostasy of Judas.

St. Peter is of course in the church that is called after him, precisely on account of his tomb being there. In St. Peter's also are SS. Simon and Jude. St. Jude is sometimes called St. Thaddeus—for instance, in the Church of St. John of Lateran, where you see the statues of all the Apostles, with the name of each carved beneath. In the Church of the Holy Apostles are James the Lesser and St. Philip.

In the Island of St. Bartholomew in the Tiber, is the Saint of that name, in the church dedicated to the same holy Apostle.

St. Mathias is in St. Mary Major. The body of this Apostle is under the great altar of the Basilica.

So one Apostle is in Spain, and all the rest in Italy, except St. John the Evangelist, whose mysterious disappearance I have alluded to.

Rome possesses no less than seven Apostles. Besides these, the two Evangelists, not Apostles, are also in Italy: St. Mark at Venice, and St. Luke at Padua.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 12, 1879. No. 28.

The Procession of the Precious Blood.

(CONCLUSION.)

But who can tell the beauty of that Precious Blood, as It moved about the earth with slow human movement during the Three-and-Thirty Years? Saints rapt in ecstasy may see, and haply may in part understand a spiritual loveliness which they cannot express in words. Like other artists, their conceptions are mostly above the level of language. But to us the Thirty-Three Years are an indistinct wonder, distinct enough to fix us in admiration, and to make our hearts burn with love, but indistinct so far as understanding goes. There is something in our Lord's mysteries, which is akin to the Divine Perfections. They are best seen in indistinctness. An indistinct view seems to teach us more than a distinct one. We see more truthfully, if not more clearly, when our view is less defined. When our view is distinct, it is like a beautiful picture or a beautiful poem. It pleases and soothes; it elevates and chastens; it sobers and refines. It fills us full of sweet thoughts, noble sympathies, and heavenly imaginations. But it is not the repose of prayer. It is not the heat of the mystical life. It is not the swiftness of spiritual growth. It only unites us to God in a distant or a circuitous way. The saints perhaps may see these mysteries clearly, and yet at the same time with such a view as transforms their souls and unites them to God in the crowning grace of the Divine espousals. To them, a spiritual beauty may be always a spiritual grace. Yet even to contemplatives there is for the most part more of heavenly and supernatural operation in an indistinct view of the Divine Perfections and of the Mysteries of Jesus, than in a distinct one. We only desire to know, in order that we may increase our love. To love is better than to know. Indeed, it is itself a higher knowledge.

Here, then, at the point of Bethlehem, the Procession of the Precious Blood comes out into a light too strong for us to see the details of its magnificence. It is too near to us to be seen except in detail, and its details are too bright to be distinct. Like all the works of God, it hides itself by coming close up to us. We must speak of it hereafter from a different point of view, rather as of a Life, than as of a Procession. Nevertheless it moved in fairest pomp along those Three-and-Thirty Years of visible earthly, human life. Now and then it appeared upon the highways of the world and in the streets of cities; but for the most part it haunted sequestered retreats of its own, and it haunted them with mysterious delays. It bore its banners furled. No voice of songs, but the low strains of the Mother's *Magnificat*, were heard in its encampments. A saint, whose very soul was part of the silence of heaven, alone guarded it for nearly all its appointed years. For thousands of years the world had looked for its manifestation; and now, behold! that manifestation was a concealment. Before it came, it was a palpable pageant of history. When it came, it melted, as a cloud melts in the sunshine, into the more substantial reality of a Divine Mystery. It hid itself in Mary; and we see it for an instant passing in unwonted haste over the uplands of Judea. We hear it in the tones of Mary's voice. We taste it in the sweetness of her chosen words. By the light of Joseph's lantern we catch a glimpse of it at midnight on the floor of a cave at Bethlehem, where shepherds gaze in silence, and Oriental kings are kneeling to adore, while the angels, who that night could not be so silent as their God, sing high up in heaven as if they feared lest their jubilee should wake the earth and divulge the secret of their King. In the courts of the great Temple we see the humble pomp of its dear Candlemas, a sort of childish anticipation of its second triumph on Palm Sunday more than thrice ten years hereafter. It moves along the sandy depressions and stone-sprinkled troughs of the desert, not in a glorious caravan of merchants laden with the gold and jewels of India or with the drugs and gums of Araby, but in a timid pilgrimage with Joseph and with Mary. It hides amidst the bulrushes

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of the Egyptian river, as the cradle of the Hebrew lawgiver had hidden centuries ago. Once more it wound its way across the desert. Its pilgrimage was one of three now, whereas seven years before it seemed only to be of two, itself being nothing more than the alternate burden of the Foster-father and the Mother. The Boy can walk now, though the sands weary His Feet with their burning, and the pebbles bruise Him with their hardness. But the thorns of the acacias and the prickles of the salt-plants pierce Him, and His Feet leave a faint line of red behind them, which angels adore and recognize as the veritable Procession of the Precious Blood.

As if impelled by its kingly instincts, it drew near its own lawful palace in Jerusalem; and then, as if glad of an excuse to hide itself afresh, it turned aside through fear of a usurping king, and sank, like a bird whom the hawk has been pursuing, into that hidden bowl of mountain-meadows which men call Nazareth. Here it disappeared, like a river which has gone underground. There was a long halt of three-and-twenty years. Occasionally, when the crowding of the feasts gave greater facilities for its disguise, it went over the steep paths to its sacred metropolis, and worshipped in the temple amidst the multitude. Once very notably it appeared there, five years after the return from Egypt; and its voice was heard in the Jewish schools; and its beauty looked out of boyish eyes into the hearts of old men and wise scholars and profound interpreters, and puzzled them with its loveliness, which needed a more spiritual interpreting than they could give. This was a moment in the Procession of the Precious Blood of all moments the most difficult to understand; for it seemed to turn away from that fountain in Mary's heart, round which it had been flowing in rings which seemed to draw nearer at every circuit. But it had this time only fetched a wider circuit, that it might better turn, and flow straight back into its fountain, and live hidden there in indistinguishable distinctness for eighteen years of another childhood, which the strength of size and age only adorned with more tender ministries and only graced with a more beautiful docility. Even the appearances, the looks, the outward shows of Divine mysteries are full of significance. In this staying behind at Jerusalem it *seems* as if the Eternal Father and the mortal Mother were beckoning the Procession of the Precious Blood different ways, and as if in the end the Creator had given way to His chosen creature. This is the look of that secret parting of the Boy of twelve at the gate of Jerusalem.

But now, as through some gateway on which the sun is brightly shining, or some triumphal arch hung round with braided flowers, the Procession of the Precious Blood issues out of the pastoral solitude of Nazareth at Cana of Galilee, in the unexpected light of a marriage-feast. It was as if the multiplying of the human family was a joy to its love of souls. With how exquisite a fittingness and with how much disclosure of His own character, did our Lord make that first of His public mysteries a triumph to His Mother! We know not how to express the glory of that feast to her. The eternal counsels were anticipated at her word. The time which in our Lord's mind had not come, came at His Mother's will; and the first refulgence of His miracles shone forth on her, and at her bidding. Through her He had entered on the earth: through her He entered on His Ministry. With her He went up Calvary: with her He mounted the Hill of the Ascension. All the mysteries of Jesus are glories of Mary. The Ministry is not less full of her fragrance than the Childhood or the Passion. As the Father's work was deferred for Mary when her Son was twelve, the same work was precipitated for her when He was thirty.

Through this portal, then, of Cana in Galilee, this Gate of Mary, as we may call it, the Precious Blood issued forth from Its concealment. The low white houses gleamed with their flat roofs among the pomegranate trees, and the broad-leaved figs, and the shrubby undergrowths, while the plain below was all waving with the billowy corn. The corn below, even if it bore a thousandfold, was but a poor figure of the harvest that Blood should gather now—that Blood which shone more ruby-like than the ripest pomegranate in Cana. A little water from the village well was turned into generous wine; but that Blood, which men will spill like water, shall be the wine of immortality to all the world. Now for three years the Procession of the Precious Blood moved to and fro within the precincts of the Holy Land. One while it was upon the hill-tops, which look down upon the lake, the lake of the Great Vocations, as we may fitly name it. Another while it was winding along the paths which clove the tall corn in the fields. The day saw it in the temple-courts; the moonlight disclosed it in the gray hollows of the stony mountains. It went to carry blessings to the houses of the poor; and it crossed the inland sea in the boats of fishermen. Yet it did not move at random. Its very journeys were a ritual. It was like the procession in the consecration of a church. Its movements have a meaning, and make up a whole. Whether it goes round the walls with the bunch of hyssop, or writes alphabets on the ash-strewn floor, or clusters in seeming confusion round the yet unconsecrated altar, there is a symbol and a law in every posture. So was it with the sinuous wanderings of the Precious Blood in Palestine. Like the course of the Israelites in the desert, it had a pattern to the Eye of God, and betokened some

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hidden wisdom which we are unable to decipher. It was beautiful beyond words, beautiful beyond our comprehension. It had no ornaments. Its figurative pageantry was gone. The words of life were its only music. It was now neither like a pilgrimage nor a march. There was nothing to which it could be compared. It was a Countenance which moved to and fro, intensely human because it was more than human, smiling, weeping, looking downcast, adoring, speaking, clad in wonderful anger, bound in placid sleep, pale, weary, meek, submissive, yet unspeakably commanding. All human expressions gathered there, save one, and that was the expression of surprise. Sometimes in His words there was what sounded like a tone of surprise, escaping plaintively from some wounded love within His Heart. But on the vastness of His mind nothing like surprise could dawn, nor any perplexity pass upon the serenity of His Face. To see that Face was a heaven to the pure and good; and when the heart came to fear too much, because the beauty of the Face was so reverend, its likeness to the Mother's face confused it sweetly with earthly things, and enabled the heart to repose on its Divinity. Thus the Procession came to Olivet and Calvary.

Who can gaze steadily on the intolerable brightness of that Procession now, all flashing with a crimson light which blinds the eye of the beholder? As when we gaze upon the sun we seem to see it double, and the two orbs quiver in our wounded eyes with a vermilion haze, so is it with the Precious Blood amid the mysteries of the Passion. It appears double. There are two Processions, instead of one. One is all shame, and suffering, and defeat. We might almost have said disorder; but there is something so venerable in its disgrace, something so imposing in the tranquillity of that Countenance, that there is order and self-mastery in its abasement. The other Procession is all triumph and exultation. Eager mercy hurries to and fro. Hidden counsels of the Eternal open their banners for the first time, and wave them joyously; and the jubilant silence of the angels is so intense that we might almost dream we heard it, as some strain of music in which the complainings of blameless envy mingled with the impassioned notes of self-forgetting victory. How dark the stains looked in the moonlight that silvered the olive-tops of lone Gethsemane! How the red rain spotted the pavements of Jerusalem, like those portentous showers of blood which pagan history records with fright! How red the streams looked upon the white Body, and then how black! and how the eclipse, which came on and hid it all, made the spectre of it burn with a fiery reality in our eyes, because we knew so certainly and so exactly what the darkness contained! At the foot of the Cross also the Blood Itself looks double; for, if the Face of Jesus was like the face of Mary, now the tears of Mary are like the Blood of Jesus. They were tears of blood, and of the very blood which had been the fountain of the Precious Blood.

Then a change comes over our Procession. The Blood goes alone. It is no longer in the Sacred Heart as in Its living tabernacle. It is no longer mantling in the Mary-like Face. It is apart and uncompanioned now, and by Itself is absolutely adorable. The souls of men have got the Soul of Jesus to themselves beneath the earth, where It is brightening the caverns with the Beatific Vision. The love and piety of men have tended the Body, embalmed It, and laid It in the tomb. To whom shall the Blood belong? Even to those for whom only It was not shed in expiation, those for whom only It was not a ransom, to the multitudes of the delighted angels! Who can tell their jubilee in that brief but sole possession of the ransom of mankind? They are sentinels over It, where It lay. On the hard stones of the street and on the stained plants of Calvary, on the accoutrements of the soldiers and on the garments of the great Mother, in the dry dust of Olivet and on all the instruments of the Passion, they kept watch and ward, and adored the Precious Blood. Mary saw them, and blessed them in their deed. Through the Friday night, and the Saturday, and till the Sunday dawned, they sang their voiceless songs in those low-lying crevices of earth, finding their heaven amid the dust of men's feet. Then they raised each drop with touch of reverent fear and tremulous abasement, and set It up as a grand thing of beauty and of worship, and went in unimaginable procession to the sepulchre. Who can tell how they marshalled that pomp upon the earth, nor how like it was to that simultaneous order of the Incarnation, of which theology teaches such marvellous things, nor how like it was to the Chalice which Jesus Himself had consecrated, as it were an external Sacred Heart, on the Thursday night, nor how like it is now to the daily separation of the Blood in the Chalice of the Mass? Alongside of the Soul returned from limbus, and enjoying the same Divine Union as the Soul, the Precious Blood reëntered the Sacred Heart, filled with the sounds of life its silent halls, and poured the glorified beauty of an immortal human life over every Sacred Limb, effacing all vestige of the Passion, save where It gathered Itself up and burst forth into five roseate suns in the Hands and Feet and Heart, suns whose exuberant radiance is causing unsetting day this hour in the farthest extremities of heaven. But that separate procession, that exclusive keeping of the Precious Blood, is a glory and a pride of the angelic kingdom, which their songs will tell of to all eternity.

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Green Nazareth was not a closer hiding-place than the risen glory of the Forty Days. As of old, the Precious Blood clung round the sinless Mother. Like a stream that will not leave its parent chain of mountains, but laves them incessantly with many an obstinate meandering, so did the Blood of Jesus, shed for all hearts of men, haunt the single heart of Mary. Fifteen times, or more, in those Forty Days, it came out from under the shadow of Mary's gladness and gleamed forth in beautiful apparitions. Each of them is a history in itself, and a mystery, and a revelation. Never did the Sacred Heart say or do such ravishing things as during those Forty Days of Its Risen Life. The Precious Blood had almost grown more human from having been three days in the keeping of the angels. But, as It had mounted Calvary on Good Friday, so now It mounts Olivet on Ascension Thursday, and disappears into heaven amidst the whiteness of the silver clouds. It had been but a decree in heaven before, a Divine idea, an eternal compassion, an inexplicable complacency of the Life of God. It returns thither a Human Life, and is throned at the Right Hand of the Father forever in right of Its inalienable union with the Person of the Word. There is no change in the Unchangeable. But in heaven there had never been change like this before, nor ever will be again. The changes of the Great Doom can be nothing compared to the exaltation of the Sacred Humanity of the Eternal Word. The very worship of the glorious spirits was changed, so changed that the angels themselves cannot say how it is that no change has passed on God. Somehow the look of change has enhanced the magnificence of the Divine immutability, and has given a new gladness to their adoration of Its unspeakable tranquillity.

For a moment nothing on earth is visible. The white light of the Ascension has dazzled our eyes. We see a confused splendor, and nothing more. It is but for a moment; and then, more wonderful than ever, the Procession lies outstretched before the vision of our minds. It is no longer single. It is not even double, as it was on Calvary. It is treble now. Girdled with amazing refulgence, it fills all heaven. Upon earth, breaking away beyond the confines of Palestine, it is visible in all nations of the globe, and crossing the broadest seas. Everywhere it is traversing the plains, scaling the mountains, and penetrating the sanctuaries of the wilderness. The Procession in repose above is like the Procession of the Thirty-Three Years. It is the actual life of the Precious Blood. The Procession below is the omnipresence of its power, the outstreaming of grace from its treasures, faith's veritable application of the Precious Blood to the souls of men. This last is like the Procession of the four thousand years before the Incarnation, only that it has now sacramental realities of its own, and looks backward to the past, not, as that other Procession, forward to a future. The third Procession is not one, but manifold, and multiplied incessantly. Swifter than the sunbeam, from out the opened heavens the Precious Blood is flowing upon the altars of the Church. It is filling innumerable chalices at the same moment in the most distant places. The Sacred Heart, which is Its natural tabernacle, is halting in countless tabernacles of human artifice, or is being borne about the fields and streets to the dying by the anointed servants of our Lord. This last Procession is not less actual than the one which is in heaven. It lives the same glorified life. It is but one life, and the same life. This is the threefold vision of the Precious Blood, which we see when the radiance of the Ascension has passed away. The one in heaven ministers in unknown mysteries to the Majesty of the Father. The one that moves over the earth is the minister of the Holy Spirit, who guides and rules the Church. The mingled activity and rest of the Blessed Sacrament is the human life of the Eternal Son Himself, haunting the earth which He loves so dearly as to redeem it with His Blood. So the glory of the Holy Trinity satiates itself upon the Precious Blood.

The Upper Room of Pentecost is another Bethlehem. It is the birthplace of the Church. There is the same Mother as in the midnight cave. But instead of Joseph there are Apostles. Instead of angels' songs in the quiet midnight, there is the rushing wind of the Eternal Spirit; and His fiery tongues, instead of the wintry brightness of the stars. From that Upper Room the Procession seems to start again. Not that the Precious Blood had left the earth, even at the Ascension. The whole of those ten days it lay, in real sacramental presence unconsumed, on Mary's Immaculate Heart as on a *reposoir*. But it is not our present purpose to dwell upon the analogies between Bethlehem and the Room of Pentecost. We must still follow our Procession. From the day of Pentecost we can see its course onward for ages. The scenery of history is more varied than even that of geography. It has its bleak mountains and its cultivated lands, its valleys and its plains, its forests and even its deserts, its cities and its solitudes, its beautiful maritime borders and its gray expanses of melancholy wold. Across all this various scenery the Procession of the Precious Blood moves on, sometimes in single pomp, sometimes multiplied into many pomps, then again reuniting in one, or again sending forth a branch which shines for many a league and then disappears gradually or at once, as if the earth had drunk it up, as the sands drink the rivers of the deserts. Still its course is plainly onward, from the east to the

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west; and its metropolis is changed from Jerusalem to Rome. Its pageantry is more magnificent than ever. The choirs of angels still attend it; but its sacred vessels are borne by a resplendent human hierarchy, which is a copy of the hierarchies of heaven, and an emanation of the eternal Priesthood of Jesus. At its head moves the never-dying Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the vicar of his Lord, while by his side moves evermore the glorious St. Michael, the Captain of the Hosts of God and the famous zealot of His honor. So multiplied are the symbols and the blazonries of Mary, that we might sometimes take it for a procession of our Lady. But then again, from its more solemn pomp, and more austere observance, we perceive that it is in truth a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Above it all, in a glory of sweetest light, hovers the Eternal Dove, who has come to be to the Church what Jesus was to His disciples during the Three-and-Thirty Years. Beautiful Spirit! He has clothed the Procession with His beauty. He has shed over it the whiteness of His holiness. He, who fashioned the Sacred Humanity after His own model of Mary's loveliness, has imprinted the thousandfold expression of the likeness of Jesus upon the Church. So the Procession moves on, bearing on high the strange heaven-invented vessels of the Sacraments, and attended with this amazing equipage.

It fits all times. It harmonizes with all scenery. Its bravery does not flaunt the twilight of the catacombs, while it is in equal keeping with imperial courts. It illuminates ages which else were dark, and the eye rests reposefully upon its placid glories when false glitter all around at once deludes and fatigues the sight. With appropriate magnificence it adorns institutions venerable for their long antiquity, while with equal fitness it inaugurates the unprecedented novelties of daring epochs, as calmly as if it had been used to them for centuries. In the desert of the Thebais and amidst the temples of Athens, in the white squares of Iconium and by the thousand runlets of Damascus, amidst the swamps of Bulgaria and the mosques of Granada, in the oak sanctuaries of Scandinavia or the colleges of Paris, in the market-places of the Flemish towns or by the missionary rivers of La Plata, it is at once the light of the supernatural ennobling nature, and at the same time a beauty which seems as natural as the gray ruin which an aged wood so well knows how to incorporate with its quiet self. We have seen all this; for the light of history falls clearly upon it. But we trace the Procession far onward, toiling over the unborn ages, where the starry indistinctness of prophecy reveals it to our eyes. There are times to come, which shall be very different both from the times that have been and from the times that are. The later age of the Church will be portentous epochs. The times of Antichrist will never have been paralleled, although they may have been foreshadowed chiefly by the primeval centuries of Scripture history. But even amid those monstrous novelties the Procession of the Precious Blood, with its miraculously-preserved Sacraments, will move on with the same ready gracefulness, the same instinctive pliability, the same tranquil consciousness of its mission, which have distinguished it since Pentecost. Oh, happy we, who shall see that marvellous future in peaceful admiration from out the Bosom of our heavenly Father, and may have to help it with our prayers!

But this Procession is not to be always a splendor of the earth. Its eternal sanctuary is heaven. It will pass from earth to heaven through the dark portal of the Valley of Josaphat, the Valley of Universal Doom. That will be the day of His earthly triumph, the crown of that other day of shame and outpouring upon Calvary. The lone trumpet of the Archangel, which shall wake the dead, is part of the pageantry of the Precious Blood. The union of the souls and bodies of the just is its work. The transfiguring of all glorified bodies into the likeness of the Body of Jesus is due also to the energy of its merits. Out of the Human Life, which is in that Blood, all judgment will proceed. The Blood Itself will be the measure of justice, and the immeasurableness of mercy. All that will be magnificent in the vindictive sanctity of God that day will be a glory of the Precious Blood. In all that will be sweet, and gentle, and compassionate, it will seem as if the Precious Blood led the very love of God captive through Its own greater capacities of love. Then too will all Its difficult secrets be told, and Its honor gloriously restored. Its mysteries of election, Its seeming inequalities of grace, the irregularities of Its patience, Its varying prodigality, the apparent caprices of Its impetuosity, Its predilection for particular races and climates, Its choice of favorite epochs, Its look of waywardness with each individual soul, the amazing revelations of the saving grandeur of the Seven Sacraments,—all these things will then be made plain, all will magnify Its justice and Its lovingness, all will illustrate the Godlike equality of Its beneficence, and all will redound to Its eternal praise. The Universal Doom will be nothing else than a grand Feast of the Precious Blood, a Feast solemnized by the most marvellous functions, ushered in by the Archangel's trumpet at the dead of night. The rendering of their dead by land and sea, the jubilee of countless resurrections, the leading in chains of Satan and the rebel populace of hell, the superb gathering of the angels, the radiant Advent of the Judge and His Mother from heaven, the silent pomp of the all-

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holy judgment, the ascent at eventide back to the palaces of heaven with very worlds of material beauty won to God by the resurrection of the just,—these are the sacred pageants of that supreme Feast of the Precious Blood.

After this, what shall we dream of the history of the Precious Blood in heaven? Will It still be like a Procession, though gathered round the High Altar of creation? Will It still have new works to do, new glories to contribute to the Uncreated Majesty? What means that mysterious laying down of the kingdom by the Sacred Humanity, of which the Apostle speaks to the Corinthians? What side are we to take in that thrilling controversy of theologians about the eternity of the priesthood of our Lord? Will not the repose of heaven be more energetic than the activity of earth, and be the more energetic because its peace is so profound? At least we may say so much as this:—No work of God is a work done; but rather it is eternally a grand work, being grandly, and always more and more grandly, done. It seems to my ignorance that with God all His works will be, now that they have once begun, like the Generation of His Word and the Procession of His Spirit; they will not be done, but will be being done forever. So perchance there will be in the Precious Blood eternal novelties eternally to magnify the glory of the Uncreated Trinity. All works of God are completed as soon as they are begun; and yet they are also endless in the unity of their accomplishment: and which of His works is invested with such royal rights as is the Precious Blood?

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria!
Hark, the clear upswelling
Of myriad songs of praise,
From hearts aglow with love's pure homage swelling
Through all earth's nights and days:
From palace, hall, and humble wayside dwelling
Thy name is heard always.

Ave Maria!
Given to us as a Mother
On Calvary's rugged Mount,
By Him, who thus stooped to become our Brother
And paid our dread account:
To thee we turn our hope, our Blessed Mother,
To open Mercy's fount.

Ave Maria!
Hearken to our pleading;
Smile on us as we pray,
For the sweet sake of Him who, scourged and bleeding,
Trod o'er that cruel way,
Keep us! oh, keep us! thro' thy dear Son's Passion
In life's last awful day.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

MOSSY WOODLAND, May 25th, 1879.

Cyril's Vocation.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER XVI.

About a year after their marriage I went to stay with Cyril and Angela at Brighton, where they lived. It was the dearest, prettiest little homestead, all perfumed with piety and flowers. A statue of our Lady greeted you in the hall; a guardian angel saluted you on the staircase. There were flowers and plants in every corner.

We say that perfect happiness cannot exist on earth; and, in the supreme and complete sense, this is of course true; but there is an ideal, which to our finite minds constitutes perfect bliss, and which is now and then, very rarely and for a brief moment, to be found here below. This ideal Angela and Cyril possessed.

The crowning joy of married life was soon to be granted them, and this prospect, which opened a fresh spring of happiness in Angela's heart, prompted her to one of those acts of sacrifice which may be fitly called heroic. The one drawback to her complete content, the solitary thorn which reminded her that her roses bloomed in an earthly Paradise, was her father's being still outside the Church. It is hardly an exaggeration to say she prayed all day long, morning, noon and night, for his conversion. The idea of his dying out of the Faith haunted her like a bad dream. In my imperfect love, and my desire to soothe her, I used to try and reason away her sensitive anxiety, reminding her that her father was an excellent man, that he acted up to his lights, and was safe in invincible ignorance, etc. But Angela's instinct was too keen and too true to be silenced by these plausible arguments. "How can I be sure that he is acting fully up to his lights," she would reply, "or that he is in invincible ignorance now, after having had, these two years, such ample opportunities for knowing the truth? That is what terrifies me; I think sometimes that in his inmost heart he inclines more to the Faith, but that he holds himself back from prejudice, or pride, or some other motive. Then I fancy that it depends on me to get him the grace to see the truth, and that if I prayed enough he would be converted. This was what made me long so to be a nun; I felt as if God *must* reward my sacrifice by granting the Faith to papa."

"But it was not His will that you should make the sacrifice," I said, "and so it would not have brought the reward if you had done it out of your own will."

"No; I suppose not," she said; "yet sacrifice is such a power with God! Well, perhaps I can offer Him another, and greater or more efficacious than that would have been."

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She said this dreamily, looking out over the sea. I wondered what she was thinking of; but before she spoke again, Cyril came in, and we changed the conversation. A day or two later—it was some saint's day that she had a special devotion to, I forget whose—I noticed that her eyes were red when we came out from Mass together; but she was not depressed; rather elated, I thought. In the afternoon we went out for a stroll, and we sat down after a while, with our faces towards the sea.

"What ails you?" I said, taking her hand; "you are suffering, or troubled. What is it?"

She heaved a deep sigh, and then looked at me, smiling.

"I told you that I hoped to make a sacrifice that might obtain papa's conversion. Well, I have made it. I have offered up the life of my child in exchange for his salvation. I did it this morning, after Holy Communion."

I burst out crying. What else could one do? She told it as simply as if it were a perfectly natural act that involved some pain to herself, but not the shadow of heroism.

"Don't you think our Lord will accept it?" she asked, pressing my hand.

"Yes," I said; "I am certain He will; but in His own fashion. He will grant what you ask, without taking the payment. He won't let you outdo Him in generosity!"

"Perhaps not!" she said, brightening up, as if this had not occurred to her before; "but I meant the sacrifice to be accepted when I made it."

"I had a struggle to bring myself to it," she said; "but once I had faced it, I felt full of courage, and full of peace. The reward would be so precious! My dear father! To think if I could be the instrument of saving his soul, of making him eternally happy, he who has been such a kind, loving father, and done so much for me all my life! I have felt, somehow, of late that it was not enough to keep on merely praying and praying, and getting prayers for him; but that our Lord was waiting for me to suffer something before He would grant me what I wanted. It is a wonderful mystery, this about sacrifice, and the power it has with God!"

I left her a few days after this. Her baby was born a couple of months later—a beautiful little boy, who was called Michael, after the grand archangel. It would seem as if the mother's sacrifice had not been accepted; or that, like Abraham's, it was accepted without being consumed. Admiral Hope continued unconvinced; but he had made a great step, nevertheless. He had taken to invoking our Blessed Lady. It was the most touching thing to hear him saying his "Hail Mary" of an night before going to bed, Mrs. Hope said. At first he used to make her say it out loud, while he listened, respectful but unresponsive; by degrees, however, he came to answering it himself. When I heard this, I made up my mind he was safe, come what might, and I wrote jubilantly to Angela telling her that the one thing that had been wanting to the perfection of her happiness was now as good as granted. But there was yet a price to be paid for it. When her baby was about six months old, it was attacked with scarlet fever, and the precious little life was placed in great danger. Angela wrote to me to pray and get all the prayers I could for herself and Cyril. I cannot forgive myself for having lost, or destroyed, that letter. It was one of the most touching ever penned. Her heart was simply torn to pieces with agony, and yet her soul was as calmly united to the will of God as if her first born had been some one else's child, whom she was serenely ready to see taken away, should Heaven so decree it. I remember one expression that particularly struck me: "*Both Cyril and I feel that it is so much better our darling should die now and be an angel, if he is not to live to become a saint.*" She told me afterwards that she and Cyril went to Holy Communion one morning, when first the child was declared in danger, and made a full and entire offering of him into the hands of God. "After this," she said, "we neither of us could bring ourselves to ask directly that his life might be spared. We felt that it would be like coming back of our word, and doubting the love of our Blessed Lord. If it was best for our darling to be taken from us, we had no wish to keep him; but, oh! the agony of those days of suspense!"

But they passed; the bitter cup was spared her, and she had the joy of watching the precious little bud reviving and expanding day by day.

Two years' unclouded happiness followed this trial. Then the Admiral's health began rapidly to fail, and Angela's anxiety naturally increased tenfold. She wrote to me frequently to have prayers said and Masses offered for his conversion; but though her longing for this grace was now quickened by immediate apprehensions for her father's life, she seemed perfectly satisfied that his salvation would be secured, whether it was granted or not. "His strange devotion to our Lady is like a certain promise that he will be saved," she wrote to me; "for we know '*that it is a thing unheard of in any age that anyone was ever abandoned by Mary,*' who invoked her; and papa is never tired invoking her. Is it not wonderful! And yet, he will not become a Catholic. Whenever mamma presses him on the subject, he replies, 'No, no; I never do things by halves. I must be convinced on all points.' Oh! do pray hard that our dear Mother may open his eyes to the truth, and quickly, quickly!"

Although I was thus prepared by her anxiety to expect the fatal news, it came upon me suddenly,

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as it always does. I received the following letter from Angela a few days after her father's death:

TYRE HILL, BALLYGOWAN.

"DEAREST FRIEND:—Little did I think, when I last wrote, how soon I should have to give you such sad news! My darling father was taken from us on Thursday night, the 7th. We were telegraphed for on Tuesday morning, and arrived here late on Wednesday night. He was able to speak to us all, and by the great mercy of God retained his consciousness until within an hour of his death. We had not, alas! the consolation of *seeing* him received into the Church but short of that we have everything to be grateful for. For a long time past he had been in the habit of saying the *Hail Mary* and other Catholic prayers, and for some time he had been drinking the water of Lourdes with every sign of sincere faith, often holding in his hands a little image of our Blessed Lady, and sometimes pressing it to his lips while he repeated the *Hail Mary*. He could not make up his mind to be received into the Church, though he said that he earnestly wished it; he said he was not worthy to become a Catholic, and that it would be hypocrisy to become one outwardly unless he could fully believe and accept every point of doctrine taught by Holy Church. You know what reverence and love he had for our holy Faith, his respect and sympathy for Catholic priests!

"Of late, mamma read nothing to him but Catholic books. When anyone brought him a novel to amuse him, he would put it aside, and say, 'No, no; not that trash'; and he would ask for some religious book. The Life of F. Faber, and Cardinal Newman's *Loss and Gain* were the two last mamma read to him.

"On Wednesday, the night before he died, he dined at table, and had seen several friends who came to visit that afternoon. About midnight he was seized with violent pains and suffocation, from which he never rallied, though the suffering subsided after a time. It was most touching to hear him repeating over and over again the *Hail Mary* in his grievous pain. We prayed with him all through Thursday evening, and he joined with us, and seemed so glad to hear us! He was sitting in his chair by the fire. At 9 o'clock I begged him to let us baptize him. He hesitated, and then after a moment's reflection, he said: 'Very well.' Cyril at once performed the ceremony. After this he fell into a deep sleep; near 10 he started up, saying quite loud the *Hail Mary*. He then kept on repeating, over and over again, the words "Mother of God! Mother of God!"

"Oh! it was such an exquisite joy to hear him! Ever since that moment I have lost all fear. For who ever invoked *her* in vain! And all the priests and Bishops to whom we have written, assure us that we have every ground for comfort and hope.

"The funeral took place on the 11th. Mamma and I were both able to attend. Our dear Lord certainly gave us an extraordinary courage and command over ourselves. Mamma bears up wonderfully. I only broke down once. It was on Sunday night, when they were carrying our beloved one down stairs. I fainted, and had to be carried up to bed.

"Sailors bore him to his grave. I was so glad of this. You remember how he always loved them; and it seemed so much less dreary! His uniform, and medals, etc., were laid upon the bier, with a wreath of laurels which I made. We made his room beautiful with flowers and lights, and a little altar at the foot of the bed. It was just like a chapel. We prayed there continually, reciting the Office of the Dead, and the Rosary, all together.

Now, dearest, I want you to write at once to your friend at Notre Dame des Victoires to have five and twenty Masses said there *immediately* for my dear father's soul. And mamma wants you to arrange for her to have three Masses a week said there for the same intention for the next year. My dear father was made a member of the Confraternity of N. D. des V. a month before he died, and as he knew this, and said the prayer daily, we are in hopes he will have a share in all the Masses and prayers said for deceased members, although he was not outwardly a Catholic. Will you inquire about this and let us know?

"Good bye. Pray for me. Pray for our dear one.

Your sorrowing but devoted

ANGELA."

I made the enquiry, and was able to send her the consoling assurance that her father would have his share in the prayers of the Confraternity, as it included all those who were enrolled as members, no clause existing to except non-Catholics.

CHAPTER XVII.

About a year after the Admiral's death, Cyril and Angela came abroad for the winter. By rare good fortune for me, they settled in the place where we were spending our winter also, so she and I were once more thrown together as in the old days.

I would willingly linger on the memory of those few months, but I must hurry on, for my story has already grown much longer than I intended.

I found her still unchanged. There was always the same fixed look upwards, the same sensitive shrinking from the very shadow of sin, the same novice-like fervor, the same tender innocence of heart and spirit.

One day, soon after her arrival in X——, we were sitting alone in her drawing-room, and I was looking silently at her, thinking how little the cares and joys of married life, the happy burden of maternity, and the contact and admiration of the world, had altered her, and how completely her face had retained the delicate charm of maidenhood. The light glorified her forehead when she lifted it, just as of old; the brow was as smooth and ivory white as ever. I kissed it, and began, almost unconsciously, to pass my finger over it, as if tracing words.

"You are at your old tricks," said Angela; "what are you writing on me now?"

"I was not writing anything," I said; "I was reading."

"What do you read? Happiness?"

"Well, yes; I think so," I replied.

She looked up into my face with such a brightness on hers, and said, almost under her breath, "*Oh! yes; perfect, perfect!*" God was still the centre, the loadstar of her soul; Cyril was still her ideal of all nobleness. There had been no backsliding, no disappointment anywhere.

We went on talking in the old, unreserved way, and it so happened that, once again, we came to discuss the relative value and beauty of the virtues. I remembered the one she had chosen three years ago, before her marriage, and I was curious to see if she would give it the preference still. "If you were offered the perfection of some virtue, which would you take?" I said.

"Oh! purity!" she replied at once; "I have always longed for perfect purity above every other virtue."

It was all I could do not to exclaim, "And it has been granted you." How could one doubt it? a look at that lily-white brow, on which the halo of baptismal innocence seemed written visibly, as on

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a tablet. The glory of motherhood had not tarnished its snowy whiteness, but rather crowned it with a fuller light and a more tender sweetness.

I must mention a little incident that occurred at this time, and which illustrates this purity of heart in Angela in a very simple and practical way. They went very little into society during this winter; but one evening they were at a *soirée musicale*, and Angela was shocked to see that some of the dresses of the women of fashion overruled the claims of Christian modesty. She remarked on it to her hostess, a good but rather worldly-minded French lady, and asked: "What could make them dress like that?" "Why, to please people," said her friend, rather amused; "you ought to know that." But Angela replied gravely: "Oh! Madame, if I were ever to know that I was the cause of an evil thought to any one, I think it would kill me on the spot!"

The French lady in relating the conversation, said, "Never, while I live, shall I forget the look of horror that was depicted on Mrs. Beresford's face as she said this."

Angela's health was delicate, and Cyril was anxious. She herself said little on the subject, but from words that escaped her now and then when speaking of the future, of any little plan, it was plain that she felt apprehensive, more so, I thought, than her present state of health justified. Whenever I tried to reason her out of these fears, which were hinted at rather than expressed, she would turn off the subject, remarking that all was in God's hands, but that one should be prepared for every event; and then she would go on cheerfully to other things.

As the time drew near, she never alluded, even indirectly, to the likelihood of her death. But I knew afterwards that the thought was continually in her mind, not as a vague dread, but as a deep conviction. Her tenderness for little Michael seemed to grow every day. He was the most fascinating little creature that ever gave joy to a mother's heart. He was so beautiful that when he went out to walk, people followed him, proclaiming their admiration in that reckless, unconscionable way we are all given to, forgetting how ready the little ones are to receive the poison of such flattery. Even in the churches people would point to the dark-eyed, golden-headed child, whispering quite audibly, "O! the beautiful little child! What a lovely child!" This was a great annoyance to both Cyril and Angela. I once saw her almost lose her temper in church with a lady who permitted herself some of these foolish exclamations. "Do those women think that children have no souls, I wonder!" she said to me, angrily. This thought of the precious immortal soul of her child was supreme, and stifled every suggestion of the mother's vanity. Her one desire was that he should be a saint. It was a theory of Cyril's that children can be trained to a religious vocation, just as to a military, or a diplomatic, or a mercantile one. When a man wants his boy to be a soldier, he surrounds him from the first with everything that can lead his taste in that direction; the baby is provided with soldier toys to play with; the little boy is given a miniature gun and sword, and in course of time the lad is sent to a military school. All this is pretty sure to end in his entering the service, unless there be some very distinct call in another direction.

Cyril argued that children may be unconsciously drawn to the priesthood and the religious life by a similar process; and as he and Angela had their hearts set on Michael's becoming a saint and a son of St. Francis, they had a little Franciscan habit made for him, which he was allowed to put on when he had been very good, and on first-class occasions. It was the prettiest sight I ever beheld, to see the baby face with its mass of golden curls standing out like a glory round the little head under the brown cowl. Fra Angelico would have gone wild with delight before it. The small monk, once in his habit, would assume an air of great solemnity that was irresistibly funny. When you asked him his name, he replied gravely "Fader Michael," and lifted his hand, and gave you his blessing with two tiny fingers. He knew all the pretty legends of the great lover of "My Lady Poverty," by heart, and that to be one day allowed to wear his livery was the greatest honor and reward a good little boy could aspire to.

I asked him once which he would rather be, an angel or a saint. He answered unhesitatingly, "A saint! me toodn't be an angel unless me died!" It was wonderful to see how his little spirit responded to the teaching and influence of the faith; it was like a delicate vibrating instrument that gave forth sweet sounds at the lightest touch.

Both Cyril and Angela had a great dread of piety becoming a routine, or a bondage to the child, and as much as possible they left his devotion to his own impulse. There was, indeed, no need to put any stress upon it, for he loved going to church and saying his prayers and hearing pious stories, just as other children love play and excitement. Often, when he had been guilty of some misdemeanor, he would, of his own accord, go and kneel down before his little oratory, and make an act of contrition; and never was there anything more touching and pretty than these spontaneous little prayers sometimes were.

One morning I went up to see Angela. I felt happier about her than I had for some time. She was looking stronger, and altogether in better health than for months past. The pale, worn look which had distressed us all, had quite disappeared; she was in excellent spirits; her eyes had a surprising brightness in them, and there was a faint pink tint in her cheeks that was as gratifying as it was

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lovely to look at. I joked her about her renewed beauty, and asked what she meant by turning a demure British matron into a maiden of eighteen in this fashion. She laughed, and said it was a wonder to herself how strong and well she felt. Cyril was in high spirits. He went out, and left us alone together. Little Michael was playing about the room, making a tremendous noise with a chair that he was flogging to make it go on.

"Suppose," I said, "that Mr. Beresford changed his will, and his mind, or that Hubert died, and the property came back to Cyril, you would not still wish Michael to become a monk, would you?"

"I have never thought of that," replied Angela; "I would rather not think of it. There is hardly anything more unlikely in the world than that such a thing should come to pass. And I don't even wish that it should. A great fortune, with the power and prestige it gives one, especially in our worldly England, is a terrible snare. I am thankful not to be exposed to it."

"But look at all the good you would both do with it!" I said.

"Perhaps we would, and perhaps we would not," replied Angela; "that always strikes me as a fallacy, putting forward as a motive for wishing for money that one would do so much good with it. Money seems so often to change people's nature, to make generous people stingy, and kind people heartless and selfish. For one thing, if ever I did become rich, I *think* I would not be be selfish—that I would remember how I felt kindness in my own days of poverty—though I ought not to say that; we are quite rich enough; —but rich people can do so many little things to give pleasure to those who are not very well off. For instance, I would send fruit and flowers to all my invalid friends, and lend them my carriage, and I would be hospitable to people who could not return me hospitality; I would invite my town friends to the country, and my country friends up to town. Oh! dear, the strange thing is that people are not kinder from mere selfishness, just for the pleasure of making others happy!"

We went on to talk of friendship, and certain friends who in our lives realized our ideal of it. Angela spoke with great tenderness of the D———'s, whose constant kindness had been a source of much happiness to her. I was suffering at the moment from the estrangement of a friend whom I had wholly trusted and was much attached to. Angela was herself so faithful, that she could find little excuse for caprice or fickleness in others, and though she was sorry to see me pained, she dismissed the cause with a certain contempt.

"If A—— is worth fretting about, she will come back, and it will all be right again," she said; "if not, she is no loss."

"Catholic friends must always be a loss," I replied; "because they pray for you, and are a real help to one in this life."

"And in the next," said Angela; "they can help you dead, more than living. Don't you pray more for your friends when they are dead than when they are alive?"

There was a direct question in her eyes as she said this that went through me like a knife. "Yes," I replied; "I do." And I felt as I answered her, that this was a promise and a compact.

I parted from her, nevertheless, with a sense of security. She was the very picture of health. I never remembered to have seen her better.

The next morning I received a note asking me to do some little commission for her in the town, as she felt indisposed to go out. The next morning, just as I was starting to see her, we received a line from Cyril saying: "Say a *Te Deum* for us! Miss Mary was born at 2 o'clock this morning. Come to see her made a Christian at 4 p. m."

We set forth with glad hearts, and found Cyril beside himself with thankfulness. Angela sent us out a loving message by him; and presently we all went off with the baby to the church. She was called Mary Clare Angela; Clare being, as it were, a dedication of her to the great Order which her parents hoped to see her one day enter. When the christening was over, we proceeded from the sacristy to the church, and the future child of St. Clare was placed on the altar of our Lady, and solemnly consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God.

Things went on very happily for three days; and then there came a change, and Cyril met us one morning with a scared face, and said, "*She is much worse! I have telegraphed for her mother.*"

There were four more days of terrible anxiety. Then the end drew visibly near. Angela had ceased to suffer when Mrs. Hope arrived. She was very calm; too spent to speak, but perfectly collected, and absorbed in the presense of God, as far as one could see. Soon after daybreak on the eve of the month of Mary she seemed to be sinking fast. Cyril flew off himself for her confessor, who was at the very moment stepping into a carriage on his way to a sick person at the other end of the city. They hastened back together. Before entering the room, Cyril went in alone to prepare Angela for the visit. They had always promised each other that when it came to the last they would each let the other know that the time had come for parting. He knelt down by her side now and told her gently. There was no despair, no horror; it was all done simply; their lives since they had been together had been a preparation for this hour. When Cyril said that the priest was waiting outside, Angela's face lighted up with a faint flush of excitement, and she whispered painfully:—"Nothing is ready. . . . no lights or flowers. . . . One should not receive our

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Lord like this!" Cyril reminded her that it was not He Himself who was coming, but only His servant, and that he knew it was not want of respect that prevented them having the place more properly prepared. She made a sign of assent and seemed satisfied. The priest came in, and the sweet availing Sacrament was administered.

The latest report of the medical men on the previous night had been more hopeful, so I had gone off this morning on a little pilgrimage to a distant shrine, instead of going up the first thing to inquire for fresh news. I felt less apprehensive than I had done since Angela's state had become alarming, and it was almost in a cheerful frame of mind that I walked up to the house. I remember even that I stopped outside to speak to an acquaintance who was passing at that moment. I was hurrying up the stairs, as usual, without stopping at the lodge, when the porter ran out and called after me, "She is dead! She died an hour ago!"

I reeled as if I had been struck. I went up the stairs, repeating to myself, "*Dead! dead!*" as if I had not understood. There were people in the *salon;* but I did not see them; I went straight on into her room. No fear of disturbing her now. All the noise and strife of the world could not hurt her any more. She lay there in her death-sleep, white, and wan, and beautiful, like an angel worn out with sufferings. The death chamber was already transformed into a chapel. Lights were burning round the bed. The sleeper was covered with white flowers, a flower herself as delicate and pure as any that ever grew in the garden of Him whom she had loved so sweetly and so faithfully. Two nuns were kneeling before the large crucifix, reciting the Office of the Dead. Cyril and Mrs. Hope knelt near them. Oh! the unutterable majesty of that presence, the beauty of that royal peace that lay upon her childlike brow, who shall describe them! How the glory of earth, youth, and joy, and life, pale and perish in the presence of the King of Terrors! But He had no terrors here. All was peace, nay, even joy. I looked up suddenly at Cyril's face, as he gazed upon his lost one, and it seemed as if it had caught a beam of the glory into which she had entered; as if he had gone with her to the golden gate, and stood there with a glow of the vision on his brow.

It was a lovely morning; one of those soft spring days that in Italy are like summer days elsewhere. The sky was blue, the air was scented with the orange blossoms, the breeze was rustling the young leaves in the trees; everything wore the brightness of a resurrection. We were all gathered together in silent prayer in the darkened room. When the bell tolled, Cyril rose and bent over the coffin, as if searching for something amidst the masses of white flowers that sorrowing friends had heaped upon it.

"You are looking for something?" I whispered.

"No," he said, "but she used to want me to wear a flower in my button-hole when I went out with her, and I never would. I should like to do it now that we are going forth for the last time together."

I found him a little sprig of lily-of-the-valley, and he fastened it in his coat. The modest, fragrant little flower seemed a fitting emblem of her for whose sake he wore it. Some said he looked more like a bridegroom than a widower. There was a light upon his face too heart-breaking to be called a smile, and yet which had something in it beyond any light of earthly joy.

He followed his beloved one on foot to the church close by, holding Michael by the hand. When the two entered, the tall, strong man in deep black, and the snow-white little child toddling along by the side of him, there was one sob all through the church. Before the coffin was borne away, we gathered up the masses of white flowers, and laid them on our Lady's altar, where just one week before we had laid the living flower that cost so dear a life.

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On coming home from that sad rite, I chanced to find upon my table a little note which she had written to me a few days before her death. It ends with these words: "But all is in the hands of God, and I desire only that His most holy will be done." As far as I could learn, these were the last words she ever wrote. They were assuredly the last in her heart, as they were the epitome of her life, ever since she knew what the will of God meant. The way was sometimes clouded. Her enthusiastic zeal for God's glory for a time deceived the spiritual guide of her retreat, but soon all became clear. God had called her to serve Him but in a different way from what she or Padre L—— had at first imagined. His words were indeed true: "*Notre Seigneur vous appelle.*" How faithfully and generously she responded to the call!

Before the year was out, Cyril had gone to join Angela in that home where sorrow enters not, and partings are no more. Many people said he died of a broken heart; but sorrow like his is not unto death. He died simply of a malignant fever caught in attending on a poor man who had been in his father's service. Had the choice been given him, such a death, in the service of charity, was perhaps of all others the one Cyril himself would have chosen, as it was the worthiest seal upon a life which for many years had been marked by that spirit which makes martyrs, the spirit of love and the spirit of sacrifice.

Farewell, Angela! I have done your bidding, my friend. I have tried to tell your story, and

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perhaps the love I bore you may have enabled me to impart to those who read it some faint perception of the beauty of your soul, of its angelical purity, its ardent faith and that tender and faithful love of God which was the ruling spirit of your life.

To Maurice F. Egan,

On reading his "Songs and Sonnets."

I have not learned to love our frozen clime,
Nor care I for the songs its poets sing;
Though they may soar to towering heights, their rhyme
Is rugged, and it never breathes of spring.
Give me the sweet, melodious lays of Moore,
Or Petrarch's sonnets, sweet as silver bells,
Or Goldsmith,—bard whose pages shall endure,
While poetry weaves o'er man its magic spells.

Yet, like a rare exotic, comes a man
Whose verses glow with warmth, and love and light,
And whose fair measures lovingly I scan,
And find no word to wound the sense or sight.
Egan! like summer's breath thy sweet songs came,
And thrilled my soul with their poetic flame.

ELIOT RYDER.

Consolation.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

CHARITY IN NAPLES.

II.

SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO.

It is again the Blessed Virgin whom we find as the origin of this second foundation; the Virgin invoked this time by a woman whose name, almost unknown in France, deserves to be known and venerated there.

All that one knows of the birth of Maria Lorenza Lonc is that she belonged to a Spanish family, about which nothing very positive has ever been narrated. The first biographers who tell us of her say only that in the bloom of her youth and the brilliancy of a rare beauty, she became the bride of a rich Catalan gentleman named Guillaume Lonc. Coming to Naples with Ferdinand the Catholic in 1506, he was called by him to exercise the important office of "President du Sacré Conseil de la Chancellerie Royale" in connection with the Count de Ripacorsa, viceroy of Naples.

All that we know afterwards of this union is that death sundered it in less than a year, leaving the young and beautiful widow of Guillaume Lonc owner of an immense fortune and absolutely independent.

Yet these two so-called advantages merit this name only as judged by the use made of them; and perhaps they would have been for Maria Lonc, as for many others, only pitfalls, if Providence, who was preparing for her a destiny higher than that to which beauty and wealth allow one to aspire here below, had not sent her, from the outset, a severe and singular trial which was to be for her the prelude of sanctity.

A young girl of her household having been severely reproved for the immorality of her conduct, hated her mistress so bitterly that she desired to take her life. A subtile poison, skilfully administered, brought on an attack of paralysis, after which Maria Lonc remained entirely deprived of the use of all her limbs. Such at least is the cause assigned by the historians of her life to the sudden malady which at once brought down this woman, brilliant with strength and beauty, to a state which seemed to be that of decrepitude.

All human remedies were tried and exhausted without avail. Maria Lorenza did not lose all hope, but she no longer thought of any other means of cure than those that faith would suggest to her. She had not ceased to invoke her who, among the names her children give her, bears that of *Salus infirmorum*. She made a vow to undertake, in her honor, the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto. It was to this sanctuary that she owed the name of Lorenza, added from her infancy to that of Maria, and a special devotion attracted her thither. She promised the Mother of God that if she recovered her health, she would give her entire life to the afflicted, and would consecrate herself especially to the care of the sick.

She reached Loretto the Friday of Pentecost week. She was carried into the church; she was placed before the altar. Mass began. She was hearing it with an unaccustomed fervor, when, at the moment that the priest, reading the Gospel for the day, pronounced the words: "*Ait paralytico: Tibi dico, surge*," Maria Lorenza felt, as did he to whom our Lord formerly addressed that all-powerful word, that a sudden and miraculous grace was working within her. Her impotent limbs regained strength, motion and life: in one word, she was instantaneously and radically cured. Her transport of gratitude was accompanied by a renewing of the promise which she had made to God, and when she left the church in the midst of the acclamations of the assistants, her face shone with a brightness which was not only that of recovered health, but also of the joy of having perceived, by a supernatural light, to which of God's designs she was to consecrate the strength which He had restored to her. Returning to Naples, she cast from her all display of rank and fortune; she renounced absolutely all the pleasures of the world and finally the world itself, and devoted herself entirely to the care of the sick and the poor.

In the place where Charles III of Anjou had formerly instituted the Order of Chevaliers *della Nave*, under the protection of St. Nicolas de Buri, was a hospital for poor sailors, enriched by Queen Jeanne II with numerous endowments. It was in this hospital that Maria Lorenza first consecrated herself to the pious office which she had chosen. But this personal devotion did not seem to her sufficient; she dreamed of doing more, and soon, nothing being able to detain her, she sold all her possessions, and used the money thus gained for the construction of a building vast enough to receive the sick of every age, country, and sex. Upon the declivity of one of the beautiful hills upon which Naples is built arose this new edifice, which received the name of *Santa Maria del Popolo degli Incurabili*, because it was among the incurable sick that Maria Lorenza had made her first novitiate of *hospitalière*, and it was for them especially that she destined the hospital with which she endowed the city, and of which Leo X approved and blessed the foundation by a Bull of March 11, 1519.

Three years after, a magnificent ceremony inaugurated the spacious dwelling to which Maria Lorenza had the joy of seeing the poor sick brought, to whom she had so long given her care in the narrow hospital of Saint Nicolas de Buri. This inauguration took place with a splendor till then unexampled; and the institution of *Santa Maria del Popolo* was put under the patronage of persons highest in rank. The emperor declared himself the protector.

After having given all that she possessed Maria Lo-

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renza was obliged, in order to carry on her work, to implore the aid of others, and the list of those who then responded to her call is striking, for it comprises the entire Neapolitan nobility. But among them is found one person who showed his liberality in a particular manner.

One day, when Maria Lorenza was standing humbly, according to her custom, at the door of the hospital, begging for the poor from those who came to visit there, one of these visitors, touched by this sight, gave to the noble mendicant, not some pieces of silver, but a piece of paper on which he had written the promise of a gift of 12,000 ducats. Maria Lorenza was dumb with surprise, and thought at first that the gentleman was mocking her. She was even going to run after him, when the servant who was following his master bade her fear nothing, but carry the paper to the bank, where the sum would be immediately paid to her. The person for whose sincerity his servant thus answered was, says the chronicle, the noble Ravaschieri, prince of Satriano.

It is surely worthy of notice that an age so fruitful of scandal as that in which Maria Lorenza lived, offered nevertheless at the same time the spectacle of grand charity among men; and among women that of an extraordinary outburst of self-devotion. Incited no doubt by the generous impulse of Maria Lorenza, other women gathered by degrees about her, and there began soon around *Santa Maria del Popolo* a movement in which one feels, if I may be allowed to say so, something more sweet, more tender and more active than all that zeal and charity can produce when men undertake alone to do works of beneficence. For the first time in 1523, noble ladies, authorized by a Bull of Clement VII, were seen in the streets begging for *Santa Maria del Popolo*, a service which till then had not been allowed any charitable institution. But among the patrician ladies who thus became coadjutors of Maria Lorenza, there were two of whom we ought to speak further, for their names merited the honor of being identified with that of the holy foundress; and, more than all the others, these two women experienced in approaching her, the holy contagion of a sublime example.

One of them, Maria Caraffa, was sister of Jean-Pierre Caraffa who became later Pope Paul IV. The other, Maria Azerba d'Aragon, was widow of André de Capone, Duke of Termoli. These two women, the first of very noble race, the second of royal race, left voluntarily the delicate and sumptuous customs of their life in order to cast themselves into the depths of the abyss of misery wherein illness plunges the poor, caring for them with their own hands like the humblest servants, bringing them all the consolations of piety and devotedness, precisely the characteristics of her who had preceded them, and who now drew them onward in her pathway. Maria Caraffa, very young, still unmarried, and of a beauty which reflected the angelic goodness of her soul, brought as a holocaust to charity all the desires and all the hopes of her age, whilst Maria d'Arragon, who had lost in one year her husband and her son, solaced her sorrow by giving to the poor the treasures which could no longer procure for her other joys on earth. The people named them the three Marias. They were regarded as the guardian angels of *Santa Maria del Popolo*. In 1528 and 1529, when the plague devastated Naples, and 65,000 inhabitants perished, the three Marias remained faithful at their post, and did not for an instant leave the beds of their poor patients. It is a remarkable thing, and may be attributed in part to the salubrious locality where Maria Lorenza had built her hospital, that not one of those within it was attacked by the scourge. The people regarded their preservation as miraculous, and attributed it to the sanctity of the three angels who watched over this place; and who would dare say that of these two reasons, the one natural and the other supernatural, the latter was not the true one, or at least that it did not give to the other so marvellous an efficacy?

As often happens to holy souls, an insatiable thirst for perfection lived equally in the three friends, although manifested in different ways. Maria Lorenza Lonc had for a long time been possessed with an ardent desire to visit the Holy Land, and she would have yielded to it had not the wise counsel of St. Gaëtan restrained her. Yet, while imposing this sacrifice upon her, he exhorted her to aim at a virtue higher still than that to which she had hitherto attained.

Maria Lorenza submitted, and renounced her pilgrimage, but she could not renounce her desire to unite herself more closely to God. In 1558, Maria Lorenza gathered around her some religious of the rule of St. Clare, and twelve novices, and retired to a monastery, where she founded a new Order. There she passed in peace and contemplation the last years of so active a life. The Duchess of Termoli then took upon herself the care of the hospital, still keeping with her the third and youngest of the three Marias.

But it was said that the pious duchess would remain alone, and that these three holy souls, whose union had been so great and so fruitful in useful and pious works, must sanctify themselves still more by the sacrifice of their mutual society. Maria Caraffa, the consoling angel of the poor, was to be taken away, in her turn, from her whom one is tempted to regard as the most perfect of the three, when seeing her remain thus the last and the most tried. In the course of the same year (1559) in which Maria Lorenza had quitted them, the whole city of Naples was moved by other and more surprising intelligence. Maria Caraffa, who was supposed by all to be vowed to the poor and to God alone, had yielded to the will of her parents; her betrothal to Camillo Pandone, eldest son of the Count de Venafro, had been solemnly celebrated, and the day of their marriage was fixed. The day came without any seeming effort on her part to escape. She asked only, in the morning, that they would take her to the monastery of Saint Sebastian, to bid farewell to the religious among whom her childhood had been spent. Consent was given; but when she was at the cloister door she tore herself from her mother's arms, and, rushing into the interior of the convent, declared that no human force should make her come forth.

Had she planned this way of escape from the fate which she dreaded? or had her submission been sincere, and did she only feel at the last moment that it was impossible to preserve it? We do not know. That which is certain is that he who was on that day to have led her to the altar, as well as the parents who had constrained her to follow him there, were obliged to resign themselves to her will, and let her deliver herself to the only love which could fill her heart. Some years later, the Sister Maria Caraffa, who became by her holiness an object of general reverence, founded at Naples the Monastery of Wisdom.

The Duchess of Termoli, remaining alone at the head of the hospital, redoubled her zeal, and added to the works of mercy already realized, other works specially adapted to the needs of her time. Inspired and guided by St. Gaëtan, who found her worthy to share his apostleship, she began to pursue with her charity, women fallen to the last degree of degradation, and feared not to humble herself in order to seek them, to call them, and to snatch them from the miry torrent

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which was whirling them away. Soon she succeeded in gaining *three hundred* of them, and she collected them into an asylum of peace, of work and of prayer, where she had prepared for them a beneficent refuge.

But while Maria d'Aragon was thus pursuing unflinchingly her heroic career, the end of Maria Lorenza's career was approaching, and the two faithful friends met for a last adieu. It was a touching scene. Maria Lorenza, embracing the dear companion of her life, and telling her she desired that they should rest together in the same sepulchre, added, smiling, that they would very quickly be reunited. Then, supported by her who had been more dear to her than all others here below, and aided by the holy maidens who sobbed around her, this blessed and tranquil soul returned peacefully to God.

As soon as the news of the death of Maria Lorenza spread through the city, grief woke on all sides, and each wished to see her for the last time. Her companions had to carry her body outside the enclosure, and there the entire people came to render her a public and touching homage. Women brought their children, and made them touch that holy clay. All prostrated themselves weeping, and kissed her feet, which exhaled, it is said, a perfume like violets. They brought flowers, they lighted wax tapers, they disputed among themselves the last particle of her poor clothing. Some, indeed, in order to honor still more worthily her who had so much loved the poor, gave to the poor that day, for love of her, their whole property.

But Maria d'Aragon felt very quickly that the last words of her friend were to be accomplished, and that she would not have to bear long the grief of sorrowing her. So courage failed her to continue to the end her active and agitated life. Till then, under the impulse of that heroic soul which had just taken flight, she had pursued alone the labors of their common life. Now she believed herself free to stop and rest before her death. She asked and obtained from the Pope permission to retire in her turn to Maria Lorenza's monastery, and there to pass in recollection and prayer the few days which she had yet to spend here below.

These days were indeed short, for, before the close of the same year, she had joined in the eternal blessedness her who by sacrifice had taught her to know upon earth its mysterious foretaste. The Neapolitans gave her a noble funeral, and for her also the mourning was universal. Knights, noble ladies, patricians, religious, the people in throngs, accompanied her to the humble sepulchre where, according to her friend's wish, the two bodies were to be reunited. In the exaltation of their piety some even affirmed that the moment when Maria d'Aragon was placed beside the other Mary they saw the latter's arm extend as if to embrace the faithful friend who had come to rest beside her.

In the church built by Maria Lorenza Lonc, her friend Maria d'Aragon had buried the husband and son whom she mourned, and notwithstanding the subsequent destruction of this church, and its reconstruction in the 18th century, their tombs remain and may be seen to-day beside the altar of the Montello. The inscriptions engraved upon them recall less the glory of those to whom they are consecrated, than the grief of her who survived them. Upon the tomb of Ferdinand, his mother had inscribed the following words:

"Thou art dead, and in spite of myself I live, but in order to groan, and to see in the light nothing but shadows."

God, and the friend whom He gave her, made to rise from these shadows another light, more brilliant and more pure than that of her wounded affections.

(*From "Reminiscences. Souvenirs d'Angleterre et d'Italie" par Mme. Augustus Craven.*)

Catholic Notes.

——A new Catholic paper called *The Australian* has been established at Queeensland, Australia.

——To the kindness of Messrs. B. and A. Galland, Jewish merchants of Scranton, Pa., the AVE MARIA is indebted for nine new subscribers.

——It is reported that the venerable Father Lemcke, having finished a history of Northern Cambria, Pa., and an autobiography, is engaged upon a new Life of Prince Gallitzin.

——On the anniversary of the beatification of St. John Nepomucene, which was celebrated at Prague, Bohemia, with great solemnity, as many as 40,000 pilgrims visited the shrine of the Saint.

——Since Christmas, '78, Rev. E. J. Vattman, of Canal Fulton, O., has received six converts into the Church; three on Sunday, 15th ult.—two Episcopalians, and one Presbyterian.—*Catholic Universe.*

——BENT UPON DESTROYING THE CHURCH.—The Cleveland *Leader* is bent on destroying the Catholic Church. A Kankakee mosquito set upon Forepaugh's largest elephant the other day and attempted to swallow him whole.—*South-Bend Sunday News.*

——FATHER COOKE, O. M. I., of London, has completed his work, "Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, and Founder of the Society of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate," which will soon be issued in two volumes. This work will give interesting particulars of the missionary labors of the Oblates, and its profits will be applied to the poor schools in Great Prescott-street, Tower Hill.

——The beautiful and instructive story "Cyril's Vocation," which our readers have been following with so much interest, is concluded this week. We are sorry that we cannot reveal the authorship which so many have expressed a wish to know, but we can say that the story is a true one, and that the author is one of our best Catholic writers. A new story, written especially for the AVE MARIA by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, will begin next week.

——We understand that steps have been inaugurated in the diocese of Wellington for vigorously carrying on the Catholic Missions amongst the Maoris. Of the Marist Fathers, those who speak the native tongue fluently are the Rev. Fathers Lampila, Garin, Pezant, Reignier, Pertuis, and Moreau, and in addition, the Rev. Father Soulas, who has lately arrived from France, is studying the language in question at Napier. A Maori prayer-book is also being printed in that city. It has been compiled and in part composed by Sister Mary Joseph, of the Order of Notre Dame des Missions.—*New Zealand Tablet.*

——MGR. FORCADE, ARCHBISHOP OF AIX, who was recently censured by the French Council of State was formerly a missionary and has led a life filled with self-denial and often exposed to danger. He was born at Versailles, in 1810. When thirty years of age he was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Japan and was consecrated at Hong Kong, China, as Bishop of Samos. Seven years later, he was transferred to Guadeloupe, but on account of his broken health, and being unable to support the climate, he was made Bishop of Nevers,

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in France in 1861, whence he was promoted to the archbishopric of Aix in 1873. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

——PLEASANT SUMMER READING.—Now that hundreds of people old and young are taking their annual summer relaxation, the question, "Where shall we get pleasant and safe reading?" again presents itself. The Catholic press has already explained the high claims to Catholic support possessed by the novels of *The Vatican Library* series. There are now ready forty of these books, ranging in price from five cents to twenty-five cents, and they supply this want of pleasant Catholic reading for summer holidays in the woods or by the seaside. A descriptive catalogue will be sent to any person who sends a request by postal card to Hickey & Co., *The Vatican Library*, 11 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y.

——On Whit-Sunday, our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII consecrated three Bishops in the Sistine Chapel, Right Rev. Bartholomew Woodlock, the new Bishop of Ardagh, Cardinal Pitra, O. S. B., Bishop of Sabina, and Mgr. Francesco Latoni, late Auditor to his Holiness, and now Bishop of Sinigaglia. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Cardinal Nina, on the part of the Holy Father, invited the newly consecrated Bishops to breakfast, and to dinner on the same day. By a special invitation from his Holiness, Bishop Woodlock had a long private audience in the evening. At its conclusion, the Holy Father presented him with a fine pectoral cross, and four splendidly bound volumes adorned with the Pontifical arms.

——A SUGGESTION.—We think it unwise to permit children to make their First Communion and to receive Confirmation the same year. They need to be reviewed in their Catechism. So many give up the study of Christian doctrine the day they receive these two Sacraments, that the number of poorly instructed adults is every year on the increase. Parents consider that they have sufficiently discharged their duty when their children are confirmed, and a prolongation of the time when they receive this great Sacrament would result in an extension of their solicitude. A custom of "renewing" First Communion would be encouraged by the postponement of Confirmation, and other advantages would be reaped from the practice.—*Western Watchman.*

——EXTERNAL EVIDENCE OF PIETY—A REFLECTION THEREUPON.—A correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press*, writing from Bruges, says:—"All throughout Bruges and throughout all of the ancient cities of the continent you see on walls and doors and over windows and at the street corners, representations in sculpture, paintings or frescoes, of sacred objects and scenes, usually with devout inscriptions. The habit seemed to have passed away at the commencement of the heretical and atheistical eighteenth century, for in buildings erected after that date you see such emblems no more. I think that as the world has grown easier and safer to live in, the terrors of the next and the promised rewards of religion have grown less powerfully constant and effective."

——A CRUCIFIXION BY MURILLO.—The following incident is narrated by a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tablet* writing from the city of Mexico:—Mr. Barron, a Waterford gentleman residing here, possesses a magnificent collection of pictures. One, a crucifixion by Murillo, held me absolutely spellbound. The flesh of the Divine Saviour seemed to quiver in its ghastly agony, while the clammy death-sweat appeared as if it was stealing down the strained and tortured limbs. The light of heavenly resignation shone in the eyes, closing in the death that He vouchsafed to die for the redemption of mankind. A Protestant lady who was of the party was so overcome while gazing at this masterpiece that she flung herself on her knees, and she subsequently remarked to me, "I shall never again utter a word against a holy picture as long as I live!"

——A REMARKABLE CRUCIFIX.—The pretty little Church of the Holy Cross at Santa Cruz, Cal., served by good Father Adam and his zealous assistant, Rev. Father Hawe, has been presented by a worthy Catholic lady with a beautiful large crucifix carved in wood, which is described as "a perfect gem of art." The cross is twelve feet long, and the figure of our Lord six feet. The agonized expression of the face is so striking as to move the beholder to tears. This crucifix was solemnly blessed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora on the 25th of May, at the conclusion of Pontifical Vespers. Several priests from the neighborhood were in attendance at the ceremony, at the conclusion of which the crucifix was placed outside the railing of the sanctuary, where it was devoutly kissed by hundreds of the faithful and viewed with respect by many non-Catholics. A mute but eloquent sermon is being preached in the little church at Santa Cruz at all times now.

——MORE CONVERSIONS.—On the Feast of the Sacred Heart Mr. Edward Everett was solemnly baptized into the Catholic Church by the Rev. J. J. Moriarty, pastor of the church at Chatham, New York. Among sixty-three persons who received Confirmation from Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, at Ellicott City, Md., on Sunday, June 22d, four were converts to our holy Faith. One of these, Mr. Adolph Geyer, was formerly a Lutheran preacher, but is now, says the *Catholic Mirror*, a theological student at St. Charles's College. According to the New York *Sun*, Miss Antrobus, a daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus, is about to imitate the example of her brother, who is a priest of the Brompton Oratory, and become a Roman Catholic. Father Antrobus was for some years attached to the British Legation at Washington, and was very popular in society there and in New York. Lady Herbert of Lea was the instrument of the lady's conversion.

——THE INEVITABLE PROOF OF PROTESTANTISM.—Last year the Greek authorities closed the Protestant school in Volas, much to the indignation of the little sect who call themselves "Evangelical Greeks." It seems the Government insists on three conditions being complied with. These are: the teaching of the orthodox faith; this by a priest, and the hanging up of a picture of the Blessed Virgin in the school-room. Minister Corbet in a letter denied that the last condition was insisted upon; but the order of the Greek Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs to the monarch of Attica refutes this denial by laying especial emphasis on the presence of the picture of the Blessed Virgin, and adds that unless the conditions are complied with they cannot receive even one orthodox pupil in their schools without the permission to keep them open being revoked by the Government. "The Evangelicals" display the inevitable proof of Protestantism: they refuse to honor the Mother of our Lord.—*Catholic Review.*

——THE DISSEMINATION OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.—Mr. John Bennet, of Sunman, Indiana, the extent of whose business as a poultry fancier had brought him into connection with several zealous non-Catholics who would convince him of the errors of the Catholic Church, recently put some of his arguments in shape and had them printed under the heading "Whither goest thou?" These he distributes as opportunity offers.

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A lady customer of his—who had been, as she styled herself, a sort of "Protestant Catholic," and to whom he had given a copy of his "Lecture," some copies of the *Catholic Telegraph*, *Catholic Review*, AVE MARIA, etc., from time to time, wrote to him lately, thanking him for arousing her from her torpor. She says she now subscribes for four Catholic papers. Mr. Bennet thinks it would be productive of much good if people were more zealous in extending the circulation of Catholic periodical literature, and if Catholic publishers occasionally sent papers to non-subscribers.

——MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.—A collection will be taken up on the third Sunday of July in all the churches of the Diocese of Detroit to aid Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. Subscriptions will also be received for him by Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess and publicly acknowledged. Many prelates have made stirring appeals through their diocesan papers in favor of this charitable work, and many others are silently, but no less zealously, making the venerable Archbishop's cause their own in private appeals to their clergy and people. Among the latter is Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, who immediately after the meeting in New York sent a private circular to all the priests of his diocese. Of those who have heretofore contributed for religious purposes we venture to say that not one is now a dollar poorer; and in like manner, those who, of their affluence, contribute to the charitable fund in aid of Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell will never miss the money, and will receive in return the venerable Prelate's heartfelt prayers and a share in the merits of his priestly Sacrifices until the day of his death.

——A VAST ENTERPRISE has just been accomplished in Italy by Prince Torlonia, who from 1854 to 1876 was engaged, at his own expense, in drying up Lake Fucino. This prodigious work, which Pliny, Tacitus, and Suetonius say had been attempted by the Roman emperors, had also been taken in hand by the late King of Naples, but neither the ancient emperors nor the Bourbon king could boast of any degree of success. Prince Torlonia has now gained 14,175 hectares (about 36,000 acres) of excellent soil for the sum of about $10,000,000, and has raised at the front of the basin, where all the water of the drainage is collocated, a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin about twenty feet high. The pedestal bears the following inscription: "Under the protection of Mary, conceived without sin, Alexander Torlonia, enterprising and wealthy, began in 1854 a work that the Roman emperors vainly tried to accomplish, and brought it to a successful close in 1876." It was not till the present year, however, that the lake became completely dry.

——AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE PAST.—At Damariscotta Mills, in the Diocese of Portland, Maine, there is a brick church of which the following information is furnished by a correspondent of the *Pilot* who is of opinion that it is the oldest Catholic church in New England. Its records show the following, in the *handwriting of John Cheverus*:—

"Sunday, July the 17th, 1808, at Damariscotta Mills, in the town of New Castle, County of Lincoln, District of Maine, the new church erected in the said place was blessed, under the name of St. Patrick, by permission of the Right Reverend John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore. The cemetery adjoining the church was also blessed on the same day. The ceremony was performed by me the undersigned, Missionary Priest, and the sermon preached from Psalm 25, v. 8—'I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' JOHN CHEVERUS."

It will be noticed that Dr. Cheverus styled it the *new* church. There was then standing a wooden structure used as a church by the Catholics of that town and the surrounding ones prior to the erection of the one in brick. In the same record appears an account of the subscriptions towards it, and of every article used in its building, and the cost. Sept. 1, 1805, the subscription was started; the first charge of material bears date Sept. 19, 1807, and the last one July 12, 1808. Bricks were charged at $5 per thousand. The whole cost of the body of the church was $3,202.70; whole expense on the vestry and fence, $250.19; total expenses on the steeple, $484.95. Entire cost, $3,937.83. The same lock that was then put into the church door is there in use to-day, opened and shut by the same key. Its entire interior and exterior were planned and finished in most chaste and artistic manner—all in perfect taste, and it stands to-day a monument of beauty and of Faith.

——ERRATA.—The name of the founder of the Religieuses de Jesus-Marie is Routier, not "Poutier," as printed in a previous issue. "The Tombs of the Apostles," in No. 27, should have been credited to the *Lamp*.

New Publications.

FLOWERS TO MARY. By J. W. S. Norris. Philadelphia: Dan. F. Gillin, printer. 1879.

Appropriately has the author named these fifteen little poems "Flowers." Their fresh beauty and their promise of golden fruit alike suggest the bloom of the May-time. Some of the poems are of especial excellence, amongst them "Christ's Knight," inscribed to Maurice F. Egan, which appeared in the AVE MARIA some time ago; "The Sacristan," "Bon Voyage," and "Adieu." Mr. Norris is one of our valued contributors, and we shall look for his future publications with increased interest.

THE SACRISTAN.

Moving with noiseless tread about the place
Where none but Levite or the consecrate
May enter. Here at Heaven's open gate
She lingers, kneeling, in sweet childish grace,
Reverent, devout, with fervent, upturned face,
Like those who near the Master ever wait
Expectant of the words that satiate
And flood the soul with sweetest showers of grace:
Now tending the bright lamp that ceaseless burns
Through changeful hours with Love's undying flame,
Or decks the shrine with blooms whose fragrance yearns
Like her pure heart, that throbs in sweet acclaim.
Dear Spouse of Christ, with bridal ring and veil,
May never earthly storms thy peace assail!

SOUVENIR OF THE NOVITIATE. Translated from the French by Rev. Edward I. Taylor. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

To the young religious, and to those desirous of adopting the religious life, this book would be a very useful companion. It views religious life in a practical way; shows the novice not only the means of reaching individual perfection, but defines his relations with the outside world. A novitiate well made is indeed the foundation but not the completion of religious life. The holy virtue of perseverance is the link that unites religious toil and heavenly reward. Upon this thought the author dwells with particular stress, making it the pervading idea of the book. And in this its merit lies.

ROME'S RECRUITS: A list of Protestants who have become Romam Catholics since the Tractarian Movement. Reprinted with Additions and Corrections, from the *Whitehall Review*.

A kind friend in England has sent us a copy of the above interesting pamphlet, from the preface of which we make the following extract:

The List of Converts to the Roman Catholic Church pub-

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lished in *The Whitehall Review* was designed to comprise the names of those only who held more or less public positions, and whose change of faith was not a matter of merely individual privacy. Its appearance, however, called forth from converts and their friends all over the country the contribution of new names, which the compiler was requested to add to the religious "Roll of Honor," and in this way the number was subsequently increased from 500 to upwards of 3,000. That those who thus came forward to bear public witness to their new faith were animated by the best of motives none would be so ungenerous as to deny. In many instances they sacrificed a privacy which they prized, in order that they might swell the List, the length of which is, in their opinion, so significant.

The List has no pretension whatever to be complete. It no more represents, as Cardinal Manning has recently taken occasion to say, the converts to the Roman Church than the "Court Guide" represents the people of England. It would be impossible, and wholly meaningless, to record a change of creed on the part of any except those to whose actions the advantages of birth or education lend a certain weight; and this, one would have thought, was sufficiently obvious to have spared us the infliction of those truisms about "equality of souls" which no one ever dreamt of denying. And while the List takes no count at all of converts from the lower classes—among whom Canon Oakeley says the majority of proselytes are made—it is far from complete even as regards the educated classes. Incomplete, it is nevertheless the *most* complete catalogue of the kind ever published. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, it forms, "for good according to some, or for evil according to others, an event of much interest and significance"; and the future as well as the present student cannot fail to regard it as an important contribution to the history of nineteenth century life and thought.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

"To thee, O holy Mother of God, we have cried, and through thee the divine help has come to us."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 2ND.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 62 persons and 5 families,—change of life for 36 persons and 8 families,—conversion to the Faith for 124 persons and 9 families,—grace of perseverance for 10, and that of a happy death for 15 persons,—special graces for 7 priests and 6 religious,—temporal favors for 43 persons and 8 families,—spiritual favors for 28 persons and 7 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 8 communities, 6 congregations, 3 schools, 1 orphan asylum, and 1 town. Also 42 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Several negligent Catholics who have not made their Easter duties, and who are careless in the education of their children,—that a poor lady in great despondency may be able to receive the last Sacraments before her approaching death,—a happy death for several persons hopelessly ill,—a permanent pastor for a certain locality,—the blessing of living near a Catholic church and school, for several families,—the protection of the crops throughout the country,—peace and harmony in several families,—a Catholic wife and mother of a large family much afflicted by her Protestant husband, who is forcing the children from their religion,—conversion of several persons baptized in the Catholic Church,—the safety of several persons crossing the ocean,—the conversion of the father, mother, and sister-in-law of a convert,—the choice of a state of life in conformity with the will of God,—perseverance for converts surrounded by non-Catholics.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Several persons desire to return thanks to our Immaculate Mother for certain blessings they have obtained through her intercession, viz.: the amendment of a cruel husband, the attendance to his Easter duty of a young man who was negligent in the practice of his religion. Many other favors received are cures attributed to the use of the water of Lourdes. A pious lady writes: "The Archbishop of —— related at my mother's a most wonderful cure at the house of the Good Shepherd, which he saw with his own eyes. A woman there whose confessor the Archbishop was, had a tumor on her knee. A novena was made, and on the ninth day, when the water was dropped into the sore, it healed instantly with sound flesh, leaving a red line on the edge as if to show what it had been." "There was a lady," another corespondent writes, "very much troubled with sore eyes, but the first application of the water effected an instantaneous cure."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. JAMES CLINTON, of Barclay, Pa., who departed this life on the 3rd of June, fortified by the consolations of our holy religion. Mr. WILLIAM SHRIVER, who died happily at the advanced age of 83 years, on the 11th ult. He was a resident of Union Mills, Md., and a convert to our holy Faith. Mr. RICHARD FARRELL, of Syracuse, N. Y., who slept in the Lord on the same day. Mr. THOMAS DONNELLY, of Washington, Ind., deceased May 9th. Mrs. AGNES TRAINOR, of Loogootee, Ind., who passed out of this world on the 9th of June. Mr. MICHAEL KELLET, of Saint Patrick's Parish, Glendale, Ind., whose death occurred on the 25th ult. Miss MARY GALLAHAR, an excellent young lady of McKeesport, Pa., who departed for heaven on the 4th of May. Mrs. MARGARET MEEHAN, of Newton, Mass., who rested in peace on the 22d of June. She was a devout child of Mary. JOHN W. CAVANAUGH, of the same place, whose death took place a year ago. Also his brother who died some time previous. JOHN J. NOLAN, who breathed his last at Waltham, Mass., on the 24th ult. KATIE E. FRANKLIN, whose beautiful life was crowned by a precious death on the 29th of June. She was buried on the Feast of the Visitation. Mr. FRANK LYONS, of Bertrand, Mich., and Mr. A. CHAPMAN, of Charlestown, Mass., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. REV. FATHER SLEVIN, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. JOHN DONNELLY, of Plymouth, Mass., NELLY COGAN, of Boston, JOHN REIDY, of New York, PATRICK and DENNIS MCKEEVER, of McKeesport, Pa., THOMAS MORRISSEY, of New Haven. NELLIE GOGAN, of Boston, Miss ISABELLA E. GUBERNATER, of McSherrystown, Pa., JOHN TRAINOR, ELIZABETH TRAINOR, and Mrs. ROSE ANNE HARKINS, all of whom died some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Roberta Shriver, $2.50; C. F. Gannon, $1; Patrick Devitt, $1; Matthew Allen, $1; Ernest Dakley, $1; Lawrence Molloy, $2; J. A. Timmons, $1; Neil O'Neil, $1; Margaret Carr, $1; Wm. Kinney, $5; John Callahan, $1; Mr. McTague, $3; Margaret Clarke, $1; A. Clarke, $1; Catharine Foley, $1; A. Graham, $1; A. McGuire, $1; S. McCullough, $1; J. O'Neil, $1; M. McDermott, $1; M. McFadden, $1; M. Cain, 50 cts.; M. McClain, $1; A. Hampson, 50 cts.; Frank McClain, $5; J. Kinney, $3; Mrs. Edward Manning, $1; Mrs. Tighe, $1; Mrs. Flannaghan, $1; Mary Ann Bradley, $5; Mrs. D. Pollard, 50 cts.; Jerry Ryan, $1; Mrs. Matilda Jerningham, $1; Mrs. J. Granger, $5; Mr. W. Granger, $5; James Granger, 50 cts.; George Blake, $2; Mrs. Keating, $1; Annie McGowan, $2.50; Mrs. John Ford, 50 cts.; Mrs. M. Blumb, $1; Mr. D. Paul, $1; James Tracy, $5; Eliza Tracy, $5; Mrs. M. C., $5; Annie C., $5; Roger McCauly, $2.50; Mrs. McCauly, $2.50; Mary McCauly, $1; John McCauly, $1; Patrick McCauly, $1; Gertie Tracy, $1; Ettie Tracy, $1; Arthur Tracy, $1; Mrs. Bridget Coffey, $2; Elizabeth Pierce, $1; Mrs. J. W. McKinley, $2.50.

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Children's Department.

A Legend of Our Lady.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABELLERO.

TRANSLATED FOR THE AVE MARIA.

The family of Manuel, a petty drover, was gathered around the fire awaiting the twofold event of the arrival of the father from his work and the consequent serving of supper.

The night was cold and stormy, and the children drew closer to the fire which answered at once for light and heat. On the right of the large fireplace sat the grandmother, spinning; opposite to her was the mother, who held her youngest boy, a wee nursling not yet able to speak. Two little girls of six and eight years of age, named respectively Pepa and Paca, stood attentively watching the large kettle which contained the supper, and which, boiling over from time to time, sent forth appetizing puffs of savory-smelling steam, whilst solemnly intent upon maintaining his balance on the edge of an empty bucket sat the tiny little man of five, Anis.

A knock, followed by the opening of the door, roused the little circle, and the children ran to greet the two new-comers, the one an invalid guest, the other a shepherd of the neighborhood who was welcomed with infinite delight by the little Paca as her godfather. He took his little goddaughter on his knees, and saw that her eyes were full of tears, and on asking the cause was told by the eldest of the family, an ill-dispositioned lad of fourteen, known by the nickname of Romo.

"Oh! Paca is crying because of a story grandma told her."

"Well, then, what harm? I like a tender little heart," answered the shepherd.

"Yes, but Paca is always crying," teased Romo.

"Is there anything wrong in crying?" asked the little one of her grandmother.

"No, dear; on the contrary; the crown of the Queen of Angels is set with tears of pity and repentance—so they say—as with diamonds."

"Romo," said the shepherd, "if you tease my goddaughter any more, I will be even with you."

"See what a fine thing it is to have a godfather!" retorted Romo.

"Listen," said the shepherd, "while I tell you a story."

I.

There was once a man who was very, very poor. He had no bread for his seven children, who were crying with hunger; and the stork was bringing him an eighth baby, and he knew that he had nothing wherewith to clothe it. So he went out of the house, for his heart was breaking, and he wandered far, far away, scarcely heeding where, until night came on, and he found himself at the entrance to a robbers' cave. The captain, who was a very fierce man, came out, and demanded in a voice of thunder,

"Who are you? and what do you want?"

"Sir," replied the poor man, falling on his knees, "I am only an unfortunate being who has never harmed anyone, and I have left my home only because my children were crying for bread, and I could not stay and see them starve."

The captain took pity on the poor soul, and giving him some food he presented him also with a purse full of money, and said to him,

"Go home now, and when the stork brings you the other child, let me know, and I will be its godfather."

Andrew, for such was his name, went on his way rejoicing, as he thought of the delight of the children at seeing so fine a supper.

When he arrived, he found another little boy, which the stork had already left him. He immediately returned, and told the captain, who more than fulfilled his promise, for he stood as godfather to the little fellow, and presented him moreover with a handsome sum of money.

II.

But after a little time the child died, and went to heaven. St. Peter, who was standing at the gate, smiled upon him, and told him to enter; but he answered:

"I don't want to go in, unless my godfather can come too."

"And who is thy godfather?" asked the Saint.

"A captain of robbers," replied the child.

"Then, my son," continued St. Peter, "thou mayest enter, but not thy godfather."

The little boy very sadly sat down by the gate, rested his cheek on his hand, and waited. After a time the Blessed Virgin passed by, and seeing him sitting there, addressed him thus:

"Why dost thou not enter into heaven, my son?"

The child replied that he did not wish to enter unless his godfather might come too; and that St. Peter had said that was impossible. Then the little fellow knelt down, and clasping his hands wept so bitterly that the Virgin, who is the Mother of Mercy, was moved to compassion. She handed him a golden cup, and said:

"Go and seek thy godfather, and bid him fill this cup with tears of repentance, and then he may go with thee into heaven. Take these silver wings and fly hence."

III.

The robber lay asleep under a rock, with a gun in one hand and a dagger in the other. When he awoke, he saw before him a beautiful child whose silver wings shone like the sun; he was seated on a lavender plant, and he held a golden cup in

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his hand. The robber rubbed his eyes, for he thought he was dreaming, but the child spoke and said:

"No, thou art not dreaming; I am thy godchild."

And then he told all that had happened. And as the frost melts away when the sun shines on it, so, at the story of the goodness of God, and the happiness of heaven, and the loving tenderness of the Blessed Virgin, did the soul of the robber dissolve in tears. His sorrow for sin was so sharp, and his repentance so keen, that his heart was pierced as by two daggers, and he died.

And the child took the cup full of tears, and flew with the soul of his godfather to heaven, where they entered, and where God grant we all may one day enter too.

Newton and his Dog.

A REMEMBRANCE.

It is a great misfortune to be fifteen years of age, to be rich, and to know it! It is a greater misfortune to be at that age without father or mother!

I was fifteen years old. Rich and an orphan, I was as much my own master as it is possible to be, with a tutor entirely taken up with his own affairs, who travelled part of the year, and who was moreover very indulgent.

My father's aunt, Miss Barbara Lemoine, had recently come to live in our old homestead, not to control me, alas! but to take care of my health, which, by the way, was most excellent.

No one could be nicer than Aunt Barbara. Full of wisdom and prudence, she took good care never directly to oppose me. She tried always to point a moral drawn from my own actions, whenever an opportunity occurred. However, I saw nothing and I understood nothing, according to the proverb, "There are none so deaf as those who won't hear!"

Then, generally, she groaned silently, saying every day that I was wilful and obstinate; in one word that I was on the road to becoming a detestable boy.

One morning in August I burst into my aunt's room like a whirlwind. "My dear Léonce! what is the matter?" she asked me.

"The matter is, that I can no longer endure the sight of that fool of a Firmin! He is a regular beast, and is constantly doing something to plague me."

"You surprise me, my child. Poor Firmin does everything he can to please you."

"He succeeds well, certainly!" said I, shrugging my shoulders in a way that was anything but respectful. "You know that beautiful edition of 'Paul and Virginia' that I had just had bound in turkey morocco at Ackerman's?"

"Yes."

"Well, there it is, ruined, covered with oil."

"Did he upset the lamp on your bureau?"

"No, not exactly," I said, somewhat embarrassed.

"I cannot believe that he allowed himself, to take one of your books to the kitchen without your permission?"

"That would finish the thing, certainly!"

"But where did the oil come from, then?"

"From a little cup that I had filled, intending to oil my duck-gun."

"Which was carelessly left by you near your handsome book. Firmin was not the only one to blame, my child."

"That may be, aunt," I replied, in a somewhat offended way. "I allow you, on that score, all that you like; we will say no more about it; I see that I was in the wrong; but this morning a very valuable paper disappeared from my room; Firmin probably swept it away."

"Oh, how terrible!" replied my aunt, who pretended to be shocked. "Perhaps it is a question of the stealing of a bank-note?"

"Unfortunately it has nothing to do with money. The loss of which I speak can never be made good."

"Some school exercise; some faultless Latin verses perhaps?"

And then I told a doleful tale. It was a piece of poetry, a sonnet, which I had composed in honor of my cousin Laura, for her birth-day *fête*, and with which I had taken no end of pains; a charming sonnet, which was worth more than most long poems I thought.

We were on the eve of the Feast of St. Laurent; it was out of the question to begin another such *chef-d'œuvre*.

"My dear child," said my aunt suddenly, "what can I do to help you?"

There was nothing for me but vengeance, and I wished it to be severe.

"Discharge the fool, send him out of my sight forever."

"Would you think of it, Léonce? For so small a fault!"

So small a fault! That was just like women. My aunt would have been deeply afflicted if Firmin had broken the soup tureen or the salad bowl, I did not doubt; but the loss of a sonnet was a trifle.

"Aunt," I replied, becoming more and more determined, "if Firmin does not leave the house, I *shall*. I will write to my tutor this very day to ask permission to go away to college."

"Well, well," said my aunt, resignedly, "it shall be as you say. But you will at least give poor Firmin the usual eight days' warning?"

I looked at my aunt to see if she were speaking in jest; but no; her face wore its usual expression

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of calm and gentleness, her knitting-needles clicked as fast as ever.

Decidedly I had done well in giving my orders; for was I not really the master of the house?

We did not meet again until dinner. The meal finished, as soon as we went to the parlor I stretched myself out on the sofa in the attitude of an ill-bred school-boy.

"Are you asleep, Léonce?" said my aunt, not looking up from her work.

No, certainly, I was not sleeping. I was experiencing I know not what uncomfortable sensation in the region of the heart, and when Firmin brought in the lamp and drew the curtains, I dared not look at him for fear of finding his eyes red. He was there with his evident good will and his touching clumsiness, walking on the tips of his toes as an elephant might that was afraid of crushing a fly.

"If you do not wish to sleep, child, I am going to ask you to read aloud several pages from a book just published, which Dumay, the librarian, is anxious to have me examine."

Usually I did not like my aunt's books, but I mustered up courage, nevertheless, and soon I was seated in a good light near my aunt, who meanwhile kept on with her knitting. This is what I read:

"The work was achieved after five years of profound calculations and sublime contemplations. He rose, and came and stood before the open window, baring his burning forehead to the cool night air. What was passing in the brain of the great thinker? Was he musing upon having discovered one of the eternal laws which regulate the planets? penetrated the depth of the secret counsels of the Most High? and, Prometheus-like, succeeded in stealing a spark of the celestial fire?

"No: bareheaded, with thoughtful brow, his eyes glistening and raised to heaven, Newton said:

"'Glory to Thee, God Ominpotent! since Thou art great and wise and powerful; since without Thee all strength is but weakness, and the most brilliant light is but obscurity profound!'

"While he lent his ear to the harmony of the spheres, as he followed the course of the stars in highest heaven, his favorite companion, the little dog Diamond, had jumped on the table, and in frisking about had overturned a candle. The papers were consumed instantly.

"Newton, who turned too late, perceived the disaster. Of all his learned researches, of all his laborious calculations, there remained but a fluttering heap of black cinders.

"'Oh! Diamond!' cried he, 'you little know what harm you have done!'

"And that was all! Having lost nothing of the serenity of his austere face, Newton had returned to the window.

"'Eternal God!' said he; 'Supreme Ruler of the worlds which move in silence above our heads! may Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Bless my work. Thy servant shall begin again with the help of Thy grace.'"

The chapter was not finished, but the huskiness of my voice would not allow me to read farther; between my eyes and the book a slight mist had arisen.

"Well, Léonce," said my aunt, who had ceased knitting some moments before, "you do not go on?"

"Dear aunt," I exclaimed, much affected, "I thank you for this beautiful lesson; I hope I have understood it, and I promise you for the future——"

"Well, well, my child," she interrupted with her pleasant smile, "kiss me, and then go and tell Fermin to bring up the tea."

A Story of St. Philip Neri.

The following oft-repeated but very instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neri. A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the Saint. "Yes, Father, very often," replied the lady. "My child," said the Saint, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance, do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me." Great was the astonishment of the lady at receiving so strange a penance; but silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey, Father." Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl and set out on her journey plucking it as she went along, as she had been commanded. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah!" said the Saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my command; now do the second part, and you will be cured of your fault. Retrace your steps; pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered." "But, Father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?" "Well, my child," replied the Saint, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back now if you can. Go, and sin no more." History does not tell if the lady was converted; but it is probable. It required a Saint to give the lesson; one should be a great sinner not to profit by it.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 19, 1879. No. 29.

The Handkerchief at the Window.*

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER I.—CASTEL BARCO.

About the middle of the 17th century, amidst the hills which surround the ancient city of Taggia stood one of those feudal abodes—at once fortresses and country-seats—in which the Provincial nobility of Italy used to dwell, in a half warlike, half rural manner. In those days, on the coasts of the Mediterranean from the French frontier to the great commercial city of Genoa, the head of such a family united in his person the position of a chieftain with the avocations of a land-owner and a merchant. The brisk trade carried on along the whole Riviera in olives, lemons, and oranges, connected the lords of the soil with all the great maritime towns of Spain, France, Italy, and even of the Levant. Vessels from various parts of the world often sought refuge in the port of San Remo, one of the principal harbors on that coast. Until the end of the last century, the towns lining the shore, or perched on the hills about it, were almost inaccessible except by sea; mule paths across the mountains, or following the sinuosities of the cliffs, being the only mode of communication by land.

Count Adelbarchi, the head of the family of the Montenegri, was the owner of a grim mansion situated in the midst of the most smiling and lovely scenery. It stood on an elevation at the mouth of a gorge, on each side of which rose nearly perpendicular rocks, above whose jagged outline towered a range of beautiful purple hills, surmounted again by the snowy height of the Maritime Alps. On one side it looked on Taggia, with its quaint battlements and glorious churches, and on the other it commanded the whole of the fair valley extending from the foot of the mountains to the sea.

This Count was a wealthy man in his way, but his fortune was subject to continual fluctuations. It consisted of the staple produce of the country, and varied according to the abundance or scarcity of the autumnal rains, which influence the fate of the whole population on a coast often visited by long, parching drought. The nobleman in his castle and the peasant in his hut watch for those beneficial rains with the same intense anxiety. If they fail to fall at the right time, every heart sinks throughout the land, for there is then little hope for the rest of the year.

Count Adelbarchi had two defects—a violent temper and a great love of money. He was not a bad man. He had a conscience, so that these evil tendencies were kept to a certain degree in check. His fits of passion he generally repented of—one of them bitterly, silently, and long. With regard to money, he knew, as a Catholic, that almsgiving was a duty, and when things went well with him he was not remiss in performing it. He also made offerings of propitiation and thanksgiving in the neighboring churches and chapels when he was uneasy about any of his cargoes or rejoicing over some piece of commercial good fortune. He had once hung up an *ex-voto*—a silver ship—in the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lampedusa, a famous place of pilgrimage in that neighborhood. But in his alms and in his devotions there was nothing generous or disinterested. It began very strictly at home—and, when times were hard, did not go beyond it.

The begging Brother of the Franciscan Convent high up amongst the mountains would have often made a mistake in knocking at the wrong moment at the huge door of Castel Barco, had it not been for a little arrangement between him and Geltruda, the eldest of the Count's daughters.

One day Fra Mauro walked up the steep ascent leading to the gateway at a moment when it happened that bad news of his crop of olives had reached the chieftain, and, moreover, of the loss

* The idea and the principal incident of this tale has been borrowed from an unpublished poem entitled "Marie of Callaird," written by a kinswoman of the present Duke of Argyle, and founded on facts which tradition has handed down as having occurred on the western coast of Scotland about the middle of the 17th century.

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of one of his cargoes, and when, with his well-known sack on his shoulders he met the old man, —just as he was going down towards the shore in a towering passion, he swore at him and called him a lazy beggar. Geltruda happened to be with him. She turned pale when the oath passed her father's lips. Making a sign for Fra Mauro to wait for her, she stood still whilst her father was in sight, but when his tall form vanished amidst a grove of ilexes she turned back, and, drawing near to the brother, gave him a small coin and said:

"You came at an unlucky moment, good Fra Mauro. My father—he cannot help it—is subject to fits of *rabbia*."

We may here stop to remark that there is nothing in the temperament or the habits of northern races at all resembling the sudden storms of rage which are called *rabbia* in Italy. They are more violent and more transient than those who have not witnessed them can well conceive. Under their influence a person raves, curses and blasphemes who at other times would not utter an impious word, or do an unkind act to save his life.

"Ah, it is a sad malady!" Fra Mauro ejaculated, shaking his head, "which nothing but a great grace from God can cure. May He have pity on those who are subject to it!"

"I will tell you what I will do," Geltruda said. "It is always on Saturday morning that you make your quest in this valley. I will watch for you. I can see you from a great distance descending the path down the opposite hill. When my father is in a good humor I will hang at my window—look at it there—that little window in the turret—a white pocket-handkerchief, but when he is in an angry mood I will put a black one instead; then you will know whether to come up to the house or not."

For years this custom was observed, and it was only one of the many ingenious ways in which Geltruda spared her father the guilt of passionate outbursts and obtained for the poor the alms he would not otherwise have bestowed. Her calm, earnest glance had a strange power over him. It was connected with a remembrance which often wrung with anguish the heart of that proud man. He had been devotedly attached to his wife, who died when Geltruda was twelve years of age. She had suffered from his temper—not that it was often or offensively shown towards her, but the scenes of that sort she witnessed in his dealings with his servants and tenants had frequently given her great pain. Sensitive and delicate as she was, the sight of his angry countenance, the sound of his loud voice, made her quiver like the aspen leaf. She became very ill after they had been married about thirteen years, and the doctor said her heart was affected. One day whilst she was sitting on the terrace of the castle with little Geltruda by her side, the Count was thrown into one of his fits of rage by a gardener's stupid mistake His orders had been misunderstood, and a favorite ilex tree cut down which he would have given almost anything to preserve. In his anger he snatched up a spade and dealt the man so violent a blow on the head that he fell down senseless.

The Countess gave a piercing cry, sprung up from her seat with extended arms, staggered and dropped down dead. Little Geltruda's eyes met her father's at that terrible moment, and neither of them ever forgot the expression of the other's face. She never said it to anyone, but the Count felt she knew what had killed her mother, and this knowledge caused him a sort of resentment which seemed at times to subside completely, but now and then to revive in an unexpected manner.

Geltruda's brothers and sisters were apparently much greater favorites with their father than she was. Uberto, Enrico, Maddalena and Rosa, knew how to curry favor with him, the girls by coaxing ways and little cunning devices, the boys by flattering his weaknesses, and joining—when there was occasion for it—in his violent abuse of his neighbors and his dependants.

These children were badly brought up, spoiled and indulged when their father was in good humor, bullied and roughly treated when he was out of temper. Geltruda had been under her mother's care long enough to acquire strong religious principles, which, joined to a naturally good and thoughtful disposition, had preserved her from the faults which were very conspicuous in the rest of the family. The others laughed at their eldest sister, and called her a *Santarella*. If they were ill or in trouble, however, the sympathy and good offices of the "Saint" were habitually called for and appreciated; Rosa, the youngest of the set, would be seen flying down a flight of steps. "The Signor Count is in a rabbia! I am going to hide myself."

"What a goose you are!" one of the brothers would cry out; "you have only to storm and rage louder than his Excellency himself, and to follow his lead by swearing a good oath or two, and then you need not be afraid of him."

"Girls can't swear," Rosa would answer, with a sigh, as if she regretted the want of that masculine accomplishment.

To Geltruda was committed the government of the servants and the domestic economy of the paternal house. Her singular aptitude and vigilance—and it may be, also, the blessing which rests on those who understand about the poor and needy—made her a very successful manager; she was so cleverly economical, so unweariedly industrious, so self-denying in her own regard, so generous to others, that means seemed to mul-

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tiply in her hands. The Count, with all his love of money, never complained that she did not turn to good account whatever was entrusted to her care.

This patient young housekeeper—this motherless girl, who met with little affection in her home, who since her mother's death had seldom heard loving words addressed to her, nursed in her heart a pure and devoted attachment to a youth whom the late Countess, perhaps imprudently considering her youth, taught her to look upon as her future husband.

Carlo dei Ubaldi was the only son of a widow lady who lived at Taggia, who was the greatest friend the Countess di Castelbarco had ever had, and there had been an agreement between them that if the Count would consent to it, and he had made no objection when the subject was broached, the two children, who were always with their mothers when they visited each other—who played together under the fig trees in the garden of the quaint old house at Taggia—and on the terrace of the grim Castle of Castelbarco—were to be one day united. And this was spoken of before them since their earliest childhood, and they could not remember the time when Carlo did not think of Geltruda as his *sposina*, and Geltruda of Carlo as her little *sposa*.

After her mother's death they did not meet so often—but sometimes Carlo came to see her brothers, and sometimes she went to see his mother, and nothing changed in their feeling towards one another. As time went on, however, Geltruda wondered whether her father did intend her to marry Carlo, and the Marchesa dei Ubaldi felt the same doubt. She spoke to the Count on the subject, but would obtain no satisfactory answer; either he wished to delay for the chance of a more wealthy marriage presenting itself, or he was reluctant to part with a daughter who was of great use to him.

In the mean time the young people hoped on, and met now and then. These accidental glimpses of each other were joyful events in their lives. The *festas* in the neighboring villages generally afforded such opportunities. Always, since they were carried there in their nurse's arms, they had been to the one at Castlebarco and visited the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lampedusa. Both remembered how their mothers used to make them kneel before the balustrade which separates the altar from the body of the pretty little church—and say an *Ave Maria* together. And they had never omitted doing this each successive year of their lives, and performing other little devotions in concert, such as lighting two candles at the Madonna's shrine at so exactly the same moment that one did not burn out sooner than the other, and mixing together in one bunch the flowers they had brought from their respective homes to lay at the feet of Mary's image.

Whilst Geltruda's brothers and sisters were amusing themselves amongst the crowd, she and Carlo sat together under the immense evergreen oaks in front of the chapel, or wandered on to the ledge of rock covered with wild roses which overlooks one of the most beautiful landscapes of that enchanting country. They were pleasant hours, those spent thus—in remembrances of the past, in anticipations of a happy future, and speculations as to what might happen between that *festa* and the one of the following year.

On the last occasion of the Feast of Our Lady of Lampedusa there were some misgivings in the hearts of the young people. They were beginning to fear that the course of their true love was about not to run smooth, and they made a vow that if they did obtain the Count's permission to marry before the next *festa* they would hang up as an *ex-voto* two silver hearts joined together.

The ensuing autumn, though the days were shortening apace and the heat abating, not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The last three seasons had been bad and the crops deficient. If that year the much desired rains did not fall, famine was likely to ensue, and also the ruin of many a land-owner on the coast of the Mediterranean. The Count was full of apprehension and care. He kept watching the heavens with feverish anxiety; but no! not a cloud big as a man's hand was to be seen in the boundless expanse of blue. Not a wavelet rippled the surface of the tideless, lake-like sea. Not even at the hours when usually a breeze fans the branches of the olive trees did a leaf move.

Dire grew the sufferings of the peasantry. Their little patches of land amidst the ledges of the rocks and on the side of the hills yielded so small an amount of corn that before the winter was far advanced bread grew very scarce, and in many places none was to be had. The provision of roots and dried fruits threatened exhaustion, and it was a question how even those who had money in their coffers would get through the winter months.

Geltruda's duties as housekeeper in her home became very trying. She had to calculate narrowly every expense, to measure the food of the family and the servants, and to endure her father's ebullitions of anger at the large sums she had to pay for the necessaries of life. Then arose the question of alms. It is always a difficult one on which to lay down rules, one on which it is easier to act for oneself than for others. Geltruda resolved that at any rate no day should pass in which she did not relieve at least some of the poor creatures who crowded to Castel Barco to beg for their starving families.

This was what she resolved—what she bravely stipulated with her father she would do. They dared not approach by the front gate, but used to

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come stealthily to the back door and stand in a place where Geltruda could see them; a portion was set apart at the daily meals for the poor of Christ. She assured the Count that as long as he suffered this, God would bless their stores. He believed her. He had faith enough for that. He could not help feeling irritated at the sight of beggars, and could hardly have brought himself to bestow a coin on any one whilst his coffers were so empty and the future so threatening; but he was content that Geltruda should shield his house from the curse which he knew hangs over the home of those who harden their hearts against the poor. As to her, she stinted her own food, she parted with every article of her wardrobe that was not absolutely necessary. She gave away her little trinkets, and then she prayed ardently. She appealed to the loving Heart of our Lord—she walked barefooted to the Shrine of Lampedusa, and there made a new resolution. She would relieve not a few, but every famished soul that came to her.

She thought of all the saints most devoted to the work of feeding the hungry—of the granary at the Ponziano Palace, at Rome, miraculously replenished with corn when St. Frances had given away all it contained—of the miracle of the leaves turned into bread in St. Elizabeth of Hungary's chest—of the many stories of the sort her mother had told her in her childhood, and a strong hope and confidence filled her heart that she would be able to keep her pledge. As she came out of the little chapel she gathered some of the roses which blossom all the year in these sunny climes and show their pink heads, even amongst the snow which sometimes for a day or two whitens the hedge-rows of myrtle and the groves of orange trees. As she made a bunch of them, her lips uttered this little prayer: "O my God, who didst turn St. Elizabeth's loaves into flowers, vouchsafe to turn these roses into food."

Descending the hill, some pilgrims met her who were going to pay their devotions at the Sanctuary. They seemed foreigners, and from the liveries of their attendants and the caparisoned mules they rode, she guessed them to be wealthy. Geltruda did not hesitate. Blushing, she approached them and said:

"Signori, the people of these hamlets are starving. Will you accept these roses—you will lay them at our Lady's feet—and give me gold to buy food for the famished?"

One of the pilgrims murmured: "An angel in disguise!" The other drew from his pouch five gold pieces and placed them in Geltruda's hand.

"Pray for us," he said, and they passed on.

That gold bought food for many a day for her mendicants, and the answer to her prayers made her holily rash in her almsgiving. Whether she worked miracles or not, who can tell? That resources seemed to multiply in her hands, could not be denied. Sometimes her faith for an instant wavered when she looked at the bare kitchen—the empty store-room—the desolate garden; when she thought of the provisions hardly sufficient for the meals of the family, and then saw feeble and gaunt figures descending the mountain paths, crossing the adjacent valleys, and approaching Castel Barco. She was wont to look at the crucifix with the feeling which made St. Peter cry out as the wind grew boisterous, "Save us, or we perish." But she never lost confidence. She never loosed her hold of the Hand stretched out to her from above, and as a matter of fact it did always turn out that there was something to give; the last bit of food was never quite the last. Unexpected supplies ever justified her unlimited reliance on Providence. She came to be looked upon throughout that afflicted neighborhood as an unfailing "*Auxilium Christianorum*," and the name of Geltruda dei Montenegri was a household word in the homes of the starving poor.

[To be Continued.]

[Selected.]

Seraph of Heaven.

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the Eternal Curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! *Thou living form*
Among the dead! Thou star above the storm,
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's Art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the Splendor of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
See where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love and life and light and deity;
An image of some bright eternity.

SHELLEY.

From the Lamp.

The Illuminated Missal.

BY E. D. R.

Of the countless monasteries which in olden time were the glory of Germany, while yet all the land was Catholic, none was more celebrated for its learning, its splendor, and its wealth, than that of Saint Willibert.

The works of the greatest painters, the noblest sculptors, filled choir and nave, cloister and colonnade, and embellished even in their minutest details the numerous lateral chapels of the great abbey church, where, in shrines bright with gold and sparkling with gems, were treasured up with reverential care the holy relics of many a saint and many a martyr.

Yet, in the midst of all the riches and all the

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splendor with which the piety and the munificence of kings and emperors had endowed their abbey, the monks of St. Willibert led simple and laborious lives. Not only was the greater portion of the day spent in study and prayer, but even the few brief hours allowed to sleep were not hours of unbroken rest, the rule of the Order requiring the brethren to rise at stated intervals during the night to chant the Divine Office in choir.

To the Monastery of St. Willibert we owe many of those priceless MSS., those splendid works—among others the famous "Golden Book" "*Codex Aureus*," presented by Adda, sister of Charlemagne, to the Convent of St. Maximin—works of such marvellous beauty that while we gaze on them with wonder and admiration we feel at the same time almost overwhelmed by the sentiment of our own inability to produce anything to equal them; for although the art of painting has made immense progress since the days when learned monks labored in peaceful convents, thought moves too rapidly with us to admit of the time and patience necessary for such works, even if we possessed—which, alas! we do not—the simple faith, the glowing love of these holy recluses.

In the arts of transcribing and illuminating MSS., no convent could boast of more skilled artists than that presided over by the holy and learned Prior Gelasius.

In the Scriptorium (as it was termed) of the monastery, about twenty monks were constantly employed, and, in order that they might not be interrupted unnecessarily, none save the prior, sub-prior and librarian had the right to enter.

A sun-dial, a clepsydra, and ingeniously constructed self-sustaining lamps, emitting a brilliant light, formed with the tables and benches the entire furniture of the apartment.

The many and varied occupations connected with the copying, embellishing and completely finishing a MS. were distributed among different groups of religious, to each of which was given a fixed and allotted task. While one group was engaged in tracing the lines for the writers, another was occupied in cutting or mending the different kinds of pens used in the work. From the transcribers the sheets of vellum passed into the hands of monks specially charged with the duty of reading over carefully and correcting any faults or inaccuracies which they might discover in the manuscript.

While at one table a group would be busily engaged in transcribing in the ordinary current hand, at another, another would be occupied solely in tracing the outlines of the capital letters, or in marking on the vellum the few signs of punctuation then in use. These preliminary labors accomplished, the leaves were then consigned to the painters and illuminators to adorn and beautify with that marvellous art of which we no longer possess the secret.

Finally, the pages being all collected, collated, and sewn together, were then transferred to the brethren whose province it was to bind them, and from their hands came forth those magnificent *chefs-d'œuvre* of which the possession was disputed by the kings of the earth and the princes of the Church.

Among all the monks of St. Willibert, Fra Angelo alone possessed the threefold gifts of a copyist, a miniaturist, and an illuminator. Every page that his pencil touched, glowed with the marvellous creations of his rich and inexhaustible fancy: flowers, plants, birds, animals, and heraldic devices mingling and blending together in strange and wondrous arabesques, all brilliant with gold, vermilion and azure.

With loving care he had painted the holy images, ornamenting the missal of the prior, and with the beautiful idea of the Ages of Faith ever present to his mind, "that every word of a book of prayer copied by the hand of a monk was equivalent to an act of virtue," he toiled on unweariedly at his task with all the faith of a saint and all the perseverance of an artist.

This labor ended, by order of the prior he inscribed on the last page of the volume a formula similar to that which may be seen at the end of the Alexandria Codex, a MS. of the fourth century preserved in the British Museum: "Whosoever shall possess himself unlawfully of this book shall be excluded from the communion of the Church."

At a period when manuscripts by their rarity, and time and science necessary for their execution, had acquired an enormous value, laws both human and divine united to protect them from robbery or profanation, so that nearly all those of the earlier centuries contain an *anathema* against those who should steal or otherwise lay sacrilegious hands upon them.

When at length the book of the Holy Gospels, completely finished, bound in deerskin and closed with massive silver clasps, was laid before the prior, he commanded that it should be placed without delay in the abbey church, so that all who desired to familiarize themselves with the truths of the Faith might do so freely and without hindrance.

Accordingly, after Vespers had been sung, the prior in the presence of the entire Community of St. Willibert placed the splendidly illuminated missal on the right of the altar, a slender metal chain securing it to the lectern, or reading-desk, upon which it rested.

The ceremony over, the monks quitted the church in silence.

Scarcely had the procession disappeared within

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the abbey cloister when a young man, whose pallid face and thin, worn features told all too plainly of wasting illness and want of rest, advanced with hasty, uncertain step to where the sacred volume was placed, the leaves of which he commenced turning over with tremulous eagerness. And as he gazed upon all the marvels that page after page opened to his view, low, half-suppressed exclamations of wonder and delight escaped from his lips. To these succeeded a long and mournful silence, broken only at intervals by sighs of bitter anguish.

All at once, the hand so eagerly turning over the vellum leaves of the missal, dropped listlessly by the young man's side, the fever-bright eye became dull and fixed—the wan cheek a moment pale as with the pallor of death—the next suffused with a rose-red flush as if the hot breath of shame had suddenly swept over it, told all too truly of the fierce mental conflict going on within.

"This book," he said at last, "this book in the hands of Joel the Jew would be worth at least eighteen gold crowns! Eighteen gold crowns!" he repeated, in a voice so husky and broken by emotion as to be scarcely articulate. "My God! my God!"

A moment's silence—then his failing courage seemed to revive, and drawing from his girdle a pencil and a small piece of parchment he commenced sketching rapidly from the pages of the volume lying open before him. He worked thus for nearly two hours.

"I cannot do it!" he exclaimed, despairingly. 'Were I to spend a hundred days thus it would be without any appreciable result. To copy these designs properly I should have this MS. at home before me on my table, so as to be able to study minutely all these wonderful arabesques, and thus reproduce them as faithfully as I could in all their marvellous beauty."

Otto was a skilled copyist. Educated and trained by his father, he had with him studied all the secrets of the art of the *librarii*.

But the old painter died. As he had only executed *chefs-d'œuvre*, he had produced little, thus leaving to his son no other inheritance than an honored name and the care of a beloved mother.

To that mother Otto devoted himself with unfailing tenderness and fidelity. For years he toiled patiently and contentedly at her side, gaining a modest but sufficient competence. But a day came at last when sorrow and care entered the hitherto peaceful home.

The mother lay ill—stricken down with slow and wasting fever. The household expenses were doubled, while the labor of him on whom that household depended was daily becoming more and more inadequate to meet the ever-increasing expenditure.

With high-hearted courage, the devoted son struggled bravely against the misfortunes threatening to overwhelm him. Painting all day—all night keeping long lonely vigils by the sufferer's bedside—Otto realized miracles of love.

But the mental and physical tension was fast becoming more than the overwrought system could bear. Still he felt, even when his trembling hand could hardly guide the pencil, that he must toil on to the last, or bread would fail—bread, and the medicines indispensable to his ailing mother.

About the time when the illness occurred which was now desolating the home of poor Otto, he had been commissioned by Joel the Jew to illuminate with all the skill and splendor of his art a missal, the intended gift of a great noble to an abbey church. For this he was to receive twenty gold crowns, on the expressed condition only that the work should be finished within twelve months.

But alas! the illness of his mother had made such sad inroads on his time and health that little progress had been made, while the period stipulated for was drawing to a close.

Day after day sped on; day after day poor Otto felt his strength failing more and more; in vain he sought to collect his distracted thoughts—he could no longer create—no longer invent—the power of imagination necessary to form new conceptions had utterly failed, and now with the blood rushing at fever heat through his veins, with eyes dim and inflamed, with a heart torn by anxiety, he asked himself despairingly what would be the fate of the beloved and helpless sufferer by whose sick couch he had so long and so patiently watched, should he fail to complete within the given time the MS. entrusted to him by the Jew.

It was in the midst of his anguish and despair that he learned that the Book of the Gospels, to the embellishing of which Fra Angelo, his great rival in the art of illuminating, had devoted six years of patient toil, was at length finished and deposited in the abbey church.

Yes! he would make one last effort, he would drag his tottering limbs to the abbey, see this marvellous work, and—and perhaps glean from its gorgeous pages some fresh train of thought which should rouse his dulled and torpid brain once more into activity, and enable him to resume his taske. Sad humiliation for one who in the day of his strength could have designed arabesques numerous and varied enough to have covered half the vellum in the Monastery of St. Willibert!

And Otto, as we know, went up to the abbey church.

The purple hues of fading day are fast spreading over the golden glory of the western sky. Once more the monks of St. Willibert are assembled in choir for the sweet evening office, while

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Otto, entirely hidden from view by one of the great pillars of the nave, against which he leans wearily, is waiting its termination.

The purple light has faded into grey—the monks have departed; within the church all lies in deep shadow save where the golden ornaments of the tabernacle reflect the soft faint rays of light cast by the silver lamp burning before the sanctuary.

But why does Otto still linger in the solemn, silent church? Alas! not to pray—although above the High Altar the image of his Crucified Lord seems bending down towards him with sad, pitying Eyes, and outstretched nail-pierced Hands, as if bidding him to come and lay *his* sorrow and care at the foot of *His* Cross.

All unseen by Otto, Prior Gelasius knelt in his oaken stall—the long brown robe, the cowl drawn over his face, the motionless attitude rendering him scarcely distinguishable from one of the many statues ranged around the vast choir. He was praying—praying alone and in silence for light and grace to guide the souls committed to his care. A slight, almost imperceptible sound breaking in upon the solemn stillness of the deserted church suddenly attracted his attention. Gently raising his head, he saw a figure gliding with stealthy, noiseless footfall towards the niche within which the lectern was placed; a hand was stretched forth towards the sacred volume—drawn back with sudden recoil as if terror-stricken at his own audacity—once more stretched forth—with sacrilegious force the slender chain was rent, the Book of the Gospels removed from its resting-place, and then with one wild imploring look towards the altar where the golden seraphim with outspread burnished wings seemed to guard the tabernacle, Otto fled forth into the night!

"My God! Thou didst pardon the thief on the Cross, pardon this Thy unhappy creature! Thou alone canst know the bitterness of the anguish, the depth of the misery which led him to this. I, at least, will not denounce him, for who am I, O Lord, that *I* should cast a stone at *him*? for within the pages of *that* book is it not written that we must forgive even unto seventy times seven?" And far into the night Prior Gelasius watched and prayed for another soul that even seemed to be given to him.

Entering the scriptorium on the following morning, he said, addressing Fra Angelo: "It is necessary that you should at once commence another illuminated copy of the Holy Gospels"; and the patient monk silently laying aside the vellum pages on which he was occupied, began at once his preparations for another six years' labor.

Alone in his miserable chamber, Otto gazes on the gorgeous volume lying open before him. His brain throbs, his worn hand trembles as, rapidly turning over the leaves of the missal, each vellum page unfolds its ever-varying wonders to his dazzled sight. The flower-encircled writing, the delicate garlands twining round the capitals, the birds nestling amid the foliage, the gorgeous tints of fruit and flower, and above all the exquisite taste shown in the arrangement and combination of all these marvels of color and design, filled the heart of Otto with a guilty joy at being the possessor of such a treasure.

"With this book before me I shall soon get on with my task; in less than six months I shall have copied it—*copied*, did I say? I who once could *create*. Alas, alas! want and misery have made a mechanic of him who once was an artist! My mother! It is all for you! You, for whom my dying father told me if needs were to give my life itself! My life!" he exclaimed, quickly; "have I not given more than life? Have I not sacrificed my honor, my conscience? Am I not a thief? Have I not stolen that which belonged to God? Oh! no, no," he sobbed, in the bitterness of his anguish; "I am no thief! I have not stolen—I only took in secret, and for a brief space of time, that which I had not the courage to ask permission to borrow!"

Again he takes up the manuscript, for a moment laid aside in the overwhelming misery of his thoughts, his eager eye ever finding fresh marvels of beauty and design as he turns over each matchless page—until at length the last is reached—and there on the fair vellum leaf stand before him, as it were in letters of fire, the awful words of the dread *anathema!*

With one wild cry the terror-stricken man closes the silver clasps and flings the sacred volume from him. His limbs tremble—his brain reels—his very reason seems to totter. With an almost superhuman effort he tries to recollect his half-maddened thoughts—thus to fix them on the present—but in vain! They ever lead him back to the long-past days when, a child at his mother's knee, he gazed with childish wonder and delight at the lovely images painted by his dead father's hand in such another book as this, and heard from that beloved mother's lips the marvels of the Gospel story.

Once more he seems to see before him the small golden letters of the verses, with the great capitals shining like so many stars; the blue and crimsoned-winged birds hovering over the flower-cups; the radiant white-robed angels leading little children; and above all the sweet Virgin Mother, with the Divine Child in her arms, looking down with sweet, tender smile on him from where she stood—the crescent moon beneath her feet!

And now what has he become? A thing accursed! An outcast from the Church! No longer

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to be numbered among her children living or dead!

Half maddened, he rises from his seat, and, staggering towards a wretched pallet, flings himself upon it to try and forget in sleep the horror of his waking thoughts. But all in vain! He cannot rest—or for a moment the weary eyelids droop, or sound falls deadened on the dulled ear, hideous phantoms still torture him, an unseen hand is evermore turning over the vellum leaves of the missal, an unknown voice evermore reading in low, mocking tones the words of the Gospel.

The last faint rose-flush had hardly faded away from the eastern sky when Otto, rising from his miserable couch, sought out Joel the Jew and laid the missal before him.

"Here is the book," he said, "and God alone knows all that it has cost me! Pay me at once—my mother is ill—dying—my need is urgent—I cannot wait!"

The Jew looked long and keenly at the book, then said: "How much did I promise to give you for this?"

"Twenty gold crowns."

"A great deal—a great deal of money really—but when I agreed to pay that sum I imagined that you would have required a much longer time to have accomplished such a work as this. Now, it seems to me that six months labor——"

"Give me eighteen crowns and end the matter."

"Nay, young man, you must remember that I am not obliged to pay one hour before the time specified by our agreement. It may suit *your* convenience to bring me this book six months earlier than I had been led to expect, but in no way meets *my* ideas of business, to be called upon to pay money six months sooner than I had made arrangements for."

"Man, I tell you again my mother is dying, and I am starving!"

"I can do nothing at present," said the Jew, in a cold, hard tone; "I must think the matter over. Return here to-morrow and I will see what I can do—meanwhile leave the missal with me."

And Otto turned away with despair in his heart, for the sin he had committed had availed him nothing.

Returning home, he took some vellum leaves on which were transcribed the seven petitions of the *Pater noster* beautifully ornamented with the most exquisite symbolical designs, leaves intended for the volume which he was never destined to finish, and sold for a crown that which for months had cost days and nights of incessant toil!

The Jew, meanwhile, shrewdly suspecting whence the missal had come which had been left with him by Otto, lost no time in going to the monastery and obtaining an interview with the prior.

"Father Prior," he said, as he unrolled the silken covering in which he had carefully enveloped the priceless volume, "this book has been offered to me for eighteen gold crowns, and as you understand these matters better than I do, perhaps you will kindly tell me if it be really worth that sum?"

The old monk smiled.

"Yes," he said, "it is indeed a most beautiful book—admirably transcribed and illuminated. You run no risk whatever in giving this price, and when you have concluded your bargain come and see me again. I shall probably purchase it from you for our monastery."

And Joel, enchanted with his success, quitted the monastery and went on his way rejoicing.

On the following day, Otto, now more wretched than ever, again sought out the Jew, and in trembling tones asked him what decision he had come to as to the price to be paid for the book.

"I can only offer you sixteen crowns—it is worth no more."

"Sixteen crowns!" exclaimed the young man.

"Since you have been here I have shown the book to one who is an admirable judge in such matters, and he assures me that in giving this sum I shall gain nothing but my bargain, but as you have frequently worked for me, and as I knew and respected your poor father, I am willing to do what I can to serve you."

"You have shown this book!" cried the terrified Otto.

"Oh, no need to be alarmed—it was to one of the best and kindest of men—the Prior of the monastery."

"The Prior of the monastery! You have shown *this book* to the Prior of the monastery?" repeated Otto, in a broken voice.

"Yes."

"And he told you——"

"That it was worth sixteen crowns only."

"Jew, it is not of the money that I speak—did he say nothing as to the work itself—the style—the execution—the name of the artist from whom you had received it?"

"No."

"Enough!" replied Otto,—and he added, in low, broken tones, unheard by the Jew. "Oh! Prior Gelasius, you have been very merciful!"

"And now," asked Joel, "is it a bargain?"

"No," was the answer, resolutely spoken, as Otto, taking the missal out of the hands of the astonished Jew, closed the clasps and placed it under his arm.

"What! you refuse?"

"I refuse absolutely."

"Come, come, young man, have a little more patience. In matters of business people are often obliged to talk a great deal before they can come to any understanding. You are quick and skilful

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enough of hand, but terribly wrong-headed. You shall have your eighteen crowns, and some other time you can make up to me whatever I may lose by this transaction."

"Oh, Joel!" exclaimed the young man, in tones trembling with emotion yet resonant with energy, "I no longer wish to sell that which all the gold in your coffers would not suffice to purchase."

The Jew flung down *twenty* crowns—but Otto without one glance at the glittering heap quitted the place, and with quick and now unfaltering footstep took the road to St. Willibert's Monastery. Arrived there, he asked for an interview with the Prior; the latter quickly entered the chamber in which Otto stood awaiting him, and with gentle smile and kindly word bade him welcome.

Otto flung himself on his knees. "Oh! my Father! my Father!" he sobbed, as with burning brow and trembling hands he offered the missal to the prior. The old monk took the volume, reverently pressed his lips upon it, and then returned it to the young man.

"I have sinned against Heaven, and against you, my Father!"

"My son, I forgive you."

"Oh! if you only knew all I suffer! If you only knew how hard I struggled before I fell! My mother was stricken down with a mortal disease—for two years I never quitted her, day or night—going only from the table at which I worked to the bed on which she lay. With my sight almost destroyed by night-work, with fever drying up my blood, starving, crushed by sorrow upon sorrow—driven desperate by want and misery, I felt the slow, sure, gradual weakening of the creative power within me—then at last its total extinction! Father, my mother lay dying before my eyes—dying of want! and I, I could do nothing! All power was gone from me—I could no longer create—no longer invent. What was I to do?—I had promised Joel the Jew. Just then I heard of this missal, and I thought that perhaps from its pages I might gain an idea upon which to work. For this purpose I stole up to the abbey church as the evening was closing in (for I was ashamed of the poor rags that I wore). From the moment that I saw it I had but one thought, to copy some of its designs, and take them to Joel, who would then advance me money, and I should be able to prolong my mother's life. This I tried to do in the church, but could not. I felt that I must have the volume at home with me—I took it—I had not then seen the last page; but when I looked upon it and saw the dread words which showed me the crime of which I had been guilty, I could no longer endure the sight of it. It all but maddened me! With the earliest light of dawn I sought the Jew, and entreated of him to buy the book; he refused to do so then, but told me to come on the following day, and he would see what he could do. I did so. Then he told me how he had seen you; how he had shown you the book, and as those words came from his lips I felt as if I should have sunk down, down to the very earth, in my agony of terror and shame. But when I found that instead of betraying, you shielded with silent pity and forgiveness a guilty, unhappy man from the consequences of his crime, then a new light seemed to break in upon me, the clouds seemed to pass from my poor darkened mind—the pulses of my cold heart to throb once more with life and hope and strength, and courage, seemed all at once to be given me to come here, and humble myself before you, and to tell you all!"

"My son, I myself now give you this book."

"Oh, Father Prior, I entreat of you to take it back, or I shall think you have not forgiven me."

"My son," said the monk, "I was alone in the choir, kneeling in my stall just opposite the reading-desk, on which this volume was placed. I saw all. Your fear—your hesitation—your fault. Something deep down in my heart seemed to tell me that you would come back to me, and I prayed long and earnestly that night to her who is the refuge of sinners, the comfortress of the afflicted, that she might obtain your pardon from her Divine Son."

"Oh, Father!" sobbed Otto, as he pressed his lips to the old monk's hand, "tell me what I must do to atone for my fault? Ah, were I alone in the world, I would ask you to let me enter here to spend the rest of my life in penance and prayer."

"My son, your mother still claims you: go to her. And now I will tell you what you must do, but remember that I shall require absolute submission from you, for the first duty of him who aspires to the religious life is entire obedience. You will take this book, and commence a copy of it. Your only punishment, to have it continually before you, and as you transcribe it letter by letter, line by line, may its sweet words of peace and hope, and the promises of Him who died upon an ignominious Cross to save you, sink into your heart and heal the wounds of your soul. During the time that you are thus occupied your mother will receive a gold crown every month from our community for her maintenance. When the work is finished bring it to me. Go, my son, and may the peace of God be with you. We shall meet again."

Three years had passed away when Otto stood once more in the presence of Prior Gelasius.

"Father, I am alone in the world now," the young man said, as he laid the missal before the monk. The old man gently led him within the abbey church.

"Otto," he said, "you have passed through the

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ordeal to which I subjected you with an unshaken courage, an unwearied patience. Your mother is, I trust, with God's saints. Replace now with your own hands the Book of the Gospels upon the lectern, and thank with humble, grateful heart the Divine Pastor of souls, whose loving, ceaseless care has led you back within the fold."

The following day Prior Gelasius in presence of the assembled community addressing Fra Angelo said: "My son, you will place near yourself in the hall of the copyists Otto the illuminator, who, from this day forward is numbered among the brethren of the Monastery of St. Willibert."

The Philosophy of the Rosary.

BY THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

In the recently published "Memoirs of Lady Georgiana Chatterton" there occurs a letter of the Bishop of Birmingham, written to that lady shortly after her conversion to the Catholic faith, in explanation of the Rosary, so often a puzzle to those who are as yet new to the devotional practices of the Church.

The Bishop begins by explaining that while the practice of counting prayers, by saying them on beads, is older than Christianity, and was in use among the Fathers of the Desert, yet St. Dominic gave it a new form in the Rosary, not only by arranging the *Hail Marys* in tens, each set of ten being preceded by the *Our Father*, but also by combining with these vocal prayers meditations on three series of mysteries of our Lord's Infancy, Passion and Glory, one mystery being thought upon during each set of ten *Hail Marys*. His lordship then continues:

"The body of the Rosary is the vocal *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys;* its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads, as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness, and so leave the attention more free. Thus the weakness of a nervous, or restless mind is provided against. Many people can only think freely on a point when in action—walking, for example: their nerves and senses must have employment to fill the mind for concentration. The famous preacher who could only find his ideas flow when twisting a thread on his fingers, is a case in point—his thread snapped and his thinking stopped. The fingering of the beads and the vocal prayers do this function, disposing and freeing the mind for meditation. Human nature is very complex; and its complexity of activity, which is in the Rosary provided for, is the source of those distractions that arise when we kneel inactive in body, and repeat customary vocal prayers. A little activity of the hands, and a fixed object for reflection to animate our vocal prayers, cures much of this distraction. A lady can think over her needle, who cannot think so well sitting still, with unemployed hands.

"The Rosary was the book of the unlettered before the ages of printing, which familiarized their hearts with the chief mysteries of the Gospel; it is excellent for two classes,—those who like it, and those who don't like it. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual, in all classes, by its use, who without it could never have become so. As to those who don't like it because they think it childish, I once gave a Rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments, and extraordinary shrewdness —a convert. I said, 'Say that for three months, and ask me no reason for it: after that you will give me, yourself, a good reason.' He did so, and at the end of it he said, 'I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride, to make me simple-hearted and childlike, and to get me into the habit of spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off.'

"Some people don't like to take the medicine that would heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense, which cures an amazing deal of nonsense. Call it spiritual homœopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it. Many a fiery spirit has been made patient by it. Many a weak spirit has been made strong by it. Many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. 'The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong.'

"As to the relative number of *Hail Marys*, I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the interrogation of his Protestant fare—that 'One *Our Father* is worth ten *Hail Marys* any day.' There is a deeper solution. You will remember in 'Ivanhoe' what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero, on his bed of pain, sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the *Hail Marys*. Through the pure and the tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts, and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; whilst we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and the Queen, by His Heavenly Throne. Wonderful is the Rosary! I give you its beautiful philosophy, for so St. John Chrysostom calls Christian wisdom."

HANNAH MORE says that there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, and that is that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death bed.

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Out of the House of Bondage.

ELOQUENT ADDRESS OF RIGHT REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D., BISHOP OF PEORIA, IN FAVOR OF IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.

DELIVERED AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y., JUNE, 4.

From the Catholic Review.

LADIES AND GENTEMEN: When God Almighty led His people out of the slavery of Egypt into the land of promise, He divided their land amongst them, and so ordained that it never could be wholly alienated. After fifty years, large quantities of the land having accumulated in the hands of the rich, it was again divided, and went back to the original owners. This is God's plan. This is a God-like plan. The salvation of the people is in the soil—out of it comes the bread we eat, up from it bubbles the water we drink, over it hang the heavens to which we look up and which fill us with thoughts of infinity and of God who dwells in eternity. In this modern world, and in God's Catholic and immortal Church, the true chosen people, the people of Providence, is the Irish people. You ask me why I, who am not an Irishman, stand here as the representative of an Irish organization? I have but one answer to give you. It is because I am a Catholic, and as a Catholic I feel that I can do nothing whatsoever for my faith and for the God who gave it to me, better than by seeking to serve that people

WHO HAVE SUFFERED MORE FOR IT,

and been more loyal to it, than any other people on the broad earth. In the history of the human race, everywhere, there is planted some deep and hidden instinct to possess the soil. When nobles, when aristocracies, even when ecclesiastical bodies have succeeded in getting control of nearly all the land, then the people are reduced to slavery. Though reduced to ignorance, still, with hidden force and that deep intelligence which can never be taken away, they begin to agitate, to feel ill at ease, until at last by some mighty revolution all things are shaken, and they again enter into their possession. Three years ago I went to Ireland, and to prepare myself to tread its sacred soil I first went in pilgrimage to Iona, that sacred little island where St. Columbkill gathered about him a few Irish monks to spread Christianity throughout the British islands. When I came home, I came absolutely persuaded in my inmost soul that the Irish question can never be settled until the Irish people at home

ARE AGAIN ALLOWED TO POSSESS THEIR LAND.

Ireland will never rest content until the present state of things is changed. Ought we not to apply the same principles to this second home of the Irish race that God has given to them, because I believe He has given it to His Catholic Church, and they bear the banner foremost in the army that leads it on triumphant through the earth. Are they coming to this land to remain forever in the manufacturing towns of New England, in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, in the populous wards of New York, Boston and Philadelphia? Are they to remain forever building up capital to place it in the hands of millionaires? I do not believe it. Therefore I accepted this call to preach to the sons of men who loved the soil as no other people have loved it.

ON THE BROAD PRAIRIES OF THE WEST

there is a soil more fertile than that of Ireland, a clime as healthful as God has ever made, and land within the reach of every man. The children of those who go there will grow up with that traditionary veneration for father and mother which is the most beautiful and finest attribute of the Irish people. The influence of the home instils purity, which is the first virtue of the family, and in purity, in chastity the Irish excel all other people. (Applause). In the West every man can have a home, which gives him independence, confidence and courage. I myself am a farmer's son, and I believe that the hope of America rests upon her rural population, where the Faith is preserved, and where traditions of purity, honesty, liberty and industry become a very part of the social life. To the Catholic Church is given a great work in behalf of this American civilization, and that work is to be exercised through the rural population. In the cities there are far greater temptations to vice, to crime—the young more easily fall away into those

PATHS WHICH LEAD TO PERDITION AND TO HELL.

In the cities the mortality is greater, the death rate larger, above all among children; therefore, our people, who are a fruitful people, are so in vain, because the frightful mortality of the tenement houses takes from us those boys and girls who are intended by God to rear numerous families and propagate the Church. A man can have but little hope, in cities, of having his own home and independence. His energy is not stimulated, and he becomes less industrious. I remember a few years ago a well-known journalist of this city gave $30,000 to erect soup-houses for the poor out of employment. It was a charitable thing, but, my God! how I felt for those men with their strong arms to have to come to the soup-kitchen and take the soup of charity! They never become the same men again, or rise to that self-respect or manhood of which they have been thus deprived. Is it not a sad thought that a sudden crisis may throw thirty, forty, fifty thousand of those strong men out of employment and force them to become mere recipients of the

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charity of the well-disposed. That was the curse of pagan civilization, and that is what stimulates the spirit of Communism and Socialism. Now, my dear brethren,

THE IRISH PEOPLE ARE THE LAST TO BECOME COMMUNISTS

or socialists, atheists, or enemies of law and order, but they are tempted in these centres as they cannot be tempted elsewhere. We say to them before the land is all taken up: "Go out from wickedness and sin and beggary. Go out into the plains that God has created. Take to yourselves the land that lies there almost for the taking—land which is fast disappearing." You cannot realize how the West is being filled up. Do not think for a moment I am speaking for my own interest. Not one emigrant from the East will ever come into my diocese; on the contrary, many will go from me to the new colonies, and

THEY WILL GO WITH MY BENEDICTION,—

lost to me, but found to God, to themselves and to a better future. [Applause.] Into Kansas last year went 150,000 people; into Nebraska nearly the same number. Minnesota is filling up most rapidly. West of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota there is no good land. You come to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, you have 1,700 miles of desert before you till, coming down from Sierra Nevada, you enter the vast plain of California. There is the Chinaman, an enemy to us. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, he is there. We must take these lands quickly, or they will be gone. If it was not possible for us to get land at two or three dollars an acre, we would not have come here on behalf of this colonization scheme. We would not attempt to colonize men on land that sells at eight or ten dollars, and in a few years there will be no good land that will sell at less than eight or ten dollars an acre. In the South there is good land and cheap land, but there is the negro. He remains there to be a drawback upon all poor white labor, and there are thousands of obstacles to successful colonization in the South. Then these lands have been long cultivated; the climate is not so suitable to us; the Southern race is less energetic. We are asking you

TO GO TO THE VERY BEST LANDS,

the most healthful and invigorating climate, with the prospect of entering into a state which will no longer be possible in a few years. With regard to this matter, we are talking about Irish colonization, we are interested in this land, but do not for a moment imagine that the real colonization question is an exclusively Irish one. The New Englanders have to a vast extent colonized the West. The very best lands in central Illinois, where I live—and I believe they are the best on the earth—were settled by men of Puritan origin, shrewd, wise men, who went out years ago and who now live in luxury and refinement, which are equal in every respect, I think, to that of the East. The Norwegians coming here do not stop in the East, but go directly to the West.

THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES

have bought up whole counties in Nebraska beforehand two or three years, and send out people by thousands each year. So the Germans, as you know, are proverbial for seeking lands in the West. Thousands of emigrants are now going into Kansas and Nebraska, a very large proportion of which are exclusively American. From Ohio, Pennsylvania, New England, shrewd, eager, industrious Americans are taking up these lands. They say that

NEW ENGLAND IS BECOMING NEW IRELAND.

I do not congratulate the Irish nor the Catholic Church. I know what New England has done for this country, and I appreciate it. But where a Yankee has worked upon the soil for two hundred years, you know it must be a good deal worn out. Now these men are going West, taking up good lands, and our Irish Catholics are buying these worn-out farms in New England. The Western climate is not so deleterious. Those East winds around Boston are frightful. Even the manufacturers are going South and West. I heard a very intelligent Bostonian say that it was a settled fact that New England was no longer to be the great manufacturing centre of this country. We have coal in the West cheaper; we have water-power and every other facility.

WE SEND WHEAT DIRECTLY TO EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA;

beeves from Illinois go to Liverpool and over the whole earth. We are on the seaboard almost as well as you. There are so many railroads, and freight is so low, that we have a market at our doors to meet us everywhere. I speak partly because I lived in New York and have been in New England, and I see how people are allowing opportunities to escape for establishing themselves permanently and perpetuating their faith and the traditions that are so dear to them. Much is being lost by their having been almost aggregated together in great cities. You have established the Catholic Church in the great cities so that never more can it die out. In all the great cities of the land the Catholic Church is the Church. In America to-day the Catholic Church is a great religious fact.

WE OWE THIS ESPECIALLY TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

(Great applause). But if that influence is to be perpetuated, it must be through the people of the country. Look you! How did the Catholic Church begin in the United States? It began with a little colony down in Maryland. My ancestors landed there in that little colony. The

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Faith seems rooted in the soil. The Archbishop of Baltimore said that there were still ten thousand Catholics in that little old county of St. Mary's where they first landed. Thence they passed into Virginia and Ohio and Kentucky. My grandfather led a Catholic colony into Kentucky in 1798. We have three or four counties there nearly altogether Catholic. It is almost unknown that any one of those families have apostatized; on the contrary, they have intermarried and brought many others within the fold. So it is with these colonies. They are going into the land

TO BUILD UP ENERGY, TO CREATE TRADITIONS, TO PERPETUATE THEMSELVES.

I tell you, in my own mind, the greatest weakness in our whole civilization is that we have no family tradition. A family no sooner arises to position and wealth than it sinks back again. One of the greatest strengths of England is undoubtedly in her old families. This is not possible in our country, because a family cannot entail property. It is well that it cannot, for there is a danger in those powerful and aristocratic families. Now, on the land, where a man goes and becomes prosperous and successful, he gets a kind of pride that belongs to no other man. Out of these farmers' sons come the great generals that lead our men to victory, come our great statesmen, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay. Abraham Lincoln split rails. And I have seen it stated again and again that the leading men in politics, in the professions, in the mercantile business in all your great cities are nearly all farmers' boys who came from country towns and went far beyond you city gentlemen who are so much wiser than we. I must not detain you here. Bishop Ireland has explained our project. It comes from a desire to do good to the Irish people, yet it is purely a business project. It is as safe an investment of money as I can conceive of. Of course money is a slippery thing, and we cannot tell how an investment will turn out—absolutely tell. Now it seems to me that the idea of saying the Catholic Bishop ought not to assist is to me most childish and ridiculous. Did not Catholic Bishops and priests and monks

FIRST COLONIZE EUROPE?

Who stopped those savage warriors, those barbarous hordes, that lived by rapine and blood? Who suddenly, as by some voice from heaven, arrested them and put spades and plows into their hands and colonized them around monasteries and created Christendom? Bishops, priests and monks led the way. Why, gentlemen, if occasionally a Bishop makes a financial mistake, great heavens! don't bankers make them? lawyers make them? merchants make them? Don't whole towns and cities go bankrupt? Is there not a flood of bankruptcy sweeping over the whole country, and do you expect a miracle to come to pass that no Catholic institution should go down when the whole is in trouble? It is one of those popular prejudices which never can take a fair view where the Catholic Church is concerned. There has been millions and millions of money passing through the hands of Bishops and priests in the United States during the last fifty years. Is it true that the Catholic Church is decaying? At the last census it was second of all the denominations; in the next it will be first. I tell you, gentlemen, that money-lenders in the West tell me that they lend me and my priests money when they won't lend any Protestant preacher in Illinois money. Now we are putting this thing before you

AS A BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

It is a common American enterprise that we are engaged in. It is a common thing for gentlemen to come together, raise capital stock, and buy a vast tract of land and let it lie there. They know that by the simple increase of population and the gradual coming of emigration that land will so rise in value that in eight or ten years they can sell it out for double and more. We are going to do that. We will take a tract of land. The railroads are eager to please us Bishops. They give us passes and we ride free. We will buy from them 50,000 acres, 100,000 acres, and there is not a man in America, from the President down, who can buy them while we have them. You may have them at two or three dollars an acre. We take the land and begin to invite our people to come on—not tramps or drunkards or dissolute people, but men who are in earnest, men who will build up families, uphold the cause of American liberty and the Catholic Church. We say "Come." We put there two or three hundred families. There is Bishop Ireland, who in three years has settled 150,000 acres of the best land in the country with Irish Catholics. I believe

THAT IS THE GREATEST WORK OF ANY AMERICAN BISHOP,

inaugurated when none of us realized its importance. I believe that in fifty years men will see that that simple man on the Western prairies started a movement which had far more significance than all the wordy controversies. It is the greatest of works. I know it is, for it is one vitally connected with the future of the Irish people and the Catholic Church in this country. By the very fact that we bring these people there the land will improve. We will reserve 160 acres and lay out 160 in alternate farms. Now, as soon as we get people on the farms, the intermediate ones will double. We will make town sites on our reserved lands, and have a priest there who understands farming and temperance and all good influences, so that if one of our men gets discouraged and troubled and goes to the priest, he will come back with him to his farm. I have

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thirty or forty congregations of Irish Catholic farmers in my diocese. They are in Central Illinois on the very best lands. They dug the Illinois Canal and built the Illinois Central Railroad. A vast number of men went further forth to follow our public works and perished. These few, however, settled on the lands. I have been told by Protestants, Americans, Germans and others, that there are no more thrifty and prosperous farmers in Illinois

THAN ARE THE IRISH CATHOLIC FARMERS.

They have such pleasant homes. On Sundays around the churches you see a hundred teams and carriages and buggies, and wagons,—all the people going in with the simple faith and primitive ways of old Ireland itself. There is nothing but goodness, peace, and prosperity—those traditional virtues that make the Irish people so fresh, so immortal in spite of their great antiquity. There was an Irishman here in New York, forty years ago, who had a family of boys and a little money, about $1,000, who went out to Illinois. It took him forty days to get within ten miles of where I live, in Peoria. Now his place is the main settlement near there; there are five or six thousand buildings on the land. He died the other day—ninety years old—and now his children and relations by marriage

OWN THAT WHOLE COUNTY.

They have built a church and supported a priest and are amongst the most prosperous citizens of that county, honored by all. I tell you what, I say that every man who takes a thousand dollars of this capital stock of ours, founds a church, supports a priest, organizes a congregation. Bring me to task for that assertion in eight or ten years if our project goes on and we get $100,000 subscribed. I tell you what Mr. John Kelly said the other night in our meeting. (Applause.) This sum of $100,000 is very small indeed. It is almost pitiful when we think that we are appealing to the Irish Catholics of the United States. I say, gentlemen, there ought to be enough men to come at once and say: "Here, you Bishops and laymen of the West, come and take this money. Even if it is lost you are doing for God a noble work. We do not care." We two men ought to go back among our Irish farmers, confirming their children, preaching God's word to them. We ought not to be going through Eastern cities proclaiming the necessity of this thing. Irish Catholics have an admirable carelessness for money, an absolute freedom from money. They ought to stand up and say, "Here, gentlemen, here are your $100,000."

COULD we rightly and duly reflect on the misfortunes of other men, we should be much more thankful than we are for the many undeserved blessings which we daily enjoy.

A Visit to Marpingen.

One of our readers, a gentleman who is well known to us, paid a visit to Marpingen last month, and has been good enough to favor us with the following notes. The shrine has been rather unfortunate on account of the difficulties thrown in the way of pilgrims by the rude policy of the German authorities, but it nevertheless attracts many Catholics. Our correspondent writes: In the *Catholic Times* of August 16th, and September 13th and 20th there appeared a very interesting account of a "Visit to Marpingen."* Having just returned from the same place, I can testify to the fidelity of the description, both of the village and its inhabitants, but as it would be useful to intending tourists to know the best way to get there, and the cheapest cost, I made inquiries as I went along.

I should say, take an excursion return ticket to Paris, £2 2s.; Paris to Metz (3rd class 21s.), £2 2s.; Metz to St. Wendel (3rd class 6s.), 12s.; carriage 6 miles to Marpingen, for a party of 4 or 5, 7s. or 8s.—16s.: from Liverpool to Marpingen and back, £5 12s. St. Wendel is a station on the railway between Metz and Bingen on the Rhine.

Each of the French third class carriages has one compartment which may be reserved for ladies only; but as they do not suit the social character of the French people, I have generally noticed that very few use them; hence a party might get a private compartment for a 3d class fare—2d class fare would cost about £1 more, and 1st class about £2 more, between Paris and Marpingen. Of course hotel charges would have to be added. The journey (giving a day at Marpingen) would take 3 or 4 days from Paris.

The course I took was—London, Queensboro, Flushing, Roosendaal, Antwerp, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, Aix, Cologne, Bonn, the Rhine, Bingen, St. Wendel, Marpingen; returning by Metz, Verdun, Châlons, Paris, Evreux, Caen, Bayeux, Cherbourg, Weymouth to Liverpool; which I did in a little over a fortnight, and it cost me only a few pounds more than by the route named above. Now a word about Marpingen. I stopped at the Wirtz Hotel—which I can strongly recommend for attention, cleanliness and moderate charges (Miss Wirtz speaks French very well). It is five minutes' walk from the church, on the main road. Mass is celebrated every morning at six, at which nearly the whole village, young and old, assist, generally dressed in their holiday attire. I was much edified by the devout bearing of the entire inhabitants, many of whom passed the hotel at five in the morning, and I saw many returning from church after eight o'clock. I should say nearly 1,000 heard Mass out of a scattered population of about 1,500, and 150 received Holy Communion; and this was an ordinary week day.

It was my intention to go into the forest and get some of the water, but when I was near enough to see the place where the apparition was seen I found the soldiers on the watch, and as I was told by my guide that a gentleman had been taken care of for three months for being caught in the forest, I walked back to the village, and shortly afterwards one of the soldiers passed me looking very suspiciously at me, and another on the following morning I saw passing the Hotel. There are four of them engaged in this work, relieving each other night and day. But although the forest is so well guarded, many of the villagers have the water in their houses, a little of which they willingly give; but although they appear very poor, under no circum-

* It was reprinted in the AVE MARIA of subsequent dates.

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stances will they accept the smallest gratuity. This, I imagine, is by direction of their good priest, who, I understand, has been imprisoned six times in the endeavor of the Government to convict him and others on a charge of getting money by false pretences—having declared the manifestation to be a "swindle."

I forgot to say that the church was half filled with children, who had their books with them, and assemble in school at seven o'clock, half a mile distant. When I remarked that all appeared to read, and had large prayer books, I was answered that there was a school in the village, and it seemed to be a matter of course that all must attend, which I found to be the fact.

In a word, I never before saw faces, one and all, that bore the evidence of so much goodness, happiness and contentment. I noticed in various parts of the village about a dozen stone crosses, each about 8 feet high. On asking if they recorded anything particular, I was told they were erected by the piety of the people. Tourists must not omit to see the Marienborn, a holy well, and the Mariensacula, a pillar adjoining, in a field close to the church. Miracles are recorded as having been performed there, and here the villagers assemble in the evening to recite the Rosary, etc.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Catholic Notes.

——Cardinal McCloskey confirmed 500 childen in St. Stephen's Church, New York, on the 6th inst.

——Rt. Rev. Dr. MacMahon, the newly appointed Bishop of Hartford, will be consecrated on the 10th of August.

——Rev. Father A. J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, will soon publish a collection of poems. He is at present engaged upon their revision.

——Very Rev. Father Gleason, V. G. of the diocese of Buffalo, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on the 16th inst.

——Right Rev. Bishop Moran, of Ossory, nephew of the late Cardinal Cullen, is, it is said, about to come to America as Papal Ablegate.—*Morning Star.*

——The German Sisters of Notre Dame lament the death at Munich of Mother Theresa of Jesus, founder and first General Superior of the Congregation, and also the demise of Father Mathias Seigert, who assisted in founding the Order. *R. I. P.—Catholic Citizen.*

——Rev. Father Hugh Gallagher, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San Francisco, Cal., has given $60,000 to the Grammar schools attached to the parish of which he is the founder. The gift comprises part of the Rancho de San Pablo, containing 17,938 acres.

——Mass was said for the first time on Long Island, in Boston Harbor, a few Sundays ago, by Rev. Father Hughes, Miss. Ap., pastor of the Portuguese church in Boston. The Mass was for the benefit of a little colony of Portuguese fishermen who live on the island.

——Johann von Schrandolph, a painter of great celebrity, died lately at Munich, the Art Academy of which city he was for many years a member of. His death is a great loss to Christian art. His last illness was of short duration, but he had the happiness of receiving the Sacraments of the Church. *R. I. P.*

——"Leo XIII has performed the works of the Jubilee, like any other Catholic," so we read in one of the Italian papers. One of these duties was to visit the tomb of the Apostles and pray there. This the Holy Father did at midnight, when St. Peter's was closed to the outer world.—*Catholic Times.*

——St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass., has been undergoing a thorough renovation. The appearance of the interior has been entirely changed. Beautiful frescoes embellish the walls, and the old windows have been replaced with new ones of stained glass.

——The first parish church ever consecrated in the Archdiocese of Boston is that of the Immaculate Conception, at Newburyport, Mass., which was solemnly consecrated by His Grace Archbishop Williams on the 24th of June. A large number of priests were present on the occasion.

——A new church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and situated in a suburb of Hong-Kong called West Point, was solemnly consecrated by Mgr. Raimondi, Vicar-Apostolic, on the 22d of March. Two new churches have also been opened for divine service recently in Japan—one at Osaka, the other at Tokio. At the last named city the military band was authorized by the Japanese Secretary of War to attend the dedication service.

——The Marquette Monument Association have made arrangements to hold a public meeting at Mackinaw, Mich., on the 8th and 9th prox., in furtherance of the project for which the Association was organized, viz., the erection of a suitable monument over the grave of Père Marquette, discovered some time ago by Very Rev. Father Jacker. The memory of the discoverer of the Mississippi, his services and sacrifices, so worthy of perpetuation, we are glad to see that some are not indifferent to.

——Conversion of a Minister.—Rev. John S. Siebold, formerly Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Newark, was received into the Catholic Church last Sunday morning in St. Joseph's Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan. Mr. Siebold is a native of Buffalo; the house now occupied by the Christian Brothers was formerly the Siebold family mansion. We congratulate Mr. Siebold that he has had the courage to act up to his convictions and make all the sacrifices which this change will inevitably entail.—*Catholic Union.*

——The Old-Catholics.—"The past year," remarks one of our secular exchanges, "has been an unfortunate one for the Old-Catholics. They have lost one of their leading men—Prof. Huber—who was Dr. Döllinger's assistant in writing the famous 'Janus Letters,' and Profs. Reusch, Langel, and Menzel, of Bonn, have deserted Bishop Reinkens. The two theological students who were retained all winter have returned to the Church of Rome at the very moment when it was hoped to put them at work." The Old-Catholics will soon pass into history as innumerable other petty sects have done, for they are fast losing anything like an actual existence.

——A Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre.—A grand pilgrimage, numbering between 400 and 500 French Canadians and Americans, left Providence, R. I., on the 1st inst. for the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, which is situated in a little village near Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. At the close of the service at the shrine, which lasted about eight hours, the pilgrims returned to Quebec, where they dispersed. This is the first pilgrimage from the United States to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, although it has been visited by pilgrims in Canada for many years. It was organized by the Rev. Léon Bouland, of the diocese of Providence. An invitation had been extended to all French Canadians in New England, but the majority of the pilgrims were from Rhode Island.

——The Belgian Pilgrimage to Lourdes, lately, was a great success. Some very wonderful cures of

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long-standing infirmities are recorded. A. M. Degreef, of Malines, paralyzed from the age of two years, after praying fervently at the Grotto, suddenly rose up, completely cured. The excitement of the pilgrims was intense. A Mlle. Broze, of Moustier, a paralyzed person, prayed that, if it were the will of God, she might be cured, or that death might release her from her sufferings. Having communicated on the Sunday, while she was praying at the Grotto in the course of the day, suddenly she extended her arms, which she had not been able to do for many years, and then expired. The Liége committee are organizing a pilgrimage to Lourdes, Paray-le-Monial, Issoudun, etc., for September next.

——The St. Cecilia Society.—The annual Convention of the St. Cecilia Association for the promotion of Catholic Church Music opened at Milwaukee on the 30th of June. Forty delegates, members of the choir of St. Joseph's Church, Detroit, Mich.; of the Cathedral choir, of Chicago; of St. George's choir, Kenosha, Wis.; and ninety singers from the institutes of St. Francis were present. A grand concert was given in St. John's Cathedral in the evening. The programme embraced choice pieces of sacred music, after which Bishop Krautbauer, of Green Bay, in the name of Archbishop Henni, delivered an address. The Convention lasted three days. It was the sixth annual meeting of the Society, which is now very flourishing in the United States. The Cecilia Society has received the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey and of a large number of Archbishops and Bishops.

——Archbishop McHale.—The presence of the venerable Archbishop McHale in Dublin on the 24th ult., to perform the ceremony of unveiling a statue to Sir John Gray, was the occasion of great rejoicing among his numerous friends and admirers in that city. His appearance was hailed with a great outburst of enthusiasm, which was renewed again and again. His Grace continues in excellent health, and appears strong and cheerful under his weight of eighty-nine years. "It has been the fate," says the *Catholic Times*, "of the Prelate of the West to survive almost all his contemporaries, and to murmur a *requiescat* over one after another of the vanishing comrades of nearly half a century of public battling for justice. No other man of the century has been so universally loved by his countrymen in every land, and their joy at the length of years permitted him will be intensified at learning that there is every human prospect that his span of life is still far from being run."

——An Extraordinary Event.—This year for the first time, a Catholic priest, Rev. Father Bodfish, Rector of the Cathedral, officiated at the celebration of the 4th of July in Boston. Such an event would have caused a riot in that worthy city a quarter of a century ago. It indicates that an extraordinary change is coming over the spirit of the Bostonians. Just think of it: *public devotional exercises conducted by a Catholic priest* in what used to be, and in what is still considered, one of the most bigoted cities in the United States—a city in whose precincts may be seen the ruins of a desecrated convent burned by a midnight rabble hardly forty years ago! Surely our grandfathers must have turned over in their graves at such a happening. And then for the *Advertiser*, so prudent and so staid, to say right out that the 4th of July exercises this year in Boston were "very interesting." Wonders never cease. Only a short time ago the Portuguese Catholics, it will be remembered, visited the different churches in procession, with cross and banners, when performing the devotion of the Jubilee in the same city. We forgot to say that Father Bodfish's prayer, which is making the rounds of the secular press, reads very nicely. *Pauvre Boston!*

——Prince Napoleon.—The fact that previous to his sad death in Zululand, the young Prince had attended to his religious duties, and the remembrance that his life was a blameless one, must be a great consolation to his sorrow-stricken mother, the Empress Eugenie. The motive of his journey in the campaign was not, we have seen it stated, military or political ambition, but a desire to be engaged in something, lest idleness should lead him into a life of dissipation. He was devoted to the Blessed Virgin. A scapular was found on his person after his death. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Goddard, the Empress's domestic chaplain and the friend and faithful counsellor of the prince, has permitted the following note of his Imperial Highness, written in answer to one of his own reminding him of the dangers to which he would be exposed in going to the seat of war in Zululand, as also of the performance of his Easter duties, to be made public. It certainly speaks volumes in favor of the unfortunate prince.

"I thank you, Monsieur le Curé, for the letter you have been kind enough to write to me. It proves once again the love you bear me; but I am anxious that you should not believe that the hurry of my departure or the care of its details should make me forget my duties as a Christian. I will present myself to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock to receive for the last time the Holy Communion in the Church of Chislehurst, where I desire to be placed when I die."

May his soul rest in peace!

——Two Standards.—"The traditional boast of Protestantism," said Bishop Spalding in his sermon at the St. Louis University, "is not that it makes men more humble, more chaste, more self-denying, but that it makes them richer, more comfortable, more worldly wise. It rejected poverty, chastity and obedience as elements of the Christian ideal, and so led on to the modern precept which proclaimed the wisdom of making the most of life. The antagonism between these two world views, which I may designate as naturalism and supernaturalism, is absolute, and the intellectual conflict that thence arises is the most intense and far-reaching which has ever engaged the thoughts of man. The powers of darkness, and the prince of this world, and the pride of intellect and the passion of the human heart have all made alliance for a supreme assault upon God and His Christ. Protestantism is but a way station on the road from supernaturalism to naturalism. It is untenable as a fortress of war, and the strong and earnest souls in the sects must fall back or go forward. As on the final day the countless multitudes of human beings who have lived on earth shall be divided into two camps, so now there are to be but two armies, and the banner of Christ must be held in the hands of that heavenly Queen, who receiving it all stained with blood as she knelt at the foot of the cross on Calvary, bore it through the death-struggle with imperial Rome, carried it aloft as a beacon of life and hope through the darkness and barbarism of long centuries, and who now, after 2,000 years, still bears it on, calling upon all who believe in God and the soul and the better life that is to be, to rally beneath the battle standard of God's Son. Never has there been an age in which the soldier of Christ needed a stouter heart."

——The New Cathedral of Cashel.—The consecration with imposing ceremonies of the grand Cathedral at Thurles adds another glory to the Church in Ireland, and will stand forever a monument of Irish faith and zeal. Almost £100,000 and thirteen years have been spent in rearing it. It is described as a

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gem of architecture worthy of comparison with the most renowned cathedrals of Europe. From an elaborate description of the edifice given in the Dublin *Freeman* of last week, which we much regret not being able to reproduce entire, we clip the following: "In the centre of the inner sanctuary, under a lofty and glittering roof, in the misty light of the painted windows, against the background of massive marble pillars, rises the high altar, its tabernacle, antependium, and candle-benches bedecked all over with the rarest foreign marbles and many-colored inlays of Egyptian alabaster, porphyry and agate. Eighteen hundred years ago these precious stones were gleaming in Egyptian mines. They were hewn as presents for the Emperor Nero, those marbles and alabasters that are now bejewelling an Irish altar. Pope Pius IX took them from the storehouses of the Vatican to send them to Thurles. Then there are the lateral altars of the Blessed Virgin and of the Sacred Heart in the transepts, with their colossal images of Parian statuary under baldacchinos of white Sicilian fretwork. Every spandril and wall space up to the azure vault of the roof is suffused with rosy colors, melting now into faintest green or purple tints, and anon bursting into shining gold—all harmonized with such perfection as to seem only the varying *nuances* of one beautiful color, and all bathed in a chaste 'light that never was on land or sea,' like some mystic effusion from on high. It is impossible to exaggerate the impression of beauty, of awe, of majesty, that steals over the senses under the sacred influence of the place." The Holy Father was pleased to send the Apostolic Benediction to Archbishop Croke and all associated with him in the consecration of the Cathedral.

—An Event of Great Interest, to English Catholics particularly, was the opening once more to Divine service by Cardinal Manning on the 23d of June of St. Etheldreda's Church in London, one of the most ancient temples of Catholicism in England. Since the Reformation it has been in strange hands, till finally being thrown into chancery and ordered to be sold by the court, it was purchased by Rev. Father Lockhart on behalf of the Fathers of Charity. The cost of restoration will be nearly £12,000, a great part of which has been subscribed by generous donors. A sermon, spoken of as one of his very best efforts, was delivered at the ceremony of the opening by Cardinal Manning, and in the evening another eloquent sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Ignatius Grant, S. J. Our excellent and valued contemporary the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, speaking of the Cardinal's sermon, says: "When he complained that the scientific men of the day babble like babies when they touch on the Catholic religion, and declared that their definitions defined nothing, and their doctrines had no outline; when he queried whether England with its 'wolds and woodlands, its white cliffs and its dark downs,' would ever return to faith, and, for himself, answered the query hopefully, and when he uttered the fine peroration prophetic of the enlargement of the Church's borders, he held the audience entranced. It was a beautiful sight when his Eminence reared himself erect and lifted his face appealingly to heaven, and I noticed that whenever he grasped his crozier with a more than ordinary sense of possession the gesture intimated that he had got a particular grasp of some phase of his subject, and hence of the attention of his hearers. There was a peculiar fitness," the editor goes on to say, in the choice of Father Grant for the evening sermon, for he has been the almost life-long friend of Father Lockhart, and it was, under God, through his instrumentality that the great Father of Charity was 'added to the Church.' At Oxford together, they were inseparable friends; and somehow or other there came into the embryo Jesuit's possession a catechism, a 'Garden of the Soul,' and Milner's 'End of Controversy.' These of course were dangerous books for the ingenuous Protestant mind, and, according to the story, Father Lockhart, afraid of his friend, took possession of them, and locked them in his desk. In course of time, however, he too read them, and in Milner's 'End of Controversy' was the end of him—so far as Protestantism is concerned. The result is well known, and could not fail to be recalled by those who saw in the restored sanctuary on Monday night the two who had been friends for more than forty years."

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

"Virgin most faithful, pray for us!"

Report for the Week Ending July 9th.

The following petitions have been presented: Recovery of health for 74 persons,—change of life for 45 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 48 persons and 9 families,—grace of perseverance for 9, and that of a happy death for 8 persons,—special graces for 9 priests, 4 religious, 2 clerical students, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 28 persons and 4 families,—spiritual favors for 20 persons and 5 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 7 communities, 6 congregations, 4 schools, 1 hospital. Also 18 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Recovery of health for several priests and religious,—several persons in great trouble,—two persons about to be baptized,—several insane persons,—a lady who left the Church and is now very ill,—knowledge for vocations in life for two persons, and others recommended on previous occasions,—removal of a great annoyance to the penitents of a community of the Good Shepherd,—the favorable decision of several lawsuits,—payment of just claims,—success in business,—the grace of obedience and to lead a good life for several little children.

Favors Obtained.

A good lady writes to us: "A man was very ill; the two or three doctors who attended him could not stop the frequent vomitings he was troubled with, but the water of Lourdes relieved him at once. There was also in the same neighborhood a child suffering from softness of the brain, and given up by the doctors; his mother applied the miraculous water of Lourdes, and he is well now." . . . Another client of the Blessed Virgin says: "I must tell you of the wonderful blessing the Mother of God has bestowed on me, the most unworthy of her children. I have been cured of a disease of long standing by the water of Lourdes. I had been indeed for thirteen months almost a perfect cripple, so that in spite of my scanty means I was obliged to keep hired hands. Having received the water of Lourdes from your reverence, my brother and myself began a novena to our Blessed Lady, and she proved herself indeed a mother to me, for after the nine days of devotion were over I was perfectly well, and entirely cured, so that my neighbors considered my recovery a real miracle. Since then I have done my housework for ten persons alone, and stood more toil and hardship than I was able to do when a young girl in perfect health."

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A grateful wife attributes the conversion of her husband to the prayers of the Confraternity, which she had solicited in his behalf. *Laus Deo et B. M. V.*

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members of the Confraternity are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Miss CATHERINE CREIGHLOW, of Lancaster, O., who departed this life on the 3d of May. Mr. JOHN RYAN, whose death occurred in New York some months ago. Miss ELLA JAMES, who breathed her last at Waterloo, Ill., on the 24th of June. Mr. JOHN BROWN, of Boston, Mass., who met a sudden death last March. Mr. JOSEPH POIRIER, who died at Montreal on the first of February. Mrs. SUSAN SMYTHE, a most estimable lady, the oldest Catholic in the city of Alexandria, Va., whose life, full of years and merits, was crowned by a precious death on the 28th of June. She was a devoted friend of the AVE MARIA and one of its first subscribers. Mr. PETER COYLE, deceased in Ireland on the 14th of March. Mr. ANTHONY MILLER, of Sacramento, Cal. Mr. THOMAS DONNELLY, JOHN TORNEY, MICHAEL MAY, JOSEPH FERRALL, D. J. MAGUIRE, ELIZA BAKER, CATHERINE HAYES, Mrs. D. NAYLE, Mr. JAMES and Mrs. JOHANNA BYRON, all of whom died some time ago. And several others of whom no particular mention can be made.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

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Children's Department.

The Story of a Pair of Gold Spectacles.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

It is a sad thing to say, but it is a true thing, that good children often see a great deal of evil, and are aware that old people are sometimes wicked and easily tempted to commit sin.

There is always a danger to those who are obliged to see wrong things done. The danger is that they should get accustomed to the sight of evil, and so never make that flight from sin which it is the duty of all good Christians to make with all their strength. You cannot begin too soon to fly from sin. Keep that great truth in mind while I tell you this story of a pair of gold spectacles.

You must fancy a pretty village on the side of a hill, and a wide public road running through it. About the middle of the village was the post-office, and the man who kept the post-office sold bread and cake, biscuits and gingerbread, and many other things which were nice to eat. Sometimes beggars travelled up and down this road, and sometimes people gave them bread and tea and sugar from this shop where the post-office was.

Up a lane that branched off from this road there was a pretty white house with a small garden in front, and a large playground at the side, and this was the village Catholic school. Just beyond the school there was a white gate and a lodge. In the lodge lived an old man and woman, whose business it was to keep a pretty garden neat and clean, and to open the gate for visitors who wished to drive up the gravelled road which led straight to the largest house in the village, which belonged to Squire Mason, who lived there with his family. They had friends staying with them very often, particularly at the time of year when the harvest was gathering in, and the country was looking beautiful with the sunshine on the fields and the shade in the wood which covered the hill at the back of Squire Mason's house. At this glorious season many families, whose houses were in great towns, would leave their homes in the close air of crowded streets for this country village, with its hills and woods, its fields and orchards; and the road past the cottage and the post-office would be quite gay with carriages, and people on horseback, and children running up and down, with their hands full of ferns and wild-flowers, which they seemed never tired of gathering from the hedges round about.

It was a gay time for the children of the school, too. When they had a half holiday, the ladies from Squire Mason's would take some of them as guides to the prettiest nooks and corners in the

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hills, and they would all join and carry books and folding seats; baskets for ferns, and trowels and knives to dig them up with; books for drawing in, and books to read; and often little parcels with things to eat in them, of which the children, laughing and hungry, would merrily take their share.

There was one little boy called Bernard Holt, who was not strong enough to enjoy himself as other boys did. He had to be taken care of. And Mrs. Raymond, the governess, was kind, and took all the care of him that his youth and his weakness required.

This little boy had no mother, and his father was a sailor, and he had been three years at sea. Bernard could just remember a great strong man carrying him in his arms, and leaving him under Mrs. Raymond's care; and that was all he could recollect of his father.

Many a quiet afternoon Bernard would sit in a shady corner, and amuse himself by seeing the people pass in the road below. Then, also, he would learn poetry and repeat it in a gentle voice to himself; and sometimes he would think about the day when he would be able to serve Mass, and of the great moment when he should make his First Communion.

Bernard always tried to be good. Mrs. Raymond had taught him to say solemnly every day: *Lord, teach me to love Thee;* and the dear child said it with all his heart, I am sure.

Now, sometimes there came to Mrs. Raymond's door an old woman. She was strong and tall, though she was old also; and she always asked after Bernard. Bernard never felt fond of her, though she used to say that she was the only relative on his mother's side that he had left in the world. Hearing this, he always tried to be respectful to her; but she was not a Catholic, and Bernard told Mrs. Raymond that he would rather not go to walk with old Mrs. Nancy, though she often asked him to do so. Mrs. Raymond did not press Bernard to go with Nancy against his will. She used to say, at first, that he could sit in the garden if he liked it best; but afterwards she changed her mind and said:

"Bernard, I wish you to walk with Nancy, sometimes. These are holidays, and you have plenty of time to please yourself. Can't you find it in your heart to please poor old Nancy too?"

"Would it really please her?" asked Bernard.

"Yes, I think so," said Mrs. Raymond.

So Bernard consented to walk with Nancy.

The first thing Nancy did was to take him to the post-office, and buy a pennyworth of gingerbread. She gave him this gingerbread to eat, and he liked it very much. Then she led him by the hand, and they walked together for some distance along the road.

Bernard was an interesting-looking child. He was thin and pale; he had on his old school clothes, but though they were patched they were very clean; and old Mrs. Nancy was clean also, wearing a well-mended white apron and shawl.

"I did not know you were lame," said Bernard, finding that she walked with difficulty. "Had we not better go back, if you are tired?"

"O, I am often lame, child. Eat your gingerbread, my dear, and you need not mind me."

Just then a carriage passed; it was an open carriage full of ladies. Old Nancy curtesied, and they threw something into the road. She stopped and picked it up.

"What is that?" asked Bernard

"It is money for me," she said.

Bernard saw her take fourpence out of the paper, which she put into her pocket.

"If you are so poor as for ladies to give you fourpence, why did you spend a penny on my gingerbread? I could have done without it," said Bernard.

"But the fourpence rewarded me for being so good to you," she said.

Then Nancy began to cry, which frightened Bernard very much. She sobbed loud, and walked lamer than ever. A gentleman was walking towards them, and he stopped and said:

"What is the matter? How ill and sad that boy looks!"

"O, he is the nearest relation I have in the world, and his father at sea, and I never see any of his money, and I am too poor to take proper care of him; and I don't know how I shall get home. Here's this bit of gingerbread is all I have to eat," and she cried worse than ever. So the gentleman gave her a shilling.

When he had gone on Bernard stood still.

"I won't walk with you any more," he said. "You make up stories and deceive people. What did you say that about my father for?"

"Hold your tongue, child; what do you know about it? Here, have another gingerbread."

"No, thank you," said Bernard, standing still in the road. "I am going back. If you will not go too, I must go by myself."

"That you won't"; and so saying, she gave him a severe shake, which so frightened Bernard that he began to cry.

"Now you shall sit by my side on this bank." So she dragged the boy to the bank under the shadow of the hedge, and said, with a sort of laugh, "I must rest my lame leg."

"But you have not got a lame leg," sobbed Bernard. "Let me go home. I ought not to stay here, and so you must let me go."

"But I won't let you go. You may cry as loud as you please. Your poor little pale face will be worth another shilling to me directly, and I think my leg is lamer than ever."

Then the wicked old woman went down the bank to two gentlemen, and pointed with tears to

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Bernard, who sat still, half dead with shame. He could not hear what she said, but she came back to him with money in her hand; and when he would have run away, she held him tightly.

There they sat, and there Bernard prayed to be freed from this unexpected trouble; but every time he tried to get up, old Nancy held him fast. Many people passed up and down, but the woman took no notice of them. She knew them, and she only begged of strangers who had never seen her before. Still, every now and then Bernard tried to get up and go; and still she caught him with a painful grip by the arm and kept him by her. So, as Bernard had no earthly friend at that moment to help him, he prayed harder than ever to the holy Mother of God, and said "Hail Marys" in his heart with all the strength of his soul. "Pray for me *now*," he said; "pray for me now—now—pray for me now, and at the hour of my death. Amen."

At last a gentleman walked slowly below them on the road, reading a letter. A lady walked by his side. He seemed to be reading the letter aloud to her, and he wore a pair of spectacles.

Presently, as they watched him, he took off his spectacles, and folded up his letter; and as he placed the letter in his pocket, the spectacles slipped from his hand and fell upon the road. He walked on, not knowing of his loss. Bernard was going to jump down, pick up the spectacles, and run after the gentleman and lady to give them back; but Nancy roughly pushed him down, and said, "I will get them."

So she went down to the road and picked up the spectacles. Bernard expected that she would call after the gentleman, and follow him to give them back to him. But he saw her slowly pick them up—the lady and gentleman were walking fast now and getting out of sight—and instead of trying to return the spectacles to their owner, she put them in her pocket and came back up the bank.

"O, why have you done that? You have stolen them!" cried Bernard.

"They are mounted in gold. Yes; a pair of gold spectacles," said this evil-minded woman. "They will offer a reward for them, and then I shall show them, and say I picked them up in the road, just near the milestone. That will be quite true, and I shall get the reward."

Bernard cried as if his heart was broken.

"O let me go home; let me go home!" he said.

"Yes, yes; we'll both go home," said Nancy, "but not by the road. I'll take you a way across the hill; now come with me."

So she dragged Bernard through an open place in the hedge, and took him back to the road by the white gate at Mr. Mason's lodge.

The moment they got there they saw the gentleman who had dropped the gold spectacles, with the same lady by his side; they were walking up the gravelled drive, inside the white gate, and Bernard knew that they must be friends of Squire Mason's, returning to the house.

"I'll tell them," he cried; and he was running after them, but Nancy knocked him down. Yes; she actually knocked him down, and he fell at her feet quite senseless.

When he recovered, he found himself in the road a little distance from the gate; Nancy was not there, and Mrs. Raymond was standing over him.

She looked sad. She got the woman at the lodge to help her, and they carried him back to the school.

Bernard was put to bed. When he wanted to talk, Mrs. Raymond forbade his speaking; and as Bernard was accustomed to do as he was bid, he obeyed her. Very soon a doctor came. He examined his limbs and felt his pulse.

"He is not much hurt," he said. "He has had a severe blow on his head—worse than I should have thought the fall of so small and light a boy would have made. But perhaps he was running. Don't let him talk; keep him very quiet. Have the blinds drawn down, and use the lotion. I will send him a cooling draught, which will be pleasant to take, and I will call again to-morrow."

Bernard really felt ill, so he was glad to be quiet. He slept through the night, but in a feverish way; he had memories of old Nancy, with her deceitful words, and the severe blow that knocked him down. He wondered where she was, and woke with a cry of fright, fearing she might be in the room. Then he wondered how Mrs. Raymond had found him. And he began to think whether Mrs. Raymond knew anything about Nancy, and whether she was displeased with him, and whether his not being allowed to speak was a punishment, and whether they really thought him a naughty boy.

It was all a great mystery to Bernard's little brain; and his head was very sore, and he had a plaster on it; and a plaster also on his shoulder; and one leg was so stiff he could scarcely move it in the bed. But Mrs. Raymond's voice was kind, and her manner gentle; she touched him tenderly, but always said: "Don't talk; keep very quiet. Just do as we tell you, and you'll be about again by-and-by."

"You know it was wicked," said Bernard. "And it's wrong to be in bad company."

"Yes, yes. Hush, now," said Mrs. Raymond.

Still Bernard wanted to tell his story.

"You know I could not have eaten the gingerbread," he said.

"No, no. You must not eat anything of that kind just now. Keep quiet, dear."

"And there was a pair of gold spectacles," said Bernard.

"O dear!" said Mrs. Raymond, with a sigh; so she gave Bernard some sweet-tasting stuff out of a bottle, and after drinking it he fell asleep.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 26, 1879. No. 30.

Good as Brave!

IN MEMORIAM

PRINCE EUGÈNE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH NAPOLEON. Born at the Tuileries, Paris, March 16th, 1856. Nobly died in South Africa, June 1st, 1879. *R. I. P.*

"Sweet JESUS, mercy! Virgin-Mother, pray!—
Peace!" those dear lips and death-wounds seem to say.
Salvation's sign, best pledge of love and grace,
The Zulu spared—Faith's prize, love's last embrace.

Not dead, brave Prince! but living as thy prayer,
Heart-pierced Eugenia's son, Napoleon's heir,
Great PIUS blessed thee: leave earth's poor renown:
Son of Saint Louis, mount, receive thy crown!

WILLIAM J. M. HUTCHISON.

20, Portland Terrace, St. John's Wood, London, N. W.
June 23, 1879.

The Handkerchief at the Window.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT IN THE SANCTUARY.

One day, in the afternoon, Geltruda was sitting with her work in her hand, on a seat at the end of a gallery which extended from one side of the house to the other, and observed that the sky was darkening with clouds. This would have been a great cause of joy some time before, and rain was welcome at all seasons on that parched and sunburnt coast; but it was too late now for the crops to recover. She sighed, and her eyes turned wistfully in the direction of Taggia, where she could see Carlo's home like a speck in the distance.

It was very long since they had met, and a yearning desire to do so came over her. The last time he had called at Castel Barco the Count had received him very coldly. He had never allowed her to absent herself from home, even for a few hours, since things had gone badly with him, and made her drudge at household labors from morning to night. Her brothers and sisters went out as usual, and if, in the midst of the common distress, there was a wedding or a merry-making, they contrived to attend it. But whether the Count was afraid of Geltruda's meeting the young man whom he had now determined she should not marry—for the Marchesa dei Ubaldi had undergone severe losses, and he was more bent than ever on a rich marriage for his eldest and most beautiful daughter—or whether he grudged even a few hours of her laborious industry at home, he never permitted her to go out.

Did she feel a little heart-sick that day at this long separation from Carlo and his mother, and cast down at the sights of misery she daily witnessed? or was it a presentiment of coming sorrow, greater and deeper than she had yet known? Was it the shadow of some strange and great trial hanging over her, which made the young girl lean her head on her hands in an attitude of unusual dejection?

She was roused from this abstraction by a servant whispering in her ear that Jacobino was in the kitchen, and asked to speak to her.

"O Signorina, he looks like death!" Caterina ejaculated; and Geltruda rose and followed her with a sinking heart.

She knew this man well. He lived in a hut many miles up the mountain, with a wife and children whom in the best times it was hard to support. And now she guessed what he had to tell her. He fell at her feet sobbing, and with all the wild eloquence of the Italian race he described the agonies of hunger of the helpless ones he had left crying for food—dying of starvation—and, "Oh, signorina!" he exclaimed, "if you had seen Mariana's face! She has eaten hardly a morsel for many days. She looks like the white image of Castellaro. I could not look at her. I could not bear the cries of the creatures. I ran down the mountain like a hunted animal, and here I am, with no hope but in the Madonna and you. Give me food to take to them. Save them, for the love of God! In three days the Capuchins will come our way with the relief they distribute—but in three days we shall all be dead."

And then he said it would be better to die at once; and he began to rave as the Italians too

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often do under the influence of despair; to blaspheme, as those only blaspheme who have a faith as strong as their wild passions; to accuse Almighty God, and utter dreadful words which made Geltruda put her hands on his lips and command him to kneel down before the tall crucifix, near which they were standing.

"Look at Jesus the Saviour," she said, "and pray to be forgiven. Pray, whilst I go and see what I can give you."

Soon the poor peasant was beating his breast, and crying out, with torrents of tears, "My Jesus, forgive me!" And whilst he prayed, Geltruda mused. The weekly supply of provisions was only to arrive the next day; there was nothing in the house but the evening and the next morning's meal. She gave a glance of anguish at the scanty store, then deducted from it her share of the family supper, enough to give Jacobino himself something to eat. But support for three days for his family—where was it to come from? She went up to the granary; there was a sack of corn in the corner, saved for the sowing of the patch of ground on the south side of the ridge. The thought of her father's anger if she gave a part of it away made her turn pale; but lives were at stake, and she did not hesitate.

"He can but kill me," she said to herself; "and if he did he would repent and be ever after good to the poor. They must not die, these our brethren, when we can save them."

She went back to the man, still on his knees in the gallery. She gave him the food she had brought; she ordered him to eat it.

"No, no!" he cried; "for the children! for the children and Mariana!"

"You will not have strength to carry a load of corn I am going to give you," she said, "unless you eat now."

The poor man could hardly rise from his knees; he wanted to kiss the hem of her gown but she hurried him, first into the kitchen, and then on his long and wearisome way home. But with a lightened heart and brisker step he ascended the mountain, rejoicing at the load he was carrying.

It was soon the hour when the family gathered together in the hall for supper. The Count came in with so cheerful a countenance that Enrico whispered to Uberto, "The Signor Count looks to-day as if a child might play with him."

And then the boys told how they had been shooting over the hills, and had brought home a hare and a few little birds, a welcome piece of intelligence duly appreciated by the whole family, and a great deal of laughing and joking went on amongst them. They had not had so cheerful a meal for a long time.

Geltruda was the only one who found it difficult to smile at the fun that was going on. The terror a violent parent inspires is one of the most paralyzing fears that can be felt by a sensitive nature. It is so much worse to be scared by the fierce words and looks of anger of one we love and should respect, than by the most severe treatment on the part of strangers. And there was something peculiarly trying in Geltruda's feelings at that moment. Her conscience could not but tell her that she had done right in saving from starvation her famishing fellow-creatures, and yet she had a sense of something like guilt towards her father, in having disposed of a portion of his property not specially committed to her management; yet, had she awaited his return and asked his permission, he would, she was almost certain of it, have refused to give the corn and declared he did not believe in the urgency of the need. She knew well how real and urgent it was. She knew that he had still money wherewith to replace what had been given. She had spared him the guilt of refusing what was to save the lives of a whole family. She could not blame herself, but she trembled.

"I cannot let the night pass," she thought, "with this fear hanging over me. Better to tell him at once, and get over it."

So when the meal was ended, and, as was the custom with them, her brothers and sisters walked out of the dining-room, leaving the Count to drink an extra glass of wine and to doze a little before he went out and paced up and down the terrace, she lingered behind, and then approaching him said, in a voice that shook a little, and with a pale though steadfast face:

"Father, Jacobino, the goatherd, whose flock have died, one by one, in the mountains, was here to-day to beg for food for his starving wife and children. They were perishing, and could get no relief for three days. I had nothing to give him except a part of the corn set aside for the sowing, and I let him have a bag of it."

The Count turned livid with rage. The produce of the field on the south ridge was to have proved, that year, worth its weight in gold. Avarice stimulating his rage, he lost all command over himself. The Italian *rabbia* seized him. He uttered curses and imprecations which made his daughter's blood run cold, and then he commanded her to leave his house. She had beggared him, and she should herself become a beggar. She had been the ruin of her family, and she should be banished from it. She should wander on the face of the earth and associate with the wretches who imposed on her idiotic credulity.

"Go," he cried; "go to the hut where you sent my corn, and feed on it there." And he pushed her into the hall and then towards the door of the castle.

Her spirit was roused. Geltruda was good and pious, but she was not a saint. Indignation swelled her heart and flushed her cheeks. She

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wrapped her black mantilla round her head and walked out of her father's house with a firm step and head erect. Into the darkness of the night she went forth. There was no moon; but the stars, here and there, glimmered in the stormy sky, across which large clouds were drifting. Quickly she descended the hill, and did not slacken her pace till she reached the road in the valley and arrived at the spot where it branched in opposite directions, one leading to the town of Taggia, the other to the mountain sanctuary of Lampedusa.

There she stopped and hesitated. Should she go to the house of Carlo's mother and seek a refuge there? Nature and inclination prompted this step. It was an immense temptation. Her heart had long been aching with a sense of desolate loneliness. She was neither cared for nor thought of in her home, but for the use she could be to any of its inmates. No fond caress, no endearing words ever came to soothe the void in her soul which had never been filled up since her mother's death.

Perhaps it might have been otherwise had she been herself less tender, less keenly sensitive, or, possibly, less proud; for, meek and humble in many respects as was her character, unassuming and self-forgetting in its devotedness, there was pride in the profound reluctance to court affection not spontaneously bestowed, in the acquiescence in an estrangement which she made no effort to dispel, merely from the intense fear of failure.

Now the sword had run deep into that bruised heart, and it longed for the relief which could only be found in the indignant sympathy she would meet with from Carlo and her mother's old friend.

She looked towards Taggia, towards the house where they lived, as a starving person towards the food in sight, as a thirsty traveller at the flowing stream at hand. But delicacy and womanly reserve raised at once doubts and misgivings as to the advisability of going to the house where every feeling of her heart prompted her to rush.

First, she did not know for sure that the Marchesa might not be absent and Carlo alone at home. In that uncertainty she could not knock at the door of the Ubaldi Palace at that hour of the night. And, then, she was now an outcast—a beggar her father had said she was to be. Should she thrust herself on the hospitality of those who had grown poor of late, who might by this time be reduced to distress? Should she assume that her engagement to Carlo still existed, when he had been repulsed by her wealthy father, and she was now herself a portionless, destitute wanderer on the face of the earth; for never, no, never again —there spoke the latent pride of that wounded heart—would she return to the home whence she had been so cruelly thrust that night. She would isolate herself and never let any one of her family know where she was. God alone was her Father now.

Like an angel's whisper came that softening thought to her soul. It brought tears into her burning eyes, relief to her tight-bound heart. She turned her back on the road to Taggia and walked quickly along the one which led to Castellaro. Through the window of the little chapel she could see the lamp of the sanctuary of Lampedusa burning before the altar, and she fixed her eyes upon it as she ascended the hill with the feeling that after all she was not quite homeless.

After her mother's death she had done what St. Teresa had done at her age, asked Christ's Mother to be a parent to her in the place of the one she had lost; and as long as she could rest on the heart of Mary she did not despair.

When she reached the terrace with the two evergreen oaks, the scene of her little interview once a year with Carlo on the day of the *festas*, they rose vividly before her as the only very happy moments she had known; and through the shades of night, which were becoming thicker, she looked down on the valley and asked herself if she was dreaming.

All was still. Had the chapel been open she would have remained in it all night without knocking at the door of Fra Romualdo, the old Franciscan lay-Brother who had charge of the sanctuary, but it was locked, and she was afraid of spending the night in the porch. So with trembling fingers she knocked at the door of the tenement where he dwelt, and soon, with a lanthorn in his hand, the white-haired old man appeared. He started back when he saw the young girl standing before him, her face looking very pale by the faint light of the stars, for she had thrown back her mezzaro to show him who she was.

In a nervous, hurried manner she related her tale of sorrow. It was short and sad. Thrust out of her father's house, because, out of his store, she had fed the famished.

"And is it so!" the old man said. "Well, my child, our great Father, St. Francis, said the highest happiness he could conceive was to come to a convent door and be mistaken for an impostor, and that the porter should beat him and drive him out into the dark, snowy night. I can't make you as happy as that, *figlia mia*, but I will light a faggot and share with you a piece of bread and a drop of wine some good folks gave me to-day. Come into the little parlor; we shall soon have a blaze."

"I would rather go into the church, if you will let me, good Brother; I would fain spend the night at the foot of our Lady's altar."

"First warm yourself, and eat and drink a bit, and then you shall go and pray as long as you like, for I have not even a pillow for your head to rest on, poor child."

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Geltruda submitted to be warmed and then fed out of the scanty contents of the good friar's bag, because she saw resistance was vain; and then she persuaded him to let her into the chapel. She knelt there some time, and then sat down on the step of the altar and fell asleep. Many and strange were the dreams which she had during those hours of half-repose.

Towards dawn a sudden noise awoke her. She saw Fra Romualdo standing near the door of the chapel and beckoning to her to rise and follow him. As she came out, the first object which met her eyes was her eldest brother on horseback, and by his side one of her father's servants holding the bridle of a mule saddled with a pillion.

"Oh, there you are, Signora Geltruda!" Uberto exclaimed, when she appeared. "We have been looking for you all night. A saint is really a very troublesome element in a family. What business had you to run away and hide yourself in this manner?"

"I neither ran away nor hid myself, Uberto. Our father turned me out of doors, and I came straight to the Madonna for protection."

"What an idiot you were! Why did you not go out at one door, and, after a short walk on the terrace, step in by the back way? I went at once to the Palazzo Ubaldi and frightened the old Marchesa out of her wits. The Signor Conte raved at the thought that you had gone to Taggia. I had to swear that I should bring you back, dead or alive. So, as you *are* alive, please to get upon your mule as fast as you can. I do not promise you a pleasant reception, even though you were found in the sanctuary."

Geltruda's heart sank within her. She looked at the good old friar, whose worn and pallid face was full of compassion, and said, "Must I go back?"

"What else can you do, *poverina?*" he answered, with a sigh. And it was true that she had no choice.

The grey light of morning was giving way to the rosy hues of opening day. One glance she gave in the direction of Taggia, which Uberto perceiving, he exclaimed, with a loud laugh:

'We are not going that way, signora; you need not think any more of the Ubaldis. The Signor Conte is going to marry you to the old Barone-dei Vitelleschi. He told me so last night, and you are to be shut up till the day of the wedding, that we may not all be ruined by your mad prodigality."

"God help you, poor child! God help you!" Fra Romualdo whispered, as he saw the despairing expression of Geltruda's face whilst she was placed on the saddle.

"Pray for me," she faintly said, and then rode away in silence, without answering by a single word the ill-natured jokes and mocking questions of her pitiless brother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Ignatius, the Blessed Virgin's Knight.

A man in whom the world was far from seeing a great saint, and who was then but a brilliant and brave officer, defended for Charles V the city of Pampeluna against the army of Francis I. This was in 1521. The young officer was named Ignatius of Loyola.

The detachments which had been left him for the defence of Pampeluna were in great fear of the French army, and in spite of all his efforts the city surrendered. Ignatius, still faithful, retired to the citadel, with a single soldier who had heart enough to follow him; and although he found but a weak handful of men in this retreat, he sustained several assaults; but a breach was finally made, and the victorious army entered. The young officer, who had wished to make of his body a rampart to the fort which he defended, received a blow of a stone, which wounded him in the left leg, at the same time that a bullet broke the right leg.

He bore himself so bravely that the French, on his account, spared the little garrison. They carried him with honor to their general, who had him conveyed in a litter to the Castle of Loyola. His family dwelt in this manor, which was not far from the city that had been taken.

We shall not speak here of the courage with which the wounded man endured his treatment, which was severe, for it was necessary to break the limb, badly set, cut off a bone which protruded above the knee, and adopt other extreme measures.

During his convalescence, the time dragged along wearily and monotonously. His youthful years had been passed at court: at first a graceful page, next a refined courtier, and finally an officer of merit. He was of a noble family, raised amid pleasures and vanity. Up to that time (he was in his twenty-ninth year) he had paid but little attention to his Christian duties; he had led a life such as, unfortunately, is too generally led in the world. Solely to distract himself, he asked for books, choosing those romances of chivalry so much in vogue at the time. Having devoured all that could be had, his attendants brought him the *Life of Christ* and the *Flowers of the Saints*. These books he received coldly; but little by little he began to take pleasure in them. He admired, in other careers than his own, heroic acts which he had never imagined; before that imposing army of martyrs, anchorites, confessors and virgins, he was not slow to recognize that their immortal palms were far above the empty toys of this world. He felt within himself the rapidly increasing desire to follow those routes traced out for him in the books in which he now delighted. The up-

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right mind of Ignatius received intelligence. He saw his duty and loved it. He vowed himself wholly to God, rejecting his worldly life, and took the generous resolution to walk henceforth in the footsteps of the saints. If the disorders of what is called in society the life of a young man seem light to frivolous consciences, the soul which enters into itself and examines itself by the light of God judges differently. Faults that indifferent men scarcely notice, showed themselves to his eyes in their true aspect. According to the code of the saints, they were crimes; for they had outraged God. It was necessary to expiate them. The hair-shirt and austerity were at once embraced by St. Ignatius, who felt himself so inflamed by the love of God as to make generously every sacrifice for His sake.

The ideas of military life had not been eradicated from his mind. In thought he had made himself the Knight of the Virgin Mary, and consecrated himself to her service. as soon as he was able to go out, he mounted his horse, saying simply that he was going to visit his relative the Duke of Najare. Upon his arrival, he dismissed the two servants who accompanied him, and after his visit set out alone for the sanctuary of our Lady at Montserrat.

On this rugged mountain, from which can be had the most magnificent views of Catalonia, a famous image of the Blessed Virgin is reverenced. According to the traditions which the historians of this celebrated place have preserved, the sacred image of Our Lady of Montserrat had been brought into Spain in the first century, if not by the Apostle of the country, at least by his disciples. It was thus honored at Barcelona during the time of the Roman government. During the irruption of the Moors, it was hidden in a cave at Montserrat, and not found until the ninth century.

The annalists of Catalonia, relying upon an inscription found in 1239 and preserved in the monastery of Montserrat, relate that in the year 880, under the reign of Geoffrey, Count of Barcelona, three young goat-herds, whilst guarding their flocks on the mountain, during the night saw bursting forth from a rock a brilliant light which seemed to unite heaven and earth; at the same time they heard coming from the same point a superhuman melody. The Bishop of Manresa, accompanied by all the Christians of the neighborhood, went on the following night to the mountain. All saw the heavenly light. The Bishop, filled with wonder, betook himself to prayer; after which he advanced, followed by the faithful, to the place marked by the light. There he found an image of the Blessed Virgin. He wished to carry it to Manresa, but upon arriving at the spot, on which was since erected the Church of Our Lady of Montserrat, he found it impossible to proceed further.

Mabillon, who regards as certain the veneration of this image before the Saracen invasion, and the venerable Canisius, who gives Montserrat a place among the pilgrimages, have no doubt as to the truth of these events.

Great miracles soon signalized the sacred image: the sick whom medical skill had given over were suddenly restored to health; dead infants restored to their mothers, by a power not possessed by earth; plagues and infirmities destroyed by a vow.

It was before this sacred and miraculous image that the young officer wished to accomplish the project he had formed. Knight of the Blessed Virgin—he thought only of this title, although he as yet but partly understood its significance.

After making a general confession, remembering of having read in his former favorite books that the aspirants to knighthood prepared themselves by watching a whole night in their armor, which was called the *vigil of arms*, he wished to sanctify this ceremony. In his uniform and arms, which he was soon to lay aside forever, he watched the whole night before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. In the morning he hung his sword to a pillar near the altar to mark his renunciation of secular warfare; he gave his horse to the monastery, his clothes to a poor man, and after having communicated, he departed from Montserrat, a soldier of the Lord, whose greater glory he would always seek. Soon, no doubt favored by our Lady, he saw the whole career of combats opened before him. The Church, threatened or attacked on all sides by the recent Deformation, stood in need of an intrepid advance guard. He conceived the project of his famous Company of Jesus, which, however, was not established until 1534, at Paris, on the Feast of the Assumption, in the crypt of Our Lady of Montmartre. The Bull instituting it was promulgated at Rome, in 1540.

We need not narrate here the life of St. Ignatius, who was at one and the same time a great man and a great saint; nor can we speak of the Jesuits, ever persecuted by those who know them not. They arrested the so-called Reformation, spread enlightenment and study, increased the domains of science, produced an imposing array of profound scholars and eminent writers, and illustrated the pulpit.

Everywhere innocent, but attacked with arms which they could not use, judged without being understood, the Society of Jesus marches on the *royal road of the Cross*. As the Gospel commands, it goes about doing good, and prays for those who calumniate it.

A cynical writer says: "Take a lot of boys chasing butterflies, put long tailed-coats on them, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

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The Procession of the Precious Blood.

"What we want is to understand so far as to be able to worship and to love. Our best understanding of the Precious Blood is the sight of what it has done, the enumeration of its deeds, the narration of its history. We have endeavored to get a clear idea of its history under the figure of a procession. Most divine works liken themselves better to processions than to anything else. Any one who has tried to make theology clear to those who are not theologians, must have discovered this; and a great deal that is very remarkable is implied in the fact. It is the genius of creative acts to put on the semblance of processions," etc., etc.—"*The Precious Blood*," *by Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D., p.* 202.

Part I.

Creation of the Angels.

Forth from blinding glory,—from unfathomed light,
From the Triune Godhead, rises on the sight
This Divine Procession, pageant so sublime,
That its thrilling life-power spreads through endless time;
Spreads in strength and beauty, penetrates and fills
Heaven and earth, as fountains feed the crystal rills.

Ere this happy planet wreathed the rythmic years,
Ere from night and chaos sprang the golden spheres,
Ere Creation's morning lighted darkness dense,
Round the Unbeginning, round Omnipotence,
Then emerged in grandeur, like a boundless flood,
This divine Procession of the Precious Blood.

Now, beautiful Creation, wondrous and benign,
Rose in vivid splendor from the Power Divine;
Forth the radiant angels, in adoring grace,
Hastened, with bright censers, each to fill his place:
Lo! Church rites and dogmas there began to bud
In the creatures' worship of the Precious Blood.

But why halts the pageant? Ah! 'mid hosts of light,
Strange revolt is waging, and the shades of night
Cover those proud spirits who would not adore
Precious Blood of Jesus. Never, nevermore
Shall they lift their faces to those ranks sublime,
For Creation shuddered at their hideous crime.

Great St. Michael's war-cry thrilled the boundless air,
While apostate legions sought condign despair.
Truth's bright force repelled them: their presumptuous pride
Found, in outer darkness, fitting place to hide;
While seraphic armies, who that Blood adored
Evermore triumphant, onward, onward poured.

Part II.

The Creation of the World.

This fair world unfolded. Ages sped along
In the grand Procession, tuned to heavenly song;
Eden's garden blossoms, and the fruitful trees
Swayed in graceful homage to Divine decrees
As they neared fulfilment; and the human race
Took, in that fair garden, regal form and place.

But, alas for Eden! Malice sought its shade;
Man, endowed with freedom, was an ingrate made;
But the grand Procession rose to quell the strife
Waged by demons, envious of eternal life:
Sorrow, now, and Penance reigned where Evil stood,
And made reparation to the Precious Blood.

Patriarchs and Prophets blend and swell the line
Of stupendous progress, and their psalms combine
With celestial voices. List the glad refrain!
'Tis of peace and Justice; of Messiah's reign.
Vernal seasons blossom for four thousand years,
When their Hope Incarnate wondrously appears.

Armor now and banners of the Precious Blood
Centre their bright forces where strange glories flood
Air and earth, surrounding that one stainless form
Who, by predilection, had escaped the storm
Of the demon's malice. Mary's arms embrace
Heaven's sublime Deposit of Redeeming Grace.

Earth, in expectation, robed in beauty gleams:
Simeon reads fulfilment of the Prophets' dreams:
Judea's skies bend nearer, and her lands behold,
In their hidden grottos, wonders never told;
Thirty-three dear summers Precious Blood abode
In meek human beauty, where her streamlets flowed.

Part III.

The Incarnation, Passion, and the Sacraments.

From that moment onward, blending with the life
Of each human spirit, peaceful or in strife,
This Divine Procession has through all the world
Spread its crimson banners: wide abroad unfurled
"Marks for contradiction," in majestic line,
They have led the nations by the "Conquering Sign."

From the Circumcision, till the Sacred Heart
Yielded Its last life-drop to the soldier's dart,
Precious Blood, deep surging like the shoreless seas,
Has accomplished mercy of Divine decrees.
Holy Church, her dogmas, power without, within,
Are devices cleansing by this Blood from sin.

Sacraments and blessings, ritual and prayer,
Childlike sweet devotions, Precious Blood is there
Silently transmuting dross of sin and woe
Into gold of merit, making heaven below;
Winning adoration from our inmost souls,
As the sun wins fragrance when the flower unfolds.

O how sweet the knowledge that in holy fear
We, too, march triumphant in the blessed career!
Precious Blood transfusing earth where'er we tread;
Precious Blood to nourish in the "Angels' Bread";
Precious Blood transforming tortures into bliss;
God alone could fashion a device like this.

And when time is swallowed in eternal years,
On, with this great concourse, past "this vale of tears,"
We shall move victorious, if, so be, we prove
Faithful to God's mercy, constant in His love;
Then the Vision's radiance shall our being flood,
At the wondrous Fountain of the Precious Blood.

THERE are off the coast of Kerry, Ireland, little islands called the Baskets, inhabited by a very poor and primitive population, whose nearest church is on the shore of the main land. On stormy days they cannot cross "to hear Mass," but they kneel by their rocky coast bare-headed in the open air. The progress of the ceremony is made known to them by the waving of flags and their prayers accompany those of the priest.

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The Sanctuary of St. Ann, at Jerusalem.

Translated for the Freeman's Journal.

A correspondent in Jerusalem sends the following letter to *Les Missions Catholiques:*

"The Society of Missionaries of Algiers has just taken possession of the Church of St. Ann, at Jerusalem. This Sanctuary, erected on the site of the house inhabited by St. Ann and St. Joachim when they went to the Holy City, was given to France, in 1856, by the Sultan, after the Crimean war, in recognition of the services done him by our arms.

It is one of the oldest and most interesting in Jerusalem. According to the local tradition, the Blessed Virgin Mary was born in one of the chambers hewn out of the rock, which may still be seen under the sanctuary.

"A basilica had already been built here in the year 530, which was visited by the pilgrim Theodosius. Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, speaks of it in the following century, and St. John Damascene preached his admirable homilies on the nativity of the Blessed Virgin within its walls.

"The primitive basilica no longer exists; but in the researches recently conducted by M. Mauss, architect of the French Government, relics have been discovered which are of the highest interest to archæologists. Among others is a patriarchal throne with its Greek crosses, and a column the base of which is also marked with a Greek cross. These relics indicate that the basilica was built in the style of the great basilicas of St. Helena at Bethlehem. The marble throne and the column are carefully preserved within the inclosure of St. Ann's. They have been placed before the main entrance of the church. The present church, restored at the expense of the French Government, but still unfinished, was probably erected between the ninth and eleventh centuries, by Oriental architects. Enlarged and remodelled in the twelfth century by the Crusaders, it formed a parallelogram, divided into three naves, terminated by an arch and surmounted at its transept by a Byzantine cupola. There is a peculiar character of simplicity and grandeur about it.

"During the Crusades it became the Sanctuary of a Benedictine monastery, the history of which is blended with that of the King of Jerusalem. Here, Baldwin I forcibly imprisoned his wife Arda, whom he had repudiated that he might espouse the widow of Roger of Sicily (1104). This story closes with a historical incident. When Jerusalem was taken by Saladin, in 1187, all the *religieuses* horribly mutilated themselves, cutting off each others' noses so as to fill the Mussulmans with horror. Saladin, struck by such greatness of soul, commanded his soldiers to respect them, and had them conducted to Jaffa, where they embarked.

"From that time down to 1856, that is, for nearly seven hundred years, St. Ann's Church has been transformed into a mosque, and Christian pilgrims could not visit the crypt of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin except at the expense of the greatest sacrifices, and sometimes even at the risk of their lives.

"This sanctuary, around which cluster so many memories, has just been given over by the Holy See and by the French Government to the Missionaries of Algiers.

"Mgr. Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, went in person, in June last, to take possession of it in the name of his children and in the name of Christian France.

"At Jaffa, where he landed, he had the consolation of meeting, after a lapse of eighteen years, a number of Maronite orphans that in 1860 he had picked up and reared, and who now, grown up men, and the heads of families, overwhelmed him with marks of gratitude and affection. Some of them even accompanied him to Jerusalem.

"On reaching the Holy City, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Algiers was immediately put in possession of this sanctuary by M. Patrimonio, Consul of France. On the following morning he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the crypt where all that remains of the ancient home of St. Ann is, and he prayed there in an especial manner for all benefactors of the Mission, and, above all, for the Associates of the Propagation of the Faith. Mgr. the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Most Rev. Custodian of the Holy Land, and other Catholic representatives in Jerusalem, both Latin and Oriental, received the French Prelate in the warmest and most respectful manner, and promised him the most paternal concurrence for his brethren, the Missionaries from Algiers.

"These latter reached Jerusalem in the beginning of October, not without difficulties, however, nor dangers either, for the wagon in which they were riding fell into a ravine between Ramleh and Abougasch, and Rev. Father Labardin was slightly injured. But they finally reached their destination, and soon forgot all their fatigues when they found themselves in possession of their blessed sanctuary. There are to be about twelve of these Fathers at Jerusalem, but only four have, so far, arrived, who are to superintend the necessary preparations for the accommodation of their community. These preparations are by no means trifling. The church, the restoration of which has been happily commenced, is not yet finished. The lateral doors and the altars for the upper church are still wanting. Those in the crypt are dedicated, one to the Nativity, and the other to the Immaculate Conception. The altars in the upper church are to be dedicated to St. Ann, to St. Joseph and to St. Joachim. The stained windows will each represent some traditional incident in the life of St. Ann. The stalls, the inte-

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rior decorations and the sacristy are also wanting. There is, as yet, no residence for the community. As will be seen, there remains much yet to be done and considerable expense to be incurred for the completion of St. Ann's, and those expenses are to be met, with the exception of a very trifling amount, by the Algerine Missionaries. There is every reason to believe that the Catholic Societies will come to the aid of so interesting a foundation."

How Mass was Offered in the Supper Chamber.

In the *Annales de la Mission de N. D. de Sion* for March, the Rev. F. Ratisbonne relates the following incident:

"An episode, hitherto unpublished, of Mgr. Spaccapietra's sojourn at Jerusalem in 1860, will be of interest, now that the churches of the East are mourning for this holy Archbishop of Smyrna.

"Mgr. Spaccapietra had spent some months in the Holy Land, edifying Jerusalem by his charity and piety, when, towards Holy Week, there arrived the most illustrious Princess of Hohenzollern, of the Catholic branch of the Prussian royal family, accompanied by some religious of St. Paul of Rome, of which congregation she is the august protectress.

"The princess had set her heart on an impossibility, to wit, the having Mass said in the Supper Chamber on Holy Thursday. It was represented to her that the Supper Chamber had been turned into a mosque ages ago, and that neither the pasha nor the cadi, nor the Sultan himself, could grant her such a favor; and moreover that the Mussluman guardians of this mosque were such fanatics that it would be worse than rash to propose such a thing to them. However, the princess was convinced that *baksheesh* was the only key to the Supper Chamber, and she made use of no other means to open its door. She sent for the effendi, the keeper of the mosque, offered him a fabulous sum, promised him that all would be over in two hours, that the arrangements should be made with the strictest prudence, and that only a few persons should be admitted.

"The princess was not far from wrong. In the East, money is the only and most powerful argument under every circumstance. The effendi struck the bargain. And on the eve of Holy Thursday, at nightfall, a small portable altar and all the necessary accessories for offering the Holy Sacrifice were brought in a well-closed box. All the outlets were prudently closed, and the watchful keeper himself guarded the only available entrance left. Mgr. Spaccapietra was invited by the princess to renew the mystery of the Holy Supper in the same spot and on the same day on which our Lord Jesus Christ accomplished it in the midst of His Apostles.

"In memory of this divine action, twelve priests were chosen by Mgr. Spaccapietra to be present at this new meeting in the Supper Chamber, and to partake of the Body and Blood of the New and Everlasting Covenant.

"The fortunate guests presented themselves at the mosque door either singly or in couples, at a prudent distance from one another, and the door was opened and shut immediately. When all were present, the wily Mussulman's conscience felt fresh twinges. Knowing who it was with whom he had to deal, he positively refused to let the altar be arranged. A fresh bribe soothed the over-timorous effendi. He coined mints of money that day.

"Mgr. Spaccapietra bestowed on me a favor on the occasion which covered me with confusion and seemed to me overwhelming; he appointed me one of the servers at the Divine banquet.

"It would be impossible for me to describe the emotion of those present, and the tears of the celebrant; at times I thought the holy Archbishop would never be able to consummate the Sacrifice begun, and I held myself in readiness to catch him in my arms.

"Two hours were not too long for the accomplishment of our mysterious paschal solemnity. It was brought to an end without any accident; and the same precautions which had been observed at our entry were repeated at our exit, *propter metum Judæorum.*

"For ages Mass had not been celebrated on this venerated spot, the witness of the institution of the Eucharist, of the descent of the Holy Ghost and of the birth of the Catholic Church. Many years had rolled away before the altar of sacrifice was again raised there; and that it was for Mgr. Spaccapietra, successor of the beloved disciple at Smyrna, that our Lord reserved this signal favor. And it was a devout Catholic princess who enabled us to enter into the Supper Chamber when the doors were shut."

The Way Protestantism Encourages Science.

From the earliest ages of Christianity there have been Protestants, in the proper sense of the word, for this may be taken as the generic title of all who, from whatever cause, have thrown off allegiance to the Church and *protested* against her doctrine or discipline. This is why the Established Church and the Nonconformists, as they are called, took the title, and the protesters of whom St. Paul speaks had as much right to it as they. Mahomet and his followers, too, were a sort of protestants in the same sense, as are the Mormons of to-day. Mahomet had a bible of his own make, the Alcoran, which with his followers took the place of the Old and the New Testament. The English and German Protestants made themselves a bible also, but did not go quite so far in practice as Mahomet, although their theory gave them unlimited scope. They satisfied themselves with leaving out a few books from the Catholic

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Bible that would not agree with their tenets, and changing a word or sentence here and there as it suited their purpose. As the disobedient attitude of the sects towards the Church placed them in a weak position, their best resource was *fanfaronade* or violence, and to this they have generally resorted. The Arians and Nestorians waged a wordy war on the one hand, without sparing physical force when such answered their purpose. Mahomet, with his Koran in one hand, devastated Asia and Europe with fire and sword, until the Catholic Sobieski checked his murderous career before the walls of Vienna; Henry VIII and Cromwell acted similarly in England and Ireland, not even sparing helpless women and children, while the educational establishments of both countries were either given to the flames or turned into castles for the spoilers; so also the Huguenots in France, while the Protestant terrorism of the Thirty Years' War in Germany is almost beyond the power of words to express. In America we have it on record that the Puritans of New England with iron-clad sanctimoniousness clipped the ears of the peaceful and inoffensive Quakers, burnt those whom they suspected of witchcraft, and threatened with torture or death, as the case might be, the Catholic priest or layman who dared to come within their reach—all this while claiming for themselves a high grade of civilization and enlightenment. Later on, their descendants, finding themselves pressed by numbers and by a more Christian spirit, had recourse to the inevitable ruse of conjuring up horrible stories about papists and the papacy, and forcing the political Inquisition of Europe, and the purely political measure of a half-renegade Catholic monarchy, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, to do duty against the Church. In Switzerland, the centre of Calvinism, Catholics had their churches and schools wrested from them and turned into Presbyterian conventicles or educational establishments. So also in Germany. And despotic Russia even in the middle of this 19th century flogged without shame and without reproof the natives of her soil who dared profess the Catholic faith—the Protestant press and Protestant world looking calmly on and uttering never a protest. When the tide began to turn and brutality began to lose countenance, a cry was raised that the Church prohibited letters and was intolerant of scientific research. This in the face of the fact that nearly all the principal colleges, universities, museums and great art centres of Europe had been founded by devout Catholics, chiefly priests and monks, or Catholic sovereigns acting under the encouragement and with the aid of eminent ecclesiastics. Even Oxford and Cambridge, now Protestant strongholds, were built by Catholics and with Catholic money, being taken from us by force. So also Upsala in Sweden; Leipsic; Heidelberg, with its immense treasures of literary lore; and even Bonn, which derives its support from the endowments of the Catholic college of Munster, afterwards transferred to Bonn; and hundreds of others, of equal or minor importance, there and elsewhere. This was a long time ago, but time does not make the usurped claims valid, although it may give opportunity to gloss over the outrage. As to the well-told stories of scientific intolerance on the part of the Church which for generations have done duty in school-books and addresses to students, even that of the torture of Galileo-Galilei has vanished into thin air. English literature being no longer exclusively the vehicle of sectism, the truth, so long suppressed, is gradually coming to light.

But while the cry of narrow-mindedness and intolerance reaches our ears on the one hand, the work of spoliation is still witnessed on the other. Only the other day, in Perugia, as we learn from the correspondent of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, "a most disgraceful scene took place in the Church of the *Gesu* during the removal thence of the picture of *Gesu Nazzareno*, greatly venerated by the faithful. It was carried off whilst Mass was being celebrated, amid the protests of the members of the Confraternity, to whom the painting belongs, and of the priests attached to the church; numbers fainted, cries and groans resounded on all sides; the police were summoned; a delegate appeared, scarf on, and sword in hand; the guards mounted upon the altar, overturning candlesticks, lighted candles, flowers, altar cards, etc., trampling the altar cloths; tore the painting from its place over the altar, and bore it off in triumph, regardless of the tears and entreaties of those present. This painting is by Barocci of Urbino (1528–1612), and the intended insult is understood, since a wealthy private citizen had offered the Municipality, in gift, another painting by the same Barocci to complete, as they pretended to devise, the series or allegory of paintings, provided they would leave the *Gesu Nazzareno* to the church where it belonged. Great devotion was manifested towards the picture, which is said to have moved the eyes in 1796. Augustus Hare, a writer not suspected of partiality, in his *Cities of Italy*, speaking of the new Pinacotheca of Perugia, says: 'The best pictures in the town have been removed thither, and greatly lose in interest by separation from the places for which they were intended and painted.'"

And in Rome the progressive Italian "Liberals" follow in the footsteps of the early English Protestants who wrested Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Westminster Abbey from their rightful owners. It is well known that the great Observatory of the Collegio Romano in Rome was built at the joint expense of Pope Pius IX and the members of the Society of Jesus, and that the late Father Secchi, S. J., the great Italian astronomer, during the last ten years of his life transformed the Observatory into one of the most thoroughly organized and equipped institutions of the kind in Europe. When the Royal Government turned the Jesuits out of the College in 1870-71, an exception was made in Father Secchi's favor, and so eagerly was it desired to retain him in the royal service that a salary of $3,000, with all his expenses paid, was granted him from the national treasury, and official honors and appointments were lavishly bestowed on him. During his career he published eight remarkable works on astronomy, the first having been issued in 1852 from Georgetown, D. C. But the Roman correspondent of the *Standard* informs us, in his latest letter to that paper, that notwithstanding the absence of any rightful claim on the part of the Italian Government, Father Secchi's confrère and successor, Father Ferrari, was on the 2d of June dragged from the Observatory and possession given to a Government parasite, one Tachini, who had received many a favor at the hands of the illustrious Secchi and his successor.

Such is the way the enemies of the Church patronize education, art and science. Perhaps in a few years the descendants of those "Liberals" in Rome and Perugia will be making much of *their* grand Observatory and Pinacotheca, and twitting good church-going folk for their poverty and want of enlightenment!

THE Table-Talk of Luther would not be permitted to circulate in any country having a strict law against the dissemination of licentious literature, and Luther, forsooth, is held up to the admiration of Protestants as the angel of the New Testament, the inspired head of the so-called Reformation.—*Archbishop Lynch*

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The Irish Catholic Colonization Movement.

We gladly comply with a request to give the following letter from the *Buffalo Courier* place in the AVE MARIA:

To the Editor of the Courier:

History repeats itself. The same state of society that gave rise to the formation of colonies by ancient Greece and Rome has called into existence, in our day, the "Irish Catholic Colonization Association." That it is a grand scheme, not only for the amelioration of the condition of a certain class, but for the general weal of the American people, needs but little argument to elucidate. The idea was not conceived by Congress (honorable gentlemen are too much engrossed with thoughts of party ascendency to be guilty of any other piece of statesmanship), but emanated in the first instance from the fertile brain of one Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who afterwards became the ablest advocate for the confederation of the provinces that now constitute the "Dominion of Canada." Some twenty-four years ago, through his efforts, a meeting of delegates from various parts of the country was held at Buffalo (of which city he was then a resident) to discuss the propriety of establishing Irish colonies on the unsettled lands of the public domain. Not meeting, however, with sufficient encouragement, the matter was then allowed to rest; but the thought was kept alive and cherished in the minds of many, to await the time when experience would point out the wisdom and necessity of such a movement. That time came at last, and to Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, all honor is due for the successful establishment of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association. Not the least singular circumstance connected with the event is that its chief author bears the name of the country for whose children the benefit of the institution is designed; and, to commemorate the name of their benefactor and do honor to the Emerald Isle, it would not be at all inappropriate to call the land of promise "New Ireland."

This movement is no vain illusion or wild chimera, as some timid speculators might at one time have supposed; and the most skeptical can no longer doubt its feasibility in contemplating the living spectacle and practical illustration offered by Bishop Ireland to the world. He points with pride to that colony of 1,000 Catholic families which he planted in the land of the West, on his own responsibility, in 1876, and asks if in view of its flourishing condition this grand enterprise of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association which has for its directors some of the highest dignitaries of the Church and some of the most prominent Catholic laymen of the country, can fail of its end. Conceived in pure philanthropy, born of true Christianity, and received into the arms of the Catholic Church, it cannot fail.

It is well calculated to increase the national wealth of the country and elevate the moral tone of society. If the original source of all wealth is the soil, the labor of its cultivation should be an object of anxious care to the nation. Especially is this the case in a country like ours, where there are thousands of acres of land, with millions of undeveloped wealth waiting to be extracted from its bosom by the hands of the husbandman. When we consider that the valley of the Mississippi alone is seven times as large as France, and much more fertile, we can form an idea of the natural wealth of the United States and of the immense population it might support. It is out of the surplus produce of the cultivators that our great industrial and commercial interests have taken rise, and that such cities as Cincinnati, Louisville and Chicago have sprung up, as if by magic, before our very eyes. Well may it be called "the garden of the world" and "the region of the poor man's hopes." The facilities of colonization with us are as easy as the soil is rich; yet there are thousands of men and women leading idle and listless lives in our great capitals, who if they were transplanted to the country might become useful and happy members of society. It is surprising that some active measures have not been taken by Government to remedy this evil and encourage a more extended cultivation of the soil. Chinese immigration in the West and German and Irish immigration in the East would not have been viewed with alarm, but hailed as a blessing, if some ministering hand had directed the overflow of city population into the channels of agriculture. At present all the industrial and commercial avenues are clogged—human labor is at a discount—machinery is supplanting men—where one hundred hands were once employed, one-third the number might now suffice—and, owing to undue competition, those who have work can ill subsist on the scanty wages allowed, while those who have not live as best they may. To remedy, in a measure, this state of things and change the course of Irish Catholic immigration from the large cities, industrial centres and mining districts to the plains of the West, is the great aim of this Association. It is a movement in behalf of morality as well as of material prosperity; hence it is that the Catholic clergy are taking such a lively interest therein. They beheld in those crowded situations of the poor a great source of corruption from which flowed all the moral diseases to which the young are exposed; they saw the impossibility of concealing from them the attractions of vice and imbuing their souls with the fortitude of virtue; and knew that the contagion of bad example would spread in spite of religion, philanthropy and the laws of the land. Educational, benevolent and eleëmosynary institutions are of little avail under such circumstances. Turning over the pages of history, we read that in Paris every third child is illegitimate, and one-sixth of the population die in the public hospital (*Dupin; Force Commerciale de France*). In London one-tenth of the whole population are paupers, and 20,000 rise every morning without knowing where they are to sleep at night (*Colquhoun*). In Glasgow nearly 30,000 persons are every Saturday night in a state of intoxication (*Cleland's Folio Statistics of Glasgow*), and in Dublin 60,000 persons passed in one year through the fever hospital (*Report on the fever of* 1827). We merely cite the above as a sufficient illustration of the misery, poverty, crime and disease that spring from the overcrowded condition of large cities in Europe (for we might place them all in the same category), and of the inefficacy of the systems usually adopted to counteract its evil influences.

It is in these crowded quarters that the Irish or German peasant is compelled to seek a home and shelter for himself, his wife, his sons, his daughters, owing to the extravagant rents in our great American cities. Better, a thousand times better for them, had they remained in the land of their birth and endured the privations of poverty, than to have crossed the Atlantic and risked their native innocence and virtue in those cesspools of iniquity. Breathing an atmosphere of licentious pestilence, is it a wonder their very nature should undergo a change—and that those promising young men should become hardened criminals, and those virtuous young women, in many instances, vile prostitutes?

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The true way to ameliorate the condition of these classes is to furnish them with legitimate means of employment in a sphere far removed from the scenes of licentiousness and riot; to stem the tide of immigration in this direction and starve the evil to death by cutting off the supply upon which it fattens. The habits of rural life are favorable to the moral and physical growth of man. In the country, society exists in a simple form, and the refined and alluring vices of the city are unknown. Industry, prudence and forethought are the natural allies of the farmer, and abundance and prosperity are his rewards. The constant labor and watchful care which the nature of his employment demands, leave no room for idleness or vain pursuits—the present is made subservient to the future by the sowing of seed in the spring time to reap a harvest in autumn. These energies which might have been wasted in excitement and debauchery for the want of legitimate work in the city are here spent in the cultivation of the soil and the accumulation of wealth. The invigorating air which the cultivator breathes, supplies the place of those poisonous fluids which the laborer and mechanic use as stimulants in the city. Furnished with ample means to support a family, he embraces matrimony as a blessing. Maternal feelings are awakened in the breast of woman, and instead of an unhealthy and abandoned race of vagabonds, a hardy, thrifty and prosperous peasantry is presented to the republic.

There are many industrious persons who would be only too glad of the opportunity of betaking themselves and families to the country, but whose slender means oblige them to live in the crowded districts of New York and other large cities, where they witness with sorrow and pain their children growing up in idleness and dissipation. What a blessing it would be if the example of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association would awaken a public interest in the cause it has espoused, and a grand movement were made towards the relief of the poor of every denomination and nationality! It would be a most wise measure for the country's prosperity, a noble act of philanthropy in behalf of suffering humanity, and a grand triumph for the cause of morality. We heartily wish this new association God-speed in its endeavors, that Irish immigration may flow more abundantly, in future, over the fertile plains of the West; that houses, hamlets, villages and cities may spring up from the richness of the virgin soil; and that the time may come when "New Ireland" of the West may rival in magnificence and grandeur "New England" of the East.

J. A. Ronayne.

Buffalo, July 7, 1879.

The Welsh Convert.

From the Annals of Our Lady of Angels.

It has often been a matter of surprise to those who are interested in the work of Catholic missions in Wales that so few Welsh people are converted to the Faith; a conversion among them is a very rare occurrence, so much so that we are accustomed to say: "It requires more than a miracle to convert a Welshman." And yet there linger among the Welsh many Catholic traditions and customs. Many of them, for instance, have great faith in holy water, and will come to ask for it if any one is sick in the house; and yet for the most part they are intensely prejudiced against Catholics. There are, however, here and there very notable exceptions, and a Welshman once thoroughly convinced and converted is a treasure of faith and firmness.

For several years after the opening of the Franciscan Mission in Pontypool, an elderly woman of rather uncouth appearance, with dark tanned face and hard features, used to come in an impulsive, desultory way and at all sorts of odd times, to the church, and entreat to have her confession heard, and to be allowed to receive Holy Communion, without a moment's delay, as if it were a matter of life and death. She accounted for her appearance at specially inconvenient times by telling the Fathers that her husband was a Welshman, and so "contrary" that she could only get to church by stealth when he was out of the way. Once she appeared at six o'clock in the evening, having fasted all day, waiting for an opportunity to get out, and could hardly be persuaded to go away without having her desire gratified. The poor creature, when in church, used to pray with such fervor that one was always reminded of the words of our Lord: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." It seemed as if her dark face were transformed into a power that must draw down an answer and could not be denied. Her prayers were for her husband's conversion, which seemed as unlikely an event as could possibly happen. He was sixty years of age, too old to take in a completely new world of ideas, and so bitterly opposed that he could scarcely bear to hear the name of Catholic. It chanced, however, to the woman's great astonishment, that he offered one Christmas Day to go with her to High Mass. She accompanied him, trembling, but with a lurking joy in her heart, as she said, for she felt it could only be an inspiration from above that had prompted him to this unexpected step. After the Mass, there followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The husband, whose name was William Jones, a fine, tall, stout man, with grey head, long flowing white beard, and a remarkably intelligent face, with a grave, earnest expression, sat through the service immovable, his eyes fixed on the altar and on the priest, whilst his wife knelt in an agony of prayer by his side. The service over, they went home in silence, and for some days not a word passed between them on the subject; the man sat mending his umbrellas (for such was his trade), grave and thoughtful, whilst the woman went about her household duties, secretly watching him, but, as she said, her heart was praying all the time.

One afternoon, a few days after this Christmas Day, Father Elzear chanced to pass their house, and, to the old lady's astonishment, her husband went to the door and called after him, entreating him to enter. He of course complied; the poor man closed the door, gave him a chair, and then somewhat shyly said: "Oh, sir, will you be so kind as to explain something that happened when I was in your church on Christmas Day?"

"Certainly, and with great pleasure," replied the Father.

"Well, sir, you took a shining thing out of that little cupboard on the altar, and lifted it high up, and set it where all the folks could see it; and when I looked up at it I saw the figure of a beautiful little boy in the middle of it. It was the most beautiful little man I ever saw, and I'd like to know how you made that representation."

Father Elzear was much struck; he saw that the man was deeply in earnest, and felt that our Blessed Lord must have appeared to him as the remonstrance was raised on the throne for Benediction; so he took down from the shelf the well-worn Bible, and read, in the Protestant version, as it stood there, the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, explaining, as he went on,

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about the gift of the Bread of Life, and how our Lord's promise of It was fulfilled in the Blessed Sacrament. Jones listened with folded hands, and tears streaming down his cheeks. Here was what he had sought for so long, and tried one sect after another in the vain hope that they could give it him. There was no hesitation, no questioning, no difficulty in his full, free acceptance of the truth. The light of Faith shone straight into his mind without a cloud to intercept it. He begged at once to be instructed and received into the Church. Day after day he came, catechism in hand, and eagerly, and with the simplicity of a child, drank in those holy, beautiful truths; and on the Feast of St. Patrick, a little more than two months after his wonderful vision, he was baptized. His desire to receive Holy Communion was almost overbalanced by the dread of receiving his Lord unworthily; and, when the morning came that this great privilege was to be his, and he was to feed upon his God, he approached the altar with trembling steps, his face bathed in tears of penitence and joy. It so happened the same morning a little child of ten years old made his First Communion at the same Mass, and they knelt side by side, the grey-headed man, so far on life's journey, and the little child just entering upon it; and it was hard to say which of the two had the most childlike heart, for, if ever there was one of whom it might be said late in life, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was this convert. He lived about seven years after this the life of a saint, and his death was such that everyone who witnessed its approach might well say: "May my last end be like his!" One pain and regret alone troubled his soul—that he had not known the truth sooner, and so had a longer time to serve his Lord, instead of wandering outside the Fold for so many years.

One day Father Elzear told him the parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard—how that some were called early in the morning, and others not until evening, yet all received the same reward; whereupon he raised himself up, saying eagerly, "Give me my crucifix; give me my crucifix!" And in a rapture of devotion he kissed it again and again, repeating, "Even at the eleventh hour! even at the eleventh hour!"

The wife, who had been so unwearied in her prayers for her husband's conversion, now they were so fully answered, seemed scarcely able to understand the height of spirituality to which he had reached, and fancied the devil must be puffing him up with pride; and therefore, all through his last sufferings, when everyone else was edified by his extreme patience and humility, she thought it her duty perpetually to warn him, and, with ominous shakings of her head, reiterated again and again, "William, beware of pride!" This he answered only by a look of the greatest meekness and sweetness. Father Elzear was with him when he died. He had received the Holy Viaticum and the last absolutions, the prayers for the dying had been said, and he lay calm and still, except for his labored breathing, which grew fainter and fainter, until those around him fancied it had ceased, when suddenly he raised himself up, his face glowing and his eyes kindling, and exclaimed: "Oh, that beautiful light! that beautiful light!" and then sank back and expired.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower. A kind word is never lost—never forgotten.

Catholic Notes.

—Cardinal von Schwarzenberg is now the last of all those created by Pope Gregory XVI.

—Mr. Thomas McCrosson has retired from the *Tribune*, a Catholic paper published in Toronto, Ont., over which he has presided ably and acceptably for two years and a half.

—A Pilgrimage from Toronto to the Church of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls, under the patronage of his Grace Archbishop Lynch, was announced to leave that city on the 21st inst.

—Very Rev. Dr. McMahon, Bishop-elect of Hartford, in a touching address bade farewell to his former parishioners of New Bedford on the 6th inst. He was presented with a purse of $1,500 on the occasion.

—His Holiness has decided to use all the income from the Peter's Pence Fund for schools, destitute nunneries and charities, and will provide for his own needs out of the proceeds of a small funded property.—*Morning Star.*

—A new church which had been in course of erection for some time past at Shundaken, on the Ulster and Delaware R. R., was solemnly dedicated to God under the title of Our Lady of Lourdes, by Very Rev. Father Quinn, V. G. of New York, on the 22d ult.

—An object of general interest on the day of the opening of St. Etheldreda's Church in London, was a remarkable holy water-font, said to be 1,000 years old. This relic was found during the progress of the work on the building, and no doubt is entertained of its authenticity.

—We are sorry to find in the current number of the *Monthly Magazine of the Holy Rosary*, an edifying and instructive periodical published by the Dominican Fathers in London, the announcement of its suspension. The circulation was not sufficiently large to cover the cost of publication.

—Devotion of a Priest.—A correspondent writing from the Sandwich Islands to a Philadelphia paper says: "The most touching instance of giving one's life for his friend is that of a Romish priest, who has been there for several years, though not a leper, and many a tongue has blessed his unselfish devotion to their stricken people."

—Wonderful Progress of the Church in the United States.—In the course of a very able and interesting article on the Catholic Church in the United States, the *Saturday Review*, one of the best and most enjoyable of English journals, says that the opening of St. Patrick's Cathedral "is the outward and visible symbol of a great fact in modern religious history; it at once represents and records the wonderful progress of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States."

—Progress of the Church in Northern Germany.—A German Protestant journal says the Church is more and more taking root in the northern part of the grand duchy of Oldenburg. Of late the Catholics of the city of Oldenburg have built a church which is quite an ornament to the town. At Delmenhorst, also, a chapel has been built, and the poor people of the place have subscribed an annual contribution of $112 towards the interest of the building capital. Similar works are going on in other parts of North Germany, in Hanover, Schleswig, Mecklenburg, etc.

—An illustration of how widely a piece may be circulated when it once finds its way into a Catholic paper,

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and of the unity of sentiment among Catholics no matter how far remote they may be from each other, or how different in other respects, is afforded by the fact that a short article on Pius VI which some time ago was translated from the Italian for the AVE MARIA by an American lady residing in Rome, comes to us this week in the columns of the excellent periodical *Il Divin Salvatore*, published in Rome, the article being translated back into Italian for that paper and credited to the AVE MARIA.

——A TRUE SHEPHERD.—Among the British troops now fighting the Zulus are at least from 2 to 3,000 Catholics. To afford these soldiers during the campaign the spiritual care so much needed, Rev. Father Walsh left Pretoria, the capital of the province of Transvaal, and offered himself as chaplain to a corps going to the front. In this capacity he has shared all the hardships of the campaign, and the misery of the blockade of Ekowe, where the gallant British force, with ranks reduced below one half of its original number by death and sickness, was relieved after six weeks of most heroic and determined resistance, at a moment when a total annihilation by the besieging savages seemed inevitable.

——CONVERSIONS.—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who was recently received into the Church by Rev. Father Verhaag at Portland, Oregon, is the fifth of the Father's converts since he has been rector of St. Francis's Church, in that city. Mr. Arthur Perley, who has been studying at the University of Notre Dame the past year, was baptized in the Chapel of Loretto, at St. Mary's Academy, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, by one of the priests of Notre Dame. Mr. Perley is the fourth convert in his family. Mr. Francis W. Bloom, of Vincennes, Ind., also a student at the University of Notre Dame for the past two years, was, after due preparation and with the consent of his parents, baptized in the College Church on the Feast of Pentecost.

——MIXED MARRIAGES.—We wish that some philanthropist could be found who would scatter this pamphlet broadcast among Catholic families over all the land and thereby curtail the sin, the shame and the scandal of mixed marriages, which may be well styled Lucifer's "left bower." Father Lambing treats this important question in all its phases and leaves no point untouched. He portrays the monster evil of modern days in all its deformity, and every Catholic who has a hankering after an infidel husband or a Protestant wife should spend at least a day in "retreat" perusing this little work ere they enter upon the turbulent waters of such wretched wedlock. The book costs but 15 cents. We thank the AVE MARIA for this valuable treatise, from which we shall make extracts whenever opportunity offers.—*Catholic Sentinel, Oregon.*

——ORDINATION.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., as we learn from the *Catholic Universe*, three young gentlemen were ordained priests at St. Mary's Seminary in Cleveland, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour. The happy candidates were Rev. Messrs. W. J. Manning, J. C. Desmond and F. Ruppert. Twelve clergymen and a large number of relations and friends of the young priests were present at the the solemn rite. We unite in wishing many years of usefulness in the sacred ministry to these young gentlemen, and trust that the bright hopes that are centred in them will be fully realized. The standard of studies in the seminary of Cleveland, which is under excellent management, is exceptionally high, and the training thorough. We thought the seminarians of Cleveland the finest looking body of young men we had ever seen.

——IMPRESSIONS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.—We clip the following paragraph from a letter lately written to one of the Boston papers, we forget which one, describing a visit to Dr. Newman: "The Doctor's own room, in which I awaited his coming, was simple in its furniture, and plain in its adornments. The meeting was characterized by the same unostentatious simplicity, on his part, which had previously attracted my attention. His greeting was cordial, without affectation, or the slightest intimation of consciousness of superiority. He conversed freely and simply on the various topics that were suggested, inquiring kindly about mutual friends in America and manifesting an intelligent interest in the affairs of my country which indicated a familiarity with our history and an accuracy of knowledge not often attained even by the most intelligent foreigners. In short, everything indicated the refined, Christian gentleman, and the humble Christian priest, and I parted with him with sentiments of profound reverence and admiration. I cannot but feel that it is a fitting tribute to a truly great and good man that his promotion to one of the highest dignities of his Church is hailed with satisfaction by men of all creeds and all parties throughout the world."

——CATHOLICISM IN BULGARIA AND RUSSIA.—Monsignor Reynauds, Vicar Apostolic of Bulgaria, has recently opened a new Catholic church at Sophia, the capital. The services of dedication were celebrated with great pomp. The Pontifical High Mass was attended by the entire Catholic colony, the foreign consuls residing at Sophia, and a large number of the Russian General's staff. We are glad to notice that the influence of schismatic Russia, so far, has not disturbed the activity of Catholic missionaries in Bulgaria, and this gives us reason to hope for better days for the Catholics in Russia itself, since the latest news by mail confirms that sent by cable a few weeks ago to the effect that an understanding was likely to be reached between the Russian Government and the Roman Court. It is certain that forcible perversions of Catholics to the schism have ceased altogether; that toleration is openly advocated by the organs of the Russian Government in Poland, and that the Governor-General himself, on a recent tour of inspection, took occasion to visit several Catholic schools and recommended the teachers not to neglect religious instruction, which he said should be given in the native language of the Poles, in order to make a lasting impression upon the minds of the children.

——A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Dr. Fraser, an English Protestant Bishop, alluding to Prince Napoleon in a sermon at Harwood recently, said: "The Prince was a Roman Catholic, and had a different faith from ours, but he believed in the same God and hoped to be saved by the same Lord Jesus Christ. Among his papers was found a prayer—almost the last prayer he seemed to have uttered or written down before he left this land. It was, "Lord, if I must die, may I die in trying to save a comrade; and if I must live, may I live among the most worthy." Now that throws a light upon the young man's character, and I wish that every young man of twenty-three would pray to God in some such spirit. No matter what a man's peculiar type of religious faith may be, whether he be of the English Church, or a Roman Catholic, or a Nonconformist, if he realizes his relations to God and to his fellow-men in that spirit he learns the highest and noblest blessings of the Gospel of Christ; for what matters it where or how we die, so long as when we die we are ready and we die working? For heaven's sake, you good people of Harwood, don't any of you live merely to eat or to drink or to please yourselves—live

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for something higher, something nobler, something more Christ-like." This is well enough as far as it goes, but it does matter what a man's faith is, and what Church he belongs to. There is only one Church, and that we are commanded to hear.

——THE STATUE FOR THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.—We have received a description of the proposed statue of our Lady which is to adorn the new University, and which the young lady-graduates of St. Mary's Academy generously proposed to themselves to contribute as their crowning gift to Notre Dame. The model of the statue is that adopted by our late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, in 1854, on the occasion of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The material will be of highly polished bronze, sixteen feet in height, the crescent with the serpent beneath, and a starry crown above. Nine of the stars will be seen over and on either side of the head. By day the statue itself and its circle of stars will glitter in the sunlight, an object of beauty for miles around; and by night the nine stars will be lit with the electric light, and thus be a beacon of beauty from a still further distance. As the head will be 186 feet above the earth, it is evident that the jets of light will be seen by night all over the neighboring city and for a great distance on the various railroads entering there. The young ladies of St. Mary's have therefore undertaken a beautiful task, a labor of love, in thus placing our Lady's statue in mid-air, as Michael Angelo placed the faultless Grecian temple above St. Peter's, a thing of beauty to rest and shine there a joy forever. May their labor of love be rewarded, here, with the success of the object which they have in view, and afterwards with the sweet memory of the noble deed which they have accomplished; and may our Blessed Lady look upon them with her brightest smiles when, as the shades of night come on, her beautiful statue lights up the landscape of Notre Dame.

——The New York *Graphic*, a non-Catholic periodical, speaking of colonization, says:

The opinion seems to be rapidly gaining ground that the day of individualism in colonization is over. It begins to be seen that to leave everyone who wants to better his condition to his own unaided resources, is a very wasteful operation, both for society and the individual. Moving from one country to another, or even from one portion to another of the same country, is necessarily an expensive undertaking. Coöperation of effort reduces the expenses. But the great need of a bureau or society to direct a colonization movement is to supply two wants—information as to a proper place to settle and the financial assistance, without which the intending emigrant would be compelled to remain where he was. Those who have studied the question carefully are of the opinion that in order to settle in Minnesota, for instance, the emigrant should have at least $1,000. If he has less, the chances are decidedly against his success. Now, there are comparatively few persons who want to emigrate to the West who have that amount of money at their disposal. The object of the Catholic Colonization Society, and we believe the same may be said of the "Coöperative Colonization Aid Society," is to supply thrifty emigrants who are possessed of some capital with what is needed to make up the amount required to insure their success in their new settlement. A Catholic with $250 or 300 will be aided by the Catholic Colonization Society, though it will not, for the present, at least, aid a Catholic who has not that amount. The result of the aid to be extended by the society will be to place every person with $300 in as good a position as he would have with $1,000 in case that aid was not forthcoming. This is a large country and there is plenty of room for colonization in it. There are many persons in our large cities who would be made better in the country. How to dispose of the surplus population of our rapidly growing cities is a pressing question. Systematic colonization seems to afford a solution of it. At least, it should be tried. And we seem at the present time to be in a fair way of witnessing its trial on a large scale, both under the auspices of the Catholic Church and of a philanthropic organization which includes all creeds.

——CARDINAL NEWMAN AT HOME.—His Eminence Cardinal Newman has arrived home at the Birmingham Oratory in improved health. His safe return was celebrated by a thanksgiving service, and the Church of the Oratory was crowded on the occasion. A correspondent of one of the English papers writes: "Upon his arrival, Cardinal Newman was received by the resident Fathers and a considerable number of the clergy of the town. Having assumed his manteletta and biretta, he was met at the entrance to the church by the senior Father, the Rev. Austin Mills. A procession was then formed, and the Cardinal, supported by Fathers Pope and Bittlestone, was led up the church under a canopy held by four boys. His face, though as careworn as ever, had not the pallor that was noticeable when he preached to the congregation on Easter Sunday prior to his departure for Rome, but his features were overcast by an expression of unusual sadness, and the bent figure and faltering footsteps were only too painful evidences of a state of extreme lassitude and debility. Yet, as he passed through the crowded edifice, he devoutly blessed his congregation, and bestowed, in the feeblest voice, a few words of benediction. The Cardinal was escorted to the chapel of St. Philip Neri, and after a short prayer he returned processionally to the high altar. The sanctuary had been decorated in superb taste for the occasion. To the left of the altar was placed a grand throne, to which the Cardinal, after reciting the prayer of St. Philip, was led. As he sat upon the throne the Oratorians advanced to him, and kissed his hand. After some prayers had been said, the Cardinal advanced to the front of the altar, and, the throne having been moved towards him, his Eminence seated himself upon it, as though overcome by fatigue, and addressed some feeling remarks to the congregation, thanking them for their sympathy and prayers."

——ALEXANDRIA.—A correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, writing from Alexandria, Egypt, under the *nom de plume* of "*Un Malade Imaginaire*," gives an interesting account of a first Sunday spent in that ancient city. Having gone to Mass at the Church of Santa Catarina, which is attended by the Italian Capuchins, he says:

"I was surprised at the number of Mohammedan-looking folk who were kneeling around me; a few benches of little native schoolboys in long blue shirts, reading out of their Arab prayer-books; women of the poorest class with the unmistakable wrinkled olive faces, lozenge-shaped eyes, and coarse dark blue serge garments of the Egyptian fellah-women, counting their rosary-beads as piously as our own Irish poor; majestic-looking Oriental bigwigs in flowing white robes, colored tunics, and yellow sandals, the tarboosh always nailed to their heads, save when it was for a moment raised during the Elevation of the Host; and women shrouded from head to foot in white garments, mostly Syrian or Armenian Catholics. You may judge the feeling of awe and pride with which an Irish Catholic claimed kindred with all those dusky worshippers three thousand miles away from Ireland. Was not the aspiration breathed from under those Eastern fezzes, burnous, and yashmaks, the same as was at that very moment ascending from thousands of Irish hearts with Irish frieze outside them! That artless hymn to the Virgin sung by the Egyptian boys, haven't I heard its notes a hundred times upon happy May evenings long ago in Ireland? The very language of affectionate loyalty to the Holy See which the Capuchin preacher poured forth in glowing Italian might have been spoken word for word in a different dialect from the Marlborough street pulpit. *Semper eadem* on the Nile as on the Liffey, in the days of the Khedives as in the days of the Cæsars! The Catholic Patriarch of Alexandria is the head of quite a flourishing and vigorous young church. There are 40,000 Catholics in this city alone, with temples, schools, and

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conventa worthy of their growing power; and it is only within the last few years that a Jesuit missionary in Cairo has brought 8.000 Copts (of that obstinate monophysite sect which believes in only one nature of the Redeemer) into communion with Rome. The Copts are by far the most numerous and the most ignorant Christian heretical sect in Egypt."

——ANOTHER MIRACLE THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF THE "CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM."—Our readers will remember the sanctuary erected in honor of our Blessed Lady under the consoling title of "Comforter of the Afflicted" at Carey, Ohio, some few years ago, and of which we have heretofore spoken at some length. Through a letter from Berwick, a few miles from the sanctuary, and the nearest town to it, we learn that good Father Gloden's parishioners and the clients of our Blessed Lady at the favored spot have been rejoiced by another miracle. From a testimonial penned by Augustus Walter, a resident of Mercer Co., Pa., and signed by himself and his wife, Johanna Walter, at Carey, Ohio, on the 2d of July last, we learn that Mrs. Walter was in 1847 attacked by a most painful rheumatic fever which not only necessitated the use of crutches but even brought her to the brink of the grave. For two months she was attended by a neighboring doctor, but without obtaining the least relief, so she concluded that her case was beyond medical aid and gave it up. In the year 1876, having read in the *Wahrheitsfreund* an account of the pilgrimage to Our Lady, Consoler of the Afflicted, at Carey, Ohio, she felt a renewal of devotion and great confidence in the benign Mother of God, and made a vow that if she obtained her cure she would make a pilgrimage to the new sanctuary at Carey and have three Masses said there. After the vow she became gradually better, and in three months was able not only to walk without crutches but to fulfil her vow by making the pilgrimage from Mercer County, Pa., to Carey, Ohio. In gratitude for the great favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, Mrs. Walter left her crutches as a testimony of her cure in the Sanctuary of the *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, together with the letter or affidavit a copy of which we have before us, signed by herself and her husband, and testified by Rev. Father Philip Kist, who with Rev. Father Gloden, the rector of the parish, was present at this edifying expression of gratitude.

——DEDICATING A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE HOME OF PURITANISM.—If the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 could have been present in the old town of Plymouth on the Fourth of July, their eyes would have met a sight which, during their generation of authority, they could not have dreamed would have ever come to pass. On that day a Catholic Church was dedicated to the service of God within sight of the landing place of the Fathers. The day was one of peculiar rejoicing to the Catholic people of the town and their pastor, for they had been working assiduously for six long years to gain the end which has just been attained. Luxury and the every-day comforts of life have been heroically sacrificed by them so that the work might be pushed forward. Cheerfully they have worked, shoulder to shoulder with their zealous pastor, who, through all the struggle, has been encouraged in his labor by the good will and ever-ready helping hand of his congregation. The church is dedicated under the title of St. Peter, and is a Gothic structure of brick and wood. The corner-stone was laid six years ago on the Fourth of July by Archbishop Williams, who also officiated at the dedication. It stands on a beautiful site, flanked on one side by Plymouth Harbor, and on the other by an expanse of country. The edifice—100x47 ft.; spire 129 ft.; sacristy, 21x 32 ft.—has a seating capacity for 750 persons. The interior is beautifully frescoed, and is profusely lighted up by large windows of stained cathedral glass on either side, the gifts of the members of the congregation. The grand altar is a beautiful work of art, being composed principally of white marble, inlaid with beautiful and rare marbles. On either side of this altar are to be placed two smaller ones dedicated respectively to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Joseph. At the other end of the church is the choir-gallery. At the laying of the corner-stone in 1873, the preacher was Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., at that time Father Jas. A. Healy, of St. James's Church, Boston. Upon this occasion, also, he was the preacher, and after the Gospel of the day had been sung, he ascended the altar steps and delivered an eloquent sermon, taking as his text the words "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."—*Condensed from the "Boston Pilot."*

——EVIDENCES OF GOOD WILL AMONG NON-CATHOLICS.—In these days, when Protestantism, which although young in comparison with the Church, is disintegrating, and many of its members are losing all faith in a revealed religion and becoming rank infidels, it is consoling to see so many taking refuge in the barque of Peter, and many others, almost unconsciously, drifting towards it. This is well. The modern Protestant sects have nearly run their course, and the conflict will soon lie exclusively between the Church on the one hand and Materialism or infidelity on the other. It gladdens one, therefore, to see that not only in England but in this country the purest in mind and deepest in thought among Protestants, and especially among Episcopalians, are one by one taking up the Catholic usages discarded by the so-called Reformers of the 16th century. We already see auricular confession, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and the Catholic ritual adopted. Were it not that we hope their good faith or purity of intention saves them from sin in their empty mimicry of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we could deprecate most heartily what seems almost sacrilegous to a Catholic; but with regard to devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, invoking their intercession for light, there can be no misgiving; nothing but what is good can come of it. These thoughts, consequent upon what we hear of the ritualists both in England and this country, have been suggested by an account of a memorial window lately placed in an Episcopal church in Houghton, Mich., which we read of in a secular paper which has kindly been sent to us. It is a triplet window, consisting of three equal lancets and three trefoils, the centre lancet representing the Blessed Virgin bearing in her arms the Infant Saviour. "Both the figures and the faces in this group," says the newspaper account, "are of exquisite workmanship and of great artistic merit, and will bear close inspection. The group is surrounded by a nimbus, and the head of each figure by a halo, that about the Head of the Child being cruciform, as is customary in ancient paintings. This lancet is inscribed at the bottom with the ancient legend on the tombs in the Catacombs, '*Requiescant in pace*,' applying of course to those for whom the memorial was erected, a mother and son who had been members of the parish. *Tu cunctas hæreses sola in universo mundo* is a familiar praise of our Blessed Lady; let us hope that through her intercession the ranks of the Church will soon be swelled with those without her pale, and especially those who evince some filial regard for the Mother of the Redeemer.

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New Publications.

[We owe an apology for having delayed so long our notice of the following books :]

COUNTER-POINTS IN CANON LAW: A Reply to the Pamphlet "Points in Canon Law," and to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of Oct., 1878. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D. D., formerly Professor of Canon Law, etc. J. J. O'Connor & Co., Newark, N. J. 1879.

The conviction that Rev. Dr. Smith would be fully able to defend himself, to which we gave an intimated expression in our review of "Points in Canon Law," (Jan. 18, 1879,) so far from being shaken, has only been confirmed by this long-expected and very satisfactory "Counter-Points," now before us. This pamphlet, of 105 pp., (double the size of the "Points,") is more than a reply; it aims, as the author remarks, "also to set forth and dilate upon the questions under dispute, . . . and to explain at length such practical and important questions as the Approbation of the Baltimore Decrees; Removal and Dismissal of Our Pastors; . . . Imprimatur in the U. S.; Decree *Tametsi;* Canonical Parishes; Irremovability; Perquisites (jura stolæ)": an epitome of our practical Canon Law. Our proviso in admitting Dr. Quigley's apparent advantage, in the review of his *brochure*, viz.: "that all the authorities were rightly 'quoted,'" Dr. Smith here proves was not inapposite. And the time and care taken with the revision of the "Counter-Points" by three or four of our most learned ecclesiastics go far to reassure us that the latter Doctor's references are more trustworthy than those of the former, who wrote "in scraps of hours of recreation." His very confession of an oversight or two, or of his laying himself liable to be misunderstood by certain ambiguous phrases in the 1st Edition of his Elements, increases the confidence of his readers in his true manliness and solid learning. It is good for everyone except the Pope to admit himself quite fallible. Though almost all the articles of the "Counter-Points" seem well-digested and argued, all are not equally satisfactory. The "Baltimore Decrees" and the "Imprimatur in the United States" are the longest and perhaps best articles of the series. The latter especially is clinched in its conclusions by the detailed authority of Mgr. Fessler, Secretary to the Council of the Vatican.

The veteran editor of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* comes in for some sound canonical thwacks, the resonance of which, reëchoed in the last thirty pages of the "Counter-Points," expresses the fine distinction there may exist between being a "thorough theologian" and a thorough canonist.

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. Arranged on the Catechetical plan. New York : The Catholic Publication Society.

This is one of the best school histories that we know of, and seems admirably fitted to attract the attention and impress the memory of little folks. The illustrations, which are numerous and well executed, add much to the value of the book. We are sure that teachers and pupils will be pleased with it.

A SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. Translated from the German of Rev. Joseph Deharbe, S. J. Revised and Corrected by an American Ecclesiastic. New York : The Catholic Publication Society.

Deharbe's series of Catechisms, of which the above is the third volume, are very popular in Germany, and deservedly so. The matter is well chosen and carefully edited, and the arrangement of the work is clear and methodical. Deharbe's Catechisms contain much that will not be found in others. It is an original work, as far as it could be. The American edition, prepared by competent hands, has been well received.

Obituary.

THE LATE REV. P. F. SHERIDAN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The hand of death has stricken down an old and venerable priest the story of whose life constitutes a very important chapter in the diocese of Philadephia. An eminently useful, though to the eyes of the outer world a comparatively uneventful, life was brought to a happy close at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 9th, when Father Sheridan, late pastor of St. Paul's Church, in this city, quietly resigned his soul into the arms of his Lord. Though in weak health for about nine years, yet it was only a few weeks ago, while the recent mission was going on, that unmistakable signs of his rapidly approaching end manifested themselves, and for two weeks before his death he was confined entirely to his bed. All these long years of suffering he bore with the most patient resignation and constant determination to be ready when the final summons came.

Patrick Francis Sheridan was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, about the year 1811. After a careful training, which Irish parents know so well how to give their children, and especially those whom they devote from their infancy to the service of God, he was sent to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, where he was engaged in the study of sacred lore when, in the early part of 1841, the Very Rev. Dr. Barron, brother of Sir Henry Vincent Barron, one of Waterford's representatives in the British House of Commons, visited Ireland to obtain laborers to work in the portion of the Lord's vineyard comprised within the limits of the Diocese of Philadelphia, of which this distinguished theologian and missionary, afterwards Bishop of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, was Vicar-General. From St, John's College, Waterford, there came with Dr. Barron at the same time Father Nicholas Cantwell, the present pastor of St. Philip de Neri's Church; Father Hugh Lane, the present pastor of St. Thèrésa's, both in this city; Father Forestall, whose remains repose in St. Mary's churchyard, and Mr. Burke, who died in the Seminary and who is buried in St. John's churchyard, in the vault nearest the door of the pastoral residence. They had with them another companion who was not destined for the priesthood, Mr. O'Connor, brother of the late Bishop of Pittsburgh and of the present Bishop of Nebraska. Father Forestall, who was for some time editor of the *Catholic Herald*, built the old church at Frankford, in 1846, while he was stationed at St. Mary's as assistant to the Very Rev. Father Carter, V. G., the present pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia.

It was on the 4th of November, 1841, that Fathers Sheridan and Cantwell were ordained priests by Bishop Kenrick in St. Mary's Church, of which that saintly prelate's brother, the present venerable Archbishop of St. Louis, was then pastor. Perhaps the most distinguished of the group of notable ecclesiastics who were associated in this event was the learned and eloquent Bishop of Charleston, S. C., the great Dr. England, who preached on the occasion. It was not until some time afterwards that Fathers Lane and Forestall were ordained.

Father Sheridan's first mission, to which he was im-

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mediately appointed, extended over the whole of Chester and Delaware Counties, a district in which there are at present over twenty churches, chapels and stations, and almost as many priests. Whilst laboring in this extensive field he began and almost completed St. Michael's Church, Chester. His energetic character, which he fully displayed in his first mission, showed his marked aptitude for organizing religious communities; and therefore it was that he was selected in the spring of 1843 to take charge of the new parish of St. Paul's, which had just been organized in the old township of Moyamensing, then almost a wilderness, away in the Southern suburbs, but now one of the most densely populated sections of our metropolis and one of the most important parishes in the diocese, the people of that region being almost exclusively Catholics. The district then included within Father Sheridan's jurisdiction has since grown to form two new parishes, namely St. Theresa's and the Annunciation, and part of a third, St. Charles Borromeo's. He at once set to work to build a church, and so energetically did he push on the work that Mass was celebrated for the first time in the new temple on Christmas Day of that same year. During the terribly savage Native-American riots of the following year, it was at one time feared that the church would be attacked by the frantic mob, but owing to the resolute action of the men of Moyamensing, the danger was warded off and the work allowed to go on uninterruptedly towards completion. In the summer of 1861 St. Paul's was destroyed during a thunder-storm, whilst the pastor was on a visit to Europe; but it was soon restored to the condition in which it is at present. In the early part of his long pastorate, Father Sheridan founded the parochial school, which is situated on Christian street, below Ninth street, and in 1866 he purchased the old Moyamensing town hall, on Christian street, almost directly opposite the church, which he established as a convent and academy for young ladies, giving it in charge of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who also have charge of the female department of the parochial school, the male department being under the direction of the Christian Brothers.

Father Sheridan's life was, as may be seen from the magnitude and condition of the work which he has left behind him as a lasting monument of his untiring zeal, a preëminently useful one. As long as his health was spared him no undertaking seemed to him too arduous, and success always crowned his efforts. The temple which had been reared to the worship of the Almighty, and which had to be raised from the ashes in which the fierce elements buried it, is free from the uncomfortable incumbrance of debt, and the schools are in a flourishing condition. He was a warm friend and a genial companion. Among those with whom he was on terms of closest intimacy were many of the most prominent Catholics in the city. His memory was so retentive that he never forgot a face, and after the loss of his sight, which calamity fell upon him about six years ago, he acquired the same remarkable acuteness of memory for voices. The loss of health, which had been gradually failing for the last nine years of his life, seems to have had but little effect upon his disposition, as is testified by those who have been his life-long friends. The Church has lost a useful servant, but the memory of his example remains to encourage those of his fellow-laborers whom he has left behind to persevere resolutely against every difficulty.—*Catholic Standard.*

MISS EMMA MORANGE.

The death of Miss Emma Morange, of Albany, N. Y., which occurred in New York on the morning of the 10th inst., will make many sad hearts. She was a lady so well known in her native city that her loss seems almost to be a public grief. Now that she is gone, all will remember the beautiful character that endeared her to us. Her life and heart were devoted to good works, and in all her intercourse with others she was guileless and winning as a child. The writer bears grateful testimony to her untiring devotion to making what would otherwise have been tedious hours so pleasant that they can never be forgotten, and what she has done for one she has done for many. Even in her illness of two years and nine months, much of the time suffering great pain, she busied herself in making little keepsakes for friends, and in all that time she was a pattern of patience that few can equal. She has left, for all who knew her, the memory of a true Christian character. Fortunate will any be who can lead so pure a life. H. G.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

"Virgin most merciful, pray for us."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 16TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 80 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 54 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 56 persons and 5 families,—grace of perseverance for 21, and that of a happy death for 11 persons,—special graces for 11 priests, 10 religious, 2 clerical students, and 4 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 46 persons and 13 families,—spiritual favors for 40 persons and 11 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 5 congregations, 4 schools, and one district in the far West. Also 49 particular intentions, and 10 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: News from two absent sons of a widow, and resources for the same to keep her property from being sold,—employment for other widows and orphans,—a number of lost children, the parents of whom are much distressed at not knowing where to find them,—recovery of health for a little boy,—suitable subjects for a novitiate,—success in business for a young person just starting in life,—the consent of a Protestant mother for her daughter to make her First Communion,—that a sailor and an officer in the U. S. Navy may have the blessing of being attended by a priest when they meet death,—reconciliation of a parent at variance with his children,—the establishment of missions with resident priests in certain places at the far West,—a poor woman with small children whose husband is deprived of his reason,—the happy settlement of a disagreeable and disedifying affair.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Our Blessed Mother delights to help the dying and procure them a timely reconciliation with her Divine Son. A pious lady writes as follows: "Dear Father, return thanks to our Blessed Mother for the conversion and happy death of a young gentleman who died three weeks ago. He had made his First Communion but had never received afterwards, and would not hear of having a priest near him. Being informed of this by a friend, I gave her some water of Lourdes, engaging her at the same time to unite with me in a novena to the Sacred Heart. It happened that the Feast of the Sa-

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cred Heart fell on one of the days of the novena, and on that very day the sick man sent for a priest, made his confession, received the last Sacraments, and died a pious death a few days afterwards." Another pious client of the Blessed Virgin says: "Please offer thanks to God and our Blessed Lady for the miraculous cure of three members of my family from serious throat disease; also of my son, who received a dangerous hurt, that might have cost him his life. By prayer, and the application of the water of Lourdes three times, he was cured." The same is affirmed of another person who was cured after a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes and the use of the water when every other remedy had failed.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the following deceased persons: Mrs. A. D. TAYLOR, an excellent Catholic lady of Chicago, Ill., who died suddenly on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Mr. EDWARD DOUGHERTY, late of Glasgow, Scotland, deceased at San Rafael, Cal., on the 11th inst. Mr. PRENDERGAST, who departed this life last March at Hyde Park, Ill. Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH DOWNEY, of Logan, Ohio, whose death occurred recently. MOTHER M. BERCHMANS, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose precious death took place on the 14th of June at Saint Joseph's Hospital, Prescott, Arizona Ter. Donna ANITA CROSCO, of Tucson, Arizona, who breathed her last on the 3d of December, 1877. SISTER MARY BARRY and SISTER MARY DOYLE, of the Sisters of Saint Joseph; Miss MARY MCGLADE of Loretto, Pa.; Mr. JOHN CARMODY, of Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. THOMAS LAVIN, all of whom died some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

H. Mullen, $2; H. Kane, $1; B. Buckley, 75 cts.; J. Fahey, $1; B. Wicksted, $1; J. Flanagan, $1; H. McKeogh, $1; W. Carey, $3; O. Eagan, 50 cts.; J. Cowhey, $2; M. Murphy, $1; M. Phillips, 50 cts.; Jas. Langan, $1; Jno. Langan, $1; T. Ford, $2.50; M. Mulhern, $2.50; Margaret Langan, $1; C. Maguire, 50 cts.; P. Phillips, $1; C. Lynaugh, $1.25; M. Buoyey, 50 cts.; M. Foley, $1; J. Doyle, 50 cts.; J. Curry, $1; C. Fox, $1; A. Loughery, 50 cts.; P. Doherty, 50 cts.; C. Moore, 50 cts.; E. McCarthy, $1; H. Loughery, 50 cts.; Wm. Kinney, $5; T. McGovern, $1; J. O'Connor, $1; M. Stephenson, 50 cts.; Catharine Connor, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. McElwain, $2; T. Dobbins, $1; Mary Bradley, 50 cts.; Jno. McGovern, 50 cts.; F. Gibbons, $1; E. McGuire, $1; R. McGowan, $1; Mrs. B. Lyness, $5; Michael Corbett, $1; Mrs. F. M. Santini, $1; A Friend in Natchez, $10; Bridget Finerty, $2; Michael Butler, $1; Mrs. Jane Ryan, $1; Sisters of Mercy, $1; Mrs. Brennan, $1; Mrs. Kavanaugh, $1; Mrs. Connors, $1; Mrs. Luther, $1; Mrs. Roach, $1; Mrs. Schawus, $1; Mary Doyle, $1; Mrs. Nenan, $1; Mrs. Reilly, $1; Mr. Hastings, $1; Mrs. Durant, $1; John Murphy, $1; Bridget Smith, $2; Annie Dunn, $1; Lena Miller, $1; Maria Madden, $2; Mrs. Catherine Wood, $5; Sisters of St. Joseph, $5; A Friend, 50 cts.; Rev. Peter Kolopp, $2.50; Thomas C. Dempsey, $5; Maria L. Dempsey, $5; Theodore Schulte, $2.50; Mrs. Cornelius Cronin, $1; Mrs. Emma Wells, $1; John Hughes, $5; Annie Collins, $1.

Children's Department.

A Visit to the Rooms of St. Ignatius in Rome.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC., ETC.

Along the winding streets of Rome
With beating hearts we early come,
Reach narrow door and mount the stair
To kneel—to breathe a heartfelt prayer.

What is this chamber still and gray?
Why come men hither but to pray?
What wonder then can here be found?
Hush! for ye tread on holy ground.

Ignatius in his armor bright,
With youth and hope and courage light,—
Ignatius, conqueror of souls,
Yielding to God the charge he holds.

Within these walls he once abode,
Here labored—suffered for his God;
Here wrote the words, oft pondered o'er,
His children's *Rule* for evermore.

Here said the Mass that few might tell
The wondrous grace God gave him then;
The floods of tears, the rays of light
Around his head in halo bright.

And here on July day at morn
(For him had come the eternal dawn),
His weeping children round his bed,
JESUS he sigh'd—his great soul fled.

Oh let the centuries backward fly
And see his glory in the sky:
The fight is o'er, the battle done,
What guerdon hath the warrior won?

God bids him choose the gift to leave
For those dear sons his loss who grieve
Will he ask wisdom?—mighty skill
That they the praise of men may win?

Hark! for the angels bring the sound,
It falleth down upon the ground,
Ignatius' prayer—Dear Lord not so,
But persecution's dart bestow.

They are Thine own—a chosen band,
The "Knights of Jesus" lance in hand;
And that bright lance shall be a cross,
And they will count the world but dross.

Now let the centuries tell the tale:
The prayer was granted,—ne'er did fail;
His sons for aye his blessing prize:
Men hate and scorn them—oft despise.

Gain for us courage, dearest Saint,
Never in battle hour to faint;
To beg this grace to thee we come
Unto thy shrine in ancient Rome.

Make us to love the Cross thou lov'd,
And tread like thee the narrow road,
And while in life's sad maze we stray
Ever to labor, hope and pray.

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The Story of a Pair of Gold Spectacles.

BY MRS. PARSONS.

(CONCLUSION.)

The next day Bernard was so stiff he could not move without help. And as Mrs. Raymond again asked him not to talk till he was better, he gave up the great wish to tell his story, and contented himself with trying to bear his pains as well as he possibly could. In a few days he could sit propped up in bed; and Mrs. Raymond was one day sitting by his side at her needlework, when the doctor came.

"I am much interested in this child's odd story," said the doctor. "Have you found out how he got into the road?"

"You shall hear about it, sir," said Mrs. Raymond. "I could tell more if I could see Nancy. But a great trouble has happened that woman. She has been taken up—quite unjustly, I am sure—and lodged in Working jail as a thief."

"May I listen?" asked Bernard; for he was a very honorable boy, and did not want to listen to anything he was not intended to hear.

"You may listen if you please. I am glad you are strong enough to wish to hear. And if you can remember anything which I do not know, you can speak yourself."

"Thank you," said Bernard, with a sigh, leaning heavily against his pillows; for he was still very feeble, and not able to say more than a few words at a time. So Mrs. Raymond went on with her story.

"I will tell you all about it, sir," she said to the doctor. "Please to sit down. But first, sir, you must know that a very good old woman comes here sometimes in the summer, whom we call old Nancy. She is a distant relation of that child's, and so when she comes here she steps in to see him. She comes by the railway; it costs her about eighteen pence. But she has friends about here, and she makes it answer, no doubt; and it gives her a day in the country. I have seen her here many times in the summer; and she will call here to ask after Bernard, and to inquire when I last heard from his father. I give her some dinner, or a cup of tea. And this time that she came she took Bernard out for a walk. He was not very willing to go. I may say I made him go," said Mrs. Raymond, looking with a smile towards Bernard on the bed. So the little boy nodded his head, as much as to say she was telling it quite correctly, and then Mrs. Raymond went on; the doctor listening attentively, from time to time glancing at Bernard.

"The child was not very willing to go; but I was surprised—for he is very obedient—to find, after some time, that old Nancy stood in my doorway quite breathless, saying he had run away from her, and that she could not spare any more time in seeking him, for that if she did she should be late for the train by which she was obliged to return. I was vexed, and a little frightened, so I asked which way he had gone. She answered that he had left the public road, and gone up among the hills; she said that if he had not fallen into any of the old quarries, which make the hills very dangerous to a wanderer not knowing the paths, he would likely return by Mr. Mason's lodge-gate. She said that he ought to be sought after, and she advised my going that way. Then she went away quickly, that she might get to the railway station in proper time; and I, seizing in a hurry my bonnet and shawl, went up the road. And what should I see on the ground, quite insensible, with bits of fern and bramble sticking to his torn clothes, but that boy, with a wound on his head, and all over cuts and bruises, as you know."

All this time Bernard had been listening with the greatest surprise, for he knew that he had *not* run away; but that old Nancy had knocked him down, just as you, my dear reader, have been told. But Bernard never spoke. Indeed he felt too surprised to speak. And he also wanted to hear on to the end.

"As soon as I had got the poor dear little fellow home, sir, I sent for you. And you know all you did for him. He was so hurt and so feverish that he could not give any reasonable account of himself. He began to talk nonsense once—that showed how badly his head had been hurt—nonsense about gingerbread and gold spectacles. But I gave him the composing draught, and when he recovered he was quite sensible. But I must say I should have liked a few words more with old Nancy. And I said so to my neighbor who lived in Mr. Mason's lodge; and she told me that down at the railway station they were saying that Nancy had, on her journey home, been taken up for robbing a man who had travelled with her. He said he had lost a sovereign; and a sovereign was found on old Nancy; so they had her before the magistrates, and she is gone to jail."

"I don't believe she robbed the man," said Bernard.

"I can't make it out," said Mrs. Raymond. "And I wish you had never run away from her. When you are stronger I shall go to see Nancy in jail, to find out more about your knocks and bruises."

Bernard was much puzzled in his mind as to whether or not he should tell all that happened, there and then, before the doctor. Mrs. Raymond evidently thought his head much weaker than it really was. And this was partly because she thought he was not in his right senses when he talked of gold spectacles and gingerbread.

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All that seemed to her like nonsense. But it was part of Bernard's story; and so he sat questioning himself as to whether he should tell her and the doctor everything, or whether he should wait to speak to her privately. He had made up his mind that Nancy had not robbed the traveller in the railway carriage, but that the sovereign found upon her she had got for the gold spectacles. He wanted first to get Nancy out of jail; and next he wanted her to repent of her bad life. While these thoughts passed through his mind he came to a resolution. So he spoke clearly and distinctly: "I should like to tell my story very much. I should like to tell all I know, and why I do not think that Nancy robbed that man;—but—but—" he stopped to get up his strength—"I will only tell it to Father Joseph. So, if you please, I will see him before I sleep to-night."

"That is right, my brave little fellow," said the doctor, who was an excellent Catholic; "I shall pass his house as I go home, and I will ask him to come to you."

Bernard thanked him. Mrs. Raymond made the boy lie down, and go to sleep. When he woke she gave him some tea and toast, and just as he had finished eating, Father Joseph walked in. Mrs. Raymond left them alone together.

Bernard then told the priest every particular about his walk with Nancy. And he said that he had never run away, but that she had brought him near to the place where he had been found, and that she had knocked him down, so that he was quite insensible, and had remained insensible till Mrs. Raymond found him.

"She must have pulled me over the hedge, and dragged me down the road, and left me," said Bernard. "And as there were no gold spectacles found upon her when she was taken, I think she must have sold them for that sovereign. I do not like to think she robbed in the train. She had done so many wrong things that day. I hope she did not add anything to them by such a robbery at last. It would be growing worse and worse hour after hour, if she did that," said Bernard, with tears in his eyes.

"Now," said the priest, after a little more talk," "keep quiet. You have done your best. I know how to act, and will take the management of this matter on myself."

"Will you see after Nancy?"

"Yes, I will," said Father Joseph. "And you are to pray for her."

Bernard promised to pray, and began to do so directly; and Father Joseph went away.

The priest went straight to Mr. Mason's. There he saw General Brandon. "It was you who lost the gold spectacles, I think," said Father Joseph, smiling.

"Yes. I lost them after reading a letter to Mrs. Brandon. I have had them advertised. I have offered ten shillings reward to the finder, but no account of my lost spectacles has yet reached me. I would double the reward. I would give a sovereign if I could get back the spectacles."

"I think I shall be able to bring you some news of them before night," said Father Joseph; and he went away.

Before nine o'clock that night Father Joseph walked into Mr. Mason's house; he saw General Brandon, and gave him the precious spectacles.

"O how did you get them?" they all cried out. "Surely it was not a Catholic who had the spectacles?"

"Oh no; a Catholic worthy the name would likely have taken pains to return them to the owner. But a Catholic sent for me, and told me something which made me think I could get them. A person of dishonest practices took them and sold them. They were sold for a sovereign. I have been to the person who bought them, and got them back for the same money. And the thief has not had any reward. For, being convicted, on the strength of the evidence afforded by the price of the spectacles, of a theft that that person did *not* commit, the money was taken away, and sentence of imprisonment passed." Father Joseph did not wish to tell them any more, and they knew better than to press him with questions; but he told Bernard, and together they told everything to kind Mrs. Raymond.

Father Joseph had gone straight from Bernard to old Nancy in jail. She told him where to get the spectacles, and what to pay for them. She stayed in jail till the time of her punishment was out—and that was all she got for stealing the spectacles.

Little Bernard got well. Nancy never showed herself at Mrs. Raymond's any more. But as Father Joseph never lost sight of her, and Bernard did not forget to pray, I hope she repented before she died.

And Bernard made in his honest young heart this wise reflection: "Being in bad company for a short time hurt my body; I thank God and my guardian angel that bad company never hurt my soul."

A little girl was walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies. On being questioned as to the occupation of her thoughts, she replied by expressing the following conception, which is certainly very domestic, but still more poetical, and most of all, truthful: "I was thinking," she replied, "if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the other side be?"

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 2, 1879. No. 31.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

"He Whom God Loves."

"He whom God loves He chasteneth." Mark well
The truth of these most blessed words of Christ,
Nor let misfortune cause thee to rebel
Against His law whose life was sacrificed
To save mankind from punishment of sin.
And shall we murmur at our share of pain?
Shall we give o'er our only chance to win
Our priceless portion of a heavenly gain?

Nay! even as the God-man bore His cross
O'er the rough road which led Him to His death,
Should we bow under grief, and pain, and loss,
And praise our kind Lord while He gives us breath.
Since all that's dear in life we owe to Him,
No cross He sends should make our faith grow dim.

ELIOT RYDER.

A Christian Artist and his Works.

There is hardly any subject which has so much occupied the genius of Christian art as the sorrowful Mother gazing at the corpse of her Divine Son after his descent from the Cross. It seemed that the highest standard of representation was reached in the Pietà images of Michael Angelo in Saint Peter's, and of Bernini in the Lateran Basilica, at Rome; and yet these famous works of art have at least been equalled by an artist of our own day, Theodore William Achterman. He was a real genius, and it is remarkable that he only began to prepare himself for his distinguished career at a time of life when others generally begin to reap the fruit of their labors. Theodore William Achterman was born in 1799, in the city of Münster, in Westphalia, of poor but highly respectable parents. His father was a carpenter. Destined to become the heir of his uncle, a well-to-do farmer who lived in childless wedlock, Achterman was, until drafted into the Prussian army, and a short time afterwards, a husbandman. After his uncle's death, his aunt, anxious to secure the farm, which in Westphalia always goes to the oldest male heir in the family, for one of her own relatives, our hero, then about twenty-seven years of age, apprenticed himself to his father, and began to learn the trade of a carpenter; but it was not long before the father discovered that his son was his superior in ornamental carving.

After being about three years in his father's, workshop, it happened that General von Horn, in 1830, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Prussian army. The city of Münster presented the old warrior with two large casks of precious wine, and Achterman, who had already become famous as a carver, was requested to finish the ornamental work at the bottom of the casks. The carving was so well done that the civil Governor of Westphalia, Herr von Vinke, interested himself in having Achterman sent to Berlin to complete his artistic studies, where during two years he received some slight aid from the Government. The Fine-Art Academy in Berlin, then under the direction of Professors Ranch and Schadow, was open only to graduates of the Prussian higher colleges, and ranked in this respect with a German University. William Achterman, the poor peasant, could not even read or write; it was only the influence of Mr. von Vinke, and the attention his carvings had attracted, that caused him to be received. Staatsrath Schmedding, a countryman, took him into his house and instructed him in the elementary branches of a common school. After two years the aid from the Government ceased, as Achterman would not give up "his Westphalian notions of the Catholic religion." In vain did the Government officials try to make him relinquish Catholicism. For weeks, dry bread and water were his only sustenance; but he remained steadfast. The trustees of the Catholic church at Berlin allowed him the free use of the bellows' chamber, near the church organ, for his studio. Here he executed several orders, which enabled him to obtain money to travel to Rome.

Ariving at the Eternal City, Achterman found ready orders for his works, but before he could finish and sell them his little savings became exhausted. He was forced to contract debts; but

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even this alternative was soon denied him, his creditors discovering his inability to pay them readily. Once he had not eaten a morsel for three days; he then received a few coppers, with which he bought a loaf of bread. This, and the water of the Fontana de Trevi, was all that he had for his meals that *day*. The day following, Sunday, he asked assistance from God in earnest prayer. Shortly afterwards he met two young countrymen of his, who kindly asked him to show them to his studio, for they had heard much of him and his works of art. When Achterman had shown them the work he had done, his young visitors, who were only journeymen mechanics, said that such a famous artist as he "must have eathered his nest well." Achterman said: "When I was only a farm-hand I had always a few pennies in my pocket; in the army my pay and rations were enough for me, and as a carpenter I had what I needed, with a little over; but now, as an artist—" and the tears welled to his eyes. He then told them how he was situated, and how on the following day he should have to meet a note of $100 without a cent in his pocket. The two young mechanics consulted together, and generously offered him their little earnings, which more than covered his most pressing debts. Shortly afterwards, Princess Aldobrandini, a great connoisseur in art, purchased one of his works, and, in a generous mood, one roll of gold after another was taken out of her purse and laid on the artist's table.

Now the hard times of our hero were over. He could pay all his creditors, and have a sufficient sum left to be above want. Almost at the same time he received an order from the Bishop of Münster for two groups, destined to make his name immortal in the catalogue of artists. It was a Pietà, and the "Taking from the Cross." We will give here a description of both. The Pietà (our Blessed Lady supporting the dead Body of Christ) has been a favorite theme for many artists, both sculptors and painters. In the Pietà groups of Michael Angelo at St. Peter's and of Bernini in the Lateran, the summit of art seemed to have been reached, and yet Achterman has, at least, equalled them. With artistic perception, he chose a new situation for the Body of our Lord; not, like other artists, placing it on the lap of the Divine Mother, or representing the Mother gazing at the Sacred Body laid on a winding-sheet. Achterman's group is more sublime. Not seated, but kneeling, has the Virgin Mother waited for the moment when the Body should be taken down from the Cross. Slightly bent forward, the Blessed Virgin has one knee on the ground, the other being upright, supporting the upper part of the Sacred Body. The head is supported by her right hand, whilst the left upholds one hand of our Blessed Lord. It is to be regretted that the sombre light of the old Westphalian Cathedral does not show the magnificence of this colossal group to its full advantage. A copy in plaster in the graveyard-chapel of the German Campo Santo, shows the traits in a far better light, and here the effect is fairly overwhelming. Every muscle in the features of the Virgin betrays the most deeply and keenly felt anguish of the Mother Most Sorrowful, whilst the face of the dead Son bears the marks of His terrible agony. Full of deep compassion, the eyes of the visitor wander from the image of the Mother to that of the Son; louder than any wail of anguish is the mute sorrow speaking from these statues to our soul. The writer himself had often the happiness to kneel before the splendid original group, made of spotless white marble, now in the Cathedral of Münster. The entire group is intensely devotional, before which even the boldest scoffer would bend his knee, asking, perhaps, the Refuge of Sinners to intercede for him with the God-Man whose lifeless body is here represented resting on her knee. We feel as if Mary were presenting to us the Hand of her Son, to kiss the wounds inflicted for us, sinners, by the nails of the savage executioners. She invites us to gaze upon our Redeemer's cold, wan features, to learn what her Son had suffered for our sake. She herself, all alone in the boundless woe of her maternal heart, gazes with an expression of indiscribable sadness upon the features of the Saviour. Her very breathing seems to have ceased under the weight of her torments. Not seated, but kneeling, she holds the Sacred Body in her arms in holy devotion—a situation worthy indeed of the Queen of Martyrs. Two hundred years have elapsed since an artist's chisel had produced a similar image, and now no less than twelve reproductions in marble have been made by our artist to satisfy the demands of his friends.

The second work ordered by the Bishop of Münster was the "Descent from the Cross." Hewn out of a single block of Carrara marble, this splendid group comprises five figures in more than life-size. Long hours of earnest prayer did it take the artist before he could feel the true inspiration; one fine autumn day, after returning from a walk, he once more went to work on the unfinished pattern, and at once conceived the true idea. Elated by his inspiration, he worked all night, without feeling the least fatigue, and in the morning he could look with satisfaction upon the finished model. He now went to Carrara, to select a fitting marble block, and in a comparatively short time the work was completed. All Rome was delighted with the product of the German artist. Even Pope Pius IX, of saintly memory, honored the master by a visit, praising his work in the highest terms and presenting the artist with a magnificent gold medal. The group was then

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packed in a strong box, and shipped by rail to Leghorn, but it took a long time before a suitable vessel could be found to convey it by sea to Rotterdam. At last, a Dutch merchantman, large enough to take the heavy cargo into its lowest hold, was found. When hoisting the enormous and weighty chest, one of the ropes of the derrick broke, and the heavy load fell sideways towards the wall of the wharf. Achterman nearly fainted, but at once all the workmen, as if by a spontaneous inspiration, chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Achterman himself sang the sacred words, the tears streaming from his eyes. When new ropes had been procured it was found that an escape had been furnished by an opening of the wall, without which the heavy mass would have fallen upon the vessel and scuttled it instantly. While the Litany was chanting, one of the workmen mounted the heavy chest, and wound the new ropes around it. The derrick was then started again. Slowly rose the heavy load, then it sank down regularly, and when the last strains of the *Agnus Dei* were dying away on the morning air, the enormous box lay safe in the ship's hold. The captain then asked what were the contents of it, and when he learned that it was the "Descent from the Cross," his Protestant bigotry got the better of his good breeding, and he exclaimed: "Had I known that, I would never have allowed the idol to be brought into my ship!" Achterman could not pass this over in silence, and a religious controversy arose, in which the skipper, who though bluff was an honest fellow, was vanquished. The ship sailed a few days afterwards, and Achterman travelled by land to Münster, his native city. When the vessel was due at the harbor of Rotterdam, he went there, only to hear the appalling news that two of the ships that had sailed at that time from Leghorn had foundered in a heavy gale in the Mediterranean, and that no news had been received of the third vessel, carying the precious load. Every day he asked for news, and in about a fortnight learned that the ship was safe, but had lost its foremast.

A week afterwards it landed safely at Rotterdam. When the skipper saw the artist, overcome with joy he embraced him, crying: "But for your masterpiece my ship would have been lost; it would have been at the mercy of the waves had not the ponderous weight of the chest kept a balanced keel. The Madonna has saved us, and the vow I made at the moment when death was staring us in the face, I will accomplish at once. I will become a Catholic." We need not say how rejoiced the pious artist was at this good news.

It is to be regretted that as yet no suitable place can be found in the old Cathedral to show all the features of this matchless group to advantage. A copy in plaster placed in the Borghese Chapel of the Church of the Trinità dei Monti, Rome, is set off in a more favorable light, especially when the evening sun throws its beautiful tints on the peerless figures. The Body of our Lord is in the centre, and around it the others are grouped in their sorrow. Mary, receiving the Body of the Redeemer, supports with a marvellous tenderness the head of her beloved Son, her forehead slightly bent towards the Divine countenance. At the Redeemer's feet we see Mary Magdalen, the model of penitents, humbly kneeling, anxious to receive the drops dripping from the Sacred Wounds. A holy confidence is depicted in her features, the remembrance of her forgiveness. St. John, the beloved disciple, supports the lower part of the Body, stooping forward in deep-felt compassion and impressing the Divine features of his Master's face in indelible characters upon his own heart. Joseph of Arimathea, the last who, boldly confessing himself our Lord's disciple, had asked and obtained the Body from Pilate, supports the upper part of the Sacred Body. Thus we see the Divine Lamb, slain and sacrificed for our sins—"because He so willed it"—surrounded by perfect love in the persons of Mary and John, by ardent hope in Mary Magdalen, and by a determined faith in Joseph of Arimathea.

We regret that want of space does not permit a description of other productions from the hand of our saintly artist. We only remark that not the most tempting offers made by several modern Mæcenases could induce him to try his chisel on subjects that were not truly religious. The Archconfraternity of the Campa Santo, of which he has been a fervent member since his first visit to Rome, received from him a splendid brass crucifix, the Body being life-size, and a copy of the original marble cross made by him for the royal tomb of the Prussian sovereigns at Charlottenburg. At the foot of the Cross in the Campo Santo at Rome, the master has selected his last resting-place on this earth. Accustomed to spend the warm season in a little mountain village, Rocca di Papa, a suburb of Rome, he was grieved to behold the neglected condition of its inhabitants. Having obtained permission from the parish priest, he rebuilt an old dilapidated chapel, added to it a clergyman's residence, and established a fund for the support of a priest who, by virtue of this foundation, is obliged to perform the Divine Service in the chapel, and teach the poor children the Catechism and the rudiments of an elementary education. He also strove to improve the material condition of the people, setting aside a legacy of which the interest in the course of time is destined to afford a dowry for two poor girls every year.

William Achterman is exclusively a Christian artist, a true Catholic as well in his daily life as in all his works. His humble, childlike and modest demeanor has remained unaltered from the

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days of his youth. Seldom does a day pass that friends from the Fatherland, as well as from all parts of the world, do not visit his studio on the Piazza Barberini, and are delighted alike with the matchless sculptures as well as the saintly master who created them. Although an octogenarian, Achterman still enjoys good health and vigor; his creative hand has not yet been palsied by old age, nor has the fountain of his religious and artistical ideas run dry.

Great men—and, above all, great men among Catholics—do not belong to their own nation alone, they belong to the entire Catholic Church; and when generations shall have passed away Achterman's name will stand side by side in history with those of the great Italian artists of the XVth and XVIth centuries; with a Leonardo da Vinci, a Raphael, and a Michael Angelo.

The Handkerchief at the Window.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER III.

The Count of Castel Barco was standing at the entrance door of the castle when his daughter arrived. Though the fury had subsided, not so his anger. He deeply resented not only Geltruda's act in giving away part of his treasure, but all the trouble she had caused him, and especially the bitter anxiety he had felt after the idea had crossed him that she had taken refuge at the Ubaldi Palace. He did not rave as on the preceding night, but his brow was dark, and his attitude rigid.

"Was she there?" he asked of his son, in a whisper.

"No: at Castelaro," Uberto replied.

Geltruda, pale and motionless, raised her eyes to her father's face, and in those eyes he saw or fancied he saw the same expression, the eloquent silent reproach he had read in them when they had six years before stood by the side of her mother's corpse. It had stamped itself on his brain, and now wrought in it madness—the madness produced by remorse and pride. He felt as if he could not endure to meet it again, and fiercely resolved to banish from his sight the child who in his hour of sharpest woe had tacitly reproached him for her mother's death, and who now protested by her holy life and silent virtues against his hard-hearted avarice. Turning his back upon her, but commanding her to follow him, he led the way to the turret, the single room of which she had long inhabited, ascended the winding staircase, opened the door, and then said, without looking at her:

"You shall remain here as long as the temptation lasts to rob your relatives in favor of the first beggar who presents himself. Your meals shall be brought to you, and you can take the air on the balcony. The length of your seclusion will depend on the arrangements for your marriage with Baron Vitelleschi."

The door was shut upon the young girl and locked by her father. She listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps. The sound died away and was followed by a profound silence, which remained unbroken till a servant-maid brought her some breakfast, which she placed on the table and said:

"Il Signor Conte forbids that any one should speak to the Signorina, but I——"

"Be silent! Obey your orders," Geltruda replied; and she went to the window and stood there with her back turned to the girl till she had left the room. She heard her lock the door, and each time her meals were brought to her the same humiliating proceeding took place.

Geltruda's struggle against anger, burning indignation, and passionate sorrow, was severe. It lasted for three days. The fourth was a Sunday. A friar always said Mass in the chapel of the castle. It was only on great festivals that the family went to the parish church. Geltruda was told by the attendant who waited upon her that she was to go into a tribune at the foot of the turret stairs, which looked into the chapel, and there hear Mass.

During the Holy Sacrifice a feeling of peace stole over her, a wonderful subsiding of the inward storm, a lightening of the burthen on her soul, as if it were uplifted by an invisible power, and at the same time a vague, mysterious sense of strength to endure anything which the will of God might appoint.

When she returned to the room which had become her prison it seemed to bear a totally different aspect. "Alone with God alone," she said to herself, and with a thrill of joy thought of all that those words imply. Falling on her knees before the crucifix, she began to understand the love of suffering which saints feel, the supernatural thirst for it awakened by meditation on the Passion. The life which she was leading could not leave a soul in a tepid state. It must have had either a hardening and embittering effect, or else a purifying and softening one. As it was, it proved a preparation for an extraordinary trial. It was corresponded to with all the energy of an earnest heart and a strong will. All the lessons of holiness she had learnt from her mother as a child, all the exhortations of her pious Franciscan confessor came back to her recollection. She had heard of the lives of the Poor Clares. More than once the Countess had taken her to the Convent of Santa Chiara at Oneglia, the prioress of which was one of her

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greatest friends. She resolved to try and model her life on what she knew of those nuns. From her meals she took little, and only what would not keep. The rest was reserved in the hope that some poor person might pass under the turret window, on whom it could be bestowed. This often happened, and the half-famished creatures did not feel more joy than she did when they clutched the little parcels dropped at their feet. Long hours were spent in prayer and in acts of penance offered up for her cruel father and her thoughtless brothers and sisters. Some books which had belonged to her mother, a worn-out illuminated missal full of quaint pictures, and a volume of Lives of the Saints, furnished her with recreation. Her days were sweet, and her nights calm. The threatened marriage disturbed her mind but little. She had a firm trust that God would protect her from it. Of Carlo she thought more tenderly than ever. She prayed more ardently for him than for herself, but without agitation, with as little hope as fear for the future. Life seemed at a standstill.

Thus passed days and weeks. It was not often that the sound of voices reached her. Now and then, some of the family passed under the window, or a servant called out to another. One day the weather had become suddenly hot. She had opened the casement and was reading, when the voices of Uberto and her sisters talking in an animated manner caught her ear. She listened, and heard him say:

"Premonte has been here, and he says it is the most wonderful opportunity for buying costly gear ever known on this coast. Marvellous bargains to be had, and no one knows of it yet."

"Where do they come from? Where is the ship? what is it called?" the girls asked in the same breath.

"The 'Fior di Mare,'" Uberto answered. "It comes from Smyrna, and is anchored in the Bay of Spedaletti. He says it is full of the most magnificent brocades, the richest silks, the finest velvets, to be had for a mere nothing. Premonte heard of it first, and as a good friend that he is, ran to tell me, that we might have the first chance, before others rush there to buy. Enrico and I are going to ride to the shore and row Orlando's boat to Spedaletti. It will be fine fun to make a lot of purchases. It is a pity you girls cannot come!"

"You are a lucky fellow," Rosa said, with a deep sigh. "But how come you to have money to spend?"

"We have got some from the Signor Padre, who is in high good humor this morning."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Maddalena; "he has had a letter this morning from old Vitelleschi, who has at last made up his mind to marry Geltruda."

"Oh dear! how glad I am!" Rosa cried; "I am sure she has been long enough in disgrace. I find it a great bore to have to do the housekeeping and look after the maids. I shall be very glad when she is let out."

"But it will only be to marry the old Baron, you goose. You do not suppose they will live here? He will take her to Ventimiglia, of course. But in the mean time clothes must be bought for her, and the Signor Padre is delighted at this opportunity of providing cheaply a handsome trousseau."

"But we must have some," the girls exclaimed. "It will be too bad if we don't."

"Well, go and coax some money out of the Signor Padre, as we have done, and when we bring back the things you shall have the first choice."

"It is perfect nonsense," Rosa observed, "to give Geltruda fine clothes, whether she is going to be married or not. She never cares a bit how she is dressed."

This remark was assented to by the whole party, and then they all walked away.

Geltruda wondered that what she had heard of the marriage about to be forced upon her troubled her so little. She could not account for the strong conviction she felt that on that point she had nothing to fear.

Late that evening her two brothers returned from their expedition to the Bay of Spedaletti in a light cart, a large trunk on the seat behind them. They were in high spirits, and announced to the Count that they had succeeded in securing a wonderful bargain. They had been shown a number of articles, more or less magnificent, and wonderfully cheap. They found it difficult to make a selection, and whilst they were debating and hesitating, one of the sailors said that there was below in the hold of the ship a trunk containing beautiful articles of various sorts which had been bought at Aleppo. The purchase was a great bargain, and the Captain could therefore afford to dispose of it to any one who would purchase the whole lot, as it was for a comparatively trifling sum. The brothers eagerly desired to see this box. It was brought on deck, and the lid raised. At a glance they saw such a mass of rich silks, gold and silver brocade, Persian shawls and costly gear of all sorts that they hastily closed the lid and agreed at once to the terms proposed. They seemed to them so advantageous that their only fear was the captain's retracting. They paid the money in a great hurry, and carried off the prize.

The Count expressed himself well satisfied with what they had done, and Rosa and Maddalena were in ecstasies. After supper the trunk was brought into the saloon, and its contents spread out on the floor. Exclamations of pleasure and

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admiration burst from the lips of the whole family when they beheld the gorgeous display.

The opening of that box would have furnished a good subject for a painting. The grey-headed Count stood with a paper and a pencil in his hand, making a list of the articles, his dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction as he mentally calculated their value. His handsome sons and daughters full of eager desire, snatching from each other the magnificent garments and trying them on, with bursts of merriment when the boys seized on some article of womanly attire, or the girls on something belonging to the male sex.

All the household, one by one, in their working but picturesque costumes, came into the saloon with the freedom which was consistent with the vassalage of those days, when servants were governed, chastised and indulged as if they were children of the family. Like his sons and daughters, they studied the Count's face—when he was in good humor, took liberties, or fled in terror when he frowned.

His countenance was very benign just at that moment, for he was quite elated with his acquisition. He was generous enough to allow Uberto to carry off a splendid dressing-gown in which he instantly arrayed himself, and Enrico a velvet coat, which he too at once put on. Rosa got possession of on Eastern scarf, which she rolled into a turban highly becoming to her style of beauty; and Maddalena a Persian shawl, which enveloped the whole of her diminutive figure.

At last the Count desired the servants to collect all the other articles, to fold them carefully, replace them in the box and carry it to his own room. With this precious trunk under his bed he laid his head on the pillow that night very well contented with the occurrences of the day. The wealthy Vitelleschi was secured as a son-in-law, and his eldest daughter provided with a magnificent trousseau at a trifling expense. What with the rich gear contained in the box from Aleppo, and what he hoped to realize by the sale of some of its contents at Genoa or Nice, he would dazzle the eyes of the old Baron at a very small cost.

His children retired to rest, taking to their rooms the prizes they had secured. Over and over again, before getting into bed, the pieces of finery were examined and commended. The girls pinned theirs to the curtains that they might meet their eyes when they awoke.

At that moment Geltruda was on her knees in her turret-prison, with her beads in her hand, keeping vigil before the image of Christ crucified.

On the following day, the sun rose bright and glorious. As the young prisoner, after saying her morning prayers, opened the window and stood on the balcony, the breeze from the sea, laden with the perfume of the orange blossoms, fanned her cheeks; the birds chirped in the bushes beneath the turret—the whole scene bore an aspect of smiling brightness which can hardly be conceived by those who have not seen the first burst of spring in a southern climate. Amidst the wonderful beauty of nature, suffering and misery seem more incongruous than under cloudy skies, and amidst ruder scenes. As Geltruda's heart was expanding with the unconscious effect of all that loveliness, it was suddenly smitten by the thought of the poor, and the cruel destitution which she feared was still existing in the white hamlets dotting the sides of the purple hills; but it must be diminishing, she hoped. There had been rain, and the land—that fair land which had been so long hard and unyielding—would soon open its treasures to its children.

When she reëntered her room, the usual breakfast was on the table. The servant was gone. Geltruda had conformed strictly to the orders given by her father, and though Caterina, the maid who brought her meals, had often tried to infringe them, she had always refused to speak with her. Now and then feeling curious to know if she was shut up, she tried to open the door, but always found it locked. During the first days of her captivity it had been hard to subdue an indignant throb at that humiliating treatment; but, owing to the rapid advance in the spiritual life which she was daily making, and the constant study of the lives of St. Francis, St. Clare and the saints most remarkable for humility, she began to understand and to taste the sweetness of enduring shame and ill-usage, and even to smile with a holy joy when she heard the sound of the key, which the attendant had to get twice a day from the hands of the Count, who commanded it to be, each time, brought back to him.

In the course of the morning she went again to the balcony. She liked to say the *Angelus* with her eyes turned to the sanctuary of the Madonna, and in union of heart with the monks on the mountain and with her friends in the Ubaldi palace. The midday chimes were ringing from many a tower on the heights, and in the valley, when she caught sight of a man on horseback rushing down the road as if flying from pursuit. She knew him by his figure and the color of his horse. It was the physician who was always sent for from Taggia when any one was ill at the castle. He was not often summoned there, and was not much acquainted with the family. It was only when any one appeared to be dangerously ill that the Count went to the expense. Why was he riding away in such desperate haste? and what were the cries which she heard in the direction of the entrance gate?

A sickening fear seized her heart. Something dreadful must have happened. Some accident, some sudden death, perhaps. She went to the

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door with a wild hope it would open. No; it was, as usual, locked. She rang the bell so nervously and violently that it broke. Again returning to the balcony she saw some of the servants flying away with vociferations, which indistinctly reached her ears without her being able to make out a single word. She watched them rushing down the hill, and when they reached the road saw them stop short, retrace their steps, and, as if a sudden madness had seized them, run in different directions; some towards the sea-shore, some towards the mountains. At that moment she perceived, along the other side of the bed of the torrent which divides the valley, but which is seldom filled with water except when the snow melts on the hills, a line of soldiers armed with muskets and carrying black flags.

The suspense, the bewilderment of that moment can hardly be described. A silence, deep as death, had succeeded the cries which had attended the departure of the fugitives. She strained her eyes in every direction. Beneath the walls of Taggia she could discern a great deal of movement, horses, men, and vehicles, going about, groups of persons forming; but on the side of the castle, and within reach of her voice, no human being appeared in sight.

The afternoon hours were passing away. She kept going backwards and forwards from her *priedieu* to the balcony, from the balcony to the locked door. At last, on the path from the mountains above the castle, she discerned a figure coming down the hill. She watched it with intense anxiety. As it came nearer she saw that it was one of the monks, and her heart beat with a strong hope. If it would but be Fra Mauro! and if he should glance at the turret window where for so many years she had displayed the signal warding off or encouraging his approach!

Seizing a white handkerchief she waved it from the balcony, and for some time it seemed in vain. The monk went on his way through the valley, and her heart seemed to die within her as he passed the spot where the road to Castel Barco branched off. But just an instant afterwards she saw him look back, and then he stopped short and seemed to hesitate. Again she waved as high as she could her white signal, and then a wild cry of joy burst from her lips, for the monk was turning back and coming up the road to the castle. It must be her old friend, Fra Mauro.

"*Deo gratias! Deo gratias!*" she murmured, clasping her hands on her breast.

Just as the friar reached the steps leading to the terrace on which the gateway opened she lost sight of him, but not before she had time to see that it was indeed Fra Mauro. She tried to call out so as to convey to him her need of assistance, but he disappeared, apparently without noticing her imploring cry, and then, for a whole hour, she neither saw nor heard anything of him. What was taking place? what was he doing? She knelt down in an agony. Suddenly the sound of a faltering voice reached her ears from the road under the balcony. She rushed out and saw Fra Mauro looking up towards her with so ghastly and pale a face that he appeared like one rising from the grave.

"Signora," he said, with a trembling voice, "a fearful catastrophe has fallen on your house? How you come to have been spared I know not. Are you alone in this house of death?"

"Oh, Father, what has happened? For weeks I have been locked up in this turret room. Have you seen my father?"

"Alas, my child! I have just seen him die. I arrived in time to give him a last absolution. He knew me, I think; his lips moved."

"Oh, God! and my brothers and sisters?"

"They are all dead, my poor child! some of the servants, too. There is not now a living soul left in the house."

"Alas! I saw the others flying away! who is it? what is it has killed them?"

"God only knows! The angel of death has passed through the house. Did you say you were locked up?"

"Yes, I have been some weeks confined to this room. 'Tis too long a tale to tell. Oh, my poor father!" and with that cry, Geltruda fell on her knees and looked wildly up to Heaven.

The poor friar stood transfixed. The horrible sight he had seen appeared to have bewildered him. He was afraid of remaining or of going away.

"What can I do for you?" he tremblingly asked. "Where is the key of your room?"

"I know not," she said "I cannot tell. Do not lose time—and your life, perhaps,—searching for it, but go and get help. A ladder against this wall would enable me to escape. Oh do, good Father, do go at once to the Ubaldi palace and tell Carlo and his mother to send me help."

"I will," Fra Mauro cried—"I will, and God be with you meanwhile, poor child!"

As fast as his aged limbs would carry him the good monk walked towards Taggia, and Geltruda remained alone.

It was night by that time. A solemn silence reigned round the old house; the stars began to shine, one by one, in the dark blue sky, and the pale moon clothed with its ghastly light the scene of fearful horror which its walls concealed. Geltruda, during the hours she remained in that lonely solitude, sometimes felt inclined to believe the whole thing was a bad dream, or that Fra Mauro had lost his senses; but she herself had seen the physician galloping away from the castle, and the servants fleeing from it.

At first, she felt almost afraid of going out of

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her mind during the time that she knew must elapse before help could reach her; but she was never in danger of it. She made up her mind to die, if it was God's will, at the foot of her crucifix, and read calmly the prayers for the agonizing which she had heard her mother say by many a death-bed. There was no wildness in her thoughts. After preparing in the best way she could for her own death, she prayed for her departed kindred. Her stern father, her thoughtless brothers and sisters, enveloped in one common doom, expiring close to her and yet separated by the strange accident which had saved her own life. Her eyes sought the little chapel where she had spent a night of anguish and prayer. The lamp was burning as usual, and visible through the window of the sanctuary. It seemed to speak to her like the voice of a friend.

When the morning dawned she happened to glance towards the sea, and by the rosy light of the eastern sky a lateen sail was to be seen; a vessel was swiftly sailing from the coast. It seemed to fly over the blue sparkling waves. She watched it disappearing in the distance with a sort of mechanical attention, little dreaming it had been the messenger of death to her miserable home—of that terrible Black Death—that awful scourge, the very name of which froze the blood in the veins of the inhabitants of seaport towns and maddened them with terror.

[To be continued.]

Three Crosses.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"Sometimes thou shalt be left by God, other times thou shalt be afflicted by thy neighbor; and what is more, thou shalt often be a trouble to thyself."—*A Kempis.*

"Thy will be done, O Lord," I prayed, "whatever it be.
Send any cross, dear Lord, whatever pleaseth Thee."

He turned away His face,
Gross darkness filled my heart,
I looked to Calvary's deepest woe,
And claimed with Christ my part.
Three awful hours the darkness lay
On His Most Sacred Heart.

All earthly love for me
Was changed to hate and scorn.
I looked to Pilate's judgment hall—
That first Good Friday morn—
And joyed to take my bitter part
In Jesus, time of scorn.

He made myself my cross,
The strong a fool became,
I was a trouble to myself;
A burden without name
Was mine; and now my thankful prayers
Prayers for relief became.

"Give me a cross, O Lord," I prayed, "to bear for Thee;
But not this cross, dear Lord, that I a fool should be."

And then a voice spake low,
Spake sweet within my heart:
"And think'st thou that this cross of thine
With His hath then no part?
I tell thee that this very pain
Lay hard upon His Heart.

"He made Himself thyself;
Thyself in pain He bore;
Take up this cross and follow Him
Where He hath been before.
Learn to be patient with thyself,
The self that Jesus bore.

"This cross to such as thou
Is special shame, and strong;
But bear this cross a little while
With Him who bore it long,
And thou shalt learn how Christ's dear saints
Through weakness are made strong."

"Give me this cross," I prayed, "since, Lord, it suits Thy will.
Thy rest, dear Lord, at last, such troubled souls shall still.
I bless Thy Holy Name that I this truth can see:
The cross, bitter to myself, doth liken me to Thee.

San Teodoro and Santa Prisca.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Will you make your station to-day at Santa Prisca's, *mia cara amica*? this morning or afternoon?"

"I fear I cannot make it at all, to-day, dear Louise."

"O do not say so! Everybody at No. 33 is too busy to go to Saint Prisca's; but I did not mind, because I was sure Mrs. Hill, always so ready to go, and so cheerful, would be my companion. Do not say no!"

"But I have such important letters to write! Some money has been sent me and the letters announcing it are received, but the money does not come. I must write and find out what is the matter; and must write so as to have the evening mail take the letters."

"Saint Prisca will make it all right if you will only go to her shrine to-day. She will never let you lose money because you honored her. And then your dear little Scotch friend: I am sure she wants to go to Saint Prisca's as much as I do, and neither of us will be in Rome for the next station day. Believe me, Saint Prisca will make it all good to you!"

"Your heart is set upon going to Santa Prisca's to-day, I see plainly."

"Yes, I really must see Santa Prisca's. To think of a virgin of the first age of the Church,

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baptized by Saint Peter himself and a martyr at the age of thirteen, lying there in her own church on the Aventine Hill, and we, of the nineteenth century, too busy to pay her a visit of honor on her station day! Besides, I have set my heart, not only upon going to Saint Prisca's, but upon making a drawing of the font in which she was baptized by Saint Peter."

"Ah, yes! I see it all; and, in truth, I do not believe that Saint Prisca will allow me to suffer any loss for her sake."

"And you will go?"

"Certainly."

"Then let me call for Miss Buchanan, and we will take a vettura on the Piazza San Silvestro, close by. I was sure you would go, dear Mrs. Hill!"

Five minutes after the ladies, English, Scotch and American, were on their way to Santa Prisca's on the Aventine. What a crowd there was on the narrow Corso! and how brilliant the shop windows looked, not only with silks and laces and choice stuffs of all sorts, but with their gold and silver ornaments; their bronze lamps of every shape; their costly cameos, cut in onyx or agate stones; their mosaics, Roman and Florentine! There are no such shop windows in the world as in Rome, where the scholar, and the saint even, can linger for hours, and see what charms the eye and helps the soul to meditate on heavenly things. From the Corso their way led to the Square of San Marco; thence to the old Roman Forum, where the second opening to the right was a street leading towards the river Tiber. There was a strange, desolate, ancient look about everything here, as if Rome were indeed a city of ruins. They were crossing a rise in the level of the street, when the round church of San Teodoro, or Saint Theodore, came in sight in a valley below them, looking as if it were a part of the wall of rock, crowned with foliage, behind it; so picturesque that they wondered why it was not one of the things sketched and painted by all the artists. At this moment Mrs. Hill exclaimed, "The *Sacconi!* the *Sacconi!* Stop, driver!" and Louise saw for the first time, with awe and astonishment, defiling slowly from a side door of San Teodoro, a procession of male figures, clad, from the crown of the head to the instep of the feet, in a coarse linen garment with loose sleeves, girded with a rope, and a hood like that worn by the Capuchin monks, only that it is a mask as well; for it covers the face, and has holes for the eyes and mouth. The feet were bare, but thrust into rude sandals, and each one carried on his shoulder a sort of coarse hemp bag, or sack, into which was to be put the alms of food or clothing which might be given to them at the doors of the rich. "And you have never seen the *Sacconi?*" said Mrs. Hill; you must take a good look, then. But if I had seen them a hundred times I should order the driver to stop until the last one had passed; for here you see, masked so that they cannot be recognized by their nearest friends, Cardinals, Bishops, and Roman nobles. Every Friday, you will see them in the streets of Rome begging for the poor, but they always leave San Teodoro in procession. Look!" continued Mrs. Hill, in a low voice, "there are no plebeian feet in those coarse, heavy sandals. The high instep, the fine white skin, show the patrician blood; for here are represented the oldest and the noblest and the holiest families in all Rome. When one of the Sacconi dies, the others attend his funeral. Perhaps not always in their Confraternity habit; but I saw them in it the other day at the funeral of Prince Doria. The Prince named it specially in his will that no carriages should be seen at his funeral; but he asked, instead, that his brothers of the Confraternity should carry him to his tomb; and they did so. Just at dusk, the beautiful Palazza Doria, its courtyard full of flowering shrubs over which played the waters of large fountains, opened its grand portal, and through it passed the *Sacconi* in their habits, closely masked; eight of their number bearing on their shoulders the body of the dead Prince, covered with the coarse linen pall of the Confraternity; the others carrying lighted torches. In this way they took Prince Doria to his resting place in the old cemetery of San Lorenzo outside the walls."

Louise sighed as she heard this, saying: "I wonder if we should have such large funerals in America, if, instead of riding in grand carriages to the cemetery, our friends carried us on their shoulders, their bare feet thrust into such sandals!"

"And yet," said Mrs. Hill, "no array of the carriages of Cardinals or princes could have made an impression on a Roman crowd like this procession of the *Sacconi.* There were no floral crosses nor anchors; but the very spirit of the Cross—faith, mortification, hope—was visible in that procession. The Corso was thronged, not only with the laity but with priests and religious; and tears ran down every cheek, while everyone prayed for the soul of Prince Doria."

"That was indeed a Christian funeral," said Louise, "and how many an indulgence it must have earned for the soul of him who asked for it in a spirit of penance! But perhaps we can go into the church, since they have just left it."

They found the door open, and stood within circular walls which looked ancient enough to have served, as the church is said to have done, as a temple for the goddess Vesta. Above, on the ceiling of the tribune or sanctuary, was a mosaic which was placed there before the year 700. Our Lord is represented in this picture,

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made of bits of marble and tinted pottery, clad in a purple robe, with long, light hair and short beard, and a most benign countenance. He is seated, and as if in the act of giving His blessing, upon a blue globe covered with stars, and a long sceptre in His left Hand. St. Peter is leading the youthful soldier St. Theodore to our Lord from the right hand, while St. Paul leads up another young Saint from the left hand, and the same youthful grace and modesty pervades their figures, as when the best pupils in a school are led up to the Bishop to receive the prize. Altogether, it is one of those pictures to be remembered with a solemn yet tender delight; remembered, too, longer than many another which everybody knows about and talks about and which people go to Rome to see. As they stood in the dim light before this mosaic, more than twelve hundred years old, with the same walls around them which had once protected a pagan worship and idolatrous rites, they could understand better than ever before the character of the Armenian soldier, who was so young as to be called St. Theodore *Tyro*, or the young, in order to distinguish him from another St. Theodore. For, *tyro* as he was, he was not too young, nor too much in love with life, to say to his persecutors: "Beat, tear or burn me; and if my words offend you, cut out my tongue; every part of my body is ready when my God calls for it as a sacrifice." Whipped more unmercifully than if he had been a slave, stretched upon a rack, he could still say, with that joy which was the special grace of the martyr: *I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall be always in my mouth;* until, from the fiery furnace, his soul went up to join in the canticles of angels and seraphs before the throne of the Lamb.

It was never without a feeling of regret that Louise turned from such places. Not only did she wish to carry the memory of them with her through her whole life, but she longed to share with every friend she had in the world the graces which such a visit brought to her soul. It was not as the mere sight-seer that she visited shrine after shrine; but as a pilgrim who has many favors to ask, and many celestial friends to honor. When they sat again in the vettura and took the way to Santa Prisca's, it needed self-denial not to pause at San Giorgio's, Santa Anastasia's, Santa Maria in Cosmodin's—all standing along the road which they were taking towards the Tiber. But Louise remembered Mrs. Hill's letters, and wishfully as she looked at them when they rode past, she said nothing. In sight of the Tiber, they turned from it to the left, and began to ascend the steep, rough side of the Aventine Hill, on which the Church of Santa Prisca stands.

"How lonesome it looks here!" said Louise. "I wonder if it was as still and as deserted-looking when the little Prisca lived here with her parents?"

"In those days," said Mrs. Hill, "the Aventine was crowned with palaces; and so late as 380, the holy widow Saint Marcella welcomed to her palace on the Aventine the noble Saint Paula and her companions—all pupils of Saint Jerome in learning and in sanctity. But we do not hear as much about the parents of the little Prisca as we do about two of their household, Aquila and Priscilla, Jews converted to Christianity by Saint Peter. In return for all the graces he had given them—perhaps, too, in return for the graces he had secured for the noble family they served—the Apostle Saint Peter was often a guest in the palace; and here, too, he celebrated often the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as did also Saint Paul. Saint Paul even says that he lodged there, when he sends that beautiful salutation to the Corinthians: "Aquila and Priscilla, with whom I also lodge, with the church that is in their house, salute you much in the Lord." But it is certain that Prisca, the little daughter of this family which had given consuls to Rome, was baptized by Saint Peter in her father's house."

"Oh yes," said Louise; "for you know my heart is set upon having a sketch of the very font in which she was baptized."

It was with a fresh recollection of the Apostolic days, and of the little band of believers who had assembled on this spot for the celebration of the Christian mysteries eighteen hundred years before, as well as of Aquila and Priscilla, and their god-child Santa Prisca, that our party stopped before this lonely church on the lonely Aventine hill. But once within the door, all loneliness vanished. They were at home in this house of the Saints of God. For eighteen centuries the Church had protected this spot, so rich in precious memories; and still the home of Saint Prisca, of Aquila and Priscilla, belongs to the "household of faith." Consecrated, in 280, as a church, by that Eutychian whose name was found on a slab in the chamber of the Popes in the catacomb of Saint Callistus, it was never rebuilt until 1600, by Cardinal Giustiniani. The little church has three naves, or aisles, and these are divided by fourteen ancient columns. Over the high altar is a picture representing the baptism of the noble child. She stands before the venerable Apostle like a brave little spring flower, so slender, so innocent, so fervent; and Saint Agnes may have been inspired by her example, two hundred years after, to win the crown of martyrdom at the same age.

"What does it mean," said Louise, "that when we, Catholics, have so many shining examples before our eyes, we are still so afraid of the least suffering for our Faith? Here is this tender girl, who was not ashamed, when led to the temple of Apollo, to refuse to offer incense to an idol, and

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that before all the world. Who was not ashamed to be whipped for this, nor afraid to be put alone into a prison cell. Who could be brought out, again and again, and told to sacrifice, yet never yield; although they poured hot water over her head, made her stand in the amphitheatre with wild beasts, and go back alone to her dungeon. Who could have her tender limbs stretched on a rack, her innocent flesh tortured with fire, as unflinchingly as Theodoro, the hardy young soldier; while even coarse food was refused to her; and when all this had failed to shake her courage, could go, cheerfully, with the brutal executioners beyond the city walls on the Ostian Way, to be beheaded like a Saint Paul. All this without once sighing: 'How hard it is to be a Christian!' Why are we such cowards?"

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Hill, "it is because we have so littte faith to suffer for. Saint Prisca and Saint Agnes, although they were mere children, had the same faith in the invisible realities of our religion as men and women of strong understanding. To them these invisible realities of Christian faith, stood for everything that was precious in this world as well as in the next. Nothing described by pagan poets was half so beautiful to them as the heaven promised to the one who 'should persevere to the end.' There was no honor in this world, whether of consul or of emperor, which could compare with the honor of being a disciple of Jesus Christ; nor could the honor of being the mother of any emperor compare with the honor of Mary, 'the Mother of Jesus.' All the sweetness, all the poetry of life, was in this gift of faith; and to deny this faith, was to forsake all beauty, and all goodness, and all which makes this life worth having. There is more of this faith, now, among Catholics, than we can see with our eyes; but the want of it is what makes worldly Catholics and cowardly Catholics."

As they talked in this way before the picture above the altar, the fragrance of the box twigs under their feet rose up like incense; exhaled, faintly, at every step as they moved to the altar of Saint John Gualbert on the right wall of the church, to that of Saint Anthony of Padua opposite to the altar of the Blessed Virgin at the end of the right nave, and the altar of the crucifix at the end of the left nave. In the middle aisle opens the stairway which leads into the subterranean story, which they found strewn with box twigs, like the upper church. The altar in this crypt, with its ancient ornaments, is dedicated to Saint Peter; and directly opposite this altar, in a niche of the wall, stands the font in which Saint Prisca was baptized. "For all the world," said Louise, "like the capital of an old Corinthian column, of which there were plenty in Rome when Saint Prisca lived, standing on a square base! And do you see the holes drilled into it for holding candles? How beautiful it is! Too beautiful to do it justice in the five minutes I had allowed for my sketch. Shall I have time to sketch it, do you think?"

"Oh, do not hurry at all," said cheerful Mrs. Hill. "Make as nice a sketch as you can, and Miss Buchanan and I will say our prayers in the upper church. I have a penance to say, which can be said nowhere better than in Saint Prisca's."

How solemn it was to be alone in that crypt, the light falling from one high window on the marble font, its sculptures worn, and the marble yellow and brown with almost two thousand years of time! When the sketch was done, Louise took a sprig of box from the old pavement, laid it on the font, then put it into her note-book. When she joined Mrs. Hill she found her quite occupied with her prayers, evidently in no hurry to go. And when Louise said: "How can I ever thank you enough for coming to Saint Prisca's with me and giving me time to do all I wanted to do?" she answered: "Oh, my dear, you have only to remember me, every year, on the Feast of Saint Prisca, as she comes to us, in a commemoration on the 18th of January, under the wing of Saint Peter himself." When the vettura stopped again in the piazza of San Silvestro, at the foot of the Via di Mercede, Louise whispered: "I asked Santa Prisca to get your letters into the post to-night." The next week Mrs. Hill said: "The letters, the money, everything is right. I shall never be sorry that we paid our visit of devotion to Santa Prisca in her lonely church on the Aventine."

Progress of the Church in Oregon and the Adjoining Territories.

Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, D. D., Archbishop of Oregon, who on account of extreme old age had petitioned for release from the arduous duties which for forty-one years he had so zealously discharged, has at last had his wish fulfilled, and one of his suffragans, Rt. Rev. Charles John Seghers, D. D., Bishop of Vancouver's Island, has been created Archbishop, and Coadjutor to the venerable petitioner. On Tuesday, July 1st, Archbishop Seghers was welcomed to his new charge by Archbishop Blanchet in person, attended by Very Rev. Father Fierens, his Vicar-General, and a large number of the clergy. On his arrival at the Cathedral that grand old hymn of joy the *Te Deum* was sung in unison by the Rev. clergy, a large choir, and the entire congregation (from which it would seem that the members of the Cathedral parish in Portland are far in advance of some of our Eastern Catholics who reserve all their singing for the parlor).

After the *Te Deum*, Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet made a short but very feeling and af-

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fectionate address of welcome, thanking God and the Holy See for granting his prayer, and saying that he considered this one of the happiest days of his life. "Hosanna," he said; "blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" We can but reiterate in salutation the closing words of Archbishop Blanchet's address of welcome and say to Archbishop Seghers: "'*Ad multos annos*,'—many years of work in the vineyard of the Lord, for the salvation of souls."

Our excellent contemporary the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, takes occasion of the episcopal change in the diocese to comment upon the immense work done during the administration of Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet. This retrospective glance of the *Sentinel's* reveals so much that is of general interest that we cannot refrain from quoting:

Thirty years ago there were but three Catholic churches in all that vast scope of country commencing at the Northern boundary of California, running East to the Rocky Mountains, and thence north to Alaska. Thirty years is only a brief period, yet such has been the spread of Catholic Faith upon this Northern coast that churches are dotted along the surface of the region designated, wherever settlements have been formed. Oregon alone possesses twenty-two churches, chapels and stations; the adjoining Diocese of Nesqualy has twenty-three; the diocese of Vancouver's Island contains nineteen; whilst—further North—the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia contains fifteen churches and sixty-three chapels. This surprising spread of the Faith is only in keeping with the growth of the Church in every portion of the world. It is well known that no Catholic churches or chapels are erected unless there are congregations already prepared to occupy them, hence every church and chapel in the region designated represents hundreds of Catholics who were unknown in this vast region thirty years ago.

The reverend and venerable Archbishop Blanchet has seen this vast growth of the Church occurring year after year during his long, arduous and faithful career in the Episcopate. He came here as the pioneer Apostle who first planted the Cross on the Pacific Northwest, and now that age and infirmity have caused him to retire from active participation in the government of this Archdiocese, he can look back with feelings of pride and pleasure upon the prosperity the Church has enjoyed during his long and eventful Episcopate, and he has the gratification of knowning that his successor in the Apostolic mission possesses every attribute which combine to make him capable of building upon the expansive foundation thus laid by Archbishop Blanchet.

The pioneer Prelate on this coast found Oregon and the adjacent States and Territories a wilderness where the name of God was almost unknown, and he leaves it a land where the prayers of the people will bring the blessing of God upon his name long after he shall have passed to that reward which is assured to such as him,—"the good and faithful servant."

This change in the ecclesiastical administration of this Diocese is a glorious symbol of the unity of Catholic doctrine. Popes may die, Prelates may retire, priests may be changed, yet not one iota of Catholic doctrine is varied! Immovable as the Rock upon which the Church is built, immutable as the Divine will from which it sprung—Catholic faith reflects in the nineteenth century precisely the same tenets that it did at the dawn of Christianity. *Semper idem* is the legend inscribed upon the escutcheon of the Church, and herein we behold the talisman which produces such wonderful results to our faith even in this degenerate age.

Forty-one years have now elapsed since the memorable third of May, 1838, when Archbishop Blanchet set out from Montreal as the Vicar General of the entire Northwest coast. Oregon and its adjacent region was then almost unknown, except as a wilderness in the far West, and now he carries with him in his retirement the love, respect and veneration not only of the Catholics, but also a majority of the entire people of the Northwest coast. Catholics revere him because he has preserved unsullied from spot or wrinkle the seamless garb of his high and holy apostolate. Throughout his long and eventful life not a shadow has passed across the mirror-like surface of his ecclesiastical character. Through heat and cold, through hunger and sickness, he labored for years almost alone in order to plant the mustard-seed of faith in every region of the Northwest. And in later years he has had the happiness to see the tiny seeds he planted with his own consecrated hand spring up and spread out like a great tree whose branches extend from California to Alaska, from the Rocky Mountains to the shore line of the Pacific Ocean.

And how has the venerable Prelate been preserved to witness the glorious works which have sprung up under his supervision? Listen, Catholic reader, as His Grace tells you in his own words the secret of his success:—

"It was on Saturday, the 13th of October, 1838, a day dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God, that, being at the western foot of the most lofty mountains, the two missionaries began to tread beneath their feet the long desired land of Oregon, that portion of the vineyard allotted them for cultivation. Filled with joy, they retired a short distance from the place where the caravan was resting on the bosom of a beautiful prairie, and there fell on their knees, embraced the soil, took possession of it, dedicated and consecrated their persons, soul and body, to whatever God would be pleased to require of them for the glory of His holy Name, the propagation of His kingdom and the fulfilment of His will."

Here is the key that unlocks the hidden treasures of heaven! Our venerable Prelate and his companion, the saintly Bishop Demers, consecrated themselves soul and body to whatever God would be pleased to require of them for the glory of His holy Name, the propagation of His kingdom, and the fulfilment of His will. Do we, as Catholics, wonder that both missionaries spent themselves for the salvation of souls in the service of God? Do we wonder at the prosperity which God has vouchsafed to the Church they came hither to plant? Are we proud of the purity and piety which marked the lives of these pioneers of the Cross? If our minds are thus aroused we can find an answer to all surmises in the fact that they vowed to devote themselves to God's service and glory, and He it was who gave them the strength and zeal to persevere to the end.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable. Two missionaries are sent forth from the region of Canada to carry the Cross to the far distant West, and to labor among tribes of Indians whose names, habits, numbers and location even were then unknown. For years they prosecute their labors, immigrants follow the Cross of the missionaries over the long and arid pathway which then lay between civilization and chaos. New

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missionaries arrive; a new See is needed, and FRANCIS NORBERT BLANCHET is elevated to the Episcopate. A few years roll on, another See is required to meet the spiritual wants of the Catholics residing north of the Columbia, and the Right Rev. A. M. A. BLANCHET is designated as Bishop of Nesqualy. A few years later, and the Church in British Columbia required a pastor to watch over its increasing flock. Then the companion of Archbishop Blanchet, Rt. Rev. MODESTE DEMERS, was elected to the See of Vancouver Island. A few more years, and Bishop DEMERS was called to his reward. Rome, in its wisdom, chose as the successor of this saintly Prelate, Rt. Rev. CHARLES JOHN SEGHERS, who was consecrated by Archbishop Blanchet and other Prelates, June 29th, 1873. Six years roll on, and the successor of Bishop DEMERS becomes the successor of Archbishop BLANCHET; thus the two pioneer missionaries to Oregon were succeeded in their Episcopate office by the same illustrious ecclesiastic! Are not the marks of Divine Providence in this selection? Has not Almighty God guided the Sacred College in its deliberations? Eleven months ago the decision was made, and now the pioneer Prelate who first planted the Cross in Alaska comes to assist the aged and illustrious Prelate who first consecrated the soil of Oregon to the service of Almighty God!

Our readers have now before them the events which in the Providence of God have united in bringing to this Archdiocese the Most Rev. CHARLES JOHN SEGHERS, a Prelate who leaves behind him in the Diocese he has been called from a stricken clergy and a sorrowing people, whose love was entwined around their Prelate's heart as ivy clings to oak. Like all true missionaries of the Cross, and all faithful children of the Church, both priests and people bow their sorrow-stricken heads in humble resignation to the will of God and the voice of Rome, but they feel that they have lost one whom it may be years before they can replace. Every Catholic heart that beats with the pure love due to the Pastors and priests of the Church of God will sympathize with them in their orphaned state, and the Catholics not only of Oregon but of the entire Northwest will learn to love their new Bishop with the same dutiful affection so deservedly accorded him in that See which he entered as a priest and left as a Prelate. God grant to His Grace the Most Rev. CHARLES JOHN SEGHERS many years of life wherein to build up, strengthen and extend the Catholic Church and its institutions in the future great See of the North Pacific.

An Ancient Irish Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

From the "Cork Examiner."

DEAR SIR:—Presuming that many of the lay and clerical readers of your widely-extended and invaluable Catholic journal never saw in print or heard of the traditional existence of an ancient Gaelic Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, I herewith subjoin an English translation of it, which, I hope, will prove of more than ordinary interest to them. It is supposed to be as old as the middle of the eighth century, and its composition is ascribed to one of that galaxy of stars which shone so resplendently in the intellectual firmament of Ireland at that time, when the sainted "Green Isle" held aloft the irradiating torch of science, and monopolized the intellectual supremacy of the world, insomuch that she received from the other less enlightened nations of Europe the significant appellation of "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum," the Island of Saints and Doctors. The translator, by whom it was rescued from oblivion, was the lamented Irish scholar and paleographer, Professor Eugene O'Curry. Pope Pius IX, the late illustrious Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, at the solicitation of Mgr. Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University, attached special indulgences to the recitation of the prayer, with the necessary disposition, by those actually or temporarily residing in Ireland. The peculiar beauty of the subjoined version is that it conforms to the surpassingly metaphorical constitution of the ancient vernacular of our native land—a tongue which, like ivy to a ruin, is yet clinging to the topography of Ireland; although to the shame of the Irish people, be it observed, it is most strangely neglected by them.

Yours truly, MICHAEL NOONEN.
MINANE BRIDGE.

ANCIENT PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Translated from the Irish of the Eighth Century.)

O Great Mary,
Most Great of women,
Queen of the Angels,
Woman full of, and replete with the grace of the Holy Spirit,
Blessed and Most Blessed,
Mother of Eternal Glory,
Mother of the Heavenly and Earthly Church,
Mother of Love and Indulgence,
Mother of the Golden Light,
Honor of the Sky,
Sign of Tranquillity,
Gate of Heaven,
Golden Casket,
Temple of the Divinity,
Beauty of Virgins,
Mistress of the Tribes,
Fountain of the Parterres,
Mother of the Orphans,
Breast of the Infants,
Solace of the Wretched,
Star of the Sea,
Handmaid of God,
Mother of the Redeemer,
Resplendent like the Sun,
Destruction of Eve's Disgrace,
Regeneration of Life,
Chief of the Virgins,
Inclosed Garden,
Closely-locked Fountain,
Mother of God,
Perpetual Virgin,
Holy Virgin,
Prudent Virgin,
Serene Virgin,
Chaste Virgin,
Temple of the Living God,
Royal Throne of the Eternal King,

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Sanctuary of the Holy Spirit,
Virgin of the Roof of Jesus,
Cedar of Mount Lebanon,
Cypress of Mount Sion,
Crimson Rose of the Land of Jacob,
Blooming like the Olive Tree,
Glorious Son-bearer,
Light of Nazareth,
Glory of Jerusalem,
Beauty of the World,
Noblest Boon of the Christian Flock,
Queen of Life,
Ladder of Heaven:

Hear the petition of the poor; spurn not the wounds and groans of the miserable. Let the devotion of our sighs be carried through thee to the presence of the Creator, for we are not ourselves worthy of being heard, because of our evil deserts. O powerful Mistress of Heaven and Earth, dissolve our trespasses and our sins; destroy our wickedness and corruptions; raise the fallen, the debilitated and the fettered; loosen the condemned; repair, through thyself, the transgressions of our immoralities and of our vices; appease for us the Judge, by thy voice and thy supplications; allow us not to be carried off from these among the spoils of our enemies; allow not our souls to be condemned, but take us to thyself, forever, under thy protection. We beseech thee and pray thee further, O Holy Mary, through thy great supplication, from thy only Son, that is Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, that God may defend us from all straits and temptations, and obtain for us, from the God of Creation, that we may all receive from Him the forgiveness and remission of all our sins and trespasses, and that we may obtain from Him further, through thy supplication, the perpetual occupation of the Heavenly Kingdom through the eternity of life; in the presence of the Saints and of the world, which may we deserve and may we occupy, in sæcula sæculorum—Amen.

Jesus Christ.

PERE LACORDAIRE.

There is a Man over whose tomb love still keeps guard; there is a Man whose sepulchre is not only glorious, as was predicted by the Prophet, but even beloved. There *is* a Man whose ashes, after eighteen centuries, have not yet grown cold, who is every day born anew in the memory of countless multitudes, who is visited in His tomb by shepherds and by kings, who vie one with another in offering Him their homage. There *is* a Man whose steps are continually being tracked, and who, withdrawn as He is from our bodily eyes, is still discerned by those who unweariedly haunt the spots where once He sojourned, and who seek Him on His Mother's knees, by the borders of the lake, on the mountain-top, in the secret paths among the valleys, under the shadow of the olive trees, or in the silence of the desert. There *is* a Man who has died and been buried, but whose sleeping and waking is still watched by us; whose every word still vibrates in our hearts, producing there something more than love, for it gives life to those virtues of which love is the mother. There *is* a Man who long ages ago was fastened to a gibbet, and that Man is every day taken down from the throne of His Passion by thousands of adorers, who prostrate themselves on the earth before Him, and kiss His bleeding Feet with unspeakable emotion. There *is* a Man who was once scourged, slain, and crucified, but whom an ineffable passion has raised from death and infamy, and made the object of unfailing love, which finds all in Him, peace, honor, joy—nay, ecstasy. There *is* a Man, who, pursued to death in His own time with inextinguishable hate, has demanded apostles and martyrs from each successive generation, and has never failed to find them. There is *one Man*, and one alone, who has established His love on earth, and it is Thou, O my Jesus! Thou who has been pleased to anoint, to consecrate me in Thy love, and whose very Name at this moment suffices to move my whole being, and to tear from me these words in spite of myself.

Unanswered Prayers.

The great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, says that there are three kinds of people who pray and are not heard, and three ways in which they pray. First: those who pray in a bad state of mind—that is, a state of mortal sin. There is nothing which turns God from man so much as sin. Man, after being regenerated by Baptism, should always have his soul in a state of purity, instead of which he very often has it in a state of sin. When we pray we should either be in a state of grace or one of heartfelt repentance.

Secondly: those who pray in an unfit manner—with a heart full of distractions and a mind overwhelmed with the turmoils and affairs of this wicked world. They may be on their knees—they may be in the temple of the Almighty, but their heart is not there. When this is the case they cannot be heard, neither can God grant them their prayers. Lastly: those who ask for things which they should not; viz., things of the world, or those which would be injurious to us. God, who is all love, has created man for everlasting glory; therefore, how is it possible that He could grant us a petition which would only conduce to our own confusion and injury?

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Catholic Notes.

——Conversion of Another Minister.—Rev. J. A. Storke, formerly of the Lutheran church of Barrington, Ill., was lately received into the Church by Rev. Thomas Leydon of Woodstock.

——Eighteen Algerian Catholic missionaries have started from Zanzibar to join the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika mission. Two of them are Scotchmen, twelve are Germans and four Belgians.

——New Appointments.—A telegram from Rome announces the elevation of two American priests to the Episcopate—Very Rev. Father Juenger, Vicar-General of Nesqualy, Washington Territory, and Rev. Father Marty. Father Juenger will be coadjutor of Bishop Blanchet, and Father Marty will be Vicar-Apostolic of the new vicariate of Dakota.

——Moroni's Dictionary.—The great dictionary of Gætano Moroni upon ecclesiastical history is at last completed by the publication of the sixth and final volume of the Index. The work itself consists of 105 volumes. Leo XIII, to mark his approbation of the extraordinary diligence shown in this laborious and most useful compilation, has created the author a Commendatore of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

——Mr. John Gilmary Shea, one of the pioneers of our American Catholic literature, who has distinguished himself alike as a graceful and prolific writer and a scholar of high repute, had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by the faculty of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., at the last annual commencement. This act reflects honor on Fordham as well as on Mr. Shea, and cannot fail to meet with most hearty and universal approbation.

——Ministerial Converts.—It is singular that nearly every English Ministry of recent times has furnished a recruit to the Catholic Church. Lord Palmerston's Government gave William Monsell, now Lord Emly; Lord Derby's Goverment supplied Lord Robert Montagu, brother to the Duke of Manchester; Mr. Gladstone's Government presented the Marquis of Ripon, K. G., ex-Grand Master of the Freemasons; and now Lord Beaconsfield hands over Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle.

——The New York *Tablet* of last week concluded a very able series of articles—twelve in all—on the subject of "Irish Nationalism Morally and Politically Considered," which of late have constituted a prominent feature of that paper. The articles are written in such a free and flowing style, and evidently by one fully conversant with the subject of which he treats, that they cannot fail to be admired, even though one may not give them approval on every point. We hope they will be published in pamphlet form in order to give them a wider sphere of usefulness.

——More Conversions—Loss and Gain.—We learn from the *Catholic Universe* that at Clyde, Ohio, where four years ago there were but forty Catholic families, nine converts were received into the Church since 1875, by Rev. Father Rudolph, until recently rector at that place. This may be taken as a fair average—if not below it—of the conversions taking place of late years throughout the United States, and, generally, from among the best educated and most respectable families. What a sad contrast to this is the loss sustained through the carelessness of parents in allowing their children to grow up without instruction; to mix with dangerous society and contract mixed marriages! This loss is immense, though, thank God, it is diminishing every year.

——The Nuptial Blessing.—In a sermon preached some Sundays ago in Liverpool, Rev. Dr. O'Reilly remarked that although Catholics knew they ought not to intermarry with near relations, nor with those who are not Catholics, attachments of this kind were allowed to grow up and then dispensations were asked for because these attachments had grown so strong. He would repeat to them an answer which had come from the Holy See on this very point. He had unfortunately been obliged to apply for a dispensation for the marriage of two cousins. The Pope said that the scandalous facility with which the clergy were lending themselves to indulge the fancies of the people was bringing all law into contempt. No priest could read the nuptial blessing at a mixed marriage.

——A Model of Chastity.—When by fire from Heaven Almighty God purified the unclean places and by floods from the clouds washed away defilement from the face of the earth, mankind had no model of chastity, of virginal purity to look up to and pray for intercession. The Immaculate Mother of God had not yet walked the earth. But, now, we behold the influence of her example and that of her chaste spouse St. Joseph, in the countless numbers who have dedicated themselves to the honor and glory of God, by a life of angelic chastity. By the sacrifices they make is the world saved from temporal sufferings and death, with which the Almighty visited it in past ages. What a beautiful character for meditation is that of the Mother of God, and yet how few they are who regard her intercession!—*Catholic Columbian.*

——Decline of Faith.—"The outlook upon what were once the fervent countries of Christendom," says Bishop Vaughan, "is sad and gloomy. Supernatural faith is dying out among nations, as nations. Take our own country: how many of the distinctive truths of Christianity are held as postive certainties by the people of England? How many even among nominal Christians hold a positive and distinct belief in the doctrine of the Trinity of God? How many believe that our Saviour Jesus Christ is the God and Creator of the universe? How many believe in sacraments, in the existence of grace, in the malice of sin, in an absolute and independent moral law, in the eternity of punishment as of reward, in the immortality of the soul? Are any three of these truths held with *absolute certainty* by one-tenth of our thinking and scientific leaders in this country? How few outside the Church, even among those who profess to be Christians, hold these fundamental verities of Christianity with a positive, absolute, divine certainty! Like the pagan philosopher Cicero, men are confessing that their faith is only after all a *probability.* But what is this but to proclaim the absolute loss of divine faith?"

——Catholic Cathedrals not Useless.—"It is sometimes rather loosely said that cathedrals are not suited to the religious wants of the present day, and that while it is only fitting and proper to keep up those which have come down to us, it would be a folly to multiply the number. If this only means that such buildings are not well adapted to an ultra-Protestant type of service, of course it is true enough, or rather it is a truism, which the state of the Protestantized cathedrals in Germany and Switzerland only too abundantly and unpleasantly illustrates. . . . But such critics should remember, that the great majority of Christians in the nineteenth century are as little disposed as they were in the thirteenth to regard preaching as the sole

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or even principal function of religious worship. The splendid and imposing ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, of which the mediæval cathedrals were at once the product and the natural home, are no less suited to it now. . . . To a Church which has not broken its continuity with the Christian past and learnt to confound the idea of worship with the duties of the lecture room, cathedrals can never be inappropriate or useless, judged from a merely practical point of view."—*Saturday Review.*

——AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.—Rev. Francis Xavier Riehl, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and for the last ten years employed in the African missions of Senegambia, is now visiting his native land, Alsace. The missionary is accompanied by a native Senegambian priest, who for the last seven years has been employed in the sacred ministry with the missionaries. Five more negroes were also raised to the priesthood some time ago in Senegambia, one of whom, Rev. F. Jonga, died about two years since in the odor of sanctity. The name of Rev. Father Riehl's African companion is Rev. Girard Sack. Besides his arduous labors as a missionary, the latter has found leisure to translate Father Burghardt's Abridgment of Bible History, and the Following of Christ into his own native tongue, called the Wolloffian language. Both works—the first with illustrations—have been printed. There are also twelve negro theological students at the mission, preparing for holy orders. A community of native Sisters for educational and charitable purposes has also been formed. They wear a white dress, with blue veil and scapular. Zealous young men, who during the four months of the rainy season are employed in agricultural pursuits, assist the missionaries as catechists in the propagation of the Faith. Rev. Father Riehl made his studies at the French Seminary in Rome, where a short time after his ordination he was appointed repetitor, after which he became professor of theology in the scholasticate of his Congregation at Paris, whence he was appointed to the African mission. After having recruited his health in his native climate, he intends to return to the mission to continue the work so well begun.

——PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN BOSNIA.—After the lapse of 416 years a solemn procession took place on the Feast of Corpus Christi at the town of Banjaluka, Bosnia. It was attended by the entire Catholic population, all the children of the schools in a body, the civil and military officers of the Austrian force of occupation, and the mayor of the town, who is a Mahometan. The readers of the AVE MARIA will remember the fine description given by the Rev. Prior of the Trappist Monastery near this town of the capture of Banjaluka by the Austrians. The good prior and his subjects, as also the Capuchin Fathers, had now the satisfaction of being the guard of honor to our Lord hidden in the Sacrament of Love on His triumphal march through a town where a year previous not even the tolling of a Christian bell was permitted. The entire garrison, in full parade dress, headed by two military bands (the Austrian military bands are perhaps the best in the world), also joined in the procession. Mahometans and Christians are now on better terms here, and the former often attend the Catholic services in large numbers. We have every reason to hope that the influence of Austria may become very salutary upon the former Turkish provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Servia. In the recent election the Empire, the Catholics and Conservatives have gained 50 seats from the so-called Liberal party, and the Reichsrath now stands 175 Catholics and Conservatives to 173 Liberals, leaving five seats for a disputed election. This means peace for the Catholic Church at home, and a more determined conservative policy abroad against Russian and Prussian intrigues in the East and West.

——THE TOMB OF THE PRINCE-PRIEST DEMETRIUS A. GALLITZIN.—We regret to learn that the monument erected to the memory of the apostolic missionary priest Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, at Loretto, Pa., is beginning to suffer from neglect. A gentleman writing from Pennsylvania says: "I have visited Loretto, and of course went to see the tomb of Rev. Father Gallitzin and the old chapel. The walls of the latter are stripped of all ornament except one oil-painting which hung above the altar. It has become so dimmed that I could not make out clearly what it represents, but I think it is Mary Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour. The monument looks old and neglected. I did not go down into the vault to see the remains of the saintly missionary, but was told by a trustworthy person that when the body was removed ten years after Prince Gallitzin's death the features were unchanged except that the beard had grown down to his waist—which would be a great change indeed, as during his lifetime he had never let his beard grow. Although his monument appears to be forgotten, yet not so his memory, and his beautiful lessons, made doubly impressive by good example and a spotless life. The old people love to speak of him, and often say that they can see him even now as plainly as when he lived and moved among them." It is to be hoped that the monument and resting-place of one who had left wealth and honors of no ordinary kind to minister to the spiritual wants of the poor of Christ will not be allowed to pass unheeded by the descendants of those who during the prince-priest's lifetime shared alike his large patrimony and his spiritual ministrations. He gave them his all during life; surely their descendants will not forget him in death, nor fail to honor the resting-place of the great martyr of charity.

——CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES CONTRASTED BY A PROTESTANT.—Even non-Catholics are now beginning to see the difference between Catholic and Protestant missionaries. A correspondent of the *Illinois Staatszeitung*, published in Chicago, writes as follows: "Perhaps not a single Protestant clergyman may be acquainted with the language of the Indians; they preach in English, of which most of the Indians do not understand a word, and since these gentlemen are generally not very prepossessing, they must cut but a sorry figure to the Indians when their sermons are accompanied by the upturning of eyes and other indiscriminate gestures. An exception to this, however, is found in the Catholic Church, which here, like everywhere else in her propaganda, knows how to unite tact with modest yet independent assurance. The most able and prominent clergymen who understand and speak the Indian language are sent into the missions. The Catholic priests are generally men of imposing figure; they always wear their black gown, and the Indians pay them willing respect and homage. Their manner of instruction deserves the highest praise; they will never annoy their pupils by their preaching; they never forget to take care also of their bodily welfare, being well aware of the fact that by doing so their spiritual welfare is also promoted. Their Divine Service is, of course, always very imposing, and never fails to create a deep impression upon the Indians. Nobody need therefore be astonished that the Indians are generally asking for Catholic priests, and it is only to be regretted that this lawful request is not more frequently complied with. For myself, I am no Catholic, neither

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have I anything to do with the Catholic Church: but 'honor to whom honor is due.' The Indians, who like children cling to the exterior, cannot understand Protestantism, even though good Protestant clergymen be sent among them. Catholicism, on the other hand, with its ceremonies and pictures, its candles and incense, acts like a charm upon the mind of the savage, rendering him willing to bow down before the doctrines of the Catholic religion."

PERSONAL.—"Convert," Rochester, N. Y. Please send your address, and your request will be complied with.

New Publications.

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE ON THE SUBJECT OF RITUALISM to the Rev. F. E. Ewer, S. T. D., by the Rev. A. J. D. Bradley. New York: F. Pustet.

This little volume is addressed to Dr. Ewer of New York—the famous leader of Ritualism in the United States—and is a review of a series of lectures on Ritualism lately delivered by him in the city of Newark, N. J. Though especially written for the Anglicans in America, of whom the author was formerly an associate, it is also intended for the great body of Anglicans throughout the world. Within the past quarter of a century the number of Ritualists both in England and America has largely increased, and the consequent result on the part of honest, earnest inquirers has been an increased number of accessions to the true faith. Cardinal Manning, in an address lately delivered at Holborn, stated that there were in England more than a million Anglicans who refuse to call themselves Protestants and would accept no human interpretation of divine revelation—though ignorant of any divinely commissioned interpreter on earth. In view of this fact, Father Bradley's work on Ritualism comes very opportunely, and will, we have every reason to believe, with the grace of God, be the means of leading many an honest Anglican to the true Church. All the points in dispute between Anglicans and Catholics are ably and fairly treated. The questions of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility are established from the Scripture, the Councils and history. In another chapter the Greek Church is spoken of. Anglicans consider the *Catholic* Church as consisting of three branches—the Anglican, the Greek and the Roman—and that the Anglican and Greek Churches hold the same relation to the Roman. The author very ably disposes of this fallacy, and shows that all the efforts of the Anglicans to form a union with the Greeks, and even with the debased Russian Church, have proved fruitless. A long chapter is devoted to the question of Anglican Orders, in which, in a novel and interesting manner, their absolute invalidity is shown. The next chapter treats of the Anglican Confessional. The point here made is that even granting the validity of orders in the Church of England there is still the want of jurisdiction. The only jurisdiction which Anglicans can claim is that of a woman, Queen Elizabeth. The author protests against the use of the name Catholic by Ritualists, and concludes with an earnest appeal to all his Anglican friends to make their salvation sure, by scrupulously following up any doubt that may arise, and earnestly and prayerfully seeking for the truth.

We heartily commend this little volume and hope that it may meet with a wide circulation. Priests on the mission would do well to have a copy in their library to place in the hands of inquiring High Church Episcopalians, so many of whom seem "not far from the kingdom of God."

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✠ JOSEPH DWENGER, Bp. of Fort Wayne.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

Consolatrix Afflictorum, ora pro nobis!

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 23D.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 75 persons and 3 families,—change of life for 45 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 47 persons and 12 families,—grace of perseverance for 12 and that of a happy death for 7 persons,—special graces for 9 priests, 6 religious, 2 clerical students and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 26 persons and 5 families,—spiritual favors for 29 persons and 12 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 9 communities, 4 congregations, 6 schools and 1 hospital,—also 39 particular intentions, and 12 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: The blessing of resident priests in several missions,—conversion of a number of well-meaning Protestants searching for the true religion and reading Catholic books,—relief for several poor widows, mothers of helpless families,—the increase and improvement of a novitiate,—extrication from business difficulties for several orphans,—a particular intention to be prayed for until the Feast of the Assumption,—grace to make the jubilee,—a very particular intention,—several obstinate sinners in imminent danger of a sudden death,—protection for a Catholic college threatened with arson,—restoration of health and reason to a young man, the only support of his family,—several lawsuits still pending,—the conversion of a certain person.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious correspondent in New York writes: "I asked the prayers of the Confraternity some time ago for my sister, who had not been to confession for twenty years.

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But now, thanks to our Blessed Lady, she has gone to confession and received Holy Communion." . . . Another child of Mary says: "The last Lourdes water I sent for was for a young lady who had a tumor growing on her lips. She had consulted some of the most clever physicians, and they all told her that there was no cure but to cut out the tumor. She then informed me that she was going to Chicago to have the operation performed. But I told her about the Lourdes water, and said I would send for some. Now, thanks to our Blessed Lady, two weeks after she began to use it, the tumor disappeared very suddenly, without leaving the least visible sign where it had been." . . . A fond mother informs us that her child, who was badly ruptured last March has been entirely cured by the use of the water of Lourdes. The cure of a lady, who had been very ill last winter, and almost given up by the physicians and who is now up and attending to her household duties, is ascribed to the use of the water of Lourdes. A child whose eye was dangerously affected is also reported to have been cured by the water of Lourdes Other favors of the same description have been reported to us, but we pass them by for the present.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mrs. MARGARET AHERN, an aged lady, who was killed by a fall from a buggy at Stillwater, Minn., on the 15th inst. Mrs. AGATHA STEIN, of Chillicothe, Ohio, whose death occurred on July 7th. Mrs. CAPTAIN S. EDWARDS, of Oswego, N. Y., and Mrs. CATHARINE PAXTON, of London, Ont., Canada, lately deceased. Mr. EDWIN MCCABE, of Saint Louis, Mo. MARY GEARY, of Stillwater, Minn. JAMES WALSH, MARY KELLY, THOMAS GRIFFIN, CATHARINE GRIFFIN, FLORENCE DONAVAN, and CATHERINE DONAVAN, who died some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Rt. Rev. Ludovicus D'Herbomez, D.D., $20; Kate O'Brian, $1; Bridget Melody, $1; J. Hatfield, $1; B. Mulvany, $1; Wm. Fent, $1; Wm. Reeves, $1; P. F. McNulty, $1; Thos. Seiberlich, $1; T. L. Fitzpatrick, $1; M. J. Kast, $1; L. S. Kast, $1; J. S. Kast, $1; F. X. Kast, $1; Miss Santini, 50 cts.; Miss Santini, 50 cts.; Young Ladies' Sodality, South Troy, N. Y., $2.50; J. J. Parker, $1; G. Lavelle and family, $1; Esther Byrns, J. and T. Deucher, $2; Charles Broomly, $5; Bridget McMackin, $2; Mary Ann Bolduc, $1; Mrs. Bunce, $3; B. McNulty, $1; Mrs. H. McDonald, $3; M. I. Clifford, $1; Daniel Dunne, $2; John Smith, $1; Messrs. Owen Brady & Co., $15; F. M. Jarboe, $1; William Armstrong, 50 cts.; Mr. John Montague, $1; Mrs. John Montague, $1; Mr. J. E. Montague, $1; Mrs. J. E. Montague, $1; Mr. J. F. Montague, $1; For Mrs. J. F. Montague, $1; For Mrs. Bridget Montague, $1; Miss Mary Montague, $1; Mrs. A. O. Campbell, $1; For Mr. James McMahon, $1; For Mr. Edward McMahon, $1; Sisters of St. Dominic, $1; Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, $1; Sisters of the Visitation, $1; A poor widow, 50 cts.; Mrs. Thomas Lamb, $1; John James, $1; M. G. Friel, $2; Sarah A. McGarvey, $1; Mrs. Paulina Wageman, $1; A. and C. Donnelly, $1.

Children's Department.

The Crystal Vase.

BY N. J. O'CONNELL FFRENCH.

A good, old-fashioned Christmas eve, with snow falling in feathery flakes through the brisk air; snow on the ground, snow on the trees, on the housetops; and snow on the church towers that looked like giant sugar-coated Christmas cakes decorated by the jovial genius of this season of feasting and merriment—snow everywhere.

The foot-passengers, as they hurried along through the brightly-lighted streets, or passed from store to store, loaded with goodly supplies of Christmas gifts, laughed gaily as the white flakes drifted against their cheeks, which glowed with exercise and merriment—and those returning, smiling and bright, to their cheery homes green with holly, ivy and mistletoe, seemed infected with the joyous spirit of the season. That spirit was omnipresent. It was in the streets, in the houses, in the thronged stores, and surely it must have been out in the quiet country where the quaintly-gabled farm houses were changed into fairy palaces by the touch of winter's magic wand.

But in that great city there was one at least to whom the festive season brought only bitter memories and unavailing remorse. In an attic chamber, scantily furnished, a young man of some six and twenty years sat before a table covered with sheets of manuscript. The pen had fallen from his fingers and his pale cheek rested wearily on his hand.

"I cannot write!" he cried; "I loathe this weary drudgery, this eternal pen, ink and paper. To-night I can think of nothing but the past. That cruel memory haunts me. Oh! the murdered past."

He turned to the papers, before him and read the verses he had just commenced writing:

O sad is the sound of the wintry blast
As it moans through the leafless trees,
And the plaintive voice of a murdered Past
I hear in each gust of the breeze.

The leaves lie withered and dead on the ground,
That in summer waved green and high:
For the hopes of my youth I look around;
Were those summer hopes made to die?

Was the blast of winter to cast them down?
Did they fall in the angry strife?
Were they weary of waiting the starry crown
That shines still o'er the tree of life.

"It is no use," he exclaimed, as he threw the paper from him; "I cannot write to-night—I can *feel*—oh, how bitterly and sadly!—but I cannot *write*. What soft-headed editor would pay for such twaddle?—yet I must write:

"'We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.'

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"Poor old vagabond, I have a fellow-feeling for you. But even you, old patriot soldier, were better off than I, who have not even a dog to share my misery."

He raised his eyes and they fell on a statuette of the Immaculate Conception that stood on a little bracket over the table. It was his mother's gift in the bygone years. Almost unconsciously his lips framed these words of the Litany so familiar in boyhood: "*Refugium Peccatorum, Consolatrix Afflictorum, ora pro me.*"

Was it fancy, that he seemed to grow calmer? were those indeed tears which for a moment dimmed his sight?

The present was forgotten; he was living in the past. He was once again in the old homestead, father and mother and sisters gazing fondly on their clever boy fresh from college, with all his well-won honors—the happy, happy days of boyhood made bright and beautiful by tender domestic love. Then the first false step, the evil companions, the anxious care, the earnest advice unheeded; the reckless dissipation, the contempt of paternal warning; and then, the saddest, the most terrible scene of all, the open defiance of parental authority—the false pride that prompted him to abandon home and kindred rather than yield.

Then he saw pass before him as in a vision the long, long years of his lonely exile. The wild Bohemian life of a clever literary drudge, more given to pleasure than to the monotony of persevering labor. The struggle with want and pride. The obstinate pride that forbade all communication with those dear ones whom he had outraged and abandoned.

As the ghost of those latter years rose before him, all the bitterness of his self-sought misery returned, wild thoughts surged through his brain, and he sprang from his chair exclaiming: "I cannot endure it—I cannot bear to think! This lonely life would kill me. It is Christmas Eve—all the world is merry—I too will purchase joy!"

A few moments later Edgar Walton's appearance was greeted with loud applause by a group of young men seated round a table in "The Arion," the favorite resort of his fellow Bohemians. The wine and the song went round, toast followed toast, humor and wit seemed to sparkle in the bowl. The hours flew by with wings as light as air, and the merriest, the wittiest, and, apparently the happiest of all that merry throng was he whom we have already seen shuddering before the accusing spectre of the past.

Alas, poor Edgar! too often during those weary years had you sought oblivion in the treacherous wine cup.

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And now he is home again in his lonely attic, and sleep has mercifully sealed his eyelids. Mercifully did I say? What vision is this that disturbs his slumbers? What wild phantasmagoria of the brain?

He stands in a royal hall brilliant with lights, brave in silk and velvet, gold and crimson. Song and laughter echo along the gilded roof. From a lofty dais arises one who appears to be chief in the brilliant throng. His vesture of satin and velvet is sparkling with jewels; his flowing locks, anointed with the rarest perfumes, are crowned by a diadem of emeralds and amethysts curiously fashioned to resemble vine-leaves and rich clusters of purple grapes. His form is tall but corpulent, his face smiling and gay, but wearing a hectic flush and at times a cloud seems to dim the brightness of his eyes.

"Now welcome, right welcome, O son of earth! to the halls of revelry and perennial youth. Seek you forgetfulness of the past—behold it here; seek you joy in the present—inspiration, bliss, wealth, strength, fame—all that the heart of man can desire? gaze through this glass and behold it all! Ho, there! our guest is athirst; minister to his wants."

A nymph, fair as the morning, handed to Edgar a golden goblet brimming over with perfumed wine. "Before you touch the goblet to your lips pour one libation on yonder altar," said the chief; and as he spoke he pointed to an altar of earth on which was a burning human heart, which the flames lapped round and round, but never consumed. Edgar obeyed, and as the wine fell on the fire it gained new life and sprung up, up even to the lofty roof, while the heart seemed to shrink and then wildly palpitate.

A loud shout of exultation burst from those around.

"Drink—drink!" was echoed from lip to lip, and as Edgar raised the goblet, strains of entrancing music floated through the air, and forms of ethereal beauty glided before him.

He drained the goblet to the dregs and sighed with pleasure: so cool, so sweet the wine.

"The nectar of the gods!" he cried.

As Edgar spoke, he who appeared to be chief approached him carrying a large crystal vase and bade him look through it and tell him what he saw.

"Nothing but what I behold with my naked eye."

"Even so," the chief replied; "for the vase is empty. But behold the magic power of wine!" He filled the crystal vase and bade Edgar look again.

Oh, marvellous! what a change! Is this paradise? this exquisite scene bathed in the softest sunlight? What shapes of light and beauty are these attendant on the chief, who now appears a very god, resplendent, beautiful? Nine beings of seraphic beauty attend the immediate presence of this sovereign, and after them a long train of beau-

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teous forms come thronging; intoxicating perfumes load the air and the music of the spheres floats around.

"Bliss—joy ecstatic! Oh, it is too much happiness! Let me die here and now."

"Wouldst thou forget the past?"

"Yes! oh, yes! the cruel past."

"Wouldst thou enjoy this bliss forever?"

"Forever! aye, forever!"

"Then pour another libation on the burning heart, and swear thou wilt be leal and true to me, body and soul, forever."

Edgar took the brimming cup and turned towards the altar of earth to obey this mandate, when a hand, gentle but strong, stayed him in his course.

"Back—back, rash youth! Knowest thou what thou art doing? Selling body and soul, strength, intellect, and will, to the deadliest enemy of man—the demon of Intemperance."

The chief and his attendants shrank back, and cowered as they gazed on her who spoke.

Tall and stately, her beauty was that of a majestic matron: intelligence shone in her clear eyes, and authority was enthroned on her placid brow; with a smile "made of all sweet accord," she took the crystal vase, and, emptying it of the wine, filled it with pure water.

"Look now," she said. "Now thou wilt see with unclouded sight, and in its true colors, this scene thou didst think so entrancing."

Edgar took the vase and held it before his eyes. What a change—what a terrible transformation! The chief to whom he was about to vow eternal allegiance, to sell body and soul, seemed now a weak, decrepit man, with bloodshot eyes and bloated countenance; his garments soiled and disarranged, his steps weak and faltering. No sweet music filled the air; but, instead, the ravings of delirium—the blasphemy of frenzied souls. And the nine attendants on the demon of Intemperance, they who seemed but a moment ago very angels of beauty, now were the most loathesome objects of all.

Then the matron spoke: "My name, my son, is Temperance. With yonder demon I wage unending war, and strive with all my power to wrest, especially the young, from his deadly seductions. Therefore have I bade you gaze through the crystal vase when uncolored by deceptive wine. Now you see the truth. Those nine attendants whose seeming beauty so charmed you are the constant companions of Intemperance. They are named Idleness, Dishonesty, Impurity, Poverty, Disease, Infidelity, Blasphemy, Madness, and Murder. Yonder heart, burning before the throne of Intemperance, is thine own; and thou hast placed it there thyself on that altar of earth, which is built of thine own evil and grovelling passions. But there is yet time to save thee. Dost thou repent of the past—wilt thou honestly strive to amend thy life?"

"Yes! oh, yes! with all my heart and soul."

Then came another change: the vast hall seemed to grow upward into a mighty dome supported upon shining pillars of the purest alabaster; shadowy forms flitted to and fro on golden wings, whose every motion produced enchanting strains of soft music; and then there arose, clear above all, the richest, deepest organ-sounds, whose notes were prolonged and sweetened by a thousand echoes.

Edgar gazed upon the angelic countenance of his deliverer, and it seemed to him it changed gradually until at length it bore a marvellous resemblance to the sweet face of his statue of the Immaculate Conception,

"*Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me.* Mother of Mercy!" he exclaimed, "I owe all this to you." But as he spoke there came another change; and now the vision seemed to wear a patient, loving smile, well known in the happy past. Could it be? Was this indeed his mother? his injured, loving mother? Was it she who had rescued him from the foul magician's spells?

"Mother! sweetest mother!" he murmured in his sleep; "forgive the past; I will amend—I will atone!"

"My boy, my Edgar! child of my many prayers—awake—awake! All is forgiven—forgotten! Come to your mother's arms!"

He awoke. It was only a dream, but he longed for the reality. And before the echo of the glorious Christmas message of the angels: "Peace on earth to men of good will," had died away, he had reached the home he had so long abandoned.

Mother and son sank on their knees before a little statue of the Immaculate Virgin, where she had so often prayed for her erring boy, Edgar, crying out from the depths of a heart throbbing with penitence and gratitude: "Refuge of sinners, pray for me."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant, "Bring back my trunk; I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her." He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterward a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never had occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents.—*Catholic Times.*

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 9, 1879. No. 32.

Mary's Decease and Assumption.

BY THE REV. JAMES AUGUSTINE STOTHERT, MISS. AP.

It is with much significance that the Church celebrates the decease and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin in the month of August; the mature season of the year, when the fruits of long patience and culture are safely gathered in; when the anxieties of the husbandman are crowned with success; when those who went forth in spring, weeping, and casting their precious seed, come back with joy, carrying their sheaves. It was a long and dreary springtime, when Mary was suffering and weeping with her Son, laying Him in a manger, and travelling with Him over the snowy hills of Palestine, across the burning sands of Egypt; agonizing beside His Cross; sitting solitary before His cold and desolate tomb. Then the precious seed was falling into a soil divinely prepared to receive it, the seed of humility and patience, and fortitude, and every celestial grace. It ripened into promise, when the Blessed Son of Justice rose upon it with His Easter radiance, and brought to perfection what had been watered by many tears, and the dews of Divine influence. And now the calm and mellow autumn had come; the fruit was matured and ready to be gathered; Heaven claimed Its own, and Mary was about to leave the earth which she had blessed. The words of ancient prophecy had been accomplished; the course of Providence fulfilled; Jesus had been conceived and born, and, after thirty years' retirement and subjection to Mary, had begun and ended His public ministry; and had paid with His Life the price of the world's redemption. He had risen from the grave, and had rewarded the singular faith of His Blessed Mother with the first sight of His glorified Body; He had gone up in triumph to the throne of His Eternal Father, leaving Mary, still, as a Mother to His Church; as a dear memorial of her absent Son. She sat among the Apostles as a Queen, and yet lowly as the least; in the upper room where they were assembled, we hear of "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," (Acts, i, 14,) still bearing that name of glorious distinction. He even had again descended to her at Pentecost; enlarging her capacity of grace; filling her with the Divine Spirit in addition to the fulness that had dwelt in her for nearly fifty years; "good measure and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," had her God given into her bosom. (Luke, vi, 38.)

What then remained to detain her, here below? Ever since the day when she kneeled on Mount Olivet to receive the parting Benediction of her Son; when she beheld Him as He went up, till His lessening form was hidden from her sight by the cloud through which He passed; ever since that day, the heart of Mary had been with her Son, sorrowing only for the bonds that still detained her in this land of exile. One thing alone could reconcile her to the delay: it was His adorable will; let it be done now as always, on earth and in heaven. Yet the pain of absence and separation still afflicted her tender heart. James and Stephen, and other companions of their beloved Master's earthly pilgrimage, had long ago rejoined Him in His kingdom; the sharp sword or the stones of the brook had dismissed them to His beatific presence. Why should she linger; she, His Mother, who loved Him as none other could, save only His Eternal Father: she, who had been more intimately one with Him than was possible to another created being; she, who had sought Him for three days, sorrowing, when she had lost Him in the years of His mortality? Months and years had passed away, and still the time of her reunion was deferred. She frequently sought Him indeed, and doubtless found Him in His Sacramental Presence, in devout communion, but those moments of supreme bliss only inflamed her thirst for the sight of His unveiled Divinity. Yet at least there was comfort in the thought that nothing less could satisfy her longing desire; that the pleasures of time and sense were wearisome to her, and empty; such strong thirst was hers for the waters of the

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river of God. It was the last departing shadow of the cross that she had borne all her life long; the last trial that was to fill up the measure of her heroic sacrifice.

No less did He desire that her glory should be consummated. "Father! I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me, where I am, that they may behold My glory." (John, xvii, 24.) When Joseph became ruler over the land of Egypt, second only to Pharao, he sent for his aged father, the patriarch Jacob, saying to his brethren, "Make haste, and go ye up to my father, and say to him: Thus saith thy son Joseph: God hath made me lord of the whole land of Egypt: come down to me, linger not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Gessen: and thou shalt be near me. . . . You shall tell my father of all my glory, and all things that you have seen in Egypt; make haste and bring him to me." (Gen., xlv, 9, 13. So Jesus, when He had received all power in heaven and on earth, and had sat down forever at the Right Hand of the Majesty on high, willed that His Blessed Mother should be taken up without delay, to see His glory and power, and to "be transformed into the same image from glory to glory." (2 Cor., iii, 18).

At length He called, and her love made her hasten to be gone. The welcome message of the Canticles was whispered to her by angelic visitants: "Arise, My love, My beautiful one, and come." (Cant., ii, 13.) She put her house in order and prepared to go. What a scene was that on which the eye of our sun looked down, the day that Mary took leave of this world; where she lay in her placid beauty, with the gentle, noiseless ministerings of apostolic hands around her couch! Angels must have stooped from high heaven, to admire the regenerating power of grace in our weak humanity. Nothing that usually imparts to death its bitterness was present there: attachment to this world, a disturbed conscience, uncertainty of final salvation. Mary had loved only her Son and God, and He was gone before her; the treasure of her heart had preceded her; yea, her very heart itself had gone up with Him from the mountain of His Ascension. She had never sullied the immaculate purity of her origin by even a thought of sin; she could not doubt that her eternal salvation was already secured.

Yet death must set his seal on that sinless body; must close that eye which had first beheld the Word made flesh; must hush those lips whose word had once brought Him from heaven to dwell among us; must still the pulses of that heart that had once beat so near His own. She would be as her Son; He died, and so would she. But how differently! He, upon a bloody Cross; torn and worn; in agony of soul and body; the companion of outcasts; the scorn of an apostate nation; horror was upon the face of nature; His Spirit passed amidst darkness and the convulsions of the world. She, upon her quiet couch; untouched by pain; full of peace and unnumbered joys; with all heaven around her; Apostles and holy women beside her, offering her their reverence, and ministrations as to a superior being.

Such distinction must be between the Redeemer and His redeemed. His pain was the price of her peace; His shame, of her honor; from the sharpness of His passage flowed the sweetness of hers. And yet she had shared His sufferings; His ignominy had fixed a sword in her maternal heart; yea, seven wounds of that heart had earned for her the distinction of the Queen of Martyrs. But now all that was past; the storm and the strife had long since given place to peace and calm expectation. The retirement of domestic life had witnessed the maturity of her gentle, unobtrusive virtues, as, in her early years, their opening promise. From its sweet privacy she passed away; no convulsions of nature proclaimed the event; the rocks were not rent; the sun was not eclipsed; she tranquilly reposed as an infant upon its mother's bosom; the breath of evening, that faintly stirred the lightest leaves of the palm, wafted into her chamber the delicious odor of flowers and distinct "gardens of spices"; the softest, roseate tints of autumn were shed upon her couch by the declining sun. A few parting words of kindness for the Beloved Disciple of Jesus and her own adopted son; a few precious promises, asked and given, that she would not forget the infant Church of her Lord when she should see His Face again; one look of ecstatic love, as the opening heaven revealed that Form whose vision was her life, and Mary's spirit was no longer upon earth. By a gentle effort of her love it passed from her body; expelled by no disease, leaving no trace of age, or pain, or natural decay, such as attend the passage of one who owes this debt to the justice of God. Her holy virginal body remained fresh and young as when Gabriel first knelt before her.

Doubtless there was weeping around her bier: a sight of such surpassing beauty at her decease must have touched the hearts of her holy companions and opened the fountains of their eyes. But joy and thanksgiving were upon their lips, the high praises of God upon their tongues. They laid her body in the tomb, with such ceremony as their poverty and the perils of the time allowed; and taking a last farewell of their precious charge, they made all secure, and returned to their homes: to their own interests and trials. Three days afterwards, a disciple from a distant part of the Church arrived, and hearing that the Holy Mother of the Lord had just departed, he earnestly besought the rest to indulge him with one last look of her countenance. It was granted to his holy importunity; and a company

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of apostles and disciples repaired to her tomb, to gratify the wish of their devout brother. They opened it, and lo! it was empty: fresh flowers of exquisite color and fragrance lay strewn within it; but its beloved inhabitant was no longer there. Strains of celestial harmony floated overhead; and no doubt remained that the pure Immaculate body of Mary had been reunited to her soul, and that both had been assumed into the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem.

Is there a Christian heart that does not feel it to be necessary that Mary should escape the corruption of the grave? Or, rather, is it possible to imagine that her body, of whose substance Christ was made man, could ever have been permitted to see corruption? The honor of that Divine Person who called her His Mother, and was in very deed her Son, flesh of her flesh, and Man of her substance, demanded such an exemption; so also did the dignity of the Holy Spirit, who had resided within her in a miraculous manner, in the conception of the Son of God. If she was, indeed, immaculate in her very conception, and had never been tainted even with original sin, some modification of the general law of death in her favor becomes, in the highest degree, certain. Unless the fairest and most beautiful work of the Almighty Hand was to remain imperfect, it must be that Mary lived again, before the dissolution of the tomb could affect her holy body. The uniformity and harmony of the Divine works, the suitableness and adaptation of their ends to their beginning, all emphatically called for it. It is, therefore, idle to inquire how long it was before a festival was kept by the Church in honor of it; or, how long before any Christian writer mentioned it. It must have been accepted from the beginning as a simple and necessary consequence and effect of the Incarnation; and, therefore, recommending itself to the loving instinct of all who professed to believe that great mystery. Neither is the institution of the festival wanting in antiquity. The Eastern Church has observed it for 1400 years; the Western, certainly for more than 1000. We will walk in the footsteps of our fathers, who unhesitatingly believed that Mary must be in heaven, soul and body, if there is any truth in the Conception and Birth of Christ. The circumstances of her Assumption have not, indeed, been so accurately defined as to be binding on the acceptance of the intelligence, under pain of sin; but, on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that the whole Church could have been allowed to fall into the practical error of annually rejoicing in the memory of an event which never happened; to be deluded into the belief that the body of Mary is with her Son in heaven, if its dust is still on earth.

The very name, also, of the event accurately expresses the distinction between the act of the Creator and the corresponding honor conferred on the first of creatures. We keep the festival of Christ's Ascension; of Mary's Assumption. He ascended; she was assumed, or taken up: He, by His own inherent and Divine Omnipotence, unaided, sustained by no power but His own; she, leaning on her Beloved; borne upwards through the air upon the wings of angels; supported by Omnipotent love.

Three times before had Mary been separated from her Son; and three times she had met Him in a memorable way. The first time was when she lost Him for three days, and found Him in the Temple asking questions of the doctors. The second, was when she met Him on His way to Calvary, carrying His Cross, bowed to the earth with the weight of a world's sin. She met Him again, and far differently, the morning that He rose; she was the first to see Him in the Body of His glory. Once more, and for the fourth time, she parted from Him on Mount Olivet; and she met Him once more, face to face, the day of her Assumption. The eternal gates of heaven rolled back; the King's Mother entered, and was conducted to the steps of His royal throne. Upon it sat her Son, He whom she had borne, and nursed, and watched, and wept over, and adored for thirty years. He is the same; and yet, O, how changed! Then He was feeble, and often weary, and depressed, and a sufferer; now, He is all-glorious, and immortal; suffering cannot touch Him any more; heaven's splendor surrounds Him; the unapproachable light which no mortal eye can look upon and live. She, too, is changed, according to the measure of her capacity. Mother and Son are together again: they behold each other; they know each other; the love that united them long ago in that poor cottage at Nazareth; the love that made her so bold, and Him so condescending at Cana; the love that made their martyrdom on Calvary one; that love is not extinguished within them; it is not diminished; it burns with stronger and intenser force. It is the love of God for His human Mother; the love of the highest creature for her God, added to her love for the very Son whom she bore.

"And the King arose to meet her and bowed to her, and sat down upon His throne, and a throne was set for the King's Mother, and she sat on His right hand." And upon her brow He placed the crown of universal dominion; and the countless multitudes of the heavenly hosts saluted her as the Queen of heaven and earth. Blessed consummation of all her sufferings, of her sorrows; of her immovable constancy; the crown of her great humility. The new creation hath excelled the first in glory and honor; human nature hath attained a higher seat than the an-

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gels, in the person of Mary; in the Divine Person of Jesus their prostrate ranks fall down before it, and adore and worship the Incarnate God. Forever united, never again to be separated, Christ and His Blessed Mother are also inseparable in the love and the homage of every faithful heart; their names are pronounced together; their united image cannot be divided. And every year the whole Church, in heaven and on earth, celebrates the glad event that proclaimed their eternal union, with jubilation that never grows weary, with gratitude that knows no limit, with confidence in their protecting love, that becomes stronger and more boundless.

Human weakness shrinks from the view of death; the immortal spirit within each of us revolts from the idea of leaving its familiar dwelling-place to darkness and the worm, and going forth, it knows not whither, solitary and unsheltered. Conscience further whispers of a judgment to come; of strict examination and retribution at the tribunal of an all-knowing and all-just Judge. The awful trial can happen but once; if it fails, there is no room for a second and more successful issue. But, unwelcome as is the thought of it, come it must to all; to some, perhaps, by an accident, when the life will be pressed and wrung out of them in a moment, or after a few hours of sharp agony; or the life of others will be worn away by weeks and months of weary pain and unceasing weakness; the world will be dead to them long before they leave it, for its bustles and its joys are intolerable in the sick man's chamber. What stay, what support, shall poor human nature cling to, in that last hour, when life's cares and hopes shall seem like a fitful feverish dream; when Eternity alone shall remain, grown vaster by nearness, the one reality swallowing up every other object of thought? There is one, not divine, like Jesus, but all human, like ourselves, who has passed through this last trial, who knows what it is for a soul and body to part, who has closed her eyes on time, to open them on the sights of another world. Ever since that day it has been her blessed prerogative to watch over the departure of the obedient children of her Son; to support their weary heads, to point their failing sight to the cross of Him who won the victory over death, to drive away the enemy of their peace and salvation, and to receive and intercede for their departing spirits.

And while Mary takes away the fear of death, she kindles and stimulates the hope of immortality and of the endless enjoyment of God. The thought that our poor human nature has been advanced, in her person, to the highest dignity in heaven, next to the supreme majesty of God, is of itself sufficient to elevate our hope and to direct our aims towards what is above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Her resurrection and assumption are the forerunners of our own, as her death was the same which we must inevitably die.

Let the humble children of Mary, then, cast aside every unworthy and grovelling desire; remembering the exalted destiny in store for them; remembering that they possess a common nature with her who is raised to the very throne of God, their hopes ought to aspire to a height proportionate to such a relation. What is there in this world to attach them to it, when Jesus and Mary are no longer in it? He indeed dwells among them in His Most Holy Sacrament, but in heaven alone He reveals His unclouded beauty. Let them thirst after that country, their true home; let them send before them holy desires, ardent affections, the aspirations of hearts mortified to the delights of a vanishing world. This was the secret of Mary's death of peace; she died that she might live, for she had long before ceased to live for this world. Her dying was easy because her life was holy; because her strong faith and love lifted her far above the influence of human fear. Let her spiritual children, in their measure, live like her; and, in the same degree, they may hope to imitate her in their dying. Whether its hour shall arrive soon or late, whether its approach shall be sudden or prolonged, she will stand by them and see them safely through, as she assisted at the last passage of millions before them. If their life is to be wrenched from them, she will obtain for them grace to be always ready for the sudden advent of their Lord; her intercession will supply what they may have the misfortune to miss, in the assistance of the last Sacraments. Or if the bed of pain and the slow ebbing of life's tide are to be their protracted trial, she will refresh their weakness with many heavenly consolations, she will teach them to bear pain with the martyrs' constancy; their sleepless nights and hours of watching will be beguiled by sensible communion with the blessed. While alternate hope and fear distract their friends around them, they shall possess their souls in unruffled peace; the holy Sacraments will give them aid far beyond the physician's skill, perfecting strength in weakness, renewing in age the ardor of youth, filling the chamber of their suffering with the joy of heaven. And when the moment comes for the spirit to pass to its final reckoning, she will anticipate its judgment and plead for mercy; and after its purification is accomplished, she will welcome it to the home of everlasting peace.

A day also is coming when the bodies of her children shall revive from the dust, by a more marvellous act of omnipotence than even that which transported hers to heaven without corruption; when they shall see Jesus and Mary, face to face, with these very eyes of theirs, and shall be transformed as they behold. Such has

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been the happy history and the blessed hope of millions of the redeemed; such is the destiny of all who are faithful to the grace of God. Pray we our Lord now, through the intercession of His ever Blessed Mother, that not one of us, nor any of our friends or relations, may be without her aid at the last; that in the company of those whom she conducts to glory not one of us may be wanting.

[For the Ave Maria.]

Come!

Come to My cradle, child, if thou wouldst seek
The priceless gift of true humility;
Come thou and see how lowly, poor, and meek,
The Christ-Child lieth in His Infancy.
O come and see, that seeing thou mayst know
The love I bear thee in My manger low.

Come to My cross, My child, if thou wouldst learn
To bear thy cross in patience and in love;
Here will thy heart, grown brave and generous, yearn
Its gratitude in suffering to prove;
Here wilt thou find new strength unto thee given
To tread the rugged path that leads to Heaven.

Come to My cradle, child, come to My cross,
Come with thy every care and joy and pain;
I will console thee for each earthly loss,
And will repay thee with eternal gain;
Be Mine in life, and I in death will be
Thy sweet reward; then will I say to thee:

Come to My Heaven, child, for thou hast been
Among the faithful few who followed Me.
No word can tell, no eye hath ever seen,
The endless joys that are prepared for thee;
Thou to My cradle, to My cross didst come,
Come now and rest with Me; My child, come home!

ELIZA BULGER.

The Handkerchief at the Window.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening, spent in merriment and laughter by the Count and his children, with the exception of the imprisoned eldest daughter, had been followed by a terrible night and day. The garments purchased from the owner of the *Fior di Mare* proved a fatal acquisition. They had been collected by a few surviving slaves in a palace near Aleppo in which the plague had carried off almost all its inmates. Some seafaring men had bought the chest which contained them for a trifle, and brought it to Smyrna. There they disposed of it to the captain of the *Fior di Mare*, which was just to sail for the coast of Italy. One hasty glance at its contents satisfied him that the value of the articles greatly exceeded the small sum asked for them. He concluded they were the spoils of robbers, and did not think it necessary to make particular inquiries. With that idea in his mind, he was not sorry to get rid of the property by selling it to the sons of the Count di Castel Barco for something more than he had given for it, but still at a price far below its worth. He was quite guiltless of wilfully imparting the plague in its worst form to his unsuspecting customers; but such had nevertheless been the result of this ill-fated transaction.

The magnificent gear displayed with such glee and spread all over the house had communicated the terrible infection to the unhappy Count, his sons and daughters, and several of the servants. Soon after the disease seized him he became delirious, and by the time the physician, who had been summoned when symptoms of severe illness showed themselves, arrived, the victims of the pestilence were dead, or at the point of death. It was too late to attempt anything for the latter —they were beyond the reach of human aid, or spiritual assistance, so the doctor declared, and took flight. The survivors, seized with a wild panic, soon followed his example; terror driving from their minds all thought but of their own safety. Geltruda was forgotten, or supposed to have died also.

Late in the day a sailor belonging to the crew of the *Fior di Mare* was passing through the piazza of Taggia. He heard rumors of the ghastly tale. Groups of agitated persons were relating it with gestures of horror, and pointing towards the gorge at the head of the valley.

When he reached the ship and told the tidings, the captain turned pale and crossed himself, for it had suddenly occurred to him that the chest might have contained poisoned effluvia, and he resolved to depart at once. But the wind was contrary. It only changed towards morning. Then it was that Geltruda had seen the *Fior di Mare* skimming the waves like a bird and disappearing in a track of shining foam.

Meanwhile the syndic of Taggia had hastily convened the municipal council, and an agitated sitting was going on at the town hall. To protect the city from the horrible contagion was, of course, their only thought. Those who know what, even in our days, is the horror Italians have of infection can imagine the affright which seized the inhabitants of Taggia in presence of such a catastrophe. Since the physician's return, persons who had met some of the fugitives brought news confirming the report. Every soul who had not left the house was dead. There were only corpses within its walls.

Measures were instantly taken to form a sanitary *cordon* on the Taggia side of the torrent bed, which no one on pain of death was to cross either way. Pickets of soldiers were placed at intervals along the bank to enforce this regulation, with

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orders to shoot any one attempting to transgress it. Commands were shouted to the poor creatures flying from Castel Barco to make their way as best they could across the hills, or along the shore to the nearest lazaretto. Most of them perished miserably.

Messengers were dispatched to warn the neighboring hamlets and to complete the *cordon* round the plague-stricken mansion. The worst fear was that the unburied corpses would breed contagion; and the wind, which was blowing from that side uncontrolled by municipal edicts, waft it to the city. In view of this imminent danger it was decreed that Castel Barco and all it contained should be destroyed by fire. Recourse was had to the Confraternity of the Black Penitents. Their statutes bound them to accept perilous duties in the service of their fellow-creatures; and to stimulate their self-devotion, the municipality promised, in return for their consent to choose by lot one of their members for the fulfilment of the civic mandate, to build them a church on a site they had long solicited from the town. The Black Penitents had long smarted under the inferiority of their chapel to that of the White Penitents. The rivalry between the different confraternities in Italian cities was very keen with regard to their churches, and occasioned the erection of many beautiful sanctuaries all over the land.

The syndic's proposal was accepted, and the drawing was to take place in the evening. The members all agreed to abide by the result, and the one on whom the lot fell was to swear to perform the task assigned to him and then retire for forty days to a cabin on the opposite side of the torrent called the Hut of the Four Palm Trees. If he fell sick he was to hoist a black flag, and spiritual assistance would be sent him. Provisions and bedding were to be conveyed during the night to the solitary cabin by the torrent-side, and also a cart laden with materials to facilitate the conflagration, which was to take place as soon as possible.

The Black Penitents, wearing their usual dress and their masks, were standing in a row, and the urn containing their names on a table in the centre of the town hall. The drawing was about to begin, when one of them stepped forward and addressed the chief magistrate:

"I ask to be chosen for this mission," he said, "and I swear to accept its conditions."

A thrill ran through the hearts of all present; the relief was great to those about to draw. A few of them protested against accepting the offer. Many hastily assumed that the drawing would not take place, and retired.

The magistrates concluded to confer on the member who had proposed himself the trust he solicited. No one had recognized his voice, it was so hoarse and muffled. Only after the meeting had dispersed was it known that Carlo dei Ubaldi had undertaken to set fire to the home of Montenegris.

By some, especially by the friends of the other Black Penitents, he was commended with enthusiasm; some groaned and pitied his poor mother; a few—there are always, alas! people ready to make ill-natured suppositions—hinted that he had been ill-used by the late Count, and indulged revengeful feelings in offering to burn down Castel Barco.

Meanwhile Carlo hastened to the Ubaldi Palace and conferred with his mother. Just before the meeting at the town hall, a feeble ring had been heard at the palace-gate, and when one of the servants opened the door, Fra Mauro was seen, looking like a spectre, and scarcely able to stand. She took him by the hand, for the old friar was well known and much loved by every one in the house, and made him sit down in the hall.

"Fetch the Marchesa," he faintly said, "or the Signor Carlo"; and soon the venerable lady was by his side, anxiously looking into his livid face. He was so exhausted that for a few minutes he could not speak; but after swallowing a little wine he revived, and said:

"Send for Carlo. You must both hear what I have to say."

"He is broken-hearted," the Marchesa said, "weeping his heart out over Geltruda's death."

"She is not dead!" the old man cried. "She must be saved. Send for him."

Doubting if Fra Mauro was in his right senses, afraid of giving her son false hopes, perplexed and distracted, the Marchesa went to the chapel, where Carlo was kneeling with his face buried in his hands, and whispered to him:

"Fra Mauro is here. He says wild things about Castel Barco, from which he tells me he comes. Come and speak to him; but, remember, he may be light-headed. He was fainting when he arrived."

But a little food and the sight of friendly faces had restored Fra Mauro's strength; and, seated between the mother and the son, calmly and coherently he told them the history of his seeing the white handkerchief waved at Geltruda's turret window, of his going to Castel Barco, and witnessing the horrible scene within its walls, and his brief colloquy with the poor girl locked up near that scene of death, but separated from it by bolts and bars. Carlo's eyes flashed, his brain reeled.

"I must fly to her," he exclaimed. "Do not stop me, mother. Even you cannot prevent my going to die with her."

"I wish you to save her and yourself, my son," the Marchesa said, in a soothing manner. "If

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you cross the line by daylight, you will be shot, and Geltruda left to perish."

"Mother, I cannot think—think for me. Shall I go and tell the chief magistrate what Fra Mauro says?"

"He will not believe it. He will think you both out of your minds, and the panic will be fearful if it is known that there is one in Taggia just come from Castel Barco. The mob may kill him." She whispered those last words in Carlo's ear.

"What shall I do?" the young man asked, wringing his hands, and looking up into his mother's beloved face with the childlike trust of one who had never turned to her in vain for counsel and for help. She laid her hand on his shoulder, looked into his eyes, and said:

"Do you love Geltruda more than your own life, my Carlo? Could you ever be happy if she died?"

"Never, mother," he answered; "never. I must save her, or else die with her."

This moment in the Marchesa's life was one of those in which perfect unselfishness, true courage, and calm good sense can alone furnish sufficient presence of mind to think and to resolve. She thought and prayed for an instant in silence, and then said:

"I see but one means of saving Geltruda. If any one but yourself, my son, is charged with the execution of the municipal mandate, even should her existence be known she would simply be extricated from her confinement and abandoned to her fate, every one shunning her approach. Offer yourself to perform the mission for which the Black Penitents are about to draw lots. I see, though there is not time now for details, how you can rescue your betrothed. God knows"—the poor mother's voice shook, and she paused an instant—"God knows what it costs me to suggest this; but, Carlo, I think I could face your death better than your despair."

The son and mother held each other a moment in a tight embrace. "God bless you, my Carlo," she said. "I must now conceal Fra Mauro in the chapel room. No one knows he is here except Maria, and we can trust her."

Carlo left the house and went to the town hall in the garb and wearing the mask of his Confraternity. The Marchesa then led Fra Mauro to a small room behind the chapel and communicating with it by a tribune, stored it with what was necessary for his few wants, and then locked the door of the passage on the side of the house. Before leaving him, she said:

"Fra Mauro, how did you contrive to cross the line unseen?"

The old man smiled, and answered, "When I saw the soldiers lining the road, my heart sank within me. But I looked neither to right nor left, but went on grasping my crucifix and invoking our Lady. No one stopped me. God is good. The eyes of men, as well as their hearts, are in His power."

The Marchesa kissed his withered hand and then began her preparations in the full conviction, which proved well founded, that her son's offer would be accepted. She first wrote a letter to the syndic, briefly speaking of a mother's anxiety at the perilous task her son was about to fulfil, and begging that a pass across the sanitary line should be granted not only to her son but to the conductor of a cart laden with furniture as well as provisions to be stored in the hut where he was to spend the time of his quarantine. And having sealed and directed this missive, she went to select from her own wardrobe a complete set of female attire and various articles suitable for woman's use, besides those destined for her son, which she packed in a separate trunk. Then she ordered the strongest mule in the stables to be harnessed to a light cart and kept in readiness for the Signor Carlo's return, and a ladder of ropes which was used in the granary of the palace, and a long pole to be laid at the bottom of it.

These arrangements were hardly completed when Carlo returned from the town hall. She greeted him sweetly and calmly, and then, after dispatching her letter to the syndic, she explained her plans to him.

"By midnight," she said, "the cart will have reached the Hut of the Four Palm Trees. The servants will unload it before they return, but you will take care the ladder of ropes is left in the cart, and when the parcels of combustible materials arrive, you will order them to be also placed in it. When you remain alone and the shades of night are most profound, then, my Carlo, you will drive the cart to Castel Barco—"

Again the Marchesa's voice faltered; but Carlo was hanging on her words with a face so full of eagerness and hope that she commanded her emotion and proceeded with the directions she was giving him.

"Drive it to the left, along the road on the west side of the house. Stop under the turret window. Oh, my boy! my poor boy! you know it well. Call Geltruda; and with the long pole you will find attached to the ladder of ropes hoist it within her reach, and tell her how to fasten it securely to the iron railing of the balcony. Bid her throw out the bedding and cushions in her room. Lay them on the cart beneath so as to break a possible fall, and then—"

"Oh, mother, mother mine! it will succeed; it will succeed! Our Lady has inspired you. She will be saved! She will return to us!" Carlo cried, starting to his feet eager to depart.

"Do not leave me yet," the Marchesa said,—"or, rather, go and expedite the departure of the

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cart hence and from the Government stores, and then return to me. You can ride to the hut and arrive there sooner than they will."

At that moment a deputation from the municipality came to congratulate the Marchesa on her son's devotedness, and to bring the passes for Carlo and for the servants who were going to the hut, and who could be readmitted across the lines within half an hour after their passage over them.

The tinder-box, which was to enable him to set fire to the doomed mansion, was solemnly committed to his hands. His knowledge of the place would enable him, they said, to execute his duty with less risk than another; and with this comfortable reflection the good citizens departed, well satisfied not to be themselves exposed to the danger.

When they had left, the Marchesa made her son sit down once more beside her, and stroking his hair as she did in his childish days, she said:

"And where will my poor boy dwell during his banishment—for, of course, he will give up the hut to our Geltruda if God gives her back to us?"

"Oh, mother, there is a cave not far from the hut and near Fra Romualdo's hermitage, where I can spend the nights. Mother, Geltruda used to hang her white handkerchief at the window of her turret to encourage Fra Mauro to come and beg of her father. You can see the hut from here with the telescope. If things go well with us, we will hoist a white flag. If we hoist a black one—"

"One of you would be ill, my boy; and then your old mother would rush to you at any moment—at any risk,—yes, across a thousand muskets levelled at her breast."

After a silent embrace, she said: "You promise me, Carlo, not to enter the walls of Castel Barco if in any other way you can set fire to it?"

"Oh yes, mother; if Geltruda is to be saved, life is still dear to me."

These words were hard, though he did not mean it; but his mother did not show what she suffered.

"You have still a few minutes to spare," she said. Will you come with me to the chapel and pray for a blessing on your night's work? and you must say good-bye to Fra Mauro." She looked wistfully into his face. He understood her.

"Yes, I will," he said, "and go to confession, too."

This was what she longed for; and when the mother and son parted, half an hour afterwards, they smiled in the midst of their tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Ireland is due the honor of having composed the first Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

The Madonna's Ring.

The custom of giving a ring, and the placing it on the fourth finger of the woman he marries, by the bridegroom, during the marriage ceremony, is a religious act of great antiquity. It is a sign of the supernatural affection, founded on charity, which ought to unite their souls. The learned are of opinion that this usage existed among the ancient Hebrews, and affirm that it was practised by the Greeks and Romans, from whom, according to Tertullian, the Christians took it, as they did many other good and lawful customs, only being careful to surround them with the supernatural, by the sacred meaning which they give them, and to sanctify them by the sacerdotal benediction.

The nuptial ring which was placed on the finger of the Blessed Virgin Mary by St. Joseph was during the tenth century the cause of a long and bitter feud between the cities of Chiusi and Perugia, in Italy. The history of this holy relic, as far as it is known, is very interesting. It was for centuries in the possession of a Jewish family who continued to reside in Palestine after the disaster which befel that nation, to whom, though the members knew its history, it was simply an object of curiosity.

About the tenth century a member of this family settled in Rome, for the purpose of trading in precious stones and jewels. Now, it happened at this time that the Marquis Hugo, Governor of Chiusi, an important city, sometimes free, sometimes annexed to a province of Italy, and then belonging to Tuscany, was about to marry the Princess Judith, niece of the Emperor Otho III. This lady, who appeared to have had a special fondness for valuable jewelry, commissioned a dignitary of her household, named Ranieri, who was a great connoisseur in matters of this kind, to purchase precious stones and jewels for her in Rome. Ranieri acquitted himself well, and, as chance would have it, he applied to the very Jew who was in possession of the Blessed Virgin's ring, and who, as he cared but little for it, readily consented to dispose of it to his customer.

Thus the holy relic passed from the hands of the merchant into those of a lady who does not seem to have attached much importance to it, perhaps because she doubted its authenticity.

In fact, the holy ring remained forgotten in the lady's casket till the day when, her only son having died, his body was carried with all the pomp of a magnificent funeral to the Church of St. Mustiole (a virgin and martyr, held in great veneration by the inhabitants of Chiusi), about a mile from the town. As they were carrying the body in procession to the grave, the funeral had

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hardly come to the place of destination when all at once the corpse sat up in his coffin, in the midst of the astonished crowd. The funeral chant ceased, and every one flocked around the bier in the hope of learning something of that unknown world beyond the grave, from which there is so rarely a return. But upon this subject the child kept a profound silence; these are the words he used:

"If God has permitted me to come to life again, it is not that I may answer questions prompted by curiosity, but that I may render a service to my father and to all the inhabitants of Chiusi. The service which I am to render to my father is to remind him of the vows which he made and has neglected to perform, and it is as a punishment for this fault that the Lord has removed me from him. As regards you, I desire that the casket which contains my mother's jewels be brought me."

As soon as they had obeyed this order, which took some time, the child opened the casket, which was strange to him, and took out the Virgin Mary's ring, which he kissed with the greatest respect, and then gave it to the rector of the Church of St. Mustiole, telling him that it was indeed the marriage ring which St. Joseph had given at his espousal, and that such an object ought not to be kept in a casket with ordinary jewels, After this the child added: "Now my mission is fulfilled, my commission executed; permit me, O my God! to return whence I came—to a happier place than this."

Having said this, he bent his head and died. So goes the legend.

At this the crowd, which was immense, cried out, "A miracle!" and the ring began to be held in great veneration. For a century or two the concourse of the faithful to the city continued to be great, but gradually decreased; and at the beginning of the sixteenth century the church where this famous relic was preserved, threatening to fall in, the holy ring was transferred to the town of Chiusi, and given into the care of the Franciscan Fathers, whose institute was then in the zenith of its popularity and its glory. It remained there for seventy-three years, till one day a German monk named Winter, either through devotion or impelled by some less legitimate feeling, pretending a desire to make the pilgrimage to Assisi, carried off the ring, and left it with a friend of his at Perugia, that celebrated city being on his road.

The inhabitants of Chiusi were filled with grief when they heard of the loss they had suffered. They sent deputies to Perugia, who were well received, and the unfortunate Winter was imprisoned; but the ring was not returned. While waiting for the decision of Rome, a decision which is never precipitate, the inhabitants of Perugia and of Chiusi carried on a bitter war for more than a century, Perugia being determined to retain its treasure at any cost.

The possessor of the ring made a present of it to the municipality, which attached so great a value to it that it was enclosed in an iron case locked by four different keys, and kept in the communal palace. Death and the confiscation of his goods was decreed against any one who should dare to propose its alienation.

The Popes had trouble enough to restore peace to these two towns. Sixtus IV, who was a Franciscan, sent Cardinals and legates to Perugia with this object, but without success. Innocent III promulgated a definite judgment, maintaining Perugia in the possession of the nuptial ring of the Mother of God.

If the reader should ever visit that part of the peninsula of Italy which stretches like a long ribbon between Ostia and Ancona, we advise him to stop at Perugia. He can visit the lake, which is splendid; the churches, and, if the iconoclastic tendencies of the age have spared them, the pictures of Raphael and his master, Pietro Perugino. But when he has concluded his artistic excursion let him go to the cathedral, which is also worthy of a visit, and find out the chapel where the Chevalier Wicar has painted a beautiful picture of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin. He would be fortunate if he were to arrive on one of the feast days of the Mother of God at the city which is particularly dedicated to her, and to which, by a special privilege, the Sovereign Pontiffs have decreed the title of Town of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary. He would see crowds of people kneeling on the marble floor and singing the Litanies of our Lady, and if he should lift up his eyes to the altar he would see a small tabernacle brought from above and placed upon it. The tabernacle is reverently opened, and from it is taken a small object which seems as if made of alabaster; but it is in reality formed of amethyst, and is the nuptial ring placed by St. Joseph on the finger of the Blessed Virgin on the day of her marriage.

AFTER a call of M. de Montalembert and his young bride on Rogers, the English poet, M. Rio, who had accompanied them, remained behind. Mr. Rogers' face became grave. He paced up and down the room, and at last broke the silence by saying if he had it in his power to put himself in the place of another he would choose that of Montalembert, not on account of his youth and his beautiful wife, but because he possessed that immovable and cloudless faith which seemed to him the most enviable of all gifts. So deep a chord in his nature had been touched by their conversation on religious subjects.

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The Residence of Catharine Emmerich.

Like Louise Lateau, who in our own day by her evangelical poverty and miraculous stigmata gives an eloquent rebuke to the atheistic materialism of the period, so Catharine Emmerich, about 60 years ago, was a chosen instrument of God to confound the worldly wise in their spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church. Born of humble peasant parents in the year 1774, the pious maiden after many trials became an Augustinian lay-Sister of the Convent of Agnetenberg, near Dülmen, a country town in the diocese of Munster, Westphalia. She remained in the convent ten years, until its sequestration, in 1812, by order of the French Government, then in possession of the entire Northwest of Germany. On the sequestration of the convent, Catharine withdrew to the house of a Mr. Limberg, at Dülmen, where she died on the 6th of February, 1824. Her remains are buried in the Catholic graveyard, and a fine monument, enclosed by iron railing, presented by several Roman ladies of the highest rank, has since been erected over her tomb. We need not say that this monument has become quite a favorite spot for devout visitors. The fame of the humble religious has in the course of time spread over the entire Catholic world, and since the fiftieth anniversary of her death, devotions suitable only to persons that died in the odor of sanctity have become so frequent and public that Monsignor Brinkman, Bishop of Munster, now living in exile at Rome, has taken the necessary steps to introduce her cause for beatification before the Congregation of Sacred Rites. The room in which she died has been piously kept in the same condition as at the hour of her death, as far as it could be done, and about two years ago the house became the property of a number of faithful Catholics of Munster, who availed themselves of the opportunity to purchase it at public auction. Such relics as were suitable for preservation have been placed therein. Fifty or sixty of them are exposed to view; among others, a stole embroided by Miss Catharine Hensel, and a letter sent to the stigmata by the accomplished authoress, who during her life was a great friend and admirer of holy Catharine. In a little chamber adjoining the depository she breathed her last. The old Schwartzwald clock, of which the hourly strokes had been a rule in her division of time for prayer and meditation, still hangs on the wall, and marks the time. There also is the writing desk used by the great poet Brentano, when preparing for publication the account of her visions. Many great and illustrious persons have passed over the threshold of this little house to admire the wonders of God in one of His Saints, who like St. Francis of Assisi of mediæval fame, and Louise Lateau in our own day, was also favored by our Lord to bear the marks of His Passion on her body. We name only the Archbishop of Cologne, Clement August von Droch Vischering, who was deemed worthy to be styled the Athanasius of the XIXth century, by suffering a long incarceration by the Prussian Government for not betraying his church and his honor; his brother, Caspar Maximilian, Bishop of Munster, who alone among all the Bishops assembled by Napoleon I at Paris had the courage to assert that without the Pope's presidency the assembly of prelates could not be called a council nor its acts legal; Very Rev. Father Overberg, the founder of the normal schools, which sent forth hundreds of most accomplished and pious lay teachers to instruct their pupils in the faith of their old Saxon ancestors; Count Stolberg, the great historian, and others. During the last eighteen months nearly 1,500 strangers visited the hallowed spot, all leaving it with a holy impression of the work of God that had been manifested there in the person of the obscure lay-Sister, Catharine Emmerich.

Brentano's account of the visions and sufferings of Catharine Emmerich has long been translated into English in a condensed form, and the vivid picture here given of the Passion of our Lord cannot fail to touch the most callous heart. We could wish to see the entire book placed within reach of the English reader, but until this is done no Catholic should fail to keep the larger of the two abridged editions near him for occasional if not frequent perusal, especially during Lent.

THE general carriage and demeanor of Catholics when they enter the presence of the Blessed Sacrament is often most shocking. The presence of the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar is never thought of, and they throw themselves into the pew as listlessly as if they were about to witness a show. If they genuflect, it is only attempted by a spasmodic twitching of the knees or a nod of the head. To *genuflect*—that is, *to bend the knee, the right touches* the floor, not the *left* knee. In the pew once, they may kneel for a few moments and imagine that they are praying. Our modern arrangement of pews and kneeling-benches is admirably adapted to the requirements of those who are *lazy*. Prayer-books or rosaries are hardly ever used by these people. They sit and watch the priest go through the *performance* of Mass, and think of everything else but the mysteries celebrated. Mass finished, they leave church feeling that they have *assisted* at Mass and fulfilled the obligation. But have they *assisted* at Mass? We will not judge them, but it looks as though they failed to join the priest and enter into the spirit of of the Mass.—*Catholic Columbian.*

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The New Notre-Dame

(MAIN BUILDING)

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The New University of Notre Dame.

We are sure the readers of the AVE MARIA, far and wide, who took so deeply to heart the destruction of our Lady's University, and who are contributing so generously to its reconstruction, will be glad to hear something concerning the new building, and to be informed of the progress of the work. On the opposite page we present an engraving of the main building, a description of which in detail will be given farther on. It is like a picture without a frame, however, and to supply the surroundings by a pen sketch would take us far beyond our limits of time and space. We invite the friends of the AVE MARIA and all who may think of placing their sons in the University to come and see for themselves.

Notre Dame is holy ground.* It has been the scene of missionary labors the record of which carries us back to those heroic French missionaries whose deeds of devotedness form the brightest page in the history of our country. Not more than a mile from Notre Dame, the Chevalier de La Salle and Father Hennepin made the portage to the Kankakee River, so graphically described by the pen of Mr. Parkman. Near here Father Allouez labored, and many others whose names have not come down to us, but whose good deeds are registered in heaven. Down the romantic river a few miles, on an eminence, stands a wooden cross which marks the site of an Indian mission. Under the main altar of the new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart reposes all that could die of Fathers Petit and De Seille, both of whom lived the life of apostles and died the death of saints. Their memory is in benediction.

When we reflect upon these things, and consider that hardly forty years ago Notre Dame was a wilderness, and that from a little Indian mission it has grown to be the home of a large religious community where many good works are carried on, and the seat of a flourishing University from whose halls have gone forth many young men who do honor to their *Alma Mater*, we cannot help saying, *Digitus Dei est hic*—"The Finger of God is here"; and we look upon the recent calamity as a disguised blessing, which in the near future will be apparent to all. It is now more than thirty years since Notre Dame University first threw open its halls, and during this period the patronage that was so generally extended to it in the beginning steadily increased until the panic which occurred some years ago. At the time of the fire the attendance of students was exceptionally large, notwithstanding the stringency of the times. The motive of the directors in erecting more spacious buildings than their present resources would seem to justify, in order to prosecute the work so auspiciously begun, is therefore apparent. Not here shall we speak of how generously the friends of Notre Dame, and notably our readers everywhere, have aided in rebuilding it. We shall have something to say and to do later on in this regard. If Notre Dame had not had so many noble friends on whose active support implicit reliance could be placed, it is needless to say that for years to come but a wreck of the former institution would be seen.

The new building, which is rapidly approaching completion, makes an imposing appearance. The work goes bravely on, and with God's blessing the college will be ready for the admission of students at the usual time. The opening of school takes place on the first Tuesday of September, but the dedication of the new university will be postponed till the 8th inst., the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The new institution will be placed under the special protection of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, the Patroness of the United States, to whose honor it is being erected. Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger will officiate on the occasion, it being the twentieth anniversary of his ordination. It seemed an ill day—that memorable 23rd of April—when the grief-stricken inmates of Notre Dame witnessed the destruction of all that was fairest and best within its dominion, and one at least who contemplated the desolate scene as the sun went down below the horizon felt deeply the conviction that the glory of Notre Dame had waned forever. How applicable, how consolingly sweet were the words spoken by one of greater faith and calmer trust: *In the evening weeping and in the morning gladness.* So it has been. And the 8th of September will witness the dedication to God and our Lady of a majestic monument which will stand in power and beauty as a memorial of a nation's faith, and to that faint-hearted one will seem to say: *Quare dubitasti?*

But we are digressing. In the College Register, just issued (copies of which can be had on application to the President, Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C.), we find a description of the main building, which we condense and adapt as follows:

The style of architecture adopted for this edifice is modern Gothic. It presents a frontage of 224 feet, by 155 in depth, somewhat cruciform in shape, or like the letter E with an extended centre. A projection or wing on each side, directly connected with the main building, will make the total frontage 320 feet. The height of the main building is four stories with base-

*"You have had for predecessors," wrote Bishop De la Hallandière to the founder of Notre Dame in 1843, "not only the saintly priests De Seille and Petit, but South Bend [Notre Dame] was perhaps the first point in the West which ever possessed resident missionaries. It is certain, at least, that Father Marquette was there in 1669, and that Father Allouez succeeded him. It is astonishing to see how many souvenirs centre around this point."

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ment, the height of the east and west wings each three stories with basement. From the ground to the pedestal of the statue above the dome the height is 170 feet. The dome is unusually lofty, extending 80 feet above the roof.

A rotunda 30 feet in diameter at the base passes from the foundations up through the building, supporting the dome, and giving light, air and ventilation to the whole building. This rotunda, surmounted as it is by the lofty dome, and crowned by a statue of our Lady over all, is entirely self-supporting, and constitutes perhaps the finest feature of its kind to be seen in any educational institution in this or any other country.

The study halls are located in the east and west sides, on the principal floor. They are most spacious and beautiful rooms, 77 feet in length, 41 in width, and 15 feet clear in height, well lighted on three sides with large windows. The entrance to the study halls is from the south, and also from a corridor 16 feet in width extending from each study hall to the rotunda in the centre.

In nothing perhaps will the superiority of the new building to the old be more manifest than in the class rooms, both as to location and size. Twelve of them are situated on the same floor as the study halls, thus ensuring convenience to students and professors, and doing away with much of the noise that attended the march of large classes up and down stairs. The average dimensions of the class rooms are 26 feet in length, 16 in width, and 15 feet clear in height. The Commercial Class Room adjoins the Senior Study Hall. It is on the south side of the building, and is 44 feet in length by 20 feet in width. All class rooms are lighted by two large windows, five south windows lighting the fine Commercial Class Room.

The floors above are divided in a similar manner to those below. The dormitories are directly over the study rooms, are of the same lofty height, and lighted in like manner with large and numerous windows.

Particular attention has been given to the subject of ventilation, flues for this purpose running through every story from basement to roof, with openings in study halls, class rooms, dormitories, etc., thus securing pure and health-giving air in every room.

The destruction of the old College has drawn special attention to the protection of the new building from all possible danger from fire. The walls are of solid brick and stone; the trimming and ornamentation of the exterior are of cut stone and galvanized iron, and all the roofs and cornices are covered with slate. Then, in addition to the ordinary stairways, there are fire escapes on every floor, so that should fire ever again occur, which may God forbid, there will be the most ample means of escape from every story and every room of the whole building. As a still further protection from fire, and also for convenience and beauty in lighting the building, instead of coal oil it has been determined to use gas hereafter.

The principal entrance to the College is from the south, facing the main avenue, as in the old College, by a large and handsome porch approached by an extra wide and easy flight of steps. At the right of entrance are the President's room and parlor, and Vice-President's room and parlor, two spare rooms for visitors, and one visitors' waiting room. On the left of the entrance, looking out in front, is the main parlor, 40 by 42 feet, with front and side bay windows, corresponding to bay windows in the visitors' and President's rooms on the opposite side of the entrance. In the rear of the main parlor is a smaller parlor, with octagonal front.

Opposite the small parlor, on the right of the entrance hall, is the large main staircase, ascending in an octagonal niche, well lighted from windows in outside walls. In the hall on each side of the rotunda a large staircase for the accommodation of the students extends from the basement to the third floor, is flanked with brick walls, and lighted directly from the outside. Thus there are three flights of spacious stairs extending from basement to upper story, all placed in the most convenient parts of the building, and where best protected from fire, having also an outlet on each floor. There are two closet-towers in the rear, about fifteen feet from the main building, with stairways, which are also intended as fire escapes. These towers are three stories above basement, and are well lighted and ventilated. From the dormitories, besides the exits by corridors and main stairways, there are also fire escapes into the wings on each side of the building. It will thus be seen that the means of ascending and descending through the building, and also of escaping from it in case of necessity, are all most ample.

The rotunda and dome are entirely self-supporting, so that if the rest of the building were removed they would stand undisturbed as a majestic tower, extending 170 feet from the ground and surmounted by a beautiful statue of our Lady.

The projecting wings are themselves no insignificant buildings, being each 42 feet front and but one story lower than the main building. The west wing will be used exclusively as a Community House, for those members whose occupation makes it necessary that their residence should be in the College. The east wing will be devoted to the Laboratory and to the sciences in general. The Scientific Class Rooms will be in this wing.

The Music Hall is the name given to a large and most important building which will be immediately erected on the east and front of the College building—matching the Church on the west front. The main College as a centre will thus be flanked on the right and left by the Church and the Music Hall, the three buildings matching most perfectly and forming one picture, the garden fronting the College and lying between the Church and the Music Hall. The total frontage of these three buildings will be some 500 feet.

The Music Hall will be 200 feet north and south, by 50 feet east and west, and three stories in height. The first story will be divided into two play-rooms, each 50 feet by 100. On the second floor will be the new Exhibition Hall, 150 feet long by 50 wide, and two stories in height. This will leave two music rooms, one on the second and one on the third floor, each 50 feet square. The play rooms, the Exhibition Hall and the Music Rooms will thus all be larger and more convenient than before. The old Exhibition Hall, which escaped destruction last April, will be devoted to gymnasiums. An observatory in the front of the Music Hall will receive the fine telescope presented by the late Emperor of France.

Those who have noticed the dimensions above given will see that the size of the new buildings and the consequent room are even greater than in the old. Counting square feet, it will be found that there are over 30,000 more feet of flooring in the new buildings than in the old. But another circumstance must be noted which practically adds much to this room, and that is the greater proportion of *ground floor*. It is well known that the old College was too high, the upper story being practically useless on account of the long line of stairway to be climbed before reaching it. In the new buildings then there is not only more actual room, but that room is much more usable. The new Notre Dame

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is therefore not only more beautiful and commodious, but also more roomy, and more available than the old.

The apparatus for heating, lighting and ventilating the buildings are all of the most approved character, and embrace the latest improvements; and these, together with the corresponding sanitary appointments, have engaged the special attention of the architect. The walls are heavy, and thus make the building not only strong but also warm. The windows are large and numerous, and thus afford abundance of light, and also ventilation if needed. The building will be heated as before, by steam, thus ensuring safety, freedom from dust, and uniform and sufficient heat.

In conclusion we need not say that every effort will be taken in furnishing the various rooms of the University to secure the comfort and health of the student. And we are led to say that it may be that the good Providence of God, in taking from us our former building, has but designed to give us one in its place which is in every way better adapted to the purposes of an educational institution such as is needed at the present time.

Catholic Notes.

——The "Rev. Father Marty," named in the dispatches as the newly appointed Vicar Apostolic of the new vicariate of Dakota, is Rt. Rev. Abbot Marty, O. S. B., the renowned Indian missionary. We once heard him spoken of by a distinguished member of his famous Order as "a priest of great learning and apostolic zeal and of a singularly amiable disposition."

——Catholics and Education.—Bigots do not talk so glibly now about the Church being the enemy of education. Facts abundantly prove the contrary. Catholic schools are springing up as if by magic everywhere, and those already established are being improved in every possible way. What a Government inspector of schools in Scotland lately wrote concerning Glasgow could be said with equal truth of most cities in the United States, viz.: that the Catholics, of all other bodies, do most for the cause of education.

——An Indian School.—About a year ago, Rt. Rev. Bishop Healey founded a school for the Catholic Indian children at Oldtown, Me., under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, which has proved a great success. The examination, at which Bishop Healey was present, held some time ago, was highly satisfactory. The proficiency of the children greatly surprised the visitors, who fairly admitted that it would compare favorably with that of white children anywhere. Rev. Father O'Brien, the zealous pastor of Oldtown, who is quite a linguist, has thoroughly mastered the language of the Indians and preaches fluently in it.

——The Holy Land.—We learn from Jerusalem that the missions of Suit and Corruck, beyond the Jordan, are in a flourishing condition. The Seminary at Bertjalla supplies Palestine with priests distinguished for learning and zeal. The spacious tract of land upon which the Brothers of the Christian Schools have erected their establishment has now, through the generosity of the Patriarch, become their established property. The Franciscan Fathers have considerably enlarged their hospice where pilgrims of all nations are gratuitously received. The monastery of our Saviour and that of Bethlehem also have been enlarged. The Franciscan Church at Saint John in Montana has been renovated, and a lot has been purchased at Jaffa for the erection of another hospice, for pilgrims by the same Fathers. Besides these, numerous other improvements have been made.

——A colony of Ursuline Sisters, exiled some time ago from Schweidnitz, Silesia, afterwards repaired to Skalitz in Bohemia where they established a day and boarding school. One morning the district school inspector, without any previous notice, came from the city of Trantenan to the school and put all the classes through a most rigorous examination, remaining with the higher class alone nearly five hours. The examination gave the greatest satisfaction, and the inspector, much delighted with the result, made an address at the close of the exercises in which he stated that he had often heard unfavorable remarks concerning the young ladies' academies, but was glad to say that in the present instance they had been proved entirely unfounded. "He could not but congratulate the parents," he added, "that entrusted their children to the care of such an insitution." He praised the Sisters for the ability and zeal that had produced such a happy result.

——Conversions.—Rev. Father F. X. Blanchet, of Jacksonville, Oregon, has added within a few weeks six to the number of converts he has already received into the Church. The names of the neophytes are Mr. A. J. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clawson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilkinson, and Mr. J. P. Burns, all residents of Southern Oregon. Their conversion is due to reading Catholic books and the perusal of the *Catholic Sentinel*, the excellent Catholic paper published at Portland. We learn from a correspondent of the *Catholic Advocate* that at Georgetown, Ky., on the 21st ult., in the presence of Rev. Dr. Moore, of St. John's Church, Georgetown, Ky., and Rev. Father Thomas Major, of St. Paul's Church, Lexington, Ky., Mrs. Emily J. Busby, Mrs. Willina B. Barclay, and Miss Minnie S. Downey, daughter and grand-daughters of Ex-Governor Robinson, made solemn profession of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Faith. Two children of Mrs. Barclay were also baptized at the same time, by Rev. Father Major, himself a convert to our holy Faith.

——Representative Catholics.—We have among us a number of men who are held to be representative Catholics. They are anxious to be considered such. They are men without much education regarding the "one thing necessary," and in fact with very little knowledge of other matters. Yet by little political manœuvres of the lower order, and a glib tongue—not a great quality, for even the most ignorant of women can have it—they have risen to positions which, coupled with their religion, entitle them to be styled by the world as prominent Catholics. They are generally men who, as much through ignorance as through malice, are ready to make compromises of Catholic Faith at any time for political purposes. They can grandly ignore it if not barter it. With a generation or two of well-educated, manly Catholic collegians, we could drive these men from the political market, and replace them with men who could and would really be representative Catholics. God grant that the day may soon come.—*Dr. Maher in the "Catholic Universe."*

——A young Chinese seminarian of the Jesuit College of Tchang-kie-tchouang, Joseph Siao, has lately been admitted to the grade of "Letters" by the Chinese Government. Only twenty candidates, out of the two hundred who applied for this dignity, passed the required examination. Siao ranked twelfth. The importance of this event may be understood from the fact that although the Chinese living in the maritime cities, and a certain number in the interior, appreciate the superiority of Europeans in science and art, the

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great mass of the people have not the faintest suspicion of it and still rank them among barbarians. Now that one among the pupils of the European missionaries has obtained a rank among learned men in China, and merited an honor that on an average only eight out of every hundred applicants attain to, the influence of the missionaries will neccessarily be increased, and still more so as in proportion as popular prejudice disappears. The fact mentioned indicates also that spirit of tolerance now prevailing towards Christians in China.

——A CHAMPION OF CATHOLICITY has lately departed this life "whose memory," says the London *Universe*, will be cherished in Germany so long as there remains a member of the militant Church in that country. It was Count Maximilian von Loë, Treasurer of the Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta, one of the leading Catholic noblemen of Rhineland. His brother, Baron Loë, is known as the President of the Union of German Catholics, and one of the victims of the Bismarckian system of persecution. Count von Loë himself took an active part in the resistance offered by the Catholics to Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, and he devoted himself more especially to the cause of the Sisters who were turned out of their settlements by means of one of the "May Laws." Count von Loë built a small convent on his own estate as an asylum for some of these Sisters, and he also founded a Catholic hospital at Weeze. Altogether, he considered himself only as the steward, and not as the owner, of his large fortune. It may be noticed that the German Empress sent Count Nesselrode to represent her at his funeral. *R. I. P.*

——A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE of the intervention of Divine justice is mentioned in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Montpellier. In the parish of the canton contiguous to Béziers near Montpellier, on Good Friday of this year, the curé preached the usual sermon on the Passion of our Lord. The mayor, a furious anti-clerical, in order to interrupt the sacred function and draw the people away from the church, announced at the very same time a concert and dance in a neighboring café. All of a sudden during the sermon a sort of agitation is perceived in the church, the curé inquires what is the matter, and learning that the mayor's house has taken fire, he interrupts his discourse and goes with his good parishioners to the scene of disaster to aid in extinguishing the flames. The same news was brought, at the same time, to the café, where the mayor was seized with fright and fell, speechless. The house was not saved in spite of all the efforts made by the population. The mayor did not recover his speech until thirteen days after the accident, and up to the middle of June had not regained the use of his limbs.

——Non-Catholics when they come to lose their prejudice against the Church and begin to examine her methods of instruction, find Catholic practices very reasonable and are often greatly taken with them. We have frequently had occasion to note this. The Rev. Thomas Beecher, a Protestant minister, writes: "There is no reason why the eye should not be used as well as the ear as a gate for the entrance of religious truth. Our Sunday schools are slowly regaining the profitable pictures that the reformers cast out from their meeting-houses most unwisely. Seeing is as devout an act as hearing. The very best Christian instruction we have ever seen was "The Stations of the Cross" as led by a priest of a Roman Catholic church. The children and the childlike looked at a picture, the pastor described the scene, added a little homily, and then all knelt and prayed 'Our Father.'" Not long since, in showing the beautiful Stations in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame to a distinguished Protestant gentleman, we heard him remark to a companion, a minister: "We miss it in not having pictures and statues in our churches. I tell you there is a sermon for anybody in that painting."

——A TRUE SHEPHERD.—I remember Cardinal Manning once saying that he kept his eye on the reports of police cases, morning by morning, and that every Irish name which figured there gave him a pang of pain. Of course that pain is alleviated when his Eminence can make the presence of any of his wandering flock in the prisoners' dock the occasion of their restoration to Christian virtue, as was probably the case at the Middlesex assizes the other day. A more touching and a more apostolic sight has not been witnessed for many a day than that which presented itself when the Cardinal drove down to the Court to claim as one of his spiritual children a poor woman whom the jury had found guilty of a trivial theft, but whom Sergeant Cox was unwilling, in face of the excellent testimonies given to her in the past by various employers, to send back to prison. In his difficulty he sent Cardinal Manning a letter, which the Prelate surprised him by replying to in person. His Eminence arranged for the woman's removal to the Home, at Finchley, and possibly thus rescued a soul that might otherwise have been lost. This is a shepherd, indeed, who knows his sheep and is known by them.—*Catholic Times (Liverpool).*

——A CUSTOM NOT COMMENDABLE.—We find the following earnest rebuke of a custom as much opposed to good taste as to Catholic instinct in the *Northwestern Chronicle.* Reports of Catholic funerals are becoming frequent in our daily papers. Is it possible that a morbid taste for the sombre notoriety which the shadows of death may unfold is spreading among our people? The funerals are not usually those that would attract the attention of the newspaper reporters, were it not called to them by interested parties. The names of the pall-bearers, undertakers and liverymen are paraded in full in the notices, and the concluding sentence seldom fails to tell that the procession of carriages was a half-mile in length, or that it was the largest witnessed in the country for many years. A big funeral seems to bestow immortal fame upon the dead man, however inglorious may have been his life, and to shed comfort on the surviving friends, however serious their loss. We understand that it should please the hack-drivers and street boys; but that others can see blessings in it, we do not understand. Common sense, to say nothing of religion and the respect due to the dead, should induce us to keep our grief, at the death of friends, sacredly hidden within our own family circles, away from the gaze of an indifferent, and often scornful, public.

——CATHOLICS IN PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.—The Catholic population of this province have, we think, some grounds for self-gratulation, and also some claims to the respect of their fellow-citizens. For the last three years they have been a proscribed race—mere taxable commodities in the country—without the slightest claim on its resources. Driven by a tyrannical majority from every office which they previously held, they submitted patiently to their fate, awaiting the retribution which time would certainly bring. No agitation of theirs brought back the change. The heterogeneous combination that persecuted them dissolved of itself. A new order of things succeeded, with the almost unanimous assent of the constituencies. As

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Premier, a Catholic was entrusted with the reins of power, and religious equality became once more a recognized principle in our form of government. Had a strong reaction ensued, no one would have wondered. Had the Catholic voters exerted themselves to the utmost, and elected, wherever they could, only Catholic repesentatives, no one could have blamed them. But in the day of triumph they were generous and liberal where they might have been, without fault, selfish and unyielding. The first and second districts of King's County are Catholic constituencies, which no Protestant need try to represent unless he can procure the Catholic vote. A Protestant, in each of these districts, has been chosen as a representative. We would not have thought of calling attention to this fact were it not a complete refutation of the charge usually adduced against Catholics of being bigoted and sectarianly selfish. We do not think that any one can point to a Protestant constituency which has trusted its interests to a Catholic representative. The Catholics, after all, can return good for evil, and they have set some examples of moderation which might profitably be copied by men who plume themselves on being "Liberals."—*Charlottetown Herald.*

——A friend in New York requests us to announce to the many readers of the AVE MARIA in that city and vicinity that tickets for the grand picnic of the Young Men's United Catholic Association, in aid of the University of Notre Dame, at Jones's Woods Colosseum, on the 27th inst., may be had at the *Catholic Review* office, No. 11 Barclay St., of Messrs. Benziger Bros., 311 Broadway, and of Mr. J. B. McGrath, the zealous director, at 139 Broadway. We take the following notice from the *Weekly Union:*

Scarcely three months have passed away since the sad news reached us that Notre Dame University—that home of Science and learning—had fallen a victim to the devouring, relentless fire king; that the labors and the hopes of years in which zealous priests had devoted their talents and energies to the imparting of Christian knowledge—that all had become the prey of the terrific flame, all succumbed to its ravaging sway. This sad news cast a pallor over the Catholic community, and many a student of that famous institution looked back with tear-dewed eyes and recalled to memory the time when his dear *Alma Mater*, now in ruins, stood forth grandly and proudly to the world, casting rays of brightness on every walk in life by sending out well-trained representatives to battle with the world, and to lighten the burdens of fellow-beings. "Notre Dame in ruins," rang through the land, awakening the tenderest of sympathies wherever it was heard. It is in response to this shrill cry that the Young Men's United Catholic Association, directed by a student of Notre Dame, have decided to contribute to the rebuilding of that great college, the proceeds of their grand picnic, which will come off at Jones's Wood, Wednesday, August 27th. Arrangements, unprecedented in their completeness by any event of the kind, have been perfected, and certainly the affair deserves generous support and success. Let every reader of *The Union*, in this city, endeavor to contribute to this praiseworthy object, knowing, as they may, they are doing a positive good. Here are the names of the officers: President, J. J. McGrath; Vice-President, Thos. E. Powers; Sec., J. McNally; Fin. Sec., Jno. H. Sheldon; Treas., T. F. McHugh.

WASTE of time is a greater evil than most people imagine. Every moment makes its record for eternity; eternity therefore depends on the good use of the present moment. Eternity is made up of the moments, as the ocean is composed of the molecules of water. Time past has rolled into the ocean of eternity, is gone forever, leaving only its record; the future is uncertain; the present, therefore, only remains, in which to redeem the past and earn a golden crown and a happy eternity.

New Publications.

MOONDYNE: A Story from the Under-World. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co.

We think no one who reads "Moondyne" will ever forget it. It is a charming story charmingly told, with an abundance of stirring incident and graphic description. There is an originality about it, too, that is quite refreshing. Mr. O'Reilly is well known as a poet of rare grace and power. "Moondyne" entitles him to a first rank among novelists. To enter into such an analysis of the plot as our space would allow, or to make some brief quotations from the story, as we are tempted to do, would add nothing to the appreciation of it, and might besides have the effect of lessening the reader's interest; so we will simply refer the reader to the book itself. We thank Mr. O'Reilly for this clever story, and remembering how deficient our American Catholic literature is in this department, we venture to express the wish that it may be followed by many more.

——*The American Catholic Quarterly* for July is, to our mind, the best number of the *Review* that has appeared. The leading article, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, on "Religion and Culture," which we hope will be widely read, is deeply interesting and full of good thoughts and wise suggestions. It is characteristic of the distinguished writer. "The Present Political Condition of Ireland," by Rev. Thomas Quigley, is an article that will amply repay perusal. It contains much that will be new, we fancy, to most readers. Rev. Father Thébaud, S. J., who is no stranger to the Catholic reading public, contributes a timely paper on "Socialism," proving it to be one of the many bitter fruits of the so-called Reformation. The learned writer treats only of the origin and first manifestations of Socialism in the present article, promising to make its present aspect the subject of another communication. Next follows "A Review of the Rise and Progress of English Literature." "English Devotion to our Blessed Lady in the Olden Times" is the subject of another very readable paper. The author, Rev. Father Coleridge, S. J., of the *Month*, shows that nowhere in the Ages of Faith was there a more deeply-rooted and widespread devotion towards the Blessed Virgin than in England. Articles on "Newspapers and Novels," "Beza as a Translator; his Perversions of the Word of God," by Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran; "The Logic of Evolution," by Rev. Dr. McSweeny, and a goodly number of book-notices, complete the number. *The Quarterly*, always scholarly, seems to us to have become more attractive of late and to be more characteristic. *Macte novâ virtute!*

GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. By Rev. A. Könings, C. SS. R. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

This little book, by the learned theologian, Father Könings, is intended to relieve those cruel anxieties which often attend the making of general confessions. It is in the form of a catechism—question and answer,—and explains the method of proceeding in making a general confession, and also by whom and when such confessions should be made.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER. Translated and Adapted from the Original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M. New York: Benziger Bros.

Parts 13 and 14 of this excellent work, to which we have so frequently directed the attention of our readers, are before us. The publishers have received the fol-

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lowing testimonial in approbation of their undertaking from his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey:

"The high commendations which have been given by many distinguished Prelates to Father Businger's 'Life of Our Beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother' as published in the original German, abundantly attest its excellence. We are, therefore, happy to be able to welcome the appearance of this most instructive and edifying work in its English translation; we have reason, at the same time, to be thankful to the Rev. translator and to the enterprising publishers for having thus placed it within the reach of a wider circle of Catholic readers, who, doubtless, will appreciate the benefit conferred. We give to it our cordial approbation, with the expression of our earnest wish and hope that it will receive a generous patronage."

Obituary.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF PADERBORN.

—Dispatches from Europe last week brought the sad news of the death of the Rt. Rev. Conrad Martin, D. D., the exiled Bishop of Paderborn. His body was brought back to his episcopal city, but the German Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs hesitated for some time to grant permission for a public funeral, but finally did so. Mgr. Martin was born at Grismar, Diocese of Paderborn, on May 18th, 1815, and was appointed Bishop of Paderborn by his Holiness Pope Pius IX, of holy memory, at the Consistory held July 19th, 1856. When Bismark began his persecution of the Catholics of Germany, Mgr. Martin was one of the first to raise his voice in defence of the rights of the Church, and he was banished from his See. In his exile he continued to watch over his spiritual children and to encourage them as best he could. His scholarly Pastoral Letters have more than once appeared in the columns of the *Freeman*. We hope soon to be able to give a more extended notice of this valiant Confessor of the Faith. *Requiescat in pace!—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

—The Ave Maria has lost one of its first subscribers in this city, and the Catholic Church a devoted child, the death of Joseph F. Devin, who departed this life after a long illness on the 14th of July, having received all the rites of our Holy Church. He bore his long illness with truly Christian fortitude, never for a moment exhibiting the least impatience or want of resignation. Everything that skilled physicians could do, was done; Masses and prayers were offered up for his recovery, but it was the will of Divine Providence that he should die. Deceased was born in the County Meath, Ireland, on the 2d of August, 1829. He received his education at the Catholic College in Navan, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell, of Grass Valley, whose friendship he always retained, being one of his professors. After coming to the United States, Mr. Devin engaged in business in Illinois, enjoying the confidence and esteem of a large circle of acquaintances and friends. Subsequently he came to California and settled in Los Angeles. He was always a practical and fervent Catholic, doing all in his power to circulate Catholic literature and to promote Catholicity. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss, which is a severe blow to them.

The respect and esteem in which Mr. Devin was held in this community was demonstrated by the large number that followed his remains to their last resting place, many coming a considerable distance to show this mark of respect to a true Irishman, a devout Catholic, a devoted husband, and an affectionate father.

Dear readers of the Ave Maria, pray for the repose of his soul, and that our Divine Saviour and His Holy Mother may watch over his bereaved family and console them in their great affliction. *Requiescat in pace.*

J. P. M.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Report for the Week Ending July 30.

The following petitions have been presented to us, viz.: Recovery of health for 74 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 29 persons and 9 families,—conversion to the Faith for 37 persons and 6 families,—grace of perseverance for 27, and that of a happy death for 22 persons,—special graces for 6 priests and 28 religious,—4 clerical students, and 2 lay persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 58 persons and 19 families,—spiritual favors for 52 persons and 27 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 9 communities, 3 congregations and 3 schools. Also 38 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Means for a community to purchase property adjoining their convent,—grace of a happy death for two aged persons,—means for several families to give their children a good Christian education,—the settlement of some property without having to enter upon a lawsuit,—conversion of several intemperate persons, and the protection of their families,—grace to know their vocation for several young persons,—news from absent relatives and friends.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A dutiful daughter expresses her gratitude for the conversion of her father, who, after many years of neglect has at last gone to confession and Holy Communion. Another client of Mary writes: "Some time ago we asked for the reformation of a drunkard who is also an infidel. His wife gave him some of the water of Lourdes without his knowledge, besides making several novenas for him. Now, for the last two months he has taken nothing in the shape of strong drink, for which happy change his wife is most grateful to our Blessed Lady." Prayers are requested for his conversion to the Faith. A pious young man says: "I have the great pleasure to inform you that the use of the water of Lourdes, together with the novenas offered by my friends and myself, has wrought a wonderful change in my health. For the first few days I felt miserable, although I had no attacks of malady (epilepsy), but on the fourth day I experienced a decided improvement, which has since continued, and I feel now quite hopeful of complete restoration to health." A grateful mother writes: "I asked the prayers of the Confraternity some time ago for my three children, who were sick with scarlet fever. My boy, six years old, was given up by priest and doctor, but, thank God and our Lady, after we gave him the water of Lourdes he fell asleep and immediately got better. He is now entirely recovered, as are also my two other children."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Miss Catharine Creiglow, of Lancaster, Ohio, who departed this life on the 3d of May. Mrs. Mary McGovern, whose death took place on the Feast of Corpus Christi, at Lawrence, Mass. Mr. Michael Murphy, of Newark, N. J., who died on the 13th ult. Mrs. J. Ward,

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a member of St. Joseph's congregation, South Bend, Ind., who was taken away by a sudden death July 10th. Mr. JOHN BROWN, recently drowned in Boston harbor. Mrs. JOHN SMITH, who breathed her last at Danvers Hospital, near Boston, some weeks ago. Miss BRIDGET DRAKE, a life subscriber to the AVE MARIA, who slept in the Lord at Elizabeth, N. J., last month. Miss STOKES, of Boston, lately deceased. Mrs. ELIZABETH LEEHY, of Ware, Mass. Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER, of Sonoma, Cal. Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Mrs. FELIX MULLEN, and HENRY BROCKERHOFF, all of whom died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Annie McHugh, $1; Thomas Mangan, $3; Nora McCarty, $1; C. Ivis, $1; Mrs. Kerns, $1; Mrs. C. Middleton, $1; A Friend, Washington, $5; Rev. W. Joannes, $5; M. Reilly, $1; T. Stanton, $50 cts.; P. Laffey, $50 cts.; E. Bradley, $1; T. Mohan, $1.50; J. Crowe, $1; J. Deasey, $1; Harriet McDonald, $1; Josephine Moodey, $1; Mary Davis, $1; H. Naury, $1; M. McCarty, $1; J. A. Sullivan $1; A. Quigley, 50 cts.; E. J. Gaynor, $1; Thomas Kerns, $5; W. J. McCarthy, $1; Henry O'Donnell, $1; John Gillespie, 50 cts.; Mary Grady, $1; P. Boland, $1; John McGuire, $1; Jane Greth, $1; Mary Moss, $1; Mrs. J. S. Hurley, $1; J. Hurley, 50 cts.; M. McAvoy, 50 cts.; Martin Killian, $2; W. McClain, $5; J. Siegfried, $1; A Friend, $1; Mrs. E. Fisher, $1; Eliza Gilman, $1; Wm. Cowhey, $2; Annie Grogan, $1; Stephen Burns, $1; E. Brady, $1; J. W. Ryon, $5; J. A. Reiley, $1; Annie Boland, 50 cts.; Thomas Doyle, 50 cts.; Clara Gibson, $1; A. Friend, $1; Kate Maloney, $1; Mr. and Mrs. P. Joyce, $3; Mrs. M. Downey, $1; Visitation nuns, $2; Helen Audette, $1; Ellen McLean, $2; Lawrence Mooney, $1; Eugene R. Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, $1; Margaret A. Sullivan, $1; Jeremiah R. Sullivan, $1; Miss Annie E. Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Julia A. Leary, $1; Mrs. Mary Murphy, $1; Henry Murphy, $1; Miss Julia Holland, $1; Miss Mary Shea, $1; Miss Mary Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Hannah E. Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Margaret A. Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, $1; Mrs. Mary Lowney, 50 cts.; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, $1; Miss Margaret Devine, $1; Mrs. Johanna Leary, $1; ($17.50 through Miss Margaret Sullivan); H. M. Emmerson, $1; H. Haney, $1; J. Gould, $1; Catharine Elwell, $1; Mary J. Harty, $1; Bridget Lyons, $1; Bridget Garrity, 50 cts.; Teresa Mootre, $1; John McKenna, $1; L. Mathews, $10; Patrick Coyne, $3; Michael McCaffrey, $1.50; John O'Kane, $1; Mrs. M. Weakland, $1; Mrs. Johnson, $1; Miss W. O'Connell, $1; Rody Quinn, $5.

UNEDUCATED non-Catholics are constantly harping about the lazy monks of the Middle Ages. Yet they were emphatically the bookmakers of that period. Charlemagne, by charter, in 790, gave to the abbots and monks of Sithin an unlimited right of hunting, in order that the skins of the deer should be used in making covers for their books. The prodigious number of volumes frequently composed by one writer in the Middle Ages is constantly a subject of astonishment to those who visit old libraries. The works of Albert the Great form twenty-two folio volumes.

Children's Department.

The Story of the Little Boy who met St. Michael, and saw the Queen of the Angels.

It was the Feast of the Assumption. That is, you know, the feast to celebrate the day on which our Lady was taken up to heaven. The Feast comes once a year, of course, like your birthdays. It fell on a Sunday in a certain year, and a great number of children, boys and girls, were to make their First Communion on it.

Edward was the name of one of the boys. He was not a strong boy at all—pale and thin and delicate; and he couldn't go to school and play at rough games with other boys; he was obliged to stay at home, and be very carefully looked after for fear he should get ill and perhaps die.

So he spent a great deal of time by himself. Poor little boy! And he thought much about holy things—the Sacraments, and the angels and the saints—and he was longing for the time to come for him to make his First Communion, for he had been taught by Father John that one Communion might make a saint. And he hoped and prayed that God would make him a saint. That was not presumption. He had no confidence in himself to do anything right. But he had faith in the power of God to work miracles, and he felt sure that nothing less than a miracle could make him a saint.

At last the day came, the fifteenth of August. It was a lovely morning. The sun was shining, birds were singing, flowers sent their sweetest fragrance from their beds in the garden up to Edward's window, and as he leaned out he thought that never, never had God blessed this earth with a more heavenly day.

When he went into the church he felt a strange sort of feeling come over him. It was almost like a dream of something that he had done before a long time ago, of which he had a dim, feeble sort of recollection now.

He made his First Communion!

How strange it was that he could not make his thanksgiving! He somehow felt so happy, so quiet, so soul-satisfied that he couldn't say any prayers, or think any thoughts, or do anything but rest in the heavenly sweetness of God's Presence within him.

At last it was time to go away. Everybody was gone, and the church would soon be locked up. He must say one prayer before he left. There was the statue of Our Lady of the Angels smiling on him from a niche in the wall, with an inscription written underneath—"Regina Angelorum, ora pro nobis." You don't understand Latin, and want

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to know what that is in English? Why it's in the Litany of Loretto, "Queen of Angels, pray for us." Of course Edward couldn't resist such an invitation as that. He knelt down. "Holy Mary, Queen of Angels, tell St. Michael to bring Jesus to me in the Viaticum before I die, and grant that when I do, I may see thy face."

When Edward got home he found that breakfast was not ready, as mamma had ordered it an hour later in consequence of the length of the Mass that morning. So he made up his mind to go out for a little walk in the wood that was only about a quarter of a mile from the house.

It wasn't exactly a wood either. It was a small forest, but quite large enough for any one who had never been in it before to lose his way. No fear, however, of Edward's doing that. He knew every path and nook in it. So in he went.

He still kept on thinking of his Communion. No feeling that he had ever had was like this. He was so happy. On and on he went, farther and farther into the forest, forgetful of papa and mamma, and brother and sisters, and even of breakfast itself.

Why, where was he now? He thought that he knew every part of the forest, but this path was one he had never been in before. Through the over-reaching trees the rays of the sun fell on his face. He had had a long walk. When he started the sun was at his back, now it was in front of him. He had actually lost his way! What a lucky thing it was that he had his little pocket compass with him attached to his chain with the locket that had mamma's hair in it, because he could soon find his way home with that. He looked at it. The needle pointed north. Why, then the sun was in the west. But the sun never got into the west before evening. His compass must be out of order. How provoking! What was to be done?

He was close to a turning in the path now. There was a man standing there. That was fortunate, because he could ask him his way home. He went up to him, but to his great surprise saw that he had a drawn sword in his hand.

A clash of arms sounded in his ear, and far-off cries as of men pursuing some one.

"What are those noises?" he asked boldly.

"Hush," said the man, "they are the enemies after us. Our Queen is hiding from them here with her Son. He is only a Child, but these cruel ones would kill Him."

"Where is she?" asked Edward.

"Close by in the wood, she and her Child."

"May I not see them? Perhaps I could help them," said Edward.

The man smiled a sweet sad smile.

"May the day never come when they cannot help you," he said. "But come with me, and I will take you to them."

There sat a Lady. How very beautiful she was! But she was looking anxious and fearful, and held her Child closely pressed to her bosom. Edward could dimly see the form of an old man in the background.

Again the clash of arms, the noise of tramping feet.

The Lady looked at Edward piteously. "They seek to kill Him! What shall I do with Him?"

"Give Him to me," said Edward; "I will take Him home with me."

"Will you promise me faithfully, that you will never let Him go, never abandon Him, even if they attack you?" she said.

"Never!"

She placed the Child in his arms.

How changed the scene was! Why, the man was St. Michael! with drawn sword and flaming wings. He stood close to the Lady. She—he knew at once—she was the Blessed Virgin. And the beautiful old man came forward out of the gloom—St. Joseph! It was moonlight now, at least he supposed so, because there was a beautiful silvery light shining all round. Brighter than moonlight, however, and it seemed to come from the throne on which the Lady was sitting. Round about, in every nook and corner and pathway, were kneeling myriads of glorious angels, worshipping. A sound, as of song, burst from them all.

But the Child! Never in his whole life, had Edward felt such a strange sensation as now that he held Him in his arms. Very happy, indeed, just as when he had received his First Communion; but mixed with his happiness was a feeling of awe, of terror, of unearthly fear, as if the Child was drawing his very soul out of him.

Again the noise of approaching armed hosts. Nearer now and nearer. They are close at hand! The angels surround the throne. They carry it up away, away—very sweet is the smile, the last smile that she gives to Edward, who is still tightly clasping the Child. The scene fades away. The angels are gone, Michael, Joseph, and Mary. He is alone with Jesus.

The enemies are all around him now. Fierce, cruel, angry faces, eager for their prey, thirsting for blood.

"Give us the Child!" they cry.

"Never!"

He tries to run, to escape—he cannot. He falls on the green sward of the forest. Through and through him go those fierce swords, down they trample him; he is fainting, bleeding, dying.

But the Child—the Child is with him still, as his soul passes into the land of unknown shadows.

If I had my will, every nose that poked itself into other people's affairs would be cut off. But in that case how many would be unable to take snuff.—*M. A. T.*

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The Writing Master.

Translated from the French for "The Lamp."

Charles, Prince d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X, whom the counsels of bad advisers led into a course of conduct which drove him from the throne of France,) was in his youth remarkable for that amiable vivacity which in a child is usually a sign of a generous heart and a happy disposition. He had already learned to read with ease the beautiful tales of Perrault and others, which were in use at that time, and which pleased him very much. When we know how to read we need never be lonely, or experience the least *ennui;* an amusing and instructive book is a faithful friend, which we can leave and return to when we wish, and it can follow us everywhere.

Charles soon wished to know how to write. He used to say:

"It is very agreeable certainly to be able to read what others think and say, but to be able to express one's own ideas, to address a dear mother, a sister, brother, a friend, oh, it is a great advantage—a happiness greatly to be desired and enjoyed."

The young prince received with eagerness the first lessons in writing, which were given to him by a respectable man named Rochon, who joined to an advanced age great talent in the art which he professed, a touching goodness, and above all, a patience in every trial. Indeed, he had great need of it, for Charles, carried away by his natural vivacity, was not always docile to the instructions of his master. Now he pretended that he made him make the same letter over and over again, which he said tired him greatly. Another time he said his head-lines were so long that he could scarcely finish them, which fatigued his hand, and gave him a great dislike to them. Indeed, there was not a pretext which the young prince did not employ to excuse the antipathy he had to writing. His master despaired of teaching his young pupil the art he professed, and his patience was often exhausted when he saw him so inattentive.

"But, sir," he would often say, "you carry the letter too far above the line."

"Is it so, sir?" And at once the playful child went from above the line to beneath it.

"And now you have it too low."

"Oh! yes, you are right" And suddenly he went from below the line to above it again. Then he would make Rochon mend his pens twenty times, which he said were bad. And then he would find the ink too thick to write with, and was always yawning, stirring his footstool while he was writing, and—unless his master was present, whom he feared to displease—he would play at ball or ride on his rocking-horse.

One day he perceived that Rochon was sad and distracted. His natural goodness made him believe that his playfulness and his want of application were the causes of the good old man's grief, and he used all his efforts to please him, but in vain did he exactly follow his advice, address him graciously, and pay him great attention; nothing could draw him out of the sombre melancholy into which he seemed to be plunged.

When the lesson was over, the young prince was informed by Rochon's *valet de chambre* that this good man who had placed too much confidence in the honesty of a false friend and wishing to do him a service had been so imprudent as to endorse for him a letter of exchange for 1,200 francs to be paid in one month, and that in spite of all his efforts he was unable to get more than 400 francs, and therefore wanted 800 francs to complete the sum, and that in order to pay it he was that day going to sell part of his furniture.

Charles did not appear to pay any attention to this important disclosure, and only thought of rescuing his writing master from the position in which his unfortunate confidence and his generous heart had placed him. He could easily preserve him from this misfortune by speaking of it to his father, to whom an opportunity of doing good was always welcome. But he resolved to profit by this circumstance in secret, to conquer himself, and to procure for M. Rochon the honorable fruit of the progress which he caused him to make. The next day, Charles, while conversing with his father, said:—

"But if you only knew how tedious writing is—"

"I agree with you, my son, that the elements of this art are tedious; but as it is absolutely necessary for a prince to know how to write, I think it is better to submit."

"Well, I will do so if you promise me something."

"What is it?"

"I should like for every good mark my master gives me, a *louis d'or* to do what I like with."

"Well, I do not risk anything by such a promise; and I would like to see you by this claim empty my purse."

The promise was sealed by tender embraces. The child was so overjoyed at the promise that he had received that he showed his joy in his countenance; and the king, after he had sought in vain to pierce the mystery which enveloped his son, did not wish to question him in regard to the subject.

At the next writing lesson, Charles showed a docility, an application, and above all a patience which was the occasion of inexpressible surprise on the part of his master. This child, hitherto so turbulent, now did not move from his chair; he sat at the table with grace, and he made each let-

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ter exactly like the copy; he did not thicken lines that were light in the original. This greatly pleased M. Rochon, who said to him:

"Good, sir, very good; if you go on so well, I shall put you into round hand in a fortnight."

At the next lesson there was the same application by the pupil, and the same astonishment on the part of the master.

"Really, sir, it is a wonderful thing."

"Then you are satisfied with me, Mr. Rochon."

"Satisfied is not the word. Rather say surprised, delighted. I now experience a great happiness in being able to do you justice."

"Very well, then; can you give me a note saying that you are satisfied, for me to give my father, who says that I do not wish to do anything."

"With pleasure; and you can also have one every time that you write so well."

And the happy master then wrote a letter in which he praised Charles in the most flattering terms.

Every morning Charles, embracing his father, gave him the letter he had received the day before; and on each day his treasure received an increase; but when it was renewed for the twentieth time, he suspected that M. Rochon was too indulgent, and he asked to see his son's copy-books. Charles arrived in triumph, and he showed the great progress he had made during the three weeks that had passed since the promise had been made. No further evidence was needed; and a few days after, the young prince was the possessor of twenty-five *louis d'or*, the object of his secret ambition.

The letter of exchange which had been endorsed by M. Rochon had only three days more to run, and the worthy man had in vain begged his creditor to grant him a delay. He was a rapacious and inexorable usurer. The poor writing-master was in a state of the greatest anxiety, so that it showed itself in all his actions. He intended that day to take his plate to a goldsmith, for the purpose of getting the required sum of 800 francs.

Quite concerned at what the sacrifice would cost him, he came to give the young prince his lesson, though a little later than usual, and said that an important affair had detained him. The coutenance of the old man was sorrowful and altered; but that of the prince was radiant with joy and happiness. He said:

"What is the matter, M. Rochon? You are not cheerful."

"It is true, sir; one has little annoyances sometimes."

"Have you any annoyances? Tell me; you know that I love you."

At this touching and true expression, Rochon was about to tell him all, for a word to his august father could take him out of his trouble, but worthy modesty has always a secret ambition. The idea of profiting by the honorable access he had to the king alarmed his delicacy; and the better to disguise his secret, he hastened to change the conversation, and said:—

"You do not take your lesson as well as you did yesterday."

"Is it so, M. Rochon?"

"Yes; you are distracted."

"I have something on my mind."

"Your hand trembles, and you cannot stay in your seat."

"Well, you are the cause of it."

"I, monseigneur!"

"Yes, you, yourself. Oh! I can no longer resist it."

At these words he opened the table drawer hastily, where he had placed his treasure, and going to his master he gave it to him saying:

"Here is what will pay your bill, and now I hope that you will not have to sell your goods."

Rochon saw that his secret had been told, and notwithstanding the lively emotion which he experienced, he did not like to take the purse which the young prince offered him. But Charles told him of the arrangement that he had made with his father, and that the twenty-five *louis* were the fruits of his industry. At this the old master could not restrain his tears: he took Charles's hands, pressed them to his lips, and said with a lively expression of gratitude and astonishment: "What, sir! is it to take me out of my trouble that you have subdued the liveliness of your character, and braved the *ennui* of the art which I teach you? I receive the honorable and touching offering with pride; it will give you at once repose and happiness. I wish to publish everywhere this trait of goodness and the force of perseverance; it ought to be transmitted to your descendants, for it belongs to history. But who can be surprised at it? Could less be expected from a descendant of Henry IV?

Pope Sixtus V had been a poor swine-herd when a boy. Though the first of men, he was humble, and never forgot his lowly origin. A little while after his accession to the pontifical throne, his sister, who was a peasant, came to see him; but she thought she must look very grand to appear before her brother, so she spent the little money she had in fine clothes, and dressing herself up, she went to the palace of the Holy Father. Good Sixtus V passed by and appeared not to recognize her, and said he had some sisters who were peasants, but he did not remember having any rich relations. The poor woman, much confused, went home, and came back the next day in her usual dress, when the Pope received her kindly, and sent her away with suitable presents for all his family.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 16, 1879. No. 33.

Sanctuaries of Our Lady in Spain.

BY THE REV. J. ADAM.

I.

"THE LAND OF MOST HOLY MARY."

Andalusia, the southernmost province of Spain, famed in song and story in the golden days of that nation, is a region favored in a special manner by the Supreme Artificer, who was pleased to make of this a chosen spot in many ways—by its natural beauty, by the richness of its vegetation and natural products, and by its delightful climate. With snow-capped mountains on the one hand, the ocean on the other,—with a sky as clear as that of Italy, and the rich soil bringing forth fragrant herbs and beautiful flowers of every hue, one always breathes here a pure and perfumed atmosphere. The character of the people, generally frank and hospitable, is in keeping with the place. The tourist, wearied it may be with travel in different climes, and conversant with as many different habits of living, is gratefully conscious of a sense of rest as he seats himself on the verdant banks of the Guadalquivir; and the friendly feeling and simple geniality of the inhabitants who accompany him in his visits to the Pillar of Hercules and his rambles round the Alhambra add to the pleasure of his visit. So great is the spirit of happiness and joy depicted on the countenances of the inhabitants of this beautiful province that at first sight, without prying into their family life and individual secrets, one would be tempted to think that in Andalusia at least the miseries of life are unknown. While the rich man entertains his friends in luxurious parlors, the simple artisan no less enjoys himself after the fatigues of the day as, with a light heart, he sings his favorite songs to the sound of his *bandurria*.* Enjoys himself no less, did I say? Ah, here, as elsewhere, the measure of happiness is not in proportion to the measure of wealth, and no one is so happy as he who lives in primitive simplicity and by the toil of his hands—every divine gift bringing with it to the humble toiler a sense of enjoyment altogether unknown to the pampered children of the wealthy.

It is not to be wondered at that both natives and foreigners enjoy such lovely scenery and such transcendent gifts as are found in this beautiful southern clime, or that flowers and birds and balmy breeze seem to unite in a song of praise to the All-Bountiful Creator. Long before the beneficent rays of the Gospel pervaded it, Andalusia was a land of predilection to the Roman Emperors; its rivers were spanned by handsome bridges, and its grand public roads heightened the advantages which it enjoyed over the less favored parts of Spain. Anyone who visits the mosques and other splendid edifices erected there by the Moors during their term of possession cannot fail to see that their hearts were set on this particular part of Spain, and that it must have been with regretful pangs they were forced to relinquish it and the works of art with which their genius had enriched it. Prominent among these are the Alhambra, in Grenada, and the mosque of Cordova, now consecrated as a Christian temple.

Above and beyond all these, however, it was reserved to the spirit of Christianity to raise still greater monuments, testimonies of faith and devotion to the living God, and the magnificent basilicas and Gothic cathedrals of Andalusia have elicited universal admiration. It is with a like feeling of devotion that the Catholic from the antipodes and the native Andalusian devoutly kneel on the beautiful marble floor to adore the Most Holy and Triune God. Who that has a heart does not find it expand on entering the magnificent Cathedral of Seville! The imposing majesty of the lofty naves impresses the beholder with a feeling of admiration, and if it be a festive occasion the twenty-five bells in the great *giralda* unite in a solemn peal of invitation to the people, to come to the house of God—to forget earth for the time being, and think of heaven and their immortal souls.

* A musical instrument much like our violin.

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Piety is a distinctive trait in the Andalusian character, and so enthusiastic is the devotion of the people to the Mother of God, and so constant, that Andalusia has deserved, and is called by, the title of "The Land of Most Holy Mary." Numerous monuments testify to this devotion in almost every town of the province, and from father to son are handed down some of the popular legends narrating the favors obtained through the intercession of their benign Patroness.

One of the prettiest cities of Andalusia is Cadiz, which rises majestically, as it were out of the waters of the Atlantic, on a small peninsula, connected with San Fernando by a narrow isthmus. Whether we regard the mildness of the climate, the magnificence and elegance of the buildings, the well-ordered, well-lighted and nicely paved streets, or the affable and hospitable manner of the inhabitants, we must confess that Cadiz is the most attractive city in Andalusia.

As Mr. Madox says in his Geographical Dictionary, one enjoys in Cadiz a delicious spring; vegetation is so early that on the 21st of February the temperature is as mild and the fields as verdant as in other parts of Spain at the end of March. Summer also is pleasant here, owing mainly to the soft west winds, which cool or rather refresh the atmosphere to an extent and in such a way as to make one wonder. Autumn is nearly always mild; the sun is not too hot, and neither are the winds too strong. And winter, which in other parts of Spain has more or less of that aspect of gloom which it exhibits almost everywhere, in Andalusia seems rather to be mimicking the smiles of spring. Throughout the seseasons, the health of Cadiz remains excellent, owing probably to the extraordinary cleanliness almost everywhere to be seen, as well as, and mainly perhaps, to the frequent and sometimes high winds which blow over the water-bound city.

But what makes Cadiz most attractive to the Catholic tourist is the proverbial piety of its inhabitants; they are by excellence citizens of "the Land of Most Holy Mary," and the fire of charity which burns so brightly in their hearts seems to irradiate their every act; affable and polite, generous in hospitality, even the foreign visitor finds himself pleasantly, cordially received everywhere among these true clients of our Holy Mother, while the absence of all ostentation from among the rich, and their friendly and brotherly regard for the poor, makes him open his eyes in astonishment. In great calamities, the capitalists always head the subscription lists, and more money is collected than is actually necessary for present needs. Those in high station, or the upper grades of society, are also, next to the priest and religious, the first at the bedside of the sick and afflicted, so that the suffering poor have both sympathy and aid, the spontaneous outcome of Christian charity and brotherly love.

The solemn feasts of the Church are of course kept here with great honor, and with a magnificence of display rivalling Madrid. The churches are in general very large and beautiful, and well ventilaled, etc., especially the Cathedral, which was finished and consecrated in November, 1838. It is a monument to the unflagging zeal and unwearying exertions of the venerable Bishop Moreno, to whom the people of Cadiz owe an eternal debt of gratitude that they have not been slow in recognizing, as the colossal statue in the Plaza in front of the Cathedral testifies.

For the present, however, it is not our intention to dwell upon the beauty in architectural and decorative art of the larger churches of Cadiz. .Having briefly touched upon the surroundings, we will introduce the reader to an humble but much venerated church in one of the suburbs of Cadiz.

II.

OUR LADY OF THE PALM.

This little church was built in 1692 by a venerable Capuchin, commonly called Father Paul of Cadiz, who, it is believed, died there in the odor of sanctity, but it was not until 1755 that any particular attention was called to the little church and its now wonderful and much venerated picture of Our Lady of the Palm (*La Palma*). On the 1st of November, that year, a fearful earthquake made itself felt throughout various parts of Europe, and notably in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, a large portion of which city was destroyed by the upheaval and tumbling into it of the high surrounding mountains. Here, and in many other places, some of the ruins of the great earthquake of 1755 are visible to this day, and are visited by many tourists. Cadiz, which at that time was a very populous city and one of Spain's chief glories as the metropolis of her garden spot, Andalusia, was on that day threatened with utter annihilation, but only to make known the goodness of our Blessed Lady, and the power of her intercession in favor of those who invoke her aid.

Early in the morning of that memorable 1st of November, that portion of the Atlantic in the vicinity of Cadiz was in turmoil, the foam-crested waves rising to an unusual height and making a terrific rumbling sound similar to thunder. Noises were also heard in the bowels of the earth, as if the waters had penetrated and were rushing tumultuously in. Then a shock was felt, which continued for about ten minutes, and increased in violence until the buildings of the city rocked to and fro. Only a few of the older houses, however, gave way. The whole city was aroused and in dire confusion, the people bewailing their

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fate and every moment expecting they knew not what calamity. Suddenly all was silent; in an instant the storm-lashed waves were seen to recede, but only to return in greater fury, threatening to submerge the fated city. Seeing the pending danger, many attempted to escape across the isthmus to the main land, but the waters overtook them and several perished. So great was the terror in Cadiz, however, that many of the inhabitants would undoubtedly have shared their fate had not two strange but determined young men appeared on the scene and closed the city gates. No one seemed to know who they were, but their calmness and quiet determination forestalled all attempts to resist their action. Owing to the mystery that enshrouded them it is believed to this day that they were none other than Saints Servando and German, who suffered martyrdom in Cadiz under Diocletian, and who had been chosen as the especial patrons of the city.

About 9 o'clock in the morning the waves reached such a height as to overtop the city walls, rushing over them, undermining some of the houses, and sweeping off everything in their course. In the ward called Caleta the water rose in the streets to the height of twelve feet; the people naturally sought refuge on the balconies and on the housetops, whence they saw furniture and all kinds of wooden articles floating about the streets. A great quantity of lumber which had been made ready for an alms-house then in course of erection was also swept away. A fearful picture it was which here met the eyes of the terror-stricken inhabitants—one which showed the littleness of man in comparison with the power of God. All ascribed the calamity to the sins of the people, for even those who were most derelict in duty still retained faith, and now all alike implored the mercy of God—the soldiers and sailors joining with the men, women and children of the city in appeals for the divine mercy.

When the waters broke into the city a Capuchin Father was celebrating Mass in the Church of Our Lady of the Palms. The street on which the church is erected is one of those reaching the sea in the ward of Caleta, and when the water entered it the people rushed to the church, calling aloud for mercy. The venerable priest, however, finished his Mass, after which, full of faith, and animated with a holy confidence, he seized a banner which bore a picture of Our Lady of the Palms and went to meet the terrible visitant. He had not gone far from the sanctuary when he saw himself confronted by a mountain wave which threatened to sweep all before it. Nothing daunted, for a firm faith never falters at any bodily peril, the holy priest struck the ground determinedly with the foot of the standard pole, exclaiming "Thus far, my Mother!" And the Mother of God, who never fails to show herself a Mother also to those who call upon her aid, heard the prayer of her devoted client. Standard in hand, he stood firmly confronting the oncoming avalanche of water. Suddenly it stopped, and in a moment began gradually to recede, the priest following, until the water finally emptied itself beyond the city walls.

Our Lady had evidently worked a miracle and saved Cadiz; the waters of the Atlantic had that day risen to the extraordinary height of sixty-two feet, and nothing less than a miracle could have saved the city. The people did not prove ungrateful, as so many do for favors obtained from God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and otherwise. On that day the Brotherhood or Confraternity of Our Lady of La Palma made a vow to go out in a procession of thanksgiving on the anniversary every year, the Feast of All Saints, and at the very same hour at which the miracle took place, reciting the Rosary along the way taken by the waters of the inundation; and every year, except one, from 1755 to the present, that vow has been faithfully kept. Whether in rain or sunshine, no matter how stormy it might be without, the procession went forth, and the Rosary was said along the accustomed route. And not satisfied with merely fulfilling their vow, it is customary also to have a grand procession, as it were in thanksgiving, in the afternoon of the same day,—the image of Our Lady of La Palma being carried amid a guard of honor. In this latter procession it may be said that the entire city takes part, although it is only of devotion and not of vow. When the weather is not fair it is transferred to the Sunday following.

The year 1837 was the only exception to the general rule of going in procession. The country was at that time involved in a civil war; and the authorities, fearing an outbreak, forbade the annual procession of Our Lady of La Palma. What was the consequence of this seemingly prudent order? The people felt very much disappointed; and some said: "Well, it may be that as we do not bring out the picture of our Blessed Lady willingly, we may perchance be *forced* to bring it out." And so the event proved, little as one might expect it. About the 1st of February following, a great storm arose, continuing for several days, and finally assuming a threatening aspect. On the 12th the waves were dashing over the walls and inundating the streets of Cadiz. Many of the vessels anchored in the harbor broke their moorings and were lost, and corpses were washed ashore in great number. The storm continued through the 13th, and on the 14th everyone feared a catastrophe similar to that of the 1st of November, 1755. The neighborhood of the Sanctuary of Our Lady of La Palma soon became thronged with people demanding that the miraculous standard be again brought forth. In

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the afternoon their wishes were complied with, and the frightened citizens earnestly besought Heaven to grant them, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, deliverance from their peril. Their prayers were heard. Scarcely had the procession, headed by the banner, reached the walls at Caleta than the storm abated, and a ship that was near foundering safely reached the harbor.

Such is a brief sketch of the devotion to Our Lady of La Palma and its origin. Born and educated in Cadiz, the humble Sanctuary of our Lady above described was my favorite resort, the delight of my youth. There I first conceived the thought of consecrating myself to God; from the pulpit of this little church I preached my first sermon; to Our Lady of La Palma I consecrated the first fruits of my ministry; and now, in the autumn of life, I delight in returning thither in thought and seeking repose amid the dear associations of my childhood.

The Assumption.

Earth and heaven triumphant sing
Praises to thee,
Mother of our Lord and King!
Loud the glorious anthems ring
O'er land and sea.

God the Father greets thee now,
His sinless child;
Angels low in reverence bow
As Jesus places on thy brow,
So fair and mild,

A radiant crown of jewels bright
And golden sheen;
And now rejoicing at the sight
Celestial voices sweet unite:
"All hail! our Queen,"

The Virgin Mother full of grace
And tender love,
The Lily pure of David's race
Has now ascended to her place
In heaven above.

Our prayers, which should like blossoms gay
Yield perfume sweet,
Sparkling with tears like dewy spray,
With contrite hearts we gladly lay
At thy dear feet.

Pray that we ever saved may be
From sinful strife,
And grant when death has set us free
We may at last enjoy with thee
Eternal life.

THE *Camellia Japonica*, or Japan rose, takes its common name from the Rev. Father Camelli, the Jesuit missionary who first introduced it into Europe.

The Handkerchief at the Window.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER V.

A little before twelve o'clock, Geltruda, exhausted with the emotions of the day, worn out with fatigue after praying long and fervently, had fallen asleep on her *prie-dieu* with her head resting on her hands. She dreamt that Carlo was conducting her across a dangerous bridge over an abyss, and that when they had crossed it they stood on a spot where two roads branched off in different directions, one down a gentle descent into a green flowery valley, and the other up a steep mountain path. She was hesitating and looking at him to see which he would take, when suddenly she beheld him no longer at her side, but on the top of the mountain, beckoning her to follow, and she heard him saying: "Geltruda mia."

She felt unable to move. Still the same call was repeated. There was a crash; the rocks seemed to give way, and the earth to tremble under her feet. Then she opened her eyes, and heard again loudly and distinctly the words: "Geltruda mia," and became conscious that sand and stones were thrown against the panes of her window. In another moment she was bending over the balcony and crying out: "Carlo mio, is it you?"

The relief of that moment threatened more danger than she had yet gone through. It required a strong effort to collect her senses so as to listen to the directions Carlo was giving her. Point by point, however, she minutely followed them, dragging her mattrasses and pillows to the window, and pushing them over the balustrade of the balcony, then drawing up the ladder of ropes raised by the pole within her reach, and fastening it to the iron railing with the strongest knots she could tie.

When all was ready she knelt down before the crucifix, commending her soul to God, stood for an instant on the balcony with her eyes fixed on the Sanctuary of Lampedusa, seized the ropes of the ladder, swung herself over the balustrade, and successfully effected her perilous descent.

The time it took seemed to Carlo interminable, though it had been but a few instants. When her feet touched the mattrass on the cart, he sprang up to her side and lifted her to the ground. Both fell on their knees, and leaning on each other thanked God and the Madonna.

But there was before Carlo a terrible task, and he had to break it to Geltruda. They were standing beneath those walls which contained the corpses of her kindred. She pointed to them, and said with a shudder:

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"Who will give them Christian burial?"

"Geltruda mia," he answered, "for the sake of the living, it has been decreed that your home and all it contains is to be destroyed by fire. The Black Death, the most fearful of all scourges, has swept away your whole family. None was to approach this spot under pain of death but the one amongst our Confraternity appointed by lot and bound on oath to set Castel Barco on fire. To save you, my beloved one, I undertook this awful task."

Geltruda remained silent a moment, gazing fixedly on the home of her youth, now the sepulchre of her kindred. Tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

"No prayers," she murmured, "will hallow their graves—no Mass soothe their souls."

"Yes, they will!" Carlo exclaimed. "Yes, there will be prayers, there will be Masses said in every church in Taggia. This night all the city is watching. My mother has made appeal by this time, I know it, to the faith and piety of every pious person in the town. The Bishop has ordered that as soon as the flames are perceived a procession shall carry the Blessed Sacrament through the streets, and the Holy Sacrifice will be offered in every church for the repose of your departed kindred."

"Thank God for that!" Geltruda murmured; but her heart was breaking. She seemed unable to turn her eyes away from the doomed building; and when Carlo tried to lead her away, she shuddered.

Suddenly the sound of chanting was heard. It sounded strangely in the midst of the solemn stillness of the night.

"Are the angels singing?" Geltruda exclaimed, clasping her hands; "which side does the sound come from?" and seizing Carlo's hand, she hastened to the farthest end of the terrace and round the corner of the house.

They stood astonished at the sight which met their eyes. A procession of monks, some of them with torches in their hands, and others carrying on a stretcher what Carlo instantly guessed to be corpses of the dead, was issuing from the back of the house and ascending the road towards the mountains. His heart leaped with something like joy as he said to Geltruda, who was bewildered, and fancied she was dreaming:

"God is good, my loved one. He has sent the monks to our help. Your poor relatives will, after all, have Christian burial. Oh, God bless the good Capuchins!"

"Let us follow them," Geltruda said, trying to rise; but her strength failed her; she sank on the ground.

Carlo ran forward and overtook the procession, which halted an instant. One of the monks fell back to speak to him, whilst the others continued their slow ascent. He told him that some of the fugitives had informed the prior of the awful event at Castel Barco, upon which one of the Fathers had hastened to the spot, but only to find that the tale was too true, and life extinct in every case. Meantime the news had reached the convent of the municipal decree regarding Castel Barco. The prior consulted his brethren, and all agreed to give Christian burial to the dead. Half the monks went to dig a grave in a deserted but consecrated cemetery half way between their monastery and Castel Barco, and another detachment departed to rescue the bodies from the doomed house.

"But we have not found the remains of the Santarella," the good friar added. "She must have left the house before, or after, the fatal catastrophe."

"She is alive—she is safe," Carlo answered; "and Fra Mauro is in the Ubaldi Palace. Let the prior know of this. I cannot stay. May the blessing of God and St. Francis be upon you for the deed you have done this day!"

"It is all real," he cried as he returned to Geltruda. "They will rest in consecrated ground. My task has lost its horror."

She prayed silently for a while, then, raising her head, looked at him and said:

"Carlo, you must not enter the house."

"I have promised my mother not to do so if it can be helped; but my sad duty must be performed."

"If you enter those walls, I shall enter them too," Geltruda said. "But I can show you a cellar which can be reached from outside. It is filled with a great provision of wood and hay. By kindling it, a conflagration may be easily raised. But first let us release the poor animals in the stables and the out-buildings. I have heard them from the turret uttering piteous cries."

Strong excitement kept up Geltruda. It gave her fictitious strength. She and Carlo went round the place setting free every living thing about it.

"Now," she said, turning as pale as death, for she saw he dare not ask her to lead the way to the spot she had named,—"now, in God's name, follow me."

She pointed to the cellar. He opened the door, went to pitch out of the cart the parcels of combustible material and threw them amongst the the hay and wood, struck the flint from his tinder-box, kindled a flame in the midst of a heap of faggots, and rushed to join Geltruda who had fainted. He carried her to the cart under the turret, made her swallow some drops from a flask he had brought with him, and laid her on the mattrass with a pillow under her head. She soon revived, and then he harnessed the mule and led it down the hill. When they reached the valley she called to him to stop:

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"Carlo," she said, "will you turn the cart round? Let us stop and witness from this spot the destruction of my father's house—burnt down with our own hands," she added, and a strong trembling came over her.

"O my father! O my poor brothers! O my young sisters!" she murmured, and prayed aloud for their souls with that vehement and impassioned fervor which in an Italian nature and from Italian lips sounds like inspiration.

Nearly an hour elapsed and a terrible fear crossed her mind that the attempt had failed. "Oh," she mentally exclaimed, "that it should be a fear!" But just as the thought occurred, a sudden blaze burst from the walls and one side of the building was soon in flames. At the same moment the bells began to toll in all the churches of Taggia and its neighborhood, telling of prayers offered up for the souls of the dead.

Long and silently Carlo and Geltruda gazed at the conflagration, which was illuminating with a portentous glare the sky at the back of the burning mansion. At last, seeing her increasing paleness and evident exhaustion, he insisted on conducting her to the hut which his mother's tender forethought had stored with every possible comfort compatible with such an abode. Gently and soothingly, like a parent nursing a sick child, he made her lie down and persuaded her to swallow some food. She had hardly wept at all during the agonizing days she had gone through, but now her tears fell fast and in torrents. As the dawn was beginning to break in the eastern sky, she fell into a deep sleep. He went out and, sitting down on some logs near the hut, leant his head against the trunk of a tree and slept also for a little while. When he awoke the fire was still devouring the remains of what had once been Castel Barco. It continued to rage throughout the day and the following night, and then smouldered for a long while.

Strange days followed for those two beings shut off from the outward world almost as completely as if they had been cast on a desert island. No human creature would have approached them if it had not been that the old hermit of Lampedusa, hearing of Carlo's self-devotion and his solitary quarantine, found his way to the hut; and to his still greater surprise than when a few months before he had seen Geltruda standing at his own door, did he behold her sitting on the grass under the shade of the four palm trees. Her joy was great when she perceived him, and great the relief of pouring into his ear her pent up feelings.

Carlo had been to her all tenderness. His delicate and watchful care had guarded her from uneasiness, and spared her the slightest feeling of distress in her singular and unprotected position; but Fra Romualdo's visit was, nevertheless, inexpressibly consoling. To him she could impart what as yet she did not venture to say to Carlo, although they spent several hours of the day together, sometimes sitting in the orange and olive groves, sometimes by the side of the torrent of melted snow hastening to reach the blue sea. She was particularly fond of watching that rushing, foaming stream breaking over the stones, narrowing and widening again at intervals. Two words at those moments often rose to her lips—"Time and Eternity."

Carlo used then to see her eyes turning towards the dark blue bounding line of the distant sea and the azure sky above it, and in them there was on expression which made it impossible to him to interrupt her silent meditation. Often she spoke to him with touching gratitude, with earnest, even ardent affection, but she never mentioned the future, and something seemed to check him when he tried to do so. There was a sort of tacit feeling on both sides which kept them silent as to the days that were past and those that were to come.

God and heaven, the marvellous beauty of His works, the wonders of His grace, they spoke of. And the more beautiful the sky, the more lovely the earth, the more their souls rose to the contemplation of the world beyond the grave. When they walked amidst the ilex and olive groves, and flowers of every shape and hue seemed to spring up under their feet; when through the openings in the foliage they caught glimpses of distant scenery fairer than any poet's dream, they said to each other:

"If the prison house is so beautiful, what will the palace be?"

Each day, at noon, the white handkerchief was waved over the hut as the signal to Carlo's mother that all was well with them. Each morning before sunrise they met at a spot agreed upon, between their respective abodes—the hut and the cave,—and walked to an eminence near the boundary they could not cross. When the tinkling bell of the little chapel announced that Mass was going to be said at the Sanctuary of Lampedusa, they knelt on the grass and heard it in spirit.

As the days elapsed, Carlo could see that Geltruda found it more and more difficult to converse about anything connected with this world. She seemed to live in another atmosphere, to be sighing for an invisible home. But in proportion with this increasing and absorbing abstraction, so did the tenderness which she showed him seem also to deepen. It was inexpressibly touching, like a mother's for her child. It had in it a pitying sweetness and at the same time a strengthening power. When she spoke of God and heaven, the fire in her soul seemed to kindle in his a kindred flame, and to raise it above earthly cares and thoughts.

Time passed quickly. The last day of the quar-

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antine was approaching. The last but one was a feast of the Blessed Virgin. Fra Romualdo brought them that morning the Blessed Sacrament to the spot where they were wont to repair for their devotions. Kneeling side by side, where they had so often prayed together, they received Holy Communion, made a long thanksgiving, and then returned to the valley.

After the meal, which they shared as usual, Carlo was about to leave Geltruda alone, as he had been wont to do, till noon; but she asked him to stay and sit down by her on the logs under the palm trees. Then he took courage. His tongue was loosed. The spell that had kept him silent was for a moment dispelled. He said:

"Do you remember, Geltruda, that to-morrow we return to the world; that my mother will be expecting us, and the Ubaldi Palace opening its doors to receive us?"

"Carlo mio! have we spent so many days together, have our souls held such intimate communion in this solitude, and have you not read my heart? Have you thought it possible that the survivor of this awful catastrophe, the last daughter of a house so strangely, so fearfully swept away, could go back to the world, to its cares and its joys? Did you hope so, Carlo? Oh! if you did, then I thank God that silence sealed your lips and mine, and that it has been given to me during these sweet and solemn days to show you how great, how unchanging is my love for you, and not to sadden your soul before the parting hour arrived."

"This is what I feared," he said, and buried his face in his hands. "If you had wept, Geltruda; if you had shunned me more; if you had looked less calm, less peaceful, less unearthly, I would have hoped more; if you had been to me less like an angel leading me to unknown heights, I should not now be so afraid that God will not give you back to me."

"Then you did foresee it?"

"How could I help foreseeing that He would accept my offering, though weak nature clung to the contrary hope?"

"Your offering! O, Carlo, speak. What offering did you make?"

"When I heard of the deaths of your family, when I thought of my Geltruda in the living tomb which had closed over her, and the solitary anguish she was undergoing, I flung myself on the ground in speechless agony; I asked God to save you, my beloved one, not for myself, but for Him, if such were His will, and to take my life also as a sacrifice if He accepted yours."

Geltruda's eyes beamed with a joy which only God's chosen ones feel when the wish of their hearts is granted for one dearer than life.

"I owe you all," she said; "and now, for eternity we are united. Believe me, Carlo, it is not for those who have walked in the paths by which we have been led to retrace their steps, to drink at the cisterns when the fountain is in sight. My vocation was marked out for me from the hour when my kindred perished near me out of reach of my help, when they died without the Sacraments. Could I with those memories live happy in an earthly home? Would not the remembrance of their deaths, so unprepared for, haunt me day and night? Oh, if you have seen me calm, if I can speak hopefully, it is because to-morrow I shall begin as a Poor Clare to offer up for the repose of those souls the daily sacrifices of that austere rule, the ardent prayers which may hasten their release. I would not leave you before your banishment was over, not till you were restored to your mother; but I have thirsted to abandon this earthly paradise and to enter the cloister, with an intensity words cannot describe."

She hesitated, and then added: "The moment is at hand. Fra Romualdo has arranged everything for my reception at Santa Chiara near Anglia. They expect me this day. Will you take me there, Carlo?"

"So soon!" he said. "Do they know your history?"

"Yes: the prioress was, like your mother, my mother's friend. Fra Romualdo has told her all. She consents to receive the penniless orphan and to conceal her true name from the world."

"Is that your wish?"

"Yes, Carlo; my wish, and what I ask of you. Let no one but your mother know that the last of the Montenegris escaped the doom which has fallen on her race. Let me be dead to every one else. And you," she tremblingly added—"you, my beloved one—where——? when——? You cannot yet tell——?"

"In the family of St. Francis, with God's help, I will live and die. Wherever obedience sends me, there will I go. Geltruda, these days have given me a glimpse of heaven. If the joys of the prison-house can be so great, what will be that of our meeting in paradise?"

"Carlo, your mother?"

"Oh, she has long lived in readiness to accept the hardest of sacrifices if God's hand points to it. She will thank Him for my vocation. What can Christian mothers like her expect for their children when they ask God daily to grant them His *greatest mercies?*"

This was said with a bright smile, and then Geltruda felt that the bitterness of *her* sacrifice was over. They might both suffer in bidding each other an eternal farewell on earth, but the light of heaven was shining on the paths they were both about to tread.

Late that afternoon the mule was again harnessed, and Carlo conducted Geltruda to the Con-

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vent of Santa Chiara. In the presence of the prioress the parting took place.

"Addio, Geltruda."

"Addio, Carlo," were the only words they uttered.

The aged nun, who knew their story, was in tears. They did not weep, not then at least. Geltruda felt an intense joy, a deep gratitude, that the sacrifice was made, and her life henceforward devoted to the work of expiation. As he looked at her for the last time, he said to himself: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, not the brides of earth," and bravely went his way to the home he was about to leave for a life of poverty and apostolic labor.

His mother gave her assent and her blessing to his resolution, and entered, herself, a religious order. The Ubaldi Palace became a hospital.

Before Carlo left Taggia, he made a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Lampedusa and hung up an *ex-voto*. He and Geltruda had promised to make an offering of two hearts joined together in case they were united in the course of the year. On their way to Santa Chiar ashe had reminded him of it.

"Are not our hearts more closely united, and for eternity, than if the dearest earthly tie had bound us? Do we not owe an *ex-voto* to the shrine of our Blessed Lady?"

No one knew the story of those two hearts except Fra Romualdo, who before his death told it to a brother in religion who joined him in his solitude. Thus was the memory of this incident preserved and the Legend of the Silver Hearts handed down to posterity.

Ave Maria.

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

Hail, O Maid immaculate; hail, predestinated
Virgin Mother of our God, through whom regenerated
Earth salvation finds, heaven joy, best model contemplated;
Make my lays thy fitting praise, O Virgin consecrated.

Mary, all our misery, our woe, through thee have ended,
And forgiveness from on high hath through thee descended;
'Tis through thee that o'er the sea shines out hope's star so splendid,
And the light is on the waves, the sheltering port extended.

Full of every saving cure, in heavenly gardens growing,
Hear my sad plaints, weak and poor, all thy aid bestowing;
Look upon this face, whose tears are overflowing,
Heal the pain of heart and brain which I to thee am showing.

Grace it is, O Virgin, that such charms in thee discloses,
Clothing thee with lilies, scattering o'er thee roses;
All the flowers that virtue showers round thee it disposes,
And the light within, without, sweetly it exposes.

The Lord, the King of all things, hath made for our refection,
In thee, His chosen Daughter, His vessel of election,
A storehouse of all healing things that owe to Him subjection,
That they may cure our sickly souls and lighten our dejection.

Is with thee the Trinity, as within a dwelling,
Plenitude and sanctity over thee outdwelling,
Making thy perfection far beyond the telling,
Type to all of highest life and crown of all excelling.

Blessed art thou; do thou bless those who thee are blessing,
Make them praise thee fervently, all thy worth confessing;
Pour out all thy sweetness, thy seal their souls impressing,
That each day in holiness they may be progressing.

Amongst women beautiful, fairest thy formation,
Thou broughtest forth the angels' King for our adoration;
Sacred from aught of sinfulness by special dispensation,
Thou wert made the worthiest of all God's creation.

And blessed is that God who all things hath created,
Who within thy mother's womb thee hath consecrated;
And blessed be the father who thee hath generated,
And blessed be thy mother's breasts, and bless'd the thirst they sated.

The fruit of thine, O Lady, is the angels' fruit untainted.
The fruit which they enjoy is the fruit of all the sainted;
The sweetness and delight, which the prophet's pen hath painted,
Of those who walk'd the ways of God, and never wholly fainted.

Thy Son's blood, O Lady, on the hard cross streaming,
Mix'd with water, saved us, through the darkness gleaming:
For a grace so mighty, partly from thee beaming,
Let us raise our songs of praise, our eyes with glad tears teeming.

Womb the great King enter'd as a habitation,
Tabernacle rather for His adoration,
Where He learn'd to battle for the world's salvation,
Bless'd for aye be it we pray through every generation.

"I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration, and publicly confessed the Catholic Faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's word on His own authority."—*Dr. Brownson.*

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The Destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple of Solomon.

THE MANNER IN WHICH OUR LORD'S PROPHECY WAS FULFILLED.

Anyone conversant with the prophecies in the Old Testament, and their fulfilment—some of them many centuries afterwards—cannot fail to notice the literal exactness of the fulfilment of many of them. Of all the prophecies in the Old and the New Testament, however, none can be more striking than that of our Lord when predicting the destruction of Jerusalem, which was fulfilled to the very letter nearly a century afterwards. "When He drew near Jerusalem, seeing the city, He wept over it, saying: If thou hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thy eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee: *and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone*, because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation."*

And now let us see what were the terrible calamities that caused our Lord to bewail with tears the fate of the deicidal city.

The Jews, oppressed by the Romans, revolted, killed many of their enemies, and drove them out of Jerusalem. Knowing well that this would not be permitted to pass unavenged, the Jews armed themselves for a desperate resistance. The Emperor Nero sent a powerful army under the command of Vespasian against the city of Jerusalem, which first captured the smaller fortresses of Judea, and then laid siege to the city. The want and misery of the inhabitants had already reached the highest pitch; within the city, ambitious men had caused conflicts; factions had been formed, daily fighting each other, and reddening the streets with blood, while the Romans stormed from without. Then a short time of respite was granted to the unfortunate Jews. The Emperor Nero was murdered at Rome in the year of our Lord 68; his successor Galba soon died, and the soldiers placed their beloved commander Vespasian upon the imperial throne. He then left Jerusalem with his army, but in the year 70 he sent his son Titus with a new army to Judea, with orders to take the city at any cost and punish its inhabitants.

It was the time of Easter, and a multitude of Jews had assembled from all the provinces, when Titus appeared with his army before the gates of Jerusalem and surrounded the city. The supply of food was soon exhausted; famine and pestilence came upon the city, and raged terribly. The leader of the furious revolutionists, John of Gischala, had the houses searched, snatched the food from the starving, or forced it from them by terrible tortures. To save themselves from this outrageous tyrant, the Jews took the leader of a band of robbers, named Simon, with his whole gang into the city. John and Simon with their followers now sought to annihilate each other. John took possession of the Temple. Simon besieged him; blood was streaming in the Temple and in the streets. Only when the battle din of the Romans was heard from without did the hostile factions unite, go to meet the enemy, and resist his attack. As the famine increased, many Jews secretly left the city to seek for roots and herbs. But Titus captured them with his cavalry, and crucified those who were armed. Nearly five hundred men, and sometimes more, were every day crucified in sight of the city, so that there could not be found crosses enough and places of execution; but even this terrible sight did not move the Jews to submission. Incited by their leaders to frenzy, they obstinately resisted, and Titus, finding it impossible to take the city by storm, concluded to surround it with walls in order to starve the inhabitants. In three days his soldiers built a wall of about ten miles in circumference, and thus the Saviour's prediction was fulfilled: *Thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side.*

The famine in this unfortunate city now reached its most terrific height; the unfortunate inhabitants searched the very gutters for food, and ate the most disgusting things. A woman, ravenous from hunger, strangled her own child, roasted it, and ate half of it; the leaders smelling the horrible meal, burst into the house, and by terrible threats compelled the woman to show them what she had eaten; she reached them the remaining part of the roasted child, saying: "Eat it, it is my child; I presume you are not more dainty than a woman, or more tender than a mother." Stricken with terror, they rushed from the house.

Death now carried away thousands daily; the streets and the houses were full of corpses. From the 14th of April, when the siege commenced, to the 1st of July, there were counted 158,000 dead bodies; 600,000 others were thrown over the walls into the trenches to save the city from infection. All who could fly, did so; some reached the camp of the Romans in safety; Titus spared the helpless, but all who fell armed into his hands were crucified. But a time came when flight no longer offered security. The Roman soldiers had learned that many Jews had swallowed gold pieces to secure them from the avarice of the spoilers, and therefore the stomachs of

* St. Luke, xix, 41, 44.

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many were cut open. Two thousand such corpses were found in one morning in the camp of the Romans. Titus's attempts to prevent this cruelty were unavailing. Finally, when misery had reached its height, Titus succeeded in carrying Fort Antonia, and with his army forced a passage as far as the Temple, which had been held by John of Gischala with his famous band. Desirous of saving the Temple, Titus offered the rebels free passage from it, but his proposition was rejected, and a most violent contest then raged. The Romans trying in vain to enter the Temple, being continually repulsed, at last one of the soldiers seized a firebrand, and, lifted up by a comrade, threw it into one of the rooms attached to the Temple. The flames in an instant caught the whole of the inner Temple, and totally devoured it, so that this prediction of our Lord was also fulfilled.* The Romans butchered all the inhabitants whom they met, and Titus, having razed the ruins of the Temple and city to the ground, ploughed over the site, to mark that this city was never to be rebuilt. During the siege 1,100,000 Jews lost their lives; 97,000 were sold as slaves, and the rest dispersed over the whole earth. Thus God punished the deicidal, impenitent city and nation, over whose wretchedness the Saviour wept so bitterly, and thus was fulfilled the prediction made by Him long before.

The destruction of the city and Temple of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews are historical facts, which cannot be denied, and testify through all time to the truth of our Lord's words: "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My word shall not pass away." (Matt., xxiv, 35.)

* "And as He was going out of the Temple, one of His disciples said to Him: 'Master, behold what manner of stones, and what buildings.' And Jesus answering, said to him: 'Seest thou all these great buildings? There shall not be left a stone upon a stone, that shall not be thrown down." St. Mark, xiii, 1, 2.

A Remarkable Conversion.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FATHER DE RAVIGNAN, S. J.

M. du Camper, at the age of seventy-one, was approaching the end of an honorable career. He entered the navy early, had been three times round the world, and in his last voyage was first lieutenant on board the ship of M. Bougainville. Later he was called to the command of the school-ship in the port of Brest, then to be Governor of French Guiana, and finally of the West Indies. On his voyages he had got together decorations, collections, memoirs, but not an atom of religion. And yet he had urgent need of this last; two attacks had already shaken him, and he was now threatened with a third and closing crisis.

F. de Ravignan introduced himself to him with the excuse of a former acquaintanceship at Saint Germain-en-Laye, while he was quite young; he was but ill received, and after the interchange of a few words the sick man put off any further conversation for a fortnight. At the end of the appointed period he returned, and five successive times did the invalid pretend to be asleep when the priest was announced.

The Father began to feel some fear, without, however, losing the hope which never forsook him. One day, on leaving the house, he met a lady of the old seaman's family in whom he could confide, and he said to her: "We must finish our work, for, delaying in this way, we may well let the salvation of this poor soul be lost to us."

"But, Father, what are we to do?"

"I will tell you, listen to me: my share shall be to go to-morrow and say Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires. But that is not all; I must have help from everybody. In the first place you must ask Mme. de Saisseval to help us with her prayers, and to procure the prayers of all the foundlings; their innocent prayer has such power with God! Then, certainly, you must have your own task. Get a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and induce the poor man to accept it; and you must make him wear it, for there will be no good done until the Blessed Virgin is interested in it."

"But, Father, I shall never dare to do it, for I and my medal are sure to get the worst."

"Why, is your courage sinking in the sight of land? Well, do what you like. For my part, I shall do as I said, and at six o'clock to-morrow morning I shall be at the Altar of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in that favored Church of Notre Dame des Victoires."

Next day, at the time appointed, every one was at work, each in his own way. F. de Ravignan offered the Holy Sacrifice in the privileged sanctuary; Mme. de Saisseval offered her prayers in union with a hundred orphans; and the timorous ambassadress came to the sick man's bedside and offered him the medal, which has been so well called miraculous. He immediately accepted it, pressed it to his lips, and, placing it round his neck, said firmly: "I will never part with it." The battle was won. All this happened on a Saturday.

F. de Ravignan called again on Sunday, and remained a long time alone with the invalid, who no longer wished to be left to his sleep. After he had left, M. du Camper called the pious lady to him and said: "This good M. de Ravignan has made me tell him my whole life. I really think that he got something of a confession from me."

And in reality F. de Ravignan had got something of a confession from him, for the work had

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been brought to an end; but the gallant officer had had very little experience of confession, and pictured it to himself as something much longer and more difficult. Not long before, he had expressly declared that he would rather sail round the world again than set about making a confession.* The reality was nothing compared with what it had looked at a distance, and the sinner became a penitent without being even conscious of the process. In fact, scarcely had he opened his mouth to acknowledge his sin, than his heart opened to admit repentance for that sin, and soon faith returned to that heart as to her own home.

From this time the dying man seemed completely changed; old as he was, he had the docility of a child: he called the priest his best friend, and God the best of fathers. With much labor he tried to recall the prayers which he had learned at his mother's knee, and had so long forgotten; to help his stubborn memory he took great pains to write them down. Then he armed himself with the dying Christian's weapon: the crucifix, which his father had used to help himself to die well, had been placed over the bed; he took it in his hand, and nothing could have induced him to part with it. Sometimes he raised it over his head, like a banner; sometimes he would place it upright on the bed, and cling to it as to an anchor, and in this position he regained the bold bearing of a sailor.

After receiving the last Sacraments from one of the priests attached to the Madeleine, he continued by signs, for he had lost his speech, to thank F. de Ravignan, who himself thanked the Blessed Virgin. The resistance had been obstinate, the victory was complete; and the Father remarked that in all his ministry he had seldom felt more anxiety at first, or found more comfort in the end.

* Many people who are not *practical* Catholics have very strange and exaggerated notions of confession and the confessional. This is undoubtedly a temptation of the devil, who spares no pains to keep souls from the life-giving Sacraments. No better proof of this is needed than the joy and buoyancy of spirit, the lightness of heart that follows a good confession.

The Arithmetic of the Rosary.

AN ANSWER TO THE OBJECTIONS OF PROTESTANTS.

From the Indo-European Correspondent.

We had occasion lately to speak of the much misunderstood devotion of the Rosary as one of the most popular means of bringing the leading features of Christianity well home to the bulk of Catholic Christians; and we enumerated the fifteen mysteries—a "mystery" of the Faith means among us some leading fact of our Redemption—by way of showing that Jesus Christ is the central figure in these contemplations; and that if there is a great deal about the Blessed Virgin, it is because she plays so essential a part in the Redemption as it is. Since we wrote so, a non-Catholic contemporary thought it disposed of our apology for the Rosary

BY AN ARITHMETICAL OBJECTION.

We say ten "Hail Marys" for every one "Our Father"—therefore we give ten times more to Mary than to Jesus. This rejoinder is rather smart than just, considering that it ignores what we had said: namely, that the saying of each decade (or batch of ten *Aves*) is a vehicle for contemplation of a mystery of the Faith. For instance, let us take the first Mystery of the Rosary, and we shall see how much there is of Jesus Christ and how much of His Blessed Mother—we always call her Blessed, because she herself, inspired by God, foretold that all generations should call her so.

THERE IS A HANDY WAY

of contemplating any Gospel Mystery. It consists in passing the Mystery through the mind by a method thus versified to aid the memory:

Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?

That is, by answering the questions: Who, What, Where, Under what circumstance; Why, How, Where? The first Mystery of the Rosary being the Annunciation (or Incarnation), we begin thus: Who? The Archangel Gabriel. What? Announces to a Virgin named Mary, betrothed to a man named Joseph, of the House of David, that the Messias shall be born of her, and that His Name shall be called Jesus. Where? In a town of Galilee called Nazareth, in the house and room where the Blessed Virgin was then living. Under what circumstances? (Here one might repeat the *ipsissima verba* of the "Hail Mary.") He salutes her: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women." Mary is troubled at his words. He rejoins: "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His Name Jesus. He shall be great," etc. Mary asks how this shall be, as she is a virgin. The Archangel replies: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." He gives her a sign that he speaks the truth by telling her that her cousin, Elizabeth—an elderly woman—had conceived in her old age; and tells her that with God nothing is impossible. Then Mary bows before the will of God and says: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us. Why? All this was done that the Prophets might be fulfilled and the Eternal Designs of the Almighty accomplished. How? Gabriel says: "Fear not." Because the Scripture tells us that

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good angels are wont to preface their behests by "Fear not." He reassures her that she shall not sacrifice her virginity; he gives her a sign: Mary's humility and purity being secure, she submits to God's will. When? When the fulness of time was come, in the sixth month of Elizabeth's pregnancy. The reflections we have jotted down would nearly take the time required for saying one *Pater*, ten *Aves*, and a *Gloria*. If any one says that in this short contemplation there is

TOO MUCH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

he had better re-write the beginning of St. Luke's Gospel; and if he maintains that the saying ten "Hail Marys" (or *Aves*) has anything to do with there being so much about Mary, he must know that he is saying what is evidently untrue; and if he says that the honor which we pay to her in whom so ineffably holy a Mystery as the above was wrought is Mariolatry, we pity him. Every honor, every title, every prerogative which the Catholic Church assigns to Mary is the logical consequence of that Mystery by which the Eternal Word of God, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the Messias and Redeemer, the Desired of the Nations, was made Flesh in Mary's womb when the Holy Ghost came down on her, and the Spirit of the Most High overshadowed her. To an unbeliever all this may sound as sublime nonsense; but that any Christian should say all these deep mysteries were wrought in a somewhat meddlesome woman passes our comprehension.

NOW, WE DO NOT CLAIM FOR THE ROSARY

that it is the best mode of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Gospel narrative, for the very obvious reason that there is the Gospel narrative itself available. What we maintain is that the Rosary is an easy and handy means of devoutly passing some of the leading truths of Christianity—and notably the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ—through the mind. Even for many who can read—for grosser and duller minds—the contemplation of these Mysteries is often more useful than reading the Gospel narrative, because its leading truths are isolated and brought better home to the mind. Very possibly there may be some who will see in this plea for the Rosary a wish to

KEEP THE PEOPLE FROM THE GOSPEL;

but this is no more true than saying that primers of history are cunning devices to keep men from studying history *in extenso*. And even for those who can profitably read the Gospel, the Rosary is an excellent resource. It is not everybody who goes about like the Highland tailor we once met who had a small Bible and concordance in his pocket; and even thus furnished, a man cannot always read. Queen Candace's eunuch could read the Scriptures while travelling, but it is not everyone who has a chariot to himself; some have to trudge on foot, some have to ride in company. Sometimes there is not light to read; sometimes one's health is not good enough to let him read.

THE ROSARY THEN IS INVALUABLE.

Nor do we venture to assert that every one who says the Rosary contemplates the Mysteries. We have not a readiness of assertion equal to those who say that almost everyone who recites the Rosary thinks more of gabbling over a number of prayers and gaining an indulgence than of devoutly dwelling on Christian truths. We dare say there are many who tell their beads in this fashion. But then we dare say there are many who read their Bible by mere routine, and flatter themselves they are doing wonders in God's sight. We have to judge by the use, not by the abuse, of a thing.

The Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin.

In the valley of Josaphat, about two furlongs from St. Stephen's Gate at Jerusalem, a very ancient church encloses the spot where the Apostles laid the mortal remains of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and whence she was taken up into heaven. At the south end of the church is an open space reached by descending three steps, leading to the entry of the church. We learn that four hundred years ago, it had a splendld portal of marble columns, but now it is much decayed and the fine Gothic ornaments have disappeared.

St. Mary's Church, as it is called, is in reality a cavern, covered by a small building. At the opening of the iron gates, pilgrims descend by a marble stairway of forty-seven steps to the ground floor of the church, which is ninety-seven feet long, twenty feet wide, and thirty-six feet high. The wall towards the east, is formed in most part from the natural rock, but the three other sides are constructed of carefully cut quarry stone. The church has no particular claim to beauty, but it inspires nevertheless the most profound sentiments of devotion. It receives its light partly from an opening in the eastern wall and partly from the stairway. On festival days it is brilliantly illuminated with numerous lamps and candles. In the centre of the church, but somewhat towards the east, is a chapel so small as to afford room for only ten persons. On the east side of this miniature chapel is the Blessed Virgin's sepulchre, represented by a high sarcophagus covered with a slab of black and white veined marble. Above it is a painting representing the death of the Blessed Virgin. On the Feast of the Assumption the tomb is always crowded with devout pilgrims and is beautifully decorated for the occasion.

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The Paternal Love of Leo XIII.

London Tablet.

The following incident is one more proof of the extreme kindness of our Holy Father Leo XIII, and of his paternal love for all his children. A short time ago some poor pilgrims, peasants, from Silesia and Trebinitza, the place rendered famous by the virtues of Saint Hedwige, Grand Duchess of Silesia, in the thirteenth century, arrived in Rome. They had worked hard and saved, in order to go and see the Holy Father and lay at his feet an offering of five hundred francs which they had brought with them. They had been a fortnight in the Eternal City, and their scanty means were beginning to fail; each day the promised audience had been anxiously hoped for, but in vain. The answer always came that at present there would be no audiences, on account of the Consistory and the multitude of affairs engrossing the Holy Father's time and strength. The poor pilgrims waited on, however, until their little store was nearly exhausted; and finding every hope disappointed, they began to think they should have to leave Rome without the accomplishment of that which they had most at heart, and which had been their chief object in journeying thither. But their devotion and piety were not to go unrewarded. Cardinal Ledochowski, who felt much for the sad disappointment of these poor people, ventured, while walking in the garden with the Pope, to speak a word in their behalf. His Holiness exclaimed, full of emotion, "Bring them to me in the garden!"

When the Cardinal made known to the pilgrims the invitation for the next afternoon, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They all expressed their gratitude, saying that when the Cardinal was in prison at Ostrowo they had never ceased to pray daily for him, and now he had repaid them by obtaining for them so great a happiness.

The next day at the appointed hour torrents of rain fell, and the Holy Father could not go into the garden. Every hope was again lost! The pilgrims waited sadly under the Colonnade, as had been appointed for them to do, when suddenly a Monsignore was seen descending the stairs. He came in search of the pilgrims. The Holy Father, remembering that they would be waiting below, had sent an order for them to be brought up into his private apartments. When they arrived Leo XIII was in the throne room in company with several Bishops, and engaged upon important affairs. Nevertheless, the paternal love of his Holiness prompted him instantly to leave the throne room and repair to his own rooms, where he remained for a considerable time with his beloved children, poor and humble in the sight of the world, but rich in the gift of faith and devotion to the Vicar of Christ.

To describe the scene that followed is impossible. Those poor people threw themselves on their knees and covered the Holy Father's feet with kisses. They pressed round him, kissing even the hem of his garment, while he placed his venerable hands on their heads! Sobs were heard all around, sobs of joy. The Holy Father wept. It was the eloquence of heart speaking to heart.

At last one of the pilgrims presented a purse containing the little treasure which they had brought. The Holy Father hesitated to accept it, saying: "No, no; keep the money; you also are poor." But, seeing a look of sorrow on their faces, he changed his mind, saying: "Well, I accept it, but you all must have a keepsake from the Pope." He then gave to each a velvet case containing a large medal and a cameo. After that he dismissed them with his blessing, which he extended to all their families and friends. It can easily be imagined how full the hearts of those poor pilgrims were as they descended the stairs of the Vatican, after having received a more than ordinary proof of the Holy Father's love for his children.

The Catholic Church the Guardian and Conservator of Society.

Even newspapers of an anti-Catholic tendency feel themselves bound to admit the superior political wisdom of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. We give first an extract from an article in the *Westliche Post*, published at St. Louis, Mo., which, laying aside shallow conventionality, manfully speaks the truth:

"As to open rebellions, Governments are strong enough to crush them by means of their gigantic military establishments, but in the silent spiritual combat of ideas dangerous to the State, to save human society from its baneful consequences, soldiers, judges and policemen are to no purpose. It is only the Church, as a ruler of human conscience, that can successfully resist such invisible powers, and Pope Leo XIII has succeeded in paving the way for a restoration of the good relations formerly existing between Church and State, by placing the most efficient means at the disposal of the Governments in their common strife against modern revolution."

The journal then goes on to assert that Pope Leo III can already boast of startling success for his wise policy in the reconciliation with Russia, where the Catholic Polanders are on the eve of being rid of persecution and seeing their hierarchy restored to them. In this, the Pope has been met half way by a powerful party, headed by no less a person than the Russian Crown Prince himself, whose aim has always been to bring about a reconciliation between Russia and the Vatican and the Polish and Russian nations. As a proof, our German contemporary brings forth all the events that have transpired within the last six weeks, among others the reading of the Papal Encyclical in the Polish language throughout the kingdom of Poland, a language that had been hitherto tabooed in official transactions.

Another liberal organ, printed at Frankfort, Germany, speaks in terms of great praise of the Holy Father, and says:

"The policy of the Pope is aiming at the victory of the Church by modern means, in the struggle against modern civilization, through the resources of this very civilization itself. It removes obstacles, tries to splice again broken connections, is an ally in the struggle against liberalism, radicalism and socialism, and yet is mingling its voice in the clamor of nations for liberty. It endeavors to conciliate hostile characters by the meekness of its language and to arouse the indifferent by the assurance of its bearing. Neither great nor little items are hidden from its penetrating vision. The Armenian congregations, the Catholics in Afghanistan, the countless missions on our globe, all are cared for with the same solicitude as in entirely Catholic States. This was the case also at the time of Pius IX, but in another sense. Leo is, so to say, drawing them politically towards himself, firmly welding them together, by the bond of common interest. Pius had outwardly accomplished the unity of the Church by the dogma of Infallibility, Leo endeavors to raise spiritually this unity to an invincible power, by causing the Church to rely on itself alone as a purely spiritual agent, thus rendering its action more concentric, more efficacious, and more powerful."

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Catholic Notes.

——Cardinal Manning and the late Mr. Hope Scott were the two most intimate friends of Mr. Gladstone at one period of his career; and when they left the Church of England he said "he felt as if he had lost his two eyes."

——A Great Catholic Charity.—St. Vincent's Male Orphanage at San Rafael, Cal., is one of the greatest charities on the Pacific coast, and one in which the Catholics of the Archdiocese manifest the liveliest interest. Of late the Asylum has been enlarged and a new church added. The new buildings were solemnly dedicated to God by Most Rev. Dr. Alemany on the 23d ult. Several priests and a large number of the laity assisted at the ceremonies. His Grace preached an eloquent sermon.

——A New Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.—On the 27th ult., Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, assisted by three clergymen, blessed a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes situated in the grounds of the Convent of St. Mary of the Woods, near Terre Haute, Vigo Co., Ind. Only the niche is reproduced. A small chapel built in front of the statue protects it from the weather. The statue, one of those sold by Mr. McGee of New York, is the gift of two Catholic ladies, former pupils of St. Mary's.

——Rt. Rev. Bishop Krautbauer, of Green Bay, Wis., relates that in 1873, whilst travelling from Milwaukee to Green Bay, he was shipwrecked and for twenty-four hours was tossed about upon the waves of Lake Michigan. He managed to lay hold of a plank, and, thus supported, began saying his beads. All his companions found a watery grave. Finally a large wave bore down upon him and swept him to the shore. The Bishop ascribes his preservation to the intercession of our Blessed Lady.

——Died at their Post.—The names of Fathers Edward Doyle and John Fahey must be added to that long list of devoted priests who have met death while ministering to those stricken with yellow fever in the South. Their deaths occurred at Memphis, on the 4th and 6th inst. respectively. Father Doyle was formerly the beloved and respected pastor of Jackson, Tenn., but was transferred to St. Patrick's Church, Memphis, last December. He was only thirty-five years old. Father Fahey was the assistant pastor of St. Patrick's. *R. I. P.*

——We are under obligations to some kind friend in London (to whom we return our best thanks) for a copy of "Funeral Words" spoken in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, by Rev. Father Gallwey, S. J., on the occasion of the dirge for Prince Louis Napoleon in that church. It is an affecting discourse, and must have gone staight to the hearts of all who heard it. The text: "And when He came nigh to the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," was singularly appropriate.

——Death of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, of Kingston.—We deeply regret to announce the death of Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Brien, the beloved Bishop of Kingston, Province of Toronto, Canada, which sad event occurred on the 1st inst., at Quebec. He had arrived in the city the day previous, on his way to Saguenay in search of health and for a much-needed rest. His death, which was sudden, is supposed to have been caused by apoplexy. The sad news was received at Kingston with feelings of the deepest regret by all classes of citizens. Bishop O'Brien was consecrated on the 18th of April, 1875. *R. I. P.*

——We (*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*) find the following in the *Gaulois:*

"The *Petite Republique Française* asks the following question:

"Since General de Grammont is so fond of processions why don't he go to serving Mass?"

"For one very simple reason, among others," replied one of the General's brothers in arms; "to serve Mass one must have two arms, and General de Grammont lost one in the service of his country."

——Rev. Father van Ebp, the venerable pastor of Ann Arbor, Mich., who sustained severe injuries by being thrown from a buggy on the 30th of July, died at his residence in that city on the 1st inst. He was a clergyman of great ability, influence and zeal, and was beloved by people of all religions. His funeral was attended by thousands; the procession to the cemetery, composed of Catholic societies, distinguished persons from abroad, city officials and other friends and parishioners of the deceased, was a mile in length. As many as fifty-five priests were present at the services, which were conducted by Rev. Father Buyse, of Jackson. Rev. Father Hennaert, V. G., preached the funeral sermon, in which he paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased. *R. I. P.*

——The Church in India.—An official calendar, recently published at Madras, contains full particulars of the establishments connected with the Catholic Church in India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, from which it appears that in 1877 there were 21 bishops, 23 vicars apostolic, 1,098 priests, 1,088,309 professing members of the various churches, besides 1,422 schools, containing 51,494 pupils. The Archbishopric of Goa contained 766 priests, having under their charge 156,163 souls. These numbers compare with 16 bishops, 20 vicars apostolic, 790 priests, having congregations of 915,590 persons and 716 schools, with 27,068 pupils, in 1866. The *Journal du Commerce Maritime* says that in the prefecture of Pondicherry alone there were, in 1866, 69 priests, whose flocks numbered 112,000, and 90 schools with 1,800 pupils; while in 1877 the numbers had increased to 85 priests, 141,250 persons professing the Catholic faith, and 67 schools with 4,000 pupils. Of this number of Catholics in the French colony of Pondicherry, only 3,000 were Europeans. Of the 85 priests, 25 were natives of India. The number of adult converts from heathenism baptized in 1877 was 1,920, besides 1,513 children; and 87 Protestants are said to have been converted to the Catholic faith in the same period. Pondicherry has four separate orders of sisterhood.

——Russia and her Schismatic Clergy.—It is worthy of note that the social revolution now threatening to engulf the Russian Empire has its main cause in the utterly powerless condition of the Russian clergy. These men are deprived of all independence, authority and influence over the still faithfully believing people. All who with impartiality, common sense and consideration ponder over the social condition of Russia, must be convinced that Christianity alone is able to grapple successfully with the fiend of Nihilism, which like a greedy leech is fattening on the poisoned secretions of the social body. But what could Christianity accomplish with a clergy devoid of all power and influence? It would by no means be too bold an assertion to say that the Russian clergy themselves are inoculated with rationalistic and materialistic ideas. Not unfrequently Russian peasants are heard to say: "I cannot any longer go to confession to our *pope* (the title given a

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Russian priest); it is true he says Mass and reads the Gospel, but he himself does not believe in the existence of God." A person who had travelled much in Russia told a friend that an old, experienced and pious Russian priest had gone so far as to say that his greatest cause of distress was the conviction that the younger members of their clergy—he could not conceal the fact, he said—would almost in a body make common cause with the rebels when once the day of general massacre arrived. A part of the people has still kept the Christian faith. Devout peasants undertake often a twenty-hours' (60 miles) journey to confess to a priest whom they trust and of whose positive faith they are certain, but what journeys are these, especially at Christmas and Easter time? Unbelief and sectarian dissensions grow apace, and become more frequent in the measure that the influence and number of the clergy is on the wane. If the Government would to-day cease to rule the church and free it from its thraldom, it would, in all probability, be too late. One thing is certain, that if things remain as they are the Schismatic Church will be found utterly incapable to save the Empire from shipwreck, and will most likely share the fate of her overbearing ruler.

——The Catholic Hierarchy.—The *Annuario Pontifico* for 1879 has just been published. It contains the latest appointments for vacant sees made by his Holiness Leo XIII. On the 30th of June the Prelates marked with the episcopal dignity numbered 1,143. The Dean of the Episcopate is the Most Rev. Archbishop MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland. He was elected Bishop of Maronia, *in partibus infidelium*, by Leo XII of holy memory, on the 8th of March, 1825. The next to him in the Episcopate is Mgr. Mercy d'Argenteau, Archbishop of Tyre *in partibus*, who was preconized by the same Sovereign Pontiff in the Consistory on the 2d of October, 1826. There are 65 Bishops created by Gregory XVI of holy memory, and 998 by Pius IX; and, finally, 82 by the reigning Pontiff. The Orders and Congregations of Regulars at present number 256, between Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops. The Order of Friars Minor (*Osservanti*) founded by St. Francis of Assisi, is that which has the greatest number of Bishops—namely, 45. The Order of Conventuals has 6, and the Reformed Franciscans, or Capuchins, 22, making for the Order of St. Francis 73 Prelates. The Order of Preachers has 29, the Paris Society of Foreign Missions 25, and those of the various Congregations of Black Benedictines 23. The Priests of the Mission have 13, the Oblates of Mary count 12 Bishops, and the Society of Jesus 10. The Hermits of St. Augustine have 9, the Priests of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri 8, the Barefooted Carmelites 7, and the Basilian Monks of Santissimo Salvatore 7 likewise. The Fathers of St. Alphonsus Liguori (Redemptorists) number 6 Bishops, the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, France, named Picpus, 4; the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, 3. The Barnabites, Scolopii, the Religious of the Holy Ghost, those of the Most Precious Blood, the Marists, the Mechtarists of Vienna, and the Calced Carmelites have two; and finally, the Servants of Mary, the Theatines, the Passionists, the Religious of the Holy Cross, the Salesians of Annecy, the Italo-Greek Basilians, the Olivetans, the Mechtarists of Venice, the Minims, the *Mercedari*, the Jeronymites, the Oratorians of Paris, the Religious of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Lyons Society of Mary have one each.

——The Rosary in Battle.—The wife of an eminent French officer of rank, who in his capacity of commander of an advanced frontier post in Algiers was more than one hundred times exposed to a soldier's death on the battle-field, mentioned the following incidental circumstances in a private conversation: "I remember well that during the frequent insurrections in Africa, my husband was often compelled to meet at dead of night those fierce tribes who, goaded by fanaticism and love of liberty, kept up the spirit of armed rebellion. Oh, how terrible were these night attacks! I shall never forget them, for I could find neither sleep nor rest during those weary hours. At such times, after having recommended my little boy to God, I used to leave him in the care of our faithful Arab and a powerful dog, and betake myself to a neighboring hillock covered with the *debris* of an ancient Roman fortress, and there, seated in the midst of those fantastic ruins, I seized my only weapon, my rosary, thus taking actual part in the strife. The din of musketry, the tramp of horses, the frenzied cries of the wounded, followed by short moments of frightful silence, all this caused my heart to beat in terror and covered my forehead with the cold sweat of deadly agony. My rosary, the only witness of these impressions, was in those critical moments also my only support. And how fervently did I say my beads! Whilst the heavy guns were booming, I thought that our troops might have suffered a defeat, that my husband was perhaps among the slain—or, still worse, a prisoner in the hands of a merciless foe. 'Our Father who art in heaven.' . . . 'Hail Mary, full of grace.' . . . The sky seemed to be on fire, the din of the battle was deafening. . . . 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners.' You can imagine such prayers, a thousand times cut short by the violent beatings of a terrified heart, almost broken, and alternately a prey to all kinds of feelings, from the utmost dejection to unbounded confidence. At last, when the first dawn of approaching day shone in the heavens I would see our victorious battalion appear, afar off. I then speedily returned to my dwelling, and shortly afterwards my husband entered, broken down with fatigue, but elated by victory. He did not in the least doubt that I had shared nobly in the struggle, and that my 'Hail Marys' had contributed a considerable part towards the glorious result."

Personal.—"Subscriber," Rochester, N. Y. Your request has been complied with.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

"Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

Report for the Week Ending August 6th.

We have received the following petitions: Recovery of health for 59 persons and 8 families,—conversion to the Faith for 34 persons and 5 families,—change of life for 24 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 8 and that of a happy death for 10 persons,—special graces for 4 priests, 6 religious, and 4 clerical students,—temporal favors for 35 persons and 11 families,—spiritual favors for 33 persons and 10 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 2 congregations, 8 schools and 1 orphan asylum. Also 15 particular intentions, and 3 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Conversion to the Faith for some well meaning-Protestants of much influence,—resources and employment for several persons and families,—means of support for two widows who have young chil-

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dren,—news of a missing brother,—two persons in danger of death,—means to carry on a church building,—the conversion of a young man,—a boy addicted to swearing.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A grateful and pious lady writes: "Dear Father: Please thank our Blessed Lady for obtaining for three of my dear brothers the grace of a return to God and the performance of all the conditions of the Jubilee, after many, many years of negligence in attending to their religious duties. This blessing has brought great consolation to the hearts of my aged parents, whose lives have been devoted to the service of God." A daughter expresses her gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for the recovery of her mother after a long and weary illness. Hearty thanks are offered to our Lady for the safe return of a young lady who had disappeared from her home; her protection from spiritual and temporal danger is ascribed to the intercession of our Blessed Mother. Another correspondent writes: "For eight years I was afflicted with swelling in my limbs and other symptoms of disease, for which I spent almost a fortune without any benefit; at last I resolved not to rely on medicine any longer, but to have recourse to prayer and the miraculous water of Lourdes, which having obtained, I began to use on the affected parts, and after some time became as well as ever." "I received the water of Lourdes which you sent," says another person, "and I am very thankful; my health has improved since using it. I gave some to a little child threatened with spasms and it was instantly relieved."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: SISTER M. SAULA, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who breathed her last at Austin, Texas, on the 17th ult. MARY ANN, MARGARET, SUSAN, and LIZZIE DUNDAN, and ARTHUR KEENAN, of Charlestown, Mass., who were drowned in a storm on the 17th of July. All were exemplary Catholics; though the summons was unexpected, it did not find them unprepared. FELIX and LOUIS FELIX VALLÉ, of Saint Genevieve, Mo. MICHAEL DOYLE, Mrs. WAGGAMAN and Mrs. MCANULTY, deceased some time ago. And several whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Kate Cavanagh, $1; Annie Carroll, $1; Ann Herman, $2; M. McLaughlin, 50 cts.; Mary Hall, 50 cts.; Ellen Snyder, 50 cts.; M. Hogan, 50 cts.; Rose McGuire, 50 cts.; M. Halpine, 50 cts.; Mrs. Canthine, 50 cts.; Ellen Kennedy, $1; Mrs. Mansfield, $1; Margaret Mansfield, $1; Alice Jones, $1; William Garrett, 50 cts.; P. McCarty, 50 cts.; Mrs. Callan, $1; E. Kelley, 50 cts.; J. Martin, $1; P. McIntire, $1; Lizzie Walsh, $1; Mrs. E. Murray, $2; Bernard McArdle, $1; Mrs. Morrison, $1; A Friend, $1; Three Friends, $3; Michael Duran, $10; James McGrath, $1; Mrs. Mary McGrath, $1; James McGrath, Jr., 50 cts.; Katie McGrath, 50 cts.; William Mahoney, $1; Maggie Mahoney, $1; John Mahoney, 50 cts.; Lawrence Mahoney, 50 cts.; John Touhey, $1; Mary Touhey, 50 cts.; Martin Stanards, 50 cts.; Kate Cunningham, 50 cts.; Edward P. Flynn, $1; Mary E. Flynn, $1; Elizabeth E. Flynn, 50 cts.; James A. Flynn, Jr., 50 cts.; Mr. Irving, $1; Sisters of Notre Dame, $2.50.

Children's Department.

Twice Brother and Sister.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A BUD AND ITS BLIGHT.

In the years 1814 and 1815, great events were passing in France. The banishment to Elba—the Hundred Days, the penal overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, were all comprised in those eventful years.

Far away from the seat of war and centre of political life, a certain father and mother, Peter Ferrer Maurell and his wife, were full of joy. In March, 1814, a son whom they named Vincent was born to them, and in November, 1815, a daughter, who was called Catharine. The latter was born at their country house at Espyra de la Gly, a few miles from Perpignan.

Who would dare to have predicted in those dark days for the Church in France, when so many of her religious houses had perished forever in the storm of the Revolution, and in the midst of this social joy, that the smiling home was one day to become a convent of La Trappe, and the brother and sister both to consecrate themselves to God in the most austere Order of the Church?

The children grew up together, having no other brothers or sisters, but living in close intimacy with several cousins, among whom we specially note one called Eliza Alday.

They were brought up by Christian parents, and possessed that precious gift, love of the poor,—a gift that is almost always, if not actually always, the prelude to great graces in after life. Vincent gained the surname of *Advocate of the Poor*. He and his sister had a little oratory, and one of their pleasures was to invite the peasant children to assist at *functions* and hear sermons from Vincent himself.

So fled away ten happy years, and then came the first severe trial—going to school. Vincent was sent to the Jesuit college at Aix, and Catharine to a convent of the Sacred Heart.

It was long before poor little Vincent could settle down at school. Love of his family was the strongest part of his nature; it was to be hereafter, as we shall see, the matter of that sacrifice to God heroic souls are so often called to make. "To be separated from those we love is to tear out one's life," this child wrote to his mother, little dreaming how true those words were to prove one day.

Time softened his first grief; he distinguished

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himself at college, and grew also in the fear and love of God.

He was specially noted for his devotion to our Blessed Lady, and when the pupils made pilgrimages to her shrines, Vincent Ferrer was always one of the leaders.

Writing to his sister, he says: "I cannot tell you with what joy I have learnt that you are about to make your First Communion. What a sweet day it will be for you! Yes, it may well be said it is the most beautiful day of our lives." I have had this happiness, and I almost long not to have made my First Commnnion that it might be yet to come. In our ordinary Communions we receive much consolation, but the first time we are overwhelmed with happiness."

Vincent was thoughtful beyond his years. Writing home one day, he says: "We hear a rumor that the Jesuits are to be driven from France; if it is true, what will become of us? In their colleges Jesus Christ reigns supreme. If we are obliged to go to the public schools, how shall we preserve ourselves from the spirit of the world?"

These fears were but too well founded. The Jesuits *were* driven out, and went across the Italian frontier. Thither many of their pupils followed them, but Monsieur Ferrer could not make up his mind to part with his only and idolized boy—the heir to his large fortune.

What would have been the fate of Vincent had his father allowed him to remain with the Jesuits we can never know. Whether the bright promise of his boyhood would have blossomed into perfection can be only speculation. Those who truly loved him had reason for many years to regret his removal.

He was sent to the *Lycée* at Toulouse; and there, exposed to fiery temptations and thrown amidst bad companions, he ceased to pray, to love, or to believe.

He came home for vacation a changed being: no more love for the poor or for innocent pursuits, but a reckless search after all sorts of worldly diversions. And thus he grew up to manhood, became an *avocat*, and at the age of twenty-two came back to live at his father's house and enjoy all the resources of a large fortune and good position.

During those twelve years of study, Vincent and Catharine had seldom met; but they were now reunited, for Catharine had finished her convent education and made her *début* in the world. Pretty, amiable and accomplished, she had a brilliant success. Happily, in her case faith did not suffer shipwreck; and when her cousin, Eliza Alday, came to stay with her, the two girls, a good deal afraid of criticism, crept out early one day to go to confession. Vincent found it out, and awaited their return. "Ha, ha, young ladies," he exclaimed, "you are making progress; *devotes* to begin with, and bye-and-bye bigots, no doubt. Courage! persevere with these mysterious lessons and we shall soon see you equal the pious old women of the village."

Nor did he let the subject drop here. He tormented them constantly, and all the more because a secret disquiet had taken possession of his soul. The thoughts of happier years had begun to return to him, and an inward struggle which chafed and fretted him was going on.

Again he saw Catharine and Eliza creeping out, and he determined to follow them.

They entered the Church of St. Jacques and went into the confessional. Vincent hid himself in a corner and waited till they left the church.

Instead of following them in order to tease as usual, some strange power kept him rooted to the spot, and a strong, overwhelming desire to speak to their confessor came into his mind. He went into the sacristy and sent for the Abbé G——. A long conversation ensued, and at last grace resumed its sway. Vincent fell at the feet of the priest he had come to mock, and was reconciled, with his God.

CHAPTER II.

OUR LADY OF AIGUEBELLE.

Vincent returned home a changed man. The service of God became his delight, and the desire to forsake the world and give himself entirely to our Lord soon filled his heart. His director carefully watched over him, and became convinced that his vocation was a real one. Of course he met with great opposition from his family. His parents refused their consent, and his sister, taking the part the brother had so lately played in her regard, began to ridicule him. Every effort was made to draw him back to the amusements of the world, but in vain.

The death of a young cousin deepened the desire of his soul to "barter earth for heaven." Perhaps when it came to the point his courage would have failed in parting from his mother. So God forestalled that pang, and after a short illness Madame Ferrer died, and thus one of his strongest ties was broken. But his father remained firm in his opposition; he went about to find friends who would change the young man's mind, and at last he seized eagerly on a piece of advice proposed by one of these friends, to send Vincent to distract himself in Paris.

Strange indeed are the affections of earth. Monsieur Ferrer was neither an infidel nor a bad Catholic, and yet he preferred to send his son into the vortex of one of the most vicious cities on earth rather than see him devote himself to the religious state.

"You are too young," said he, "to decide on your state in life. Travelling will form your mind and enlarge your ideas. I wish you to spend some months in Paris. I will give you plenty of money

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so that your stay may be as pleasant as possible."

Vincent was delighted. He saw in this the last trial required before his father gave his consent, and he set out November 18th, 1837. He travelled slowly, and sent long letters home describing all he saw.

At last he reached the gay, the beautiful, the seductive Paris—to live there as his own master, with plenty of money. Wonderful power of God's grace! he lived there unscathed. "People have a false idea of Paris," he wrote; "one can live a most regular life here if one chooses; it is easier to keep straight here, because no one observes what you do with yourself."

Temptation was not wanting; friends tried hard to get him to the theatres, but he steadfastly refused.

He spent his time in seeing all that is beautiful and remarkable in Paris. "They will take me for the Wandering Jew," he wrote home, "I trot about so much. There is not a corner that I have not explored, from the Arc de l'Etoile to the La Salpétrière, from the Observatoire to Père La Chaise."

At the end of six weeks he was weary of sight-seeing and wished to return home, but in order to see more of France he chose another route than that by which he had come.

Verily in his case he was to "return to his own country another way."

After having visited Dijon and Mâcon, he determined to spend some days at Lyons. While there, a great desire came over him to visit the Trappist Monastery of Aiguebelle.

The Cistercian Monastery of Our Lady of Aiguebelle was founded about the year 1132. Destroyed in 1790, it was restored in 1815, and was in this year, 1838, in a flourishing condition. And on a January morning Vincent knocked at its door.

The Brother who opened the door knelt before him, saying "*Benedicite*," then rising led him in silence to a parlor where he rang a bell three times, pointed out to the visitor a notice on the wall, and left him. Presently entered two religious, who prostrated themselves at his feet, their faces on the ground. They rose, and without a word led him to adore the Blessed Sacrament, then took him back to the parlor, where one of them read to him a chapter of the "Imitation." They then made him over to the care of the guest-master.

This individual is allowed to speak, and he gave Vincent a kind welcome, asked his name and nation, and his object in coming to Aiguebelle,—if it were to make a retreat, or only to visit the monastery. Vincent in reply showed his passport, and said he wished to stay some days. He was immediately shown to his room; the furniture was in the pattern of that prepared for the prophet Eliseus: a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick, and in addition a crucifix, a picture of our Lady, some pious books, and writing materials.

"Here is your lodging," said the guest-master; "and do you need anything? Dinner is at half-past eleven." Vincent said he wanted nothing before that hour. "Ask for whatever you want," continued the monk; "it will be a pleasure to me to serve you in any way."

Vincent read the rules for strangers, and found that even they did not eat meat at La Trappe unless they were ill.

Before long the Father Abbot came to see him. Vincent had imagined he should see a venerable old man, but he found himself in the presence of a young monk with most gracious manners. Under his direction Vincent made his retreat, and during those days of solitude he became perfectly convinced not only of his religious vocation but that it was to be a monk of La Trappe. He therefore intended to return home to his family, take leave of them, and return. The abbot thought that it was a dangerous step, but he did not express his opinion, and on February the 1st, the retreat being finished, Vincent took leave of the Father Abbot with the intention of starting on his road home early the next morning. Hearing, however, from the guest-master that the ceremonies for the following day—Feast of the Purification—would be very interesting, he determined to delay one day more. He was delighted with the ceremony of blessing the candles, and as much with the sight of the monks going to Holy Communion according to the usage of La Trappe. While the *Confiteor* is recited all the religious lie prostrate on the steps of the sanctuary, then each one in turn advances to the feet of the priest and again prostrates in adoration before receiving the Lord of Angels.

In the evening Vincent went into a tribune which overlooked the choir, to assist at the Complin of the Office of our Lady. By the faint light of the sanctuary-lamp he saw enter two shadowy files of monks, who ranged themselves on either side of the choir. These were the lay-Brothers, who came to join in singing the *Salve Regina*. The figure of Mary above the altar was suddenly illuminated. As the cry went up to heaven, "Turn on us those merciful eyes of thine, O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary!" Vincent felt our Lady speaking to his inmost soul and saying, "I am the guardian of this place." In reply to this heavenly call, he said: "This is the house of the Lord; here will I dwell forever." And his resolution was taken, he would serve Our Lady of La Trappe henceforth and forever.

CHAPTER III.

UNDAUNTED.

Next day Vincent asked for the Father Abbot, told all that had passed in his soul during the preceding evening, and begged at once admission into the Order. He was received as a postulant,

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and was to spend some time in weighing and considering the duties before him.

Although not yet admitted to community exercises, he was allowed to visit the interior of the monastery and to see the kind of life the monks led. He found himself in a school of agriculture: there were horses, carts, trucks, a forge, and all kinds of agricultural instruments. He saw the lay-Brothers doctoring horses, leading out sheep to pasture, tilling the ground, gardening,—all were busy, like a hive of bees.

He saw the strict poverty, the simplicity, cleanliness and order of the whole place. He learnt from the abbot the form of government, and that the Community was divided between choir religious and lay-Brothers, the former obliged to recite the Divine Office, and the latter exempted from this on account of their extra manual labor; he found that there were also two other classes of Brothers, called *Les Frères Donnés*, and *les Frères Familiers*. These latter do not take any vows, but they form part of the Community and participate in its spiritual favors. They live by certain special rules. The abbot did not fail to put all the hardships of a Trappist's life before the young aspirant. He told him the fasting was perpetual, although with different degrees of severity. From Easter to the Feast of the Holy Cross, September 14th, the first meal is at half-past eleven, and there is a slight collation in the evening. From September 14th until Lent the first meal is at half-past two, and there is no collation; and in Lent there is but one meal, at a quarter past four. Meat, fish, eggs and butter are forbidden except for the sick. Milk may be used except in Lent, Advent, on fasts of the Church, and all Fridays except those of Paschal-tide; neither is fruit allowed on those days.

The bedding consists of one mattrass of prickly straw laid on wood, a hard straw pillow, and some blankets. Here the Trappist lies down in his habit at seven p. m., to rise at midnight, one, or two o'clock, according to the feasts of the year. The choir Brothers say the Divine Office and that of our Lady, and, except on great feasts, the Office of the Dead also.

All share in manual labor. The habit consists of a serge tunic or shirt, a white habit, and black scapular for working hours, and in choir a large white habit, with immense sleeves, which covers all. There is no recreation in common; the silence is perpetual, except of course when there is actual necessity for speech, or when subjects have to speak to Superiors. As much as possible, the religious express themselves to each other by signs.

Vincent listened attentively to this list of austerities, and his heart sank within him. He was not robust, and had been leading for years a soft, easy life; but his courage revived, and he said: "I do not ask to enter here from natural inclination; but I am convinced that God calls me, and therefore I trust in Him to give me strength to bear all the trials I shall meet."

In after days he playfully reproached his Superior. "You told me that hard part," he said, "but nothing of the consolations that God sends us to make those hardships sweet."

CHAPTER IV.

FIERY TRIALS.

The Superior, satisfied with the character of Vincent, gave him the habit on the 11th of February. The ceremony in La Trappe is very striking. The postulant prostrates himself on a large cross, painted in black, on the pavement below the stall of the abbot. The Superior then says: "What do you ask?"

The postulant still prostrate, replies: "The mercy of God, and the indulgence of the Order."

The Superior then says: "Rise, in the name of the Lord."

Then the postulant standing, is thus addressed: "Dear Brother, you ask to enter our Order, and our Order replies by telling you to stretch yourself upon a cross, for in that prostration you behold the type of your life amongst us; to bear the cross, to embrace the cross, to be nailed to the cross—such is the life of a monk. Are you ready, dear Brother?"

"Yes, Rev. Father, with the help of God."

Then Vincent received the habit and his name in religion, Mary Ephrem, while the choir sang the *Benedictus*.

Vincent's first trial was the obstinate silence of his family. His letters received no reply—not a word of answer to his expressions of affection, not a word of interest in this great step in his life. He was left to conjecture whether he had indeed broken his father's heart, as he had been so often told he would, by entering religion.

Thus passed away a month, when one day Vincent, going with his fellow-novices and other religious to their work in the fields, saw his father, uncle, sister, and cousin Eliza watching him. Silently, with beating heart, he followed his brethren. Not possessing much land of their own, the Trappists were obliged to labor outside the enclosure. Catharine and Eliza followed the silent monks.

The abbot, who came out a few minutes later than the others, was naturally astonished to see two young ladies in deep contemplation of the monks. He inquired if they had come on business; they replied with some confusion that they wanted to see the Trappists at work. The abbot answered that it was impossible they could stay there, and at last the young girls told him they had come to see a brother.

"It is a pity you did not say so at first," replied the abbot; "there is no difficulty in your seeing him in the parlor."

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Brother Ephrem was called, and was soon in the midst of his relations. Then followed entreaties, reproaches, tears and sobs. His father wept on his neck, his uncle insisted on his returning home. The poor novice was nearly torn to pieces, and what touched him the most was the reproaches made to him upon his having entered La Trappe without first taking leave of his family, nor actually obtaining his father's consent. At last his father said:

"My son, I declare to you that I do not wish to interfere with God's designs on you, but there is nothing contrary to religion in taking wise precautions to know what those designs really are. Therefore I ask you to return home for two or three months. You shall be perfectly free to reflect on your future, and if at the end of that time you persist in your desire, you shall follow it; I will not oppose you."

Anxiety to please his father made Brother Ephrem lean to this proposition. He went straight to the abbot and told him what his father had said. The abbot was startled. He thought he saw a vocation about to be lost. He replied only, "My dear Brother——"

His novice understood him. "Father, you think I shall not return."

"It is a dangerous step," said the abbot.

"Fear not, Father," said the Brother. "God, who brought me here once, can bring me again, and Mary is my guardian. But I will not go without your leave; if you order me to stay, I will do so."

The abbot was struck; it seemed to him as if for some wise reason God was indeed bringing about this step, which would in most cases have been fatal for a novice. The leave was given, but Brother Ephrem insisted that his father should in presence of the abbot renew the promise he had made of letting him follow his vocation if he persisted in so desiring; and then with many tears he took leave of the abbey, the abbot promising to say Mass for him every Saturday till his return.

No sooner was Vincent (as we must now call him again) on his journey, when he regretted his step, and at one halting place he actually ran away, but was recaptured by his uncle.

However, at last the party reached Perpignan, and so afraid were they of losing their dearly-won treasure that they set a vigilant watch upon him, till at last he gave his word of honor not to escape.

And now every effort was made to overcome his resolution, to change his mind. But all was in vain; amusements were only a weariness, and the abuse of the Trappists, as slaves, fools, useless members of society, fell harmlessly on the ears of him who had lived in their company. In the mean time, the work that our Lady had sent him to do without his knowledge was proceeding. Eliza Alday had come with her cousin to Aiguebelle to do her part in inducing Vincent to leave. He had left, but by his means God's designs upon herself were becoming known.

It was her good example that had been the instrument for bringing Vincent back to his faith, and he now repaid this debt, by showing her the beauty of a religious state. Nor was she the only one whom he influenced, as we shall see later on.

At the end of six weeks Vincent implored his father to let him return to his vocation. Of him it might truly be said, "By the waters of Babylon he sat down and wept when he remembered the songs of Sion." His father yielded, but the moment of parting was terrible. "Do not abandon me," wailed his father, with tears and sobs. Vincent was convulsed with agony; nothing but the special help of God enabled him to overcome; but here again he was the conqueror. He left Perpignan for Aiguebelle, and after having renounced the riches, the pleasures, the seductions of the world, he now gave up father, sister, home, and according to his own childish words, "tore out his own life also."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

CARDINAL JOSEPH GASPAR MEZZOFANTI was borne in Bologna in 1774, and died in 1849. He was a famous linguist and author. He was famous for his sanctity and zeal, as well as for his learning. A man from the north of Europe came to him one day, who spoke a most difficult *patois*, which it was almost impossible to comprehend. As the Cardinal had never heard it before he was much interested in it, and desired the man to come every day, and always to speak in that dialect. This he did, explaining at the same time the meaning of the different words through the medium of his scanty store of Italian. At length, to the utter amazement of the Northman, Mezzofanti spoke to him in his own wild *patois*. "How could you, Monsignore, have learned the language, for no other man in Rome, except myself, knows one word of it?" inquired he. The Cardinal laughingly replied, "It is yourself that taught me."

There is belief among Italians that his wonderful power to acquire languages was a divine gift. While yet a young priest, he was summoned to confess two criminals who were to die the next day. Ascertaining their native land, he retired to his room, and in *one night* acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to hear their confessions. From that moment he had never the slightest difficulty in acquiring languages. It would seem as though his noble efforts to console two dying creatures were miraculously blessed by God.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 23, 1879. No. 34.

From the "American Catholic Quarterly Review."

English Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in the Olden Time.*

BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S. J.

It is very natural that American visitors to England should be especially interested in the grand old cathedrals, and still more, perhaps, in the numerous ruined or half-ruined abbeys and monasteries with which the whole country is studded. These remains of an ancient faith, or, rather, of ages when the everlasting faith which now flourishes in the New World as well as in the Old, reigned in all its majesty and beauty over the whole face of England, have a pecular charm for the faithful children of the Church whose home lies in the newly discovered continent which the Christian nations of Europe have had the mission of colonizing. Brightly as the light of the Catholic Church may burn in America, and glorious as may be the future which is reserved for her in the New World, she cannot, by the necessity of the case, possess any monuments such as those of which we speak. The Catholics of the United States and Canada will, as we trust, cover the land of their birth or of their adoption with glorious churches and religious houses, and no Englishman of their creed will wish them anything less than that they may even surpass their ancestors in the Old World in their devotion and piety. Providence has placed them in possession of a country such as never before fell to the lot of a young people to receive from His All-bountiful hands. Its natural resources are inexhaustible, and its political circumstances and position among the nations of the globe insure it a peaceful future, very unlike indeed to the early struggles of that Christian Europe of which its people are the children. The development of Catholicity in the northern half of America is the most significant and consoling feature in the annals of the Church in the century in which we live. We can see no reason for doubting the future prosperity and magnificence of the Church in those countries,—and prosperous and magnificent it is,—and it will most certainly stamp the marks of its power and resources upon the face of the land in which it dwells, as the mediæval Church has stamped itself upon Europe. Everywhere we shall see fine churches dedicated to the worship of God; everywhere we shall see the minster rise in the midst of the town. The great abbeys and monasteries of European Christendom will not be wanting, while by their side will be seen those more modern creations of religious zeal which have been called into existence by the special wants of our time,—the convents of Friars, and Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, the hospitals and schools and colleges in which the needs of the sick and aged, and the poor, and the children calling for Christian instruction and training, will be met. But all this development will be new. It will take generations to give to its monuments the air of indescribable solemnity and majesty which hangs over the works of ages long gone by, and we trust that it may be long indeed before the hand of the spoiler and destroyer is let loose on them to endow them with the plaintive and mournful beauty which hangs over such places as Fountain Abbey, or Tintern, or Glastonbury. It is well that ruins, at all events, should be to be seen only in Europe, even though America may lose something in not having to show to her Catholic children the witness to the ancient faith which such ruins embody.

Foremost among the items of that witness, as borne by all that remains to us, in so many different ways, of the England of the Ages of Faith, is the truth that nowhere was there a more deeply rooted and more widespread devotion and love towards the Blessed Mother of God. It must be a matter of certainty that what remains to us of evidence, as to this fact, cannot be but the

* *Pietas Mariana Britannica.* A History of English Devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin Marye, Mother of God. With a Catalogue of Shrines, Sanctuaries, Offerings, Bequests, and other Memorials of the Piety of our Forefathers. By Edmund Waterton, F. S. A., Knight of the Order of Christ, of Rome. (Published by Subscription. Quarto. Pp. XVI, 266, 320.) London, St. Joseph's Catholic Library, 48 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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hundreth part of the evidence which might have been gathered in the Ages of Faith themselves; yet it would take a lifetime to collect such proofs as survive to us, and the collector would always find the evidence accumulating upon him. To our mind there is something far more precious about this testimony of the faith of our ancestors than anything that can be measured by feeling alone. The connection between piety and the practical and vivid realization of the doctrine on which piety is fed, is indisputable. The reason why the devotion to Our Blessed Lady wrote itself in so many beautiful ways on the daily life of our ancestors was, not that they were men and women of more tender feelings than ourselves, but that they lived in an atmosphere of faith, without any contact of heresy, and probably with much less of wordliness in it, and thus were able to penetrate their whole existence with the great truths which we believe as they believed, but which have less influence on our lives and our habitual thoughts. We have much to learn, indeed from the numerous manners in which the devotion of the English of old times vented itself. It is on this account, as well as on account of the intrinsic beauty of its contents, that we value the handsome volume in which Mr. Waterton has given us the fruits of researches for many years as to the point of which we speak. It is something, no doubt, to prove that England was the dowry of Mary, and that her children showed in every possible way and on every possible occasion their devotion to their liege Lady. But it is something more, that we can learn so much from the forms which their devotion took, and that, perhaps, in this way, many holy and most salutary practices may be revived, which may help future generations to the better expression of a love and confidence, which in the hearts of true Christians can be second only (if such comparisons are to be made between two things which are in truth identical) to the love and confidence with which they turn to our Most Blessed Lord Himself.

The child of an old English family, and of an unbroken line of Catholic ancestry, Mr. Waterton tells us that he was imbued from his earliest years with a most tender devotion to our Blessed Lady. He has spent much time and labor in gradually collecting from monuments of antiquity of every kind, the traces which occur of that widespread devotion to our Lady of which we speak. The result of his researches first appeared in a series of papers which were printed in successive numbers of *The Month and Catholic Review*, containing a list, alphabetically arranged, of parishes, churches and towns in England, concerning which there was evidence remaining either in the shape of monuments or documentary records, of the devotion of our forefathers to our Blessed Lady. This list now appears as the second part of a large and handsome volume, which has been printed and issued by the managers of the *Review* already mentioned. A first part is prefixed, in which the author goes through the whole subject of the various ways in which the devotion of which we speak manifested itself. This part of the work, therefore, is altogether new, and it embodies an immense amount of carefully sifted information. The list of places in England (including a few in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales) as to which some notes are included in the alphabetical list, is not far short of three hundred. We shall endeavor to cull a few flowers from this part of the volume as we go on, but our chief business will be with the preliminary matter, which occupies about the same amount of space as the other.

This first part of the volume, which we owe to Mr. Waterton's industrious and unwearied devotion, contains altogether three parts, each of which is divided into several sections or chapters. The first part gives an account, as we may say, of the personal devotion to our Blessed Lady on the part of various classes of men at every age of life. The author first, however, lingers over the old title of the "Dower of Mary," which seems to have been officially used from the reign of Richard II, and which is spoken of as a matter of "common parlance" in a document of the last year of the reign of that unfortunate monarch. This document is a mandate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which Englishmen are spoken of as the liegemen of our Lady's especial dower—*Peculiaris Dotis Adscriptitii.* The same title is formally used by later writers. Then follows a chapter on the name of our Blessed Lady, in which the author points out the reverence which in early ages prevented parents from calling their children by the sweetest of female names. This was wonderfully kept up in Ireland, the beautiful language of the Irish race enabling them to make a compound word of the two which signified "Servant of Mary,"—*Maelmuire*,—a name which was borne by kings and other men as well as by women. The chapter which follows is very interesting as containing some short notices of the manner in which children of old were taught to venerate and pray to our Blessed Lady. We all remember the beautiful story in Chaucer of the child who was murdered by the Jews for singing, as he went through the streets in which they lived, on his way to his school, the *Regina Cœli*. The choristers at Eton, the royal and glorious foundation of Henry VI, were to recite the hours of our Lady every day, after the matins and prime of the feast of the day. The scholars, as soon as they had risen, and whilst making their beds, were to recite the matins of our Lady, which they were to finish before going to school, and, in the

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evening, on leaving school, they were to sing an antiphon of our Lady, with *Ave Maria* and a collect. Before going to supper they said the Vespers of our Lady, according to Sarum use; after Vespers, or at another time, as the Provost might appoint, on every day excepting Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, the choristers and scholars, in surplices, were to say a *Pater Noster* before the crucifix on their knees, and then rising, to sing the *Salve* before the image of our Lady. At the end of the day, all the choristers and scholars before going to bed, were, at the first peal of the curfew bell, to kneel down by their beds, and in their own rooms, and to say alternately the entire hymn, *Salvator Mundi Domine*, and the psalm *Nunc dimittis*, the antiphon *Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes*, with the *Kyrie eleison*, *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, and Creed. And they all were to recite in a loud and intelligible voice the antiphon *Stella cœli extirpavit*, with the usual versicle and prayer. There were similar rules for the scholars of Winchester.

It is needless to add that the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were full of observances in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Waterton tells us a pleasing story of the manner in which the great Alexander of Hales was led to enter the Franciscan Order out of devotion to our Lady. It appears that he had made a vow never to refuse anything that was asked him in the name of the Blessed Mother of God. This vow was a secret; but somehow it became known to a certain devout matron, who was very fond both of the Carmelites and Dominicans, and she, with true feminine reticence, communicated it privately to her favorite Friars. She recommended the Carmelites to ask Alexander, then at the height of his fame as a Doctor, to enter their Order for the love of Mary.

"The White Friars are surprised at the thing, considering the man and the elevated station he was in; but relying on the devotion and integrity of the matron, they go to the Doctor, who received them with all the marks of civility imaginable, and they discoursed with him on many heads for a good while, and then returned home, not once, God having so otherwise appointed, so much as remembering the business they came thither for; which the good lady took for an affront, thinking that the omission was an effect of either slight or a misbelief of what she had suggested to them. So she let the Dominicans into the secret, who soon went privately to the Doctor, and first discoursing with him about indifferent matter that they might at last usher in their address in a more courtly manner, when behold in comes a Friar Minor, with his wallet on his shoulder, having been begging about the town for his brethren, and being now come hither also to beg a little bread, and having fixed his eyes upon the Doctor, as he sat talking to the Dominican, he simply addressed himself to him in these plain terms: 'Reverend Doctor, you are a very great scholar, and the fame of your virtue is spread far and near. You see the poor Order of the Friars Minor has as yet but few learned men in it, and no Doctors. If you were in it many persons would improve by your means, and therefore, I beseech you, for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, that you will take upon you the habit of our Order, for the good of your soul and for the honor of our institute.' The Dominicans were amazed to see themselves thus prevented, and the Doctor himself at first seemed to be in a consternation, but at last recovering himself, and being inwardly touched with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and taking the words of the simple Brother to be a call from God, he made this reply: 'Go your way, Brother, for I will follow you presently and comply with your request.'"

The sections under which Mr. Waterton classes his liegemen of our Lady are headed by kings, knights and orders of knighthood, shipmen, sergeants at law, authors and printers, and innholders. It must be obvious that this list might have been very largely extended, for we can imagine no reason why the followers of other callings should not have been at least as least as devout to our Lady as printers and inn-holders. We hardly know what Mr. Tennyson would say to the statement of the well-known Juliana Berners, in her treatise of heraldry, that King Arthur laid aside his shield of dragons and crowns, "and took to his arms a cross of silver in a field of verte, and on the right side an image of our Blessed Lady, her Son in her arms." We may also wonder what the Protestant, not to say unbelieving, knights, who form so large a portion of the members of the most noble Order of the Garter, would think if they were reminded by their sovereign that our Lady is their chief patroness, and if they were to be called on to practice the injunctions of one of the English kings,—Edward IV,—"who thought it necessary that some additional ceremonies within the Order should be observed by himself and the knights and companions to her peculiar honor, and therefore ordained that on her five solemnities the knights companions should annually, as it was wont and accustomed on the yearly feast of Saint George, wear the peculiar habit of the Order as long as Divine service was celebrating, unless they had sufficient cause of excuse, bearing on the right shoulder a golden image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and further that they should go in the same habit and manner upon all the Sundays in the year, and lastly, that on the same days they, forever, should say five *Pater Nosters* and five *Ave Marias*." But so it was, undoubtedly. All Englishmen, from the king on the throne down to the lowest peasant, laymen as well as priests; knights and warriors, as well as monks and friars, were penetrated with devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and on no part of their lives, social, political, or military, was the deep impression of this devotion wanting.

The next part of the subject before us naturally passes from persons to things, and we find very interesting details about the various forms in which the devotion of our English ancestors to Mary manifested itself. Churches, organs, bells, wax images, Lady chapels, Loretto chapels, Lady altars, inscriptions, candles, relics, guilds, the sodality, pilgrimages, processions, alms, fasting, the Mary Mass, the Little Office, the *Angelus*, the beads, the litanies, and other devotions; the con-

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secration to our Lady of cities, corporations, lands, wells, flowers, furniture; the details of common life, death, and burial—all these heads furnish the industrious writer before us with occasion for producing evidence of the devotion of our forefathers to the Mother of God. The last part of this half of his volume is devoted to a careful account of the English iconography of our Blessed Lady. The English statues and pictures of our Lady were remarkable for their beauty. We have here an account of the various manners in which she was represented in her Immaculate Conception, in her Annunciation, in her Childbirth, and in her Assumption; or as Our Lady of Pity,—the English name for what is called in Italy the Pietà—Our Lady of Grace, and Our Lady of Peace. There are also a number of sections about the way in which her statues were colored, robed, crowned, and the like.

The second half of the beautiful volume which we are trying to introduce to our readers is taken up with the long catalogue of shrines and devotions of which we have already spoken. This part is most interesting, as furnishing the practical illustration of the former, which again treats the whole subject in logical order. The illustrations furnished by the second part relate chiefly, as is natural, to the portion of the evidence of English devotion to our Lady which is to be gathered from an inspection of existing churches and documents relating to them. We must cull here and there some details which may be of interest to our readers. Loretto chapels may be a puzzle to some.

"For the ghostly comfort of those who wished to go on pilgrimages to Our Lady of Loretto, and were prevented by circumstances, the pious custom arose of erecting in various places chapels which were exact representations of the Holy House, and in which a statue of Our Lady of Loretto was placed in a niche behind the altar. Cuppenberg says the earliest Loretto chapel was erected at Lille by John Lufford, who was attached to the court of Charles V."

There was one of these Loretto chapels at Glastonbury, and another in Scotland, at Musselburg. Here is a story of a Lady chapel at Wroxhall, which is very like the story told in the Roman Breviary about the foundation of the most famous church of our Lady in Rome itself, the Church of Saint Mary Major, or Our Lady *ad Nives*.

"Dame Alice Croft, sometime nun and lady of this place, poor of earthly goods, but rich of virtues, desired heartily of God and our Lady that she in her days might see here a chapel of our Lady. To that intent she prayed ofttime, and on a night there came a voice to her and bade her, in the name of God and our Lady, begin and perform a chapel of our Lady. She remembered her thereof and thought it but a dream, and took no heed thereof; but not long. Another night, following, came the same voice to her again, and gave her the same charge more sharply. Still delaying to execute the work, she is visited by our Lady, who reprimands her for her neglect, on which she, going to the Prioress and stating that she had only the sum of fifteen pence to commence with, is encouraged to undertake the work, in the trust that our Lady would increase her store. Then this Dame Alice Croft gave her to prayers, and besought our Lady to give her knowledge where she should build it and how much she should make it. Then she had by revelation to make it on the north side of the church, and she should find marked the quantity. This was in harvest, between the two Feasts of our Lady, and on the morrow early she went unto the place assigned her, and there she found a certain ground covered with snow, and all the churchyard else without snow. She, glad of this, had masons ready, and marked out the ground, and built the chapel and performed it up. And every Saturday, while it was in building, she would say her prayers in the alleys of the churchyard, and in the plain path she should and did weekly find silver sufficient to pay her workmen and that behoveful to her work, and no more."

Here is another anecdote, in illustation of the pious custom of burning votive candles.

"This pious custom was most common in England. In the year 1225 William, Earl Salisbury, otherwise known as Long Sword, was nearly lost at sea in a violent storm on his return to England. When they were in the utmost despair suddenly a large wax taper, burning with a brilliant light, was seen at the masthead by all who were thus in danger on board the ship. By the side of the candle they beheld a lady of wondrous beauty standing, who protected the light of the candle, which brilliantly illuminated the darkness of the night from the violence of the squall and the heavy downpour of rain; whereupon from this vision of heavenly brightness the Earl, as well as all the crew, feeling assured of their safety, acknowledged that Divine assistance was with them, and whilst every one on board was ignorant of the portent of this vision, Earl William alone attributed the favor of this kindness to the Blessed Virgin Mary, because from the day when he was first girt with the belt of knighthood he had assigned one wax taper before the altar of the Most Blessed Mother of God, which should burn during the Mass, which was sung every day in honor of the said Mother of God, and during the Canonical Hours, and thus exchange the temporal for the light eternal."

Mr. Waterton adds that the Earl died the year after his return to England, not without suspicion of poison.

"Feeling his end drawing near he retired to his castle at Salisbury and sent for the Bishop, from whom he received the last Sacraments of the Church, and died an edifying death. It happened, continues Wendover, that whilst his body was being carried from his castle to the new church, about a mile distant, for burial, the lighted candles, which were borne, according to custom, with the Cross and Thurible, gave, amidst the heavy rain and gusts of wind, a continued light through the journey, so as to make it clearly evident that the Earl, who had been so penitent, already belonged to the sons of light."

The Mass mentioned in the preceding extract must have been what was commonly called the Mary Mass; that is, a Mass said in honor of our Lady, always the same, day after day, at her altar. This was, as it seems, the votive Mass of our Lady, which is now in the Roman missal, and is said to have been composed by the English Alcuin. A priest was maintained in many churches for the special purpose of saying this Mass, who was called the "Seynt Mary Priest." There is frequent mention of this custom in old wills, which contain bequests for his support. In fact, the custom was at one time almost universal. In 1136 mention is made of the Mary Mass at Gloucester, where it was celebrated, as usual, very early in the morning. Within less than a century later, it had become general in all the greater churches in England. Walsingham says that at St. Alban's the Mary Mass was sung

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with four candles, and a chalice of gold and beautiful vestments; it had been instituted by Abbot William de Trumpington, 1214–1535. At Evesham, twenty-four candles of wax and thirty-three lamps were to be lighted daily, and to burn during the Mary Mass. Early in the reign of Henry III St. Mary Mass at St. Paul's, London, is mentioned. There was also a daily Mass of our Lady in the Tower, and payments to the chaplain for its celebration are mentioned in the Liberate rolls. Both at St. Paul's, at Salisbury, and elsewhere, there were foundations for the Mary Mass. At Ely the customs of our Lady's altar received all the offerings there, and provided the missal, chalices, vestments, and candles required for the celebration throughout the year. At Magdalen College, Oxford, Wayneflete ordained that the second Mass every day should be that of our Lady after the custom for the Church of Sarum.

This, of course, is a custom which cannot be so easily revived in countries and times when the number of priests is comparatively small; but we cannot help wishing to see something of the kind once more introduced. In the Holy House of Loretto no Mass is ever said but that of our Blessed Lady, as at the shrine of St. Peter at Rome, the Mass, we think, of the Octave of the Feast of St. Peter and Paul is always said.

The mention of the Loretto chapels suggests the subject of pilgrimages in general, another form of devotion of which we fear there are but few opportunities, as yet, in America. But it must be remembered that any altar or statue of our Blessed Lady, in any church in the world, may be made the object of a devout visit, and that pilgrimages after all are but repeated visits by a large number of devout persons to such altars. The recent partial revival of the practice in France, since the German war, has been occasioned, no doubt, by the wonders wrought at Lourdes, La Salette, and other places. We call it a partial revival, because no one well acquainted with the Catholic countries of the continent of Europe can fail to be aware that the practice has never been extinct. "The pilgrimages of devotion," says Mr. Waterton, "may be divided into two classes: (1) greater ones, to sanctuaries across the sea, or in distant countries; (2) lesser ones, to some sanctuaries nearer home; and these were common to all classes." Then there were also vicarious pilgrimages, made by deputy to sanctuaries both at home and abroad; and these differ from spiritual pilgrimages, often made by religious communities which have inclosure. In the Council of Calne, A. D. 978, it was decreed that it should be lawful for the people to made pilgrimages to St. Mary of Abingdon. Henry the Second, on recovering from a severe illness, went on pilgrimage, as he had vowed, to Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, in 1170, or, according to Robert Dumont, in 1171. Henry the Third visited the sanctuary of Our Lady of Boulogne. Edward the Second went to Our Lady of Boulogne, where he was married. After his victory off Sluys, Edward the Third went on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Ardenburg. Many of the sanctuaries of our Lady to which pilgrimages were made were little out-of-the-way chapels. Leland records that "not far from Edon Water is a village called Burgham, and there is great pilgrimage to our Lady." To the little chapel of Our Lady of Caversham there "was great pilgrimage." At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pilgrim Street still recalls the piety of our ancestors. Near Liskeand, in a wood, there was a chapel of our Lady, "called Our Lady in the Park, where was wont to be great pilgrimage." At Norwich there was Our Lady at Oke, or of the Oak, so named because her image was placed in an oak tree, a practice which is still so common in Catholic countries. Near Southampton the Chapel of Our Lady of Grace was "haunted with pilgrims," whilst "the fane of Southwich stood by the Priory of the Black Canons there, and a pilgrimage to our Lady." It was by no means unusual to make a vow of pilgrimage for the recovery of a sick friend or relative. Thus, on September 28th, 1443, Mrs. Margaret Parton writes to John Parton, saying: "I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and St. Leonards for you." When Henry the Sixth was lying ill, the principal members of his court sought leave to make pilgrimages to sanctuaries in foreign countries for his recovery. One of these was John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, whose request the king graciously granted by writ, tested at Westminster on the 14th of August, 1457. Not long after this date the Duke was on pilgrimage at Walsingham, and in the year 1471 the Duke and Duchess together were on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham on foot.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Mystic Ladder.

Silence and rest! as on the first great Sabbath,
While thro' the slumbering air
The incense of the fields is wafted upward,
In solemn vesper prayer.

Now little white-robed children softly whisper
Good-night to heaven above,—
Pure as the scent of blossoms in the springtime
Their lisping words of love.

And broken hearts, like crushed and withered flowers,
Exhale a perfume sweet,—
Ah, Magdalen is kneeling with her ointments
Low at the Master's feet.

But when at last the weary world is sleeping,
From heaven's jasper walls
In golden showers, like a king's rich largess,
The radiant starlight falls!

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O vision of the patriarch in the desert!
One heart your lesson learns,—
Those angels still ascending and descending,
The poet's eye discerns!

E. J. M.

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

A misty October morning made a fire in the beautiful room of Ashley Lodge pleasant, but the dahlias were not yet gone, and the garden fresh from its bath of mist and dew refreshed the eye.

It was but a listless glance into it that Adelaide Stoneleigh cast when she entered the breakfast room. She moved away from the window and began to put the tea into the silver teapot, although the hissing urn had not yet arrived. Then she rearranged some of the cups and plates, and, glancing at the clock, exclaimed, impatiently: "How unpunctual everybody is!"

At this moment the door burst open and in raced a girl of about fifteen, with cheeks glowing, eyes dancing, and hair in wild disorder. It was evident, too, that her nankeen dress had come into violent collision with brambles, and the straw hat she swung in her hand was wet with mist.

Adelaide looked at her with disapproval. Her own attire was faultless, and her glossy hair shone in smooth plaits. Had it not been for a slight superciliousness about the lips, her face would have been perfect in its classical beauty.

"Well, Addie, here I am!" exclaimed her sister. "Such a famous run I have had! I've been to church—what do you say to that? I there, and you absent! The Vicar *did* look shocked, I can tell you."

"As the Vicar is aware I had a cold, I do not see how that is likely," returned Adelaide, in an icy tone. "Surely, Bee," she continued, "you are not coming to breakfast without making yourself tidy?"

"Oh, bother tidiness; I am so desperately hungry! and I have got a bit of news for you that I'll only tell you if you are good, and leave me in peace."

"You know I do not care for village gossip," said Adelaide, with dignity; "but it is useless to contend with you; no one would think you were a lady."

"I don't mind what they think," returned Bee, pitching her hat into a corner and settling herself into a chair. "Well, Addie, I'll keep my word; Edgar is here! Came down last night, and slept at the Red Lion."

"Impossible!" cried Adelaide, the color deepening in her cheeks and a light coming into her eyes which told that the news was not without interest.

"It's true, I tell you—why, holloa! here he is,—he and the postman together"; and starting from her seat she rushed to the French window and opened it, bringing into the room a whole shower of dew from the Virginia creeper on the wall outside, and admitting a young man of about twenty-one, well made and exceedingly good-looking, with a merry smile on his face.

"Taken you quite by surprise, your majesties, have I not? How are you, Queen Adelaide? and you, Queen Bee!"

"I knew, I knew you were here! I heard it! I've been to church! I was telling Addie," shouted, rather than exclaimed, Bee, dancing round him, while Adelaide extended her hand and gave a warm smile of welcome.

"So you have really come, after all! You must want breakfast, and I will ring for the urn. Papa and mamma can't be much longer."

"Well, you must know," said Viscount Osterly, "I was going to Thorpe Allen—it will be very full there; but when I received, yesterday, Aunt Dorothea's answer to my letter of excuse, I found it would not do; I should offend her mortally; so I packed up my traps to come. With my usual luck I lost the seven train, so I came by the mail and knocked up the folks at the Red Lion. You should have seen old Mother Bunster's face in her nightcap, when she popped it out of the window to send me away as a bad character. First, how she raved at me for disturbing her 'ouse, her repesktable 'ouse; then for pretenden of as I were 'is lordship, who knowed better than to come knocking up folks in the night; and *then* her excuses when she found it was really myself. Oh, it was rich!" and the young man laughed heartily, joined by both sisters.

At this moment entered the servant, first with the tea urn, then with a packet of letters and papers which he placed by his master's plate.

"Oh, the letters!" cried Bee, flying on them. "I *am* so anxious, Edgar! I want to know who won the cricket match, and George promised faithfully to write. Why, there's none from! him," she proceeded, counting out the letters; "none.! Here's one for you, Addie, from that stupid Emily Graves; three for mamma, five for papa; stay—another. What *can* this be?—look!" and she held up an extraordinary looking packet. It was written on letter-paper and folded in the fashion prevalent before envelopes were invented; it had a deep black edge, and was sealed with three enormous black seals; its contents were thick, and it bore several stamps. The address was in rough handwriting and bore the inscription,

To
ADRIAN STONELEIGH, ESQ.,
Ashley Lodge,
Barnham,
England.

"Why," continued Beatrice, "it must come from

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the ark, to announce the death of Noah's grandmother."

"I hope it is not bad news," remarked Addie.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Lord Osterly; "no friend or relation would write in that fashion. It can't be of much consequence. Put it under the others, Bee, and let your father eat his breakfast in peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Stoneleigh entered the breakfast room together. They were both fragile, refined and careworn looking. Mrs. Stoneleigh had evidently been a very beautiful woman, but time and ill health had allowed but faint traces of beauty to linger.

Both welcomed Edgar warmly, and Mrs. Stoneleigh said: "I am very glad you are not going to cross Aunt Dorothea. Ah, here is a note from her!" added she, taking up her letters.

"Oh, Edgar, I am sorry she took your refusal for final, and has gone to stay at Thorpe."

"Whew!" cried Edgar; "that *is* provoking, just after I threw over the Thorpes' invitation to please her."

"What does she do that is *not* provoking?" inquired Adelaide, calmly.

"Oh, Edgar," exclaimed Bee, who had been too busy with cold chicken and toast to speak for the last few minutes,—"oh, Edgar, you have got tales to hear of how she has been going on with the Vicar."

"Really!" answered Edgar, laughing. "Well, when I heard Benson had the living, I knew there would be tussles. It will be glorious fun to look on and——"

The sentence was not finished, and the fork tumbled from his fingers.

Mr. Stoneleigh had fallen back in his chair, apparently fainting, the black-edged letter open and grasped in his hand. There was a general rush to his assistance, but he waved them off, and, controlling himself with a great effort, rose. He leant on his wife's shoulder for a minute, made a sign she should gather up his letters, and, still leaning on her, left the room. But as they passed through the doorway one sentence fell from his lips, "Oh, Philip! my poor Philip!"

CHAPTER II.

The three left to themselves looked at each other in silent wonder.

"*Philip!* "said Bee, at length—"Uncle Philip? "I thought he was dead long ago."

"So he is, of course," answered Addie, half scornfully; "the letter was not from his ghost, but there may be some news of his last moments. Come back after all these years, though—it's very odd."

"He was drowned, wasn't he?" inquired Edgar, recovering himself and resuming breakfast; "ship lost, eh?"

"Yes," said Adelaide; "she went down, and all on board perished; not one survived. The 'Laura' she was called, and she foundered off the coast of Newfoundland; Uncle Philip was going to America. I suppose we shall hear what it is in time"; and she, too, poured out fresh tea.

Beatrice alone seemed unable to recover. Pushing away her plate, she wandered about the room, silent and sad, and at length she crept out to reconnoitre. She found both her parents were shut up in the library, and she heard sounds of weeping which made her cry in sympathy; but her reports stirred no emotion in the other room—neither Edgar nor Adelaide could disturb themselves about an unknown surmise. Breakfast was cleared away, and Adelaide sat down to her netting, and Edgar began to read the paper.

The door was opened by Bee, and Mrs. Stoneleigh, her eyes red with weeping, entered.

"Something very extraordinary has happened," she said. "Your Uncle Philip, whom we all believed to be dead many years, escaped shipwreck and reached America. He had disembarked at St. John's, and as the ship shortly after leaving that port went down with all on board, there were no means of our hearing the truth."

"Except from himself," remarked Edgar.

"Yes," replied his aunt; "but poor Philip had reasons of his own for breaking away from his family, and he was glad they should suppose him dead. He went to Canada, bought a farm with the money he had with him, settled down, and—married"; the last word was spoken with an effort.

"And, now, he is coming here?" cried Bee, with her eyes wide open.

Tears prevented an answer for a moment, then Mrs. Stoneleigh replied: "No; no—he is dead, *now;* we shall never see him. He died on his way home—he was buried at sea. Poor, poor Philip! he will never lie with his ancestors."

Bee began to cry in sympathy with her mother. Addie looked grave, and said to herself, "How tiresome! we shall have to go into mourning, and I can't wear my new dress."

Edgar pressed Mrs. Stoneleigh's hand affectionately. "Dear aunt, has he left a widow?"

"No," replied she; "his wife died a year ago; this broke up his household, and he felt his health was giving away. A longing to see his home and kindred once more came over him, and he wanted his daughter, his only child, to know her relations; so he sold his property in Canada and took his passage with his daughter, Olive, on board the 'England.' After they had been a few days at sea, he broke a blood vessel and expired in a few hours."

"Good heavens! how awful!" exclaimed Edgar, while Bee sobbed, and Addie put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"And Olive, where is she?" inquired Edgar.

"A lady on board the ship took charge of her," continued Mrs. Stoneleigh—"a Mrs. Arnold, and

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when they landed at Liverpool she took Olive with her to her mother's house in Wimpole St., London. The mother's name is Warburton. We will do our best for this poor, desolate child. What makes it more difficult is that she is a Catholic."

An exclamation burst from each of her auditors.

"Yes: her mother was a French Canadian, and the child was brought up in her faith. Your poor uncle wrote a few lines with his own hand to your father, charging him that Olive should have full liberty on that point; however, the charge was unnecessary, but—" She paused, apparently unwilling to finish her sentence.

The words were spoken for her. With one accord this sentence fell from the lips of her three steners: "*What will Aunt Dorothea say!*"

Mrs. Stoneleigh shook her head, sighed deeply, and left the room, and our readers will naturally ask and expect an answer to the query: *Who is Aunt Dorothea?*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sketch of the Life of Ven. Father Libermann.

FIRST SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY GHOST AND THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

It is an indisputable fact that outside the Catholic Church there are no saints. It is only within the true Fold that true sanctity or holiness of life exists; within this Fold are found men and women favored in an especial manner by God—who live or have lived in the flesh as if they were not of the flesh; and who, notwithstanding the many trials and sore afflictions with which many of them have been visited, have always kept on the straight course that ultimately leads to victory and the crowning with a blessed immortality. This remarkable and incontestable proof of the fruitfulness of the Church—that in every age, from the days of St. Peter to our own time, she has not been without her sainted sons and daughters, her martyrs by the thousand and tens of thousands, her confessors, her doctors, her holy virgins, her anchorites, her monks, and hermits—all renowned for the practice of the evangelical counsels, for self-denial, mortification, and all the virtues that render man eminently pleasing in the sight of his Creator.

The Church of Christ has from her earliest days been always productive of what is best, and will continue to be so until the consummation of ages. Differing from all the so-called churches, she has her marks whereby she may be known, her distinguishing characteristics, so that she may at once be recognized and acknowledged by anyone taking the pains necessary for such a discovery. Of her alone it may be said that she is *one;* of her alone it may be said that she is *holy;* and of her, and her alone, it may be said that she is *Catholic* and *Apostolic.*

The Church that lays claim to be a Divine Institution ought to be one in faith and doctrine, visible and perpetual. Now, to none of the many so-called churches do the marks just enumerated belong, consequently none of them can claim to be anything more than human inventions—inventions that can never of themselves be productive of any substantial good, for the reason that they have no sanction, and are opposed to the will of God. We all know their founders, what kind of men they were, and the motives they had in separating themselves from the true Fold and putting themselves at the head of the sect which now bears as a distinguishing mark the cognomen of the leader, or some other significant title.

Now, if we are justified in saying that outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation, is it not difficult to imagine that it would be possible for any saints to be without her pale? God has appointed a certain way in which all who wish to be saved must walk. As He Himself is one, as Truth is one, He wishes that all His children should be one in faith, in doctrine; that they conform themselves to the laws which He has established, and so live their lives as Christ lived His,—conforming Himself in all things to the will of His heavenly Father. It is, indeed, no small thing to do the will of God, to keep His Commandments, and thereby be pleasing in His sight; but it is at the same time quite easy, if we only take the proper means—means that are constantly within our reach. Nothing impossible is imposed upon us. We read that the "yoke of the Lord is sweet, and His burden light," hence we have no reason to complain of difficulty in fulfilling God's laws.

Man is so constituted that it is very easy for him to act as others act, especially those by whom he is surrounded. Example draws him, as it were; he cannot resist its influence, and hence all have a special obligation to fulfil in this respect. It should be the aim of all good Christians to give good example, and strive to the best of their power to lead such a life as to give a measure of example to their neighbor, to all those with whom they may associate.

When man gives his whole life to the service of God, does everything for His greater honor and glory, it is then that God lavishes His graces upon him. Hence it is always good, interesting, and wholesome to read the lives of those faithful servants of God—those whose every act was of a meritorious nature, whose every aspiration was made for God's greater honor, the good of society, and the salvation of their own souls and the edification of their neigh-

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bor. If example draws in other things, why not in religion? if we are prone to copy the example of men in the ordinary affairs of life, why not in those affairs that pertain to the soul and to our own eternal felicity? It is difficult to read the life of a saint, of a holy servant of God, without being edified and struck in some manner by the beauty of virtue, its excellence, and its heavenly nature. We cannot, in fact, be blind to what we read, no more than we can be deaf to everything we hear. If bad reading is capable of producing its own peculiar effect, good reading should surely be capable of producing a contrary effect. The one is just as reasonable as the other; so good reading must nourish the soul, it must impress upon the heart the goodness, the beauty, and the worth of honor and virtue, of leading a life in conformity with God's holy ordinances, and of thus making our mortal career a preparation for our admission into the company of the angels and saints. All the masters of spiritual life admit that nothing is more productive of good than the reading of the lives of the saints, as also of those holy souls upon whose acts the Church has not yet passed judgment but who nevertheless are acknowledged by all who had had occasion to know them, their motives, etc.,—to know the virtues they practised and the manner of life they led,—to be true followers of Christ, children after God's own Heart, and who consequently may at any time be raised by the voice of that Infallible Teacher, the head of Christ's Church on earth, to the honors of the altar and the public veneration of the faithful. In each and every one of these lives many things may be found of an instructive nature; many lessons of wisdom may be learned, and the beginning of a good and virtuous life, and its continuance, effected.

It should be a source of pleasure to us to find in our own day men of eminent sanctity. They have lived and still do live among us. Among those who recently passed from our midst was Father Libermann, who but a few years ago died in the odor of sanctity. Together with being a convert from Judaism, he was the founder of a religious Order that does great good for the Church, and wins yearly many souls to Christ. Father Libermann was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, and it is especially to her powerful intercession that he attributed the wonderful success of his Congregation and his own advancement in the way of religious perfection. All these things being considered, there cannot remain a doubt but that the present sketch, prepared from authentic documents and from the living testimony of those who had the happiness of being personally acquainted with him, will prove interesting to the readers of the AVE MARIA.

Francis Mary Paul Libermann was the second son of Lazarus Libermann, a Jewish rabbi, and was born April 12th, 1804, in the small town of Saverne in Alsace, on the confines of Lorraine. Being destined by his father to fill an important place in the synagogue, his education was most carefully attended to, so that before the completion of his twentieth year he was regarded as holding the front rank among the young Jewish theologians of Alsace.

Scarcely had young Libermann completed his twentieth year than he was sent to Metz in order to become more proficient in the rabbinical lore of the Talmud. It was here, however, that the grace of God worked in his soul; his mind became filled with serious doubts; he sought advice from his brother, who had already embraced the true faith, and having recourse to prayer to expel the darkness that clouded his soul, he went to Paris, where he thought he could better clear the doubts that so tenaciously beset his conscience. In Paris he had the good fortune to meet the Chevalier Drach, a man no less renowned for his staunch adherence to the Catholic Church, to which he had become a convert, than for his labors in the field of Oriental literature. By his advice young Libermann went to St. Stanislaus' College, where for two years he wavered between Deism, Judaism and the Christian religion. His prayers for light were answered at last, and on Christmas eve, 1826, he was received into the Catholic Church. The fervent young convert, desiring to make a complete sacrifice of himself, now resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and for this purpose entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where for his amiability, sweet disposition, charity, piety and regularity, he was soon looked upon as the very model of a seminarian. In 1827 he received the clerical tonsure from the hands of Mgr. de Quélen, and on the following 20th of June (1828) was admitted to minor orders. It was at this time that a severe trial awaited our saintly young convert. God wished to try the gold of his virtues by a most severe and humiliating malady. Epilepsy, in its most hideous form, seized him as its prey, and debarred him from receiving Holy Orders. Though friendless and poor, the young acolyte did not despair; he left everything to God, whom he said knew how to take care of him. It was decided to sent him to the Seminary of Issy, where employment of the humblest nature was given him. But notwithstanding this, his soul continually communed with God, and day after day he made greater progress in the science of the saints. He spoke with such precision, clearness and sweetness on the most abstruse mysteries of our Holy Faith as to cause surprise and admiration in all who had the happiness to listening to his conversation.

By his edifying and saintly life, young Libermann soon attracted general attention, and gathered around him not only seminarians but also

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priests, to listen to his words of advice and profit by his example. In 1837 he was chosen spiritual director of the novitiate of the Eudist Fathers at Rennes, a position he filled with distinction for more than two years. Here he met two seminarians who had formerly been his fellow-students, one from the Isle of Bourbon, the other from the ancient colony of St. Domingo. These pious young men had for a long time entertained the generous resolution of dedicating themselves to the conversion of the negroes, and had actually consecrated themselves to this end in the Church of Our Lady of Victories. They revealed their intentions to the pious master of novices, who seconded their designs and encouraged them as much as he could, but at this time manifested no desire of joining them. He soon, however, experienced this desire, and becoming aware of a Divine call to such a mission he generously sacrificed his love of solitude and retirement, and in company with Father La Brunière repaired to Rome in order to obtain from the Holy Father the necessary permission for organizing the new Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The trials and hardships which the poor sick pilgrim had to endure in performing this journey can be better imagined than described. Difficulties of every kind seemed to heap up before him; he could not keep clear even of reproaches and calumnies; but he bore all with the admirable patience of a saint, feeling confident that he was accomplishing the will of God, and that in the end all would be well. For a whole year he lived at Rome in the most abject poverty. He lodged in a miserable garret, lived on the bread of charity, and labored with untiring zeal in drawing up the rule of the Congregation that with God's grace he was about to establish. Meanwhile the most favorable testimonies relative to the learning, piety, etc., of the distressed pilgrim were received at Rome; and Mr. Libermann having gone to Loretto and obtained through the intercession of our Immaculate Mother a perfect cure of his malady, it was resolved at the Propaganda to assist him in carrying out his designs and grant him the necessary permission to receive ordination. To this end, Cardinal Fransoni wrote him a letter, on receiving which he set out for Strasburg, where Bishop Roess conferred upon him the first two holy orders.

While at Strasburg the venerable Bishop bestowed upon the zealous cleric every mark of attention, and assisted him in gaining several young men for his Congregation from among the students of the seminary. Shortly after his elevation to the order of deacon he was raised to the priesthood by Bishop Miolland, of Amiens. This latter Prelate did what he could for the promotion of the new Congregation, and placed at Father Libermann's disposal a house at Neuville, which was immediately converted into a novitiate, under the patronage of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The new priest now entered with heart and soul into the work before him. He first thanked God, who had been so lavish in His favors, by the celebration of a Mass of thanksgiving. We may indeed imagine the joy of the faithful servant of God when saying his first Mass—that most solemn act of religion for which he had so ardently longed, and which filled his mind with delight for many years.

The novitiate at Neuville was opened on the 27th of September, 1841, and from this date the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was considered established. Many trials, however, still presented themselves, and in the beginning the work progressed—as all the works of God progress—but slowly. The apostolic laborers had in fact to contend against poverty and obstacles of the most trying nature. Yet the work went on, although after two years' existence the Congregation of Mary Immaculate could show but twelve members. God, however, does everything in His own good time, and in the following year the number was doubled. It was now time to think of the souls that were to be converted in foreign lands; accordingly, missionaries were sent to the Island of St. Maurice, to St. Domingo, to Bourbon, and to the coast of Guinea. All these missionaries left the paternal care of Father Libermann to meet with strange and new hardships, and finally death, in a foreign land.

Father Libermann, although saddened in spirit by the news brought him relative to the fate of his dear children and missionaries, did not, however, give way to despondency, but, with confidence in God and with perfect resignation to His will, made application to Rome for the establishment of a Vicariate Apostolic on the western coast of Africa, to be confided to the care of his Congregation. This establishment was granted; and in 1848, by God's providential designs, the zealous founder had the consolation of seeing his Congregation united to an older and stronger religious body, which furnished more than two-thirds of the missionaries for the conversion of the poor negroes. We have reference to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, founded in 1703 for a similar purpose as that of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, by Father Paulard Desplaces, a priest of eminent virtue. By the unanimous consent of the members of both institutes, Father Libermann became first Superior-General of the united Congregations, an office which he filled with great acceptance.

Besides the missionary work which he accomplished in Western Africa with the aid of his disciples, the Church is indebted to him for the formation of the three dioceses of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Bourbon. But besides the work abroad, there was a good work at home which re-

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ceived not a little of his attention,—this was the well-known Seminary of the Holy Ghost, which had seen many celebrities within its walls. Rank, erudition, and piety were well represented therein. There was there the blind Bishop de Segur, whose devotional works seem to indicate that by a special design of God he was deprived of corporal vision in order to bring the light of grace and contemplation to thousands who are spiritually blind. Another of these lights was Cardinal Goussat, that learned theologian and profound thinker whose gifted mind shed its light upon and brightened many a soul in its search for the laws of God and truths of the natural and supernatural order. Nor can we forget to mention Dom Gueranger, the learned Benedictine, of great intellect and facile pen. Again, there were Cardinal Pitra, and Father Rohrbacher, who has displayed his genius, his zeal, and erudition in his wonderful "History of the Church"; and last, but not least, the venerable and beloved Father Gauthier, whose spiritualizing influence was felt by this grand galaxy of learned men; indeed he was the bond of union between them. The above are some of the men who went forth from the Seminary of the Holy Ghost to earn an undying name for themselves and to enlighten the world by their knowledge and profound science. It was no wonder, then, if the new Superior-General devoted some of his time to the furtherance of such an institution. But yet this did not debar him from making the religious regeneration of Africa and the Colonies the object of special attention; hence Mgr. Freppel, the eloquent Bishop of Angers, could well say that Libermann applied to himself the words of God to Ezechiel: "Son of man, set thy face against the Ethiopians and Lybians. Prepare and make thyself ready, and all thy multitude that is assembled about them; and be thou commander over them" (Ezech., xxxviii, 2–7). His daily prayers and his most ardent desire were to see the sons of Cham brought to the arms of our Holy Mother the Church. "My heart," he wrote, "is with the children of Africa." And so it was; what his Society has done for the poor abandoned negroes will appear only on the great day of retribution.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Memory of Pere Marquette.

The second annual meeting of the Marquette Monument Association was held at Mackinaw, Mich., on the 8th inst., according to announcement. The absence of many of those appointed to take part in the programme threatened, at first, a failure, but happily substitutes were found for the absentees among those present, and the plan of exercises was carried out to every one's satisfaction. Though the attendance was not as large as was expected, several hundred persons were present, among whom were many distinguished individuals. After listening to some patriotic music furnished by the band of the Tenth Infantry, the meeting was called to order by Dr. J. R. Bailey, and Dr. S. Armor of Detroit was nominated president. Letters of regret were read from many gentlemen of note all over the country, including Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, Judge Dunne, the Governors of several States, Oliver Wendell Holmes, U. S. Senators Davis and Ferry, Hon. S. J. Randall, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. Duffield of Detroit, John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., and Mr. Francis Parkman, who wrote: "No explorer on this continent deserves a monument more than Father Marquette, whether for the importance of his discoveries or for the traits of his disinterested and truly estimable character. I hope the object of the Association will be successfully accomplished." Speeches were then made by Prof. C. A. Kemp of Detroit, Very Rev. Father Jacker, "the successor of Père Marquette, as he is honorably designated," and the Rev. Mr. E. P. Goodwin of Chicago. That of the latter gentleman delighted the audience. The exercises closed with the reading of a beautiful poem by Rev. Father Cronin, the gifted editor of the *Catholic Union* of Buffalo. It lost nothing in the reading, and was listened to with the greatest interest. Next morning a number of the participants visited Marquette's grave in company with Father Jacker, whose learning and singular modesty excited admiration. We hope to have the pleasure of publishing a correct version of Father Cronin's poem next week.

The Vatican Library Series of Cheap Catholic Books.

We are sorry to learn that this praiseworthy enterprise has not met with all the support its projectors had a right to expect from the Catholic public. The indifference shown by so many Catholics to what they ought to have the liveliest interest in, is, to say the least of it, regrettable. How one can truly love his religion and not take to heart whatever is calculated to promote its interests is simply inexplicable. Every one knows that on account of the lax laws in vogue against prurient literature the country is flooded with immoral and irreligious books and papers, tons-weight of which are sold every week. Everyone is aware, too, that the rising generation of Catholics is as much given to reading as any other class in the community, and if young Catholics are not provided with reading that is entertaining as well as wholesome, they are going to have what is deleterious, for read they will. It was precisely with

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a view to supply this want, and to supply it fully, that Messrs. Hickey & Co. started the "Vatican Library Series of Cheap Catholic Books." Heretofore Catholics had reason to complain of the high price of Catholic reading, but there is no longer any such excuse. The Vatican Library has effected a reformation in this regard. Now that we have a cheap Catholic literature it is the duty of the Catholic body to patronize it. Although the books published are cheap, they are of a standard character. "Fabiola," for instance, one of the finest stories in the English language, and hitherto sold for $2, can be had from Messrs. Hickey & Co. for 25 cents. "Dion and the Sibyls," by Miles Gerald Keon, was first published in England for the high price of a guinea ($5.25), and, though written by an Irishman and a Catholic, the first edition was quickly sold off. This story can also be had of the Vatican Library Publishers for 25 cents. The Series is by no means complete; it is the intention of the publishers to enlarge it, and to add new departments. But in order to do this, the project must be better supported than it has been up to the present time. Will not the readers of the AVE MARIA do their share in the good work?

The following is a list of the Vatican Library as it now stands, with the price of each volume annexed. To purchasers in quantities a large reduction will be made.

FIRST SERIES.

1, Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs, by H. E. Cardinal Wiseman (sold elsewhere for $2), 25 cts.; 2, The Australian Duke or the New Utopia, 10 cts.; 3, The Vision of Old Andrew the Weaver, 5 cts.; 4, The Two Victories, 10 cts.; 5, The Straw-Cutter's Daughter's, 5 cts.; 6, Portrait in My Uncle's Drawing Room, 10 cts.; 7, Tyborne, and who went there in the Days of Elizabeth, 20 cts.; 8, The Notary's Daughter, 20 cts.; 9, Wrecked and Saved, a Book for Boys, 10 cts.: 10, Blind Agnese, or the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament, 10 cts.: 11, True to Trust, 20 cts.; 12, The Double Sacrifice, 20 cts.; 13, The Lamp of the Sanctuary, and Other Stories, 5 cts.; 14, Lydia, 20 cts.; 15, Louisa Lateau, her Stigmas and Ecstasy. Edited by Rev. Dr. Walsh, Professor of Theology, Maynooth College, 25 cts.

SECOND SERIES.

1, Dion and the Sibyls, by Miles Gerald Keon, 25 cts.; 2, Alba's Dream, and Ten Other Stories (former price, $1.50), 25 cts.; 3, The Crucifix of Baden, and Eighteen Other Stories (former price, $1.50), 25 cts.; 4, Perico the Sad, and Sixteen Other Stories (former price, $1.50), 25 cts.; 5, Fleurange, by Mme. Craven (former price, $1.50), 25 cts.; 6, Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister, and Two Other Stories (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.; 7, Sir Thomas More, an Historical Romance, translated from the French (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.; 8, The Trowel and the Cross, and Four Other Stories, 25 cts.; 9, Flaminia, and Eighteen Other Stories (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.; 10, Robert, or the Influence of a Good Mother, and Seventeen Other Stories (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.

THIRD SERIES.

1, Wild Times, a Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth, by the well-known Irish author Cecilia Mary Caddell (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.; 2, Peter's Journey, and Other Stories (former price $1.50), 25 cts.; Nellie Netterville, or One of the Transplanted, a Tale of the Times of Cromwell, by Cecilia Mary Caddell (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.; Diary of a Sister of Mercy, by C. M. Brame, a delightful book (heretofore sold for $1.50), 25 cts.

FOURTH SERIES—(Illustrated).

(Intended for the Young, and for Sunday Schools.)

1, Hermit of Mount Atlas, 10 cts.; 2, The Chapel of the Angels, and Four Other Stories, 10 cts.; 3, Agnes, A Night in the Forest, 10 cts.; 4, Mary Benedicta, and Three Other Stories, 10 cts.; 5, Tales of the Affections, 10 cts.; 6, Truth and Trust, Two Stories, 10 cts.; 7, Crusade of the Children, 10 cts.; 8, Florestine, 10 cts.; 9, The School Boys—The Boy and the Man—The Daisy, 10 cts.; 10, Nettlethorpe the Miser, 10 cts.; 11, The Apprentice, and Three Other Stories, 10 cts.; 12, Leo, or The Choice of a Friend, 10 cts.

The following volumes of the First Series, substantially and tastefully bound, are now to be had:

1, Bound Volume contains: Fabiola; The Australian Duke; The Vision of Old Andrew the Weaver; A Double Sacrifice. Price *one dollar.*

2, Bound Volume contains: The Notary's Daughter; True to Trust; Portrait in my Uncle's Drawing Room; The Two Victories; The Straw-Cutter's Daughter. Price *one dollar.*

3, Bound Volume contains: Tyborne and who went there in the Days of Queen Elizabeth; Wrecked and Saved, a Book for Boys; Blind Agnese, or the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament; The Lamp of the Sanctuary; Lydia. Price *one dollar.*

Address of the publishers: Messrs. Hickey & Co., No. 11 Barclay St., New York.

Impostors, and How to Detect Them.

Impostors, men and women, pretending to be priests, Brothers and Sisters, as the case may be, are going about telling piteous tales of distress, and asking alms. Last week we heard of them in no less than six States. Some of them had visited this neighborhood, and it was only the other day that a rector of a church turned one such cheat out of his house.

It is no charity to give these swindlers anything. Not only are they unworthy of help, but when their villainy is exposed they make people refuse the petitions of the deserving.

When they call at a house and their character becomes known, they should be arrested and made suffer for their crime. It is not commendable to let them off with a reprimand, as Squire Graff did some months ago with two women who counterfeited Little Sisters of the Poor—and suffered them to prey on persons who are not able to detect their spuriousness, and who out of their poverty give something they cannot well spare.

It is very easy to ascertain whether or not persons claiming to be *Religious*, and soliciting aid, are what they call themselves. If they are genuine, they will have a letter from the Bishop in whose diocese they are stationed, and, if they are away from home, they will have another letter from the Bishop of the diocese in which they are asking charity. These letters will have the seals of the Bishop *printed* on them; because imposters will not hesitate to write credentials for themselves and to forge the names of Bishops, but they will not go to the expense and risk of having a Bishop's seal engraved.

By this mark, then, the true can be separated from

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the false. When, therefore, a person professing to be a *Religious* requests alms from our readers, let them demand to see his letters, and if he cannot produce any, let them not believe him, no matter how saintly he looks, how piously he talks, nor how moving be the story he tells. He is a fraud!—*Catholic Mirror.*

Catholic Notes.

——Studies are to be resumed in the University of Notre Dame as usual, on the first Tuesday of September; but the dedication, which was to have taken place on the 8th, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, is postponed.

——A Practical Idea.—Among the good works which the Bishops and priests of Germany recommended to their flocks in connection with the Jubilee was to subscribe for some Catholic paper. The result was a vast increase in the subscription lists of the Catholic organs in each district.

——The decree for the introduction of the cause of Madam Barat, foundress of the Congregation of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, has been signed by the Holy Father. Religious education, now menaced, will find in the Venerable Mother Barat another and powerful protectress in heaven.—*Catholic Standard.*

——Death of Priests.—The diocese of Rochester mourns the loss of an efficient young priest, Rev. James Connolly, pastor of St. John's Church, Spencerport; his death occured on the 11th inst. The death of Rev. Julius Casson, of St. Mary's Church, Spencer, Mass., an estimable priest, is also of recent occurrence. On the 10th inst. the Rev. J. D. Sassel, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, Ind., died holily. *R. I. P.*

——Rt. Rev. Lawrence McMahon, the newly-appointed Bishop of Hartford, was crowned with the episcopal dignity on the 10th inst. by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston. The consecration took place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford. A number of Bishops and one hundred and fifty priests were present, and there was a large attendance of the laity. Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon.

——Religious Profession and Reception.—On Assumption Day, Very Rev. Father Granger, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind., presided at the ceremony of the religious profession of Mr. Peter Rosen, Brothers Lucian, Callixtus, Kilian, and Christian. The ceremony took place in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. On the following Sunday, in the Chapel of the Novitiate, Messrs. James Maloy (Brother Raphael) and Christian Shricker (Brother Hubert) received the holy habit.

——A Contrast between the deaths of Catholics and Protestants has been observed by the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, a secular paper, which gives the result of its observations at the State Poor Farm. It says that "such a thing as an absolved Catholic being afraid to die or doubting his ultimate blessedness is unknown in the almshouse. But in one or two cases where a Catholic has come pretty near dying before the priest arrived, his terror and agony have known no bounds. This shows what faith will do, for this life at least. Protestants generally die about as they have lived. They like to have the chaplain come and talk with them: but if he chances to utter sentiments too orthodox or too heterodox to suit the views of his dying listener, the latter will dispute the issue with him to the last grip."

——A Scrap of History.—We wish to preserve the following extract from a letter of Marshal Randon on the Temporal Power. There may be still some amongst us who like to imagine that Napoleon III was a friend to its maintenance, or, at all events, to Pius IX. Marshal Randon writes thus:

They have called me a "clerical"—I am a Protestant. I know no more stupid term in the French language. A clerical, indeed, because I said that if I have a right to hold my vineyard in the Côte d'Or, the Pope has a right to his temporal power! In 1866, after Sadowa, I desired war against Prussia. The Emperor said, "No; wait a few years." I replied, "Sire, in six months it will be too late." Napoleon replied, "I wish to allow a great Protestant nation to grow up to intimidate the Pope and the clericals, who give me so much trouble."

So the Prussians grew up, but did not intimidate either the Pope or the "clericals"—but they swept Napoleon out of sight.—*London Universe.*

——A short time ago two Sisters connected with one of the worthy charitable institutions of the neighborhood, in order to add a certain extra comfort for the benefit of their inmates, and which would require an outlay of a small amount of money, started out to collect the necessary sum. The day was hot, and the poor Sisters dragged themselves from door to door, until at last they came to the house of a well-known citizen and were admitted by the servant. The lady of the house appeared; but as soon as her eyes fell upon the costume of the angels of charity she burst into a violent passion, and not only ordered the Sisters off, but brutally dragged one of them by the arm to the door and thrust her out with force, exclaiming that she would have nothing to do with "Romanists." This uncharitable person is a "society lady" and is esteemed among her friends for her distinguished manners. The Sisters of course made no complaint, but went meekly on their way. We may add that the one so rudely handled is a lady, of an eminent European family, a Countess in her own right; but she abandoned all to wear the coarse habit of a Sister, and lead a life of poverty and self-denial.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

——A Modern Apostle.—The great famine which devastated the East Indies last year was followed by another equally terrible affliction, the cholera. Among its most prominent victims was a venerable priest named Hurlin. Rev. Father Cartier, one of his co-laborers, gives the following brief but appreciative testimony of his apostolic virtues: "Whilst the plague was visiting hundreds of Christians in his district, the aged priest might be seen hastening from cottage to cottage, bestowing aid and comfort as he went. He seemed to multiply himself for his afflicted flock as long as life remained. Now that he has gone, the memory of his many virtues, so bright and beautiful, is revived, and he is venerated in the districts where he ministered as a saint. For many years his only subsistence was vegetables boiled in water. He would never consent to employ a servant. I had the good fortune to have him with me for a time before his death. What an amiable old man! What deep science combined with the most childlike simplicity! He was always barefooted, and walked along regardless of thorns and briars. He went about like our Divine Lord, *doing good.* His death, so precious, was the echo of his well-spent life."

——Amendatory.—A kind friend, for whose opinion we have the highest regard, has had the goodness to direct our attention to the implication contained in the following passage of a short article entitled "The Catholic Church, the Guardian and Conservator of Society," which appeared in our last issue:

"Pius had outwardly accomplished the unity of the Church

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by the dogma of Infallibility, Leo endeavors to raise spiritually this unity to an invincible power, by causing the Church to rely on itself alone as a purely spiritual agent, thus rendering its action more concentric, more efficacious, and more powerful."

These words were contained in an extract quoted from a foreign secular journal expressing admiration for the policy and superior discernment of Leo XIII, but they imply that Pius IX lacked the spirituality of his successor. The quotation was made on account of the general fairness displayed by the non-Catholic writer, and we allowed the above sentence to stand to preserve ourselves from the charge of garbling. We see now that it would have been better to have expressed our dissent, in consideration of the fact that some Catholics who feed on the unsound pabulum of the newspapers think they see the distinction made by Liberals and non-Catholics between the two illustrious Pontiffs.

——A friend who has recently spent some time travelling among the mountains of Pennsylvania, seeking for health, tells us that once when passing a potato plot where a good Irish woman was gathering potato-bugs, which were thick as blackberries in August, he accosted her as follows: "My good woman, these bugs are playing havoc with your potatoes; instead of losing time with the little yellow devils, why don't you take holy water to them?" This of course was said by way of joke, and after a little further conversation the gentleman went his way. Some time after, passing that way, he again met the woman, and to his great surprise saw that the before half-dead plants were strong and vigorous—in fact it would be hard to find a more promising field of potatoes in the ante-beetle times. "Ah!" he said, "you have succeeded admirably with your potatoes; how did you manage to save them from the bugs?" "Well, you see," said the good Irish woman, who retained much of the simple faith for which the people of the Island of Saints are still remarkable, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes through which they have passed—"well, you see, I did as you advised. I got some pailfuls of water, and mixing some holy water with it I sprinkled the plants. The bugs have since let them alone."

——Catholic Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.—"There are certain particulars in Catholic devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, which, at the time of my conversion," says Dr. Ward in the interesting preface to his newly published volume of Essays, "were felt by me as difficulties; though I accepted them (as was surely most reasonable) on faith. At a very early period, however, of my Catholic life, what appeared (and appears) to me the true rationale of those particulars presented itself to my mind. I heard it said by Catholics on all sides of me that Mary is the way to Jesus, as Jesus is the way to the Father. Let this statement be taken—not as a vague generalization or rhetorical exaggeration—but as the literal truth, and then the whole matter (I came more and more to think) is clear enough. I came more and more to hold that Catholic devotion to our Blessed Lady, even in the extremest shape which it wears among authorized and approved writers, does but legitimately develop the dogma of the Incarnation. I came, indeed, more and more to hold that any lower and less prominent devotion to her implies a deficient apprehension of that central Christian dogma, as regards its reasonable practical results. And, conversely, I came more and more to hold that the objections commonly brought against the Catholic cultus of Mary—if they had any relevance at all—would be equally, nay, in a still greater degree, relevant against the Christian worship of Jesus."

——The Negro Exodus to Kansas.—Some of the religious (*non-Catholic*, of course) and political papers of the country made much ado lately about the negro exodus from the South to Kansas, alleging that the negroes had been intimidated from leaving by white people in the Southern States, and were even refused a passage although willing to pay for it. Owing to the furor made over the affair, and the false lights held up before them, the poor colored people were led to believe there was a grand opening for them in Kansas, and that their white neighbors had been selfishly concealing the knowledge of the fact. Under this impression there was a general stampede—men, women and children, entire families, leaving for what they supposed a land of promise. Now, the unfortunate people see how completely they were deceived. A large party lately returning from Kansas through St. Louis had nothing to eat, even the women and children suffering from hunger. One of the men in answer to the question as to whether he intended returning to the South, answered, No: that since he had left there he was ashamed to go back, but if he was down there again he would never leave. As a word of warning may still be of service for those who receive the Ave Maria in the South, we make a note of the above facts, regretting that selfishness and a narrow sectional spirit have combined to deceive many of the poor negroes and bring them to a state of semi-starvation.

——A Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx, by the Rev. Camillus P. Maes, of Monroe, Mich., is announced as in press by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. It will be an octavo volume of over 500 pages, and will contain, besides the biographical sketch proper, a chapter on the early Catholic missions of Kentucky, copious notes on the general progress of Catholicity in the United States from 1800 to 1825, an account of the establishment of the Society of Jesus in Missouri, a history of the Trappists in the United States, and a historical sketch of the Sisters of Loretto, founded by Father Nerinckx, together with observations on the struggles of the early Church in Maryland, Louisiana, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York and New England. The name of Father Nerinckx is a household word in the State of Kentucky, and we doubt whether, among the bright galaxy of missionary priests in the United States during the first quarter of this century, there is one more worthy of the tribute of admiration and gratitude of our countrymen. Honored, through the influence of the Most Reverend Doctor John Carroll, with a nomination to the Episcopal dignity, a responsibility which his humility led him persistently to refuse, Father Nerinckx spent himself for Christ's sake in the humbler walks of the sacred ministry. Manuscripts from the archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and from the Bollandist Library at Brussels, hitherto unpublished, have been made available for the work. No one who takes an interest in the development of the Church in America can afford to be without this treasure of unpublished documents, which the author has spent four years in collecting. The price of the book will be $2.50, and it is the wish of the publishers that subscriptions be sent in at once in order to determine the number to be printed.

——Colonization in the U. S. and Canada.—The Catholics of Canada are beginning also to see the great advantages that must result from a well organized system of colonization on the co-operative principle. The showing up of the great success of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland's colonies in Minnesota, and the impulse given to the movement by the meetings in Chicago and New York, have had a very beneficial effect

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everywhere—and one which, we hope, will long continue. Besides the German colony lately established by Rev. Father Strub, Missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, on the fertile plains of Northern Arkansas, the Rev. F. P. Swembergh has lately purchased fifteen sections of land from the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad in Kansas, on which he intends this season to to settle a Catholic colony, composed chiefly of Irish families, to be called St. Brendan's Colony. The colony at Kelleyville, Va., seems to be fast overcoming the difficulties and discouragements attending every new settlement, and to be effectually establishing itself on the fertile soil of the Old Dominion. Since the meetings in Chicago and New York took place, "The Colonization Society of the Diocese of Montreal" has been organized. Its resources are based on an annual subscription of 10 cents from all the Catholics of the diocese, and as it contains 300,000 Catholics it is hoped the Association will soon have effective means in hand. Those who pay an annual subscription of $1 are constituted directors. The scheme is placed under the protection of St. Isidore, and on his feast-day every year, the 15th of May, Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in one of the churches of Montreal to call down the blessing of Heaven on the enterprise. Parish priests, presidents of colleges, superiors of convents, the presidents of religious and national societies, will be appointed to take charge of the circles of ten, twenty or a hundred members, and receive contributions. The missionaries are every year to advocate the cause in the diocese, and the Government is petitioned for an annual grant of $500 to assist in making roads, building bridges, etc. The Council meets every year on the 15th of May, Solemn High Mass opening the deliberations. It also assembles quarterly, at the house of the Bishop.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Rev. Michael Gaitely, $5; M. O'Reardan, 50 cts.; Mrs. E. Cochrane, 50 cts.; Thomas Waldron, $1; Catharine Fitzgerald, 50 cts.; John Boland, $1; Owen Mulhern, $2; Patrick Kerns, $1; James Murray, $5; Mrs. Patrick Gillen, $3; Patrick O'Donnell, $1; James McAvoy, $2; Mary Dailey, $1.25; Sisters of St. Joseph, $2; Mrs. Kelly, 50 cts.; Mrs. Toomey, 50 cts.; Mrs. Terry, 50 cts.; Ellen Driscoll, $2; A Friend, $5; M. Logue, $1; M. Brennan, $1; B. O'Hare, 50 cts.; Peter Myers, $1; J. P. Myers, $1; J. V. Vingert, $1; John Walsh, $2; Anna Lanigan, $1; Edward Dailey, $1; Frank Dailey, $1; William Terry, $1; M. Walsh, 50 cts.; F. Donahoe, $1; Edward Sweeney, $4; Hannah May, $1; J. L. Foster, $1; Frank Phillips, $1; Anna Burns, $1; Mrs. William Dunn, $1; Teresa Smeltzer, $1; Mrs. Rochford, $1; Mary Raway, $1; Gus and Sarah Farrell, 50 cts.; John J. Welsh, $1; Michael Fallon, $1; Michael Grady, $1; Mary Fahey, $1; Margaret Carroll, $1; Margaret O'Donnell, $1; Mrs. Mary Nolan, $1; Francis Harrison, $1; Mrs. M. F. Rogen, $1; Margaret McMahon, $5; Anna Johnson, $1; Elizabeth F. Drouillard, $1; Rosalie Drouillard, $1; Mrs. Drouillard and family, $1; Helen Audette, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Nelly, $2; Mrs. John McNulty, $1.25; S. W. Steinmann, $1; Stephen L. Byrne, $1; Mrs. Fennell, $1; A Friend, Joliet, Ill., $11; Mary Ingram, $1; John Moylan, $5; Mrs. S. A. O'Neill, $2; James Dalton and friends, $10; Rev. Father Noon, O. P., $2.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13TH.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 66 persons and 4 families,—conversion to the Faith for 24 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 34 persons and 4 families,—grace of perseverance for 10, and that of a happy death for 53 persons,—special graces for 6 priests, 7 religious, 2 clerical students, and 2 aspirants to the religious life,—temporal favors for 17 persons and 6 families,—spiritual favors for 16 persons and 4 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 4 communities, 4 congregations, and 3 schools,—also 18 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: A religious community subject to many trials, among others a heavy lawsuit,—restoration of peace between several members of a family,—that the ill effects of a certain scandal may be removed,—some persons seriously injured by falls and other accidents,—recovery of a large amount of money owed by a city to a gentleman in straitened circumstances, and employment for the same gentleman and his sons,—cure and conversion of a well-disposed Protestant who wishes to use the water of Lourdes,—a priest on an Indian mission, and his flock,—the recovery of a large sum of money unjustly withheld by near relatives,—the safety of several priests and religious living in the yellow fever region,—the temporal affairs of a certain county.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A zealous member of the Confraternity writes to us: "You remember M. V. X., for whom, at the request of his mother, you said some Masses. He has improved in every respect, and heartfelt thanks are offered to God for this favor." . . . "The lady who was suffering from rheumatism," says a correspondent in New York, "for whom I asked prayers, has recovered the use of her limbs. All pains have ceased, and she is now attending to her household duties." . . A grateful mother writes: "My eldest child was very sick, and I did not expect him to recover, but I gave him some of the water of Lourdes, and, thanks to God and our Blessed Lady, he is now on the road to improvement." . . . A pious client of the Blessed Virgin says: "Please return thanks to our Blessed Mother. A laboring man, a few doors from my place, strained his back while lifting heavy curb-stones. In consequence of this accident he was unable to go to work, and remained at home for eight or ten days. He was attended by the doctor, but apparently without any success. In fact his case became so serious that all his friends thought he would never be cured. I accidentally mentioned to him the miraculous cures effected by the water of Lourdes, some of which I gave him. He went directly home, applied it three or four times in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and was entirely cured, so that in one or two days he went to work again, as strong and hearty as before the accident. He is fully convinced that his cure was miraculous."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the Confraternity are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: REV. FATHER SASSEL, pastor of the German congregation at Washington, Ind., whose death occurred on the 9th ult. MR. DANIEL C. FORD, of Somerville, Mass., who departed this life on the 15th of July. Mrs. ESTHER

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MURPHY, of Pittsburgh, Pa., deceased last February Mr. DANIEL MCGLATHLIN, who departed in peace at the advanced age of 105 years. Mr. PATRICK KEATING, a resident of Philadelphia, Pa., who breathed his last on the 9th of July. THOMAS E. BARRON, whose demise took place at Providence, R. I., on the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH FINNEGAN, of Richmond, Va., who died last November, and her son MICHAEL FINNEGAN, who passed out of this world on the 8th inst. Miss AGNES LYNCH, of Denns, Ont. And many others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

A Mother's Influence.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and, in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and a girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

The Latin Vulgate.

In a recent number of the London *Quarterly Review* is a paper on Dr. Routh, the Centenarian President of Magdalen College, Oxford. The writer of the article once asked the Doctor if there was any Commentary on Scripture which he particularly approved of and would recommend. The Doctor said: "If you will take my advice, sir (an old man, sir! but I think you will find the hint worth your notice), whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in the New Testament, you will ascertain how it is rendered *in the Vulgate*—the Latin Vulgate, sir. I am not saying" (here he kindled, and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my misunderstanding him)—"*not* that *the Latin* of the Vulgate is inspired, sir!" (he turned his head a little impatiently and moved his hand). "Nothing of the sort, sir; but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man—by Jerome, in the fourth century! certainly made, therefore, from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity; and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference." "I have forgotten," says the author of the apper, "what he said besides. . . . It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise."

Children's Department.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

Music of the Angels.

Gently sounds the brooklet, going
Over pebbles, rippling, flowing,
Or summer breeze o'er tree-tops blowing,—
Yet *these* sounds to earth belong.

Sweet the clang of church-bells ringing,
Sweet the voice of children singing,
Or note of wild bird homeward winging,—
Sweeter far the cherub's song.

With tuneful harps the angels hover,
Around our Lord and His dear Mother;
Children! you who dearly love her,
Sing the praise of Mary's Son.

When you reach that higher altar,
Then your notes will never falter,
There you'll join the cherubs' psalter
At the foot of Jesus' throne.

SISTER ALOYSIA.

Twice Brother and Sister.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER V.

PROFESSION.

His trials were not yet ended. Soon after his return, and while he was enjoying to the full the peace of his beloved cloister, a letter came from one of his family stating that his father was dangerously ill; that the sickness had been brought on entirely by his grief in parting with his son, and the doctors had said the only hope of saving him lay in the immediate return of that son.

Words can faintly describe the anguish of Vincent's loving heart. Bathed in tears, he flung himself before the altar, exclaiming: "Oh, my God, it is my sins that have caused this sorrow, but I desire to expiate them. For this reason I came here to do penance. Thou knowest that I have left all to follow Thee. Grant that this step may not cost the life of him whom Thou hast ordered me to love and honor. If it be possible, oh my God! let this chalice pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done."

From that moment the struggle ceased; peace and strength were given not to forsake his vocation. A few days passed away, when he received a letter from his aunt assuring him that the news sent of his father's illness was false, and made up on purpose to induce him to renounce his vocation. She concluded by telling him his cousin Eliza had finally made up her mind to enter the Order of La Trappe.

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Brother Ephrem was delighted; he wrote to the Abbé G—— at Perpignan: "I beg you not to neglect the future Trappistine. I am much interested in her vocation. I have a conviction she will be a good religious. As for my sister, I do not believe she is meant for the world. Send both of them to us soon."

Soon afterwards he wrote to Eliza herself: "It is an immense favor that you have received from Divine Goodness to call you to the same happy state as myself, of which I am all unworthy. Do not envy the fate of our cousins, who are to be married shortly; you also shall have a nuptial crown, and a white robe and veil. They will wear theirs but for a day, but you shall keep your crown till the Divine Spouse replaces it with an immortal one, and your robe shall grow more and more shining until you shall enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Shortly after this, Madame Alday, with Eliza and another daughter, arrived at Aiguebelle to see Brother Ephrem and to make arrangements for the entrance of Eliza into the convent at Maubec. But this convent being a new foundation and very small, could only receive one postulant, and Eliza's sister hoped in time to follow her, and other friends were preparing also. These were the fruits of Vincent's painful sojourn at Perpignan. It was decided therefore, that Eliza should enter the convent at Vaise, close to Lyons. She did so, and shortly afterwards took the habit, with the name of Louise.

Meanwhile the time of Brother Ephrem's novitiate flew rapidly; he grew in the love of his vocation, and in the spirit of penance, and he made his profession with joy and gratitude on the Feast of the Ascension, May the 9th, 1839.

CHAPTER VI.

IN EARNEST.

And now the elegant young man who had led a life of ease and enjoyment, was transformed into the poor Trappist monk. He was in earnest; like his holy Father St. Bernard, he daily reminded himself why he had come thither, and day by day he advanced with rapid steps to perfection. St. Francis of Sales had said that the test of a true religious is frequent change of employment. This test was well applied to Brother Ephrem. Whether he were in the house or out of it, he was always the same. In out-door work he was under obedience to the lay-Brothers; he rendered that submission most readily. The sign was once made to him to flatten down some earth; the instrument for this kind of work was lying at some little distance, but as the lay-Brother did not make the sign to Ephrem to use it, he performed the labor with his hands. At one time he had charge of the lamps, an office about which he took the greatest pains. It is among the rules that each religious who has a charge should make an inventory of everything they give to his use. In that made by Father Ephrem, everything was entered, even to an old nail. Once when he had hurt himself with a sickle he went to accuse himself of it as a fault and ask a penance.

When he was ill his love of work did not relax; to the sick are given the employments they are able for, such as peeling vegetables, making lint, etc. Father Ephrem's work was making matches, and he used to open his cell door for fear he should be forgotten in the distribution of labor. It may seem impossible that Father Ephrem could be distinguished for his mortification in an Order whose ordinary rules appear almost beyond human strength, but so it was. He tried his best to do more than the rule demanded, to diminish the quantity of food allowed; this was, however, forbidden by the Superior. He shortened the term of sleep by imposing on himself a number of prayers, and when in the heat of summer, on the days the monks rose at midnight, a short rest is allowed, he would never avail himself of it. In the cold of winter a fire is kept in one room, to which the monks can go to warm themselves. No one could ever remember to have seen Father Ephrem there. In winter, also, the religious are allowed extra clothing. This was given to him, but he never used it. As for his dress, the oldest and worst garments were what he liked the best. But the severest of all his mortifications was to wear, day and night, even in the extreme heat of summer, the double hood of the Trappist; each of these hoods being formed of heavy serge, covers the head and neck and descends to the eyes. One of the religious said to the abbot: "Our dear Brother Ephrem is roasting himself alive."

It was not till the day before his death, by the wish of his Superior, that this penance was relinquished. He was as faithful in silence as in all his other duties. The monks are allowed to speak during time of illness to the Father Infirmarian. It happened that this Father was an old friend of Ephrem's, but he did not even once allude to their past days together or to their mutual friends.

The distinguishing feature in Ephrem's religious life was his devotion to our Blessed Lady. He had loved her in his earliest years; forgotten that love was, it is true, for awhile, but now as a religious he made a reparation for that neglect by the most devoted and childlike affection. Writing once to his sister, who was in some trouble: "You feel now the loss of her who once used to dry our tears and calm our fears; but we have always a second Mother, not less tender, and still more powerful; she has never refused me anything." He never went to rest at night without saying his Rosary and ask-

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ing our Lady's blessing, and the great desire of his heart was to die on one of her feasts.

CHAPTER VII.

FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.

Father Ephrem was one of those happy souls of whom it may be said, "Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long life." Having spent his strength in the service of God, he was now to serve Him in sickness. He left his cell for the infirmary, and it was evident consumption had set in. He was soon aware of the grave nature of his illness, and he was more than resigned, he was happy. "My sole ambition is to die a Trappist," said he. He kept to the last every rule that his state permitted, and was an edification for all. As long as he could he went to Mass, and one day the Father Infirmarian found him dragging himself along.

"What are you doing, Father?"

"I want to go to Mass, and I cannot."

From that time he was carried to the church in a chair, and he said, smiling, that he had become a great personage, and rode instead of walking. He had always loved the custom of his Order, the blessing given with holy water by the abbot to the Community before they retire to rest, and he begged the abbot to come and give him the blessing in his bed.

He grew weaker and weaker, and it was judged fit to give him the last Sacraments. According to the custom at La Trappe, he was carried to the choir, and there all his brethren assembled. Then the abbot gave Father Ephrem the crucifix to kiss, and said:

"Dearest Brother, Jesus Christ has sent me to bear you happy news; in a few days you will receive an order to depart, to go to that place prepared for you in the great monastery; but it is a custom to make provision for long journeys, and therefore I come to furnish you with the holy consolations of religion and to give you the Holy Viaticum which will help you happily to gain your destination. You have always had confidence in your heavenly Mother, the Star of the Sea. Now you will feel the effects of her powerful protection; lean on her tenderness, and throw yourself into the merciful arms of our Lord."

Ephrem was then anointed and received the Viaticum. He never again entered the church. And now his thoughts turned more and more to heaven. From his bed he could see the mountains, and he cried out: "Always this earth, O my God! when shall I contemplate Thee in paradise?"

One last earthly sorrow still remained, the obstinate silence of his father, who had never replied to one of his letters since he had returned to La Trappe, nor even sent him a kind message. He felt it deeply, but, offering the sacrifice to God, he said, and often repeated, the words: "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up." The day before his death he dictated a letter of farewell to this well loved father. And now he asked the abbot to give him his letter of obedience and let him depart.

When a religious goes on a journey his Superior gives him a letter of obedience, to show that he is travelling with his consent.

To gratify the dying monk, the abbot wrote as follows:

"We, Brother Orsise, Abbot of Our Lady of La Trappe of Aiguebelle,

"To our well-beloved son, **Mary Ephrem**, religious of this monastery: Health in our Lord Jesus Christ:—It pleases the Good Shepherd to call you to Himself in His kingdom. We supplicate Him by His Sacred Heart, and by all that He has done for you, to forgive you all your sins, even the smallest, and to let you enjoy His Face at your departure from this valley of tears. We recommend you to the maternal love of Mary, our zealous Protectress, who will not leave you in your agony, who will console you in your sufferings, and will present you herself to her Divine Son. When you reach our country, we order you in virtue of holy obedience to pray, and pray continually, for your brothers still travelling, whom you leave at Aiguebelle, until you see us all safely arrive. You will lay all the spiritual and temporal wants of the monastery before our father St. Bernard, who will be our advocate with Mary.

"May the peace and joy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be ever with you. Amen. Jesus. Mary.

[*Signed*] F. ORSISE.
Abbot of Aiguebelle.

By order. F. G., Secretary.

This paper Father Ephrem treasured; it lay on his breast when dying, and, according to his request, it was buried with him.

The summer days passed on, and when the Father Infirmarian came for his visit, Father Ephrem asked with a holy eagerness if his stay on earth would be much longer. In the world it is considered a fearful thing to tell any one he is about to die, but it is not so in religion. There is a proverb at La Trappe, "If it is hard to live here, it is sweet to die here." So when one day the abbot told Father Ephrem his last hour was drawing near, he said:

"Then this night the world shall end for me—the world with all its illusions"; and with a radiant countenance he lay still, meditating on the eternal years.

Towards ten p. m. he had a fit of suffocation. When he was asked if anything could be done to ease him, he made the sign to keep silence; it was his last observance of his holy rule. The agony commenced, and the community were summoned.

For a short time he seemed to suffer from terror or temptation; but when the Abbot bent over him and made him kiss the miraculous medal, this ceased, and his peace returned, and he thanked his Superior for all his care over him in so touching a way as to draw tears from all around. Then was given to him the last absolution, and the prayers for the parting soul began. He followed them with perfect consciousness; at the end he raised his head and said in a

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low but distinct voice: "*Jesus, Mary,*" and in an instant he was in eternity. His prayer had been granted, he died on July the 16th, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Then, according to the custom of La Trappe, the voices of his brethren rose in solemn chant: "Come forth to meet him, ye angels of the Lord," while the abbot incensed the body and sprinkled it with holy water. The community continued to pray while the last offices were rendered, and then the body of Father Ephrem was borne to the choir. There it was watched day and night by two religious in turn.

Father Ephrem was loved by all and esteemed a saint, and many cut bits of his hair and clothing to keep as relics. The poverty of the Trappists follows them to the grave; they have no coffins. So Ephrem was borne to the cemetery, the religious chanting the *In exitu Israel de Egypto*, the psalm of deliverance for the soul that had escaped from the weary Egypt of exile and entered the land of God. The hood was drawn over his face and dust was committed to dust.

Before closing the grave all the religious prostrated and cried together: *Domine, miserere super peccatore.* The only monument that marks a Trappist's grave is a simple wooden cross bearing his name and the date of his death. In life and death he is "hidden with Christ." For thirty days his place is kept in the refectory, and the portion that would have been his is given to the poor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WEDDING EVE.

Thus had ended the brief career of Vincent Ferrer. We turn now to his sister Catharine. By the death of her brother her fortune had greatly increased, and brilliant offers of marriage poured in upon her. When the first bitterness of her grief for Vincent's death had passed, Mademoiselle Ferrer determined to marry. She accepted an offer that would give her an excellent position in the world, and life in its fairest aspect seemed to smile upon her as it had once done upon her brother. The marriage day was fixed, and Catharine's thoughts and time were taken up with her trousseau and her wedding presents which were offered on all sides.

Her father, enchanted that his only remaining child had chosen the world as her portion, spared neither expense nor pains to give her pleasure. The most elegant dresses that Lyons or Paris could produce were sent for, and Catharine delighted in displaying them to her friends, together with her diamonds and other jewels. But in the world they thought so little of, a prayer was going up for Catharine.

Among the letters of congratulation came one from her cousin Eliza, now Mother Louise, at Vaise, near Lyons. After expressing her ardent wishes for Catharine's happiness, and after a few words on her own peace and content in the cloister, she continued: "You know all is common among us, our joys as well as our sorrows. I have spoken of you to our Rev. Mother; she is greatly interested in you, and she has commended you to the prayers of the community. We have begun a novena for you in honor of Mary, our Mother and yours, for I remember you have always had a tender devotion for her. Every day of the novena we shall sing specially for you the *Salve Regina*, your favorite prayer. Try and join us. With what fervor I shall pray for you, dear Catharine, that you may, in a life so different from mine, be as happy as I am!"

This simple, loving letter had an extraordinary effect on Catharine. She read and re-read it. She could not take her eyes from it. A wonderful change came over her soul. "She has chosen the better part," she said to herself. All the pleasure she had taken in her gay dresses and jewels vanished, and she who had once tried so ardently to turn her brother from his vocation now found herself drawn irresistibly to follow his footsteps. There was but one week between her and the wedding day. She believed that while praying her brother appeared to her and bade her forsake all that she might share his crown.

Armed with supernatural courage, she sought her father. Of course the trial was dreadful, and nothing but Divine help could have borne Catharine through it. After some days of tears and arguments, Monsieur Ferrer gave his consent in these words: "My heart is broken with sacrifices. Go, if you will, and remember you forsake a desolate father." If Catharine had been acting from human motives this cry of anguish would have kept her back; but, impelled by a Divine vocation, she did not hesitate. She wrote to her intended husband to ask his pardon for thus breaking her promise, and instantly set out for Lyons. And of those who looked at her giving up in one instant all that could make life bright and beautiful, many thought her mad; others recognized the holy folly of the cross.

Mademoiselle Ferrer went straight to the Trappistine convent and asked to speak to the Mother Prioress. As soon as the Rev. Mother entered the parlor, Catharine threw herself at her feet and said: "You have here at present the sister of Father Mary Ephrem; she comes to beg you with all her heart to receive her as your daughter."

The Rev. Mother raised her up and gave her a loving welcome. In the very first conversation she found the marks of a marvellous but true vocation, and she did not hesitate to admit her into the community.

And her vocation proved to resemble in almost every point that of her brother. To her, too, was vouchsafed great spiritual consolation.

"I am too happy here," she said to her novice

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mistress, "and I am unworthy of so great a grace. How can I ever regret the world?"

The time of first probation being passed, the holy habit of the daughters of St. Bernard was given to her. The Rev. Mother told her that her name in religion should be Mary Ephrem.

"The name of my brother!" said Catharine; "oh, Rev. Mother, I am not worthy. He was a saint, and I am a poor sinner." However, when the name was really hers she thought herself obliged to follow all the more closely in the steps of her saintly brother.

She gave herself to God without reserve, and such joy and peace shone on her face that her fellow-novices said the very sight of Sister Mary Ephrem was enough to encourage them.

Her fidelity to rule was unremitting, and as she had a beautiful voice and was a good musician she added greatly to the beauty of the Divine Office, and delighted in thus consecrating her talents to God.

Like her brother, she sought for continual mortifications; the worst things she liked the best, and from her accusations in chapter one might have believed her to be the most useless being in the house.

She strove to make reparation for all her past follies. As she had been vain of her hair, she asked leave to burn the tresses cut off at her reception of the habit.

She sent for the rich dresses of her trousseau, and made them into vestments and ornaments for altars, and the jewels that were to have crowned her brow as a bride were placed on the head of the image of the Virgin Mother.

But she also was not to be without her trials; that same uncle whom she had once accompanied to Aiguebelle, hoping to steal away Vincent, now came hoping to change her resolution. He told her she was capricious, obstinate and ungrateful, and he required of her the same test he had asked from her brother—a return to the world for three months. Catharine Ferrer refused firmly, and her uncle had to depart disappointed. For some time she had to endure the same trials as her brother, for her father would not answer her letters; but at length this trial ceased.

Monsieur Ferrer came to Lyons for some days in order to see his daughter, and when he saw her joy and happiness he was consoled. His prejudices against La Trappe were overcome, and he went to make a retreat at Aiguebelle and visit the grave of his son. Such a visit would have been too much happiness on earth for the tender-hearted Vincent; God, doubtless, added it to his joys in heaven. And now it seemed as if the brother were impatient to let the sister share his happiness on high, as she had already done on earth.

The same malady which had cut his life short attacked her. She was so cheerful and self-sacrificing that it was long before she would believe she was really ill, but at last she was taken to the infirmary, and the disease made rapid progress. She never ceased to give edification; no matter how great her sufferings, she was always bright and happy. She had always a word of thanks or a sweet smile for every little service that was rendered her.

All through her life she had suffered from scruples, and this trial had not wholly left her in religion, but in her last illness it never troubled her; her soul was in perfect peace.

Her novitiate was not yet finished, and it was evident death was at hand. Permission was obtained for her profession, and she pronounced her holy vows in the presence of all the Community, and then received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Shortly afterwards her beautiful soul was set free from the burden of the flesh, and Catharine and Vincent, Father Mary Ephrem and Mother Mary Ephrem according to their titles in religion, were reunited with the twofold bond between them that can never be broken. Truly were they twice brother and sister.

Like her brother, Catharine Ferrer was esteemed as a saint. Her hair, whatever she used, and her clothing, were considered by her Sisters as precious relics.

Monsieur Ferrer on hearing of the death of his daughter was overwhelmed with despair. He now reproached himself bitterly with his harshness towards his children. He made a pilgrimage to their graves. After this journey he determined to retire to La Trappe, and there end his days. He set out for this purpose for Aiguebelle, visiting Vaise on the way. There he was taken ill and died, desiring with his last breath to be numbered among the children of St. Bernard.

On his death without children, his property devolved to his sister, Madame Alday. Her youngest daughter now followed her sister into the cloister, and took the beloved name of Mary Ephrem.

Madame Alday determined to give the property of Espyra de la Gly for a convent of Trappistine nuns, and the foundation was made on November 21st, 1872. No better day than the Feast of our Lady's Presentation could have been chosen for a generous gift and one which would forever perpetuate that still more generous sacrifice made to God of two fair young lives—two noble, loving hearts,—the brother and sister in the flesh and in the spirit.

In London the first wooden bridge was built by monks, the first stone bridge by a secular priest.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 30, 1879. No. 35.

From the "American Catholic Quarterly Review."

English Devotion to Our Blessed Lady in the Olden Time.

BY THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S. J.

(CONCLUSION.)

One of the famous pilgrimages of our Lady in England was at Ipswich, as to which we have no less authentic a witness than Sir Thomas More. In his dialogue *concerning Heresies* that holy martyr tells us of a miracle that he knew to have been wrought at this shrine. One of the daughters of Sir Roger Wentworth, a girl of the age of twelve, was "in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil, her mind alienated and raving, with despising and blasphemy of God, and hatred of all hallowed things, with knowledge and perceiving of the hallowed from the unhallowed, although were she nothing warned therof." Something moved her to go in pilgrimage to Our Lady of Ipswich. "In the way of which pilgrimage, she prophesied and told many things done and said at the same time in other places, which were proved true, and many things said, lying in her trance, of such wisdom and learning, that right cunning men highly marvelled to hear of so young and unlearned maiden, which she herself wist not what she said, such things uttered and spoken as well learned men might have missed with a long study. And finally being brought and laid before the image of our Blessed Lady, was there, in the sight of so many worshipful people, so grievously tormented, and in face, eyes, look, and countenance, so grizzly changed, with her mouth drawn aside and her eyes laid out upon her cheeks, that it was a terrible sight to behold. And after many marvellous things at the same time shown upon divers persons by the devil, through God's sufferance, as well all the remnant as the maid herself, in the presence of all the company, restored to their good state perfectly cured and suddenly. And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of feigning, no possibility of counterfeiting, no simpleness in the seers, her father and mother right honorable and rich, sore abashed to see such changes in their children, the witnesses great in number, and many of great worship, wisdom, and good experience, the maid herself too young to feign, and the fashion itself strange for any man to feign, and the end of the matter virtuous, the virgin so moved in her mind with the miracle, that she forthwith, for aught her father could do, forsook the world and professed Religion in a very good and godly company at the Minories, where she hath lived well and graciously ever since."

Our travels over the ground covered by the volume of which we are speaking are somewhat desultory, and without much connection, save in the general subject to which they all relate. We cannot pass on without a few words about Oxford, where there was a statue of our Blessed Lady, famed and venerated as having been the statue to which St. Edmund was devout, and on the finger of which he is said to have placed a ring of espousal. The chronicler of Lanercrost says that when he was a boy at Oxford, studying grammar, "he secretly espoused an image of the Glorious Virgin, which we, as well as the whole university, have often seen, by placing on the finger of the Blessed Virgin a ring of gold, which many have since beheld with their own eyes." The common story says that he had two rings made, one of which he kept on his own finger. Another chronicler mentions only one, which was placed by St. Edmund on the finger of our Lady's image, but which was miraculously found on his own finger when he died. It seems doubtful where this image of our Lady was. Mr. Waterton thinks that there is evidence that it was in the Church of St. Nicholas, which, after St. Edmund's time, became the church of the Dominican Fathers. The seal of the Black Friars of Oxford represents our Lady with our Lord in her arms, with a little figure kneeling before her which has been conjectured to represent St. Edmund as a youth.

As we are at Oxford we may as well mention

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the famous cross which once stood in the quadrangle of Merton College. It seems that in 1126 a Jew insulted a cross which was being carried in procession on Ascension Day, when the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the university were on their way to visit the shrine of Saint Frideswithe, which was afterwards Christ Church. The Jew snatched the cross from its bearer and trampled it under his feet. Prince Edward, who was then in Oxford, informed the king of the outrage, and strict search was made for the offender. He was probably concealed by his Jewish brethren, and the king ordered all the Jews to be imprisoned and a fine cross erected out of their property. It was to be a marble cross of the finest workmanship, with the figure of our Lord on one side and that of our Blessed Lady on the other. This arrangement was very common in old wayside crosses. The figure of our Lady was to have our Lord in her arms. The whole work was to be finely gilt, and an inscription was to be placed on it relating the occasion of its erection. The Jews were also to present a portable cross of silver-gilt, which was to be like those usually borne before Archbishops, and was to be carried before the proctors of the university in their procession. The sheriff found some difficulty in executing the king's orders, as the Jews seem to have had plenty of friends in the city, to whom they made over their property for the nonce, in order to escape the burden which the king imposed upon them. However, the king issued a second writ, ordering the goods of the Jews to be seized wherever they were to be found, and in this manner the money was soon raised. There was some discussion, also, as to the spot on which the cross was to be placed, as the place of the outrage was an inconvenient situation for so large a monument. It was at last placed in the quadrangle of Merton, where it remained till the reign of Henry VI, when it fell to the ground.

But we must not go on forever with our extracts from this fascinating volume. One of the most interesting heads of Mr. Waterton's researches is that of the old prayers and forms of oral devotion to our Blessed Lady. He claims a great deal for England and Ireland in this respect, for he finds traces of some common forms of this devotion in those countries at a time when they are not known to have existed elsewhere.

"The Irish have a very ancient litany of our Blessed Lady, which is preserved in the Leabhar-mor, now deposited in the Royal Irish Academy. Professor O'Curry says that it differs in many ways from the litany of our Lady in other languages, clearly showing that although it may be an imitation, it is not a translation. It is much to be regretted that the learned professor did not add in what languages and where were to be found the litanies of our Lady of which the Irish litany might have been an imitation. Professor O'Curry believes this litany to be as old at least as the middle of the eighth century. No earlier litany seems to be known; therefore, to the Island of Saints is due the glory of having composed the first litany of their Immaculate Queen. 'The litany of our Lady,' says Cardinal Wiseman, 'is not a studied prayer, intended to have logical connection in parts, but it is a hymn of admiration and love, composed of a succession of epithets expressive of those feelings the recital of which is broken into after every phrase by the people or chorus, begging the prayer of her to whom they are so worthily applied. It is a hymn, a song of affectionate admiration, and at the same time of earnest entreaty.'"

The Cardinal then refers to St. Cyril of Alexandria, and says:

"Hear him apostrophize the Blessed Mother of God in the following terms: Hail, Mary, Mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire Church, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre of true doctrine, indissoluble temple, abode of Him who is infinite, mother and virgin. Thou through whom the Holy Trinity is glorified, thou through whom the precious Cross is honored, thou through whom heaven exults, thou through whom angels and archangels rejoice, thou through whom evil spirits are put to flight, thou from whom is the oil of gladness, thou through whom over the whole world churches are planted, thou through whom prophets spake, thou through whom apostles preached, thou through whom the dead rise, thou through whom kings reign through the Blessed Trinity."

"Now here," continues the Cardinal, "is a litany not unlike that of Loretto, and we have only to say, '*pray for us*,' after each of the salutations, to have a very excellent one." This intercalation would surely not spoil nor render less natural or less beautiful that address of the holy patriarch. Hence it appears that whilst these and other homilies suggest the formation of a litany of our Lady, the Irish were the first who did form a litany, that is, a prayer to our Lady in the shape of what is now understood by a litany. This old Irish litany of our Blessed Lady has an indulgence of one hundred days granted to all who recite it by Pius IX. It consists of fifty-eight invocations, from which I have selected the following:

"LITANY.

O Great Mary!
O Mary, Greatest of Maries!
O Greatest of Women!
O Queen of the Angels!
O Mistress of the Heavens!
O Mother of the Heavenly and Earthly Church!
O Gate of Heaven!
O Destruction of Eve's Disgrace!
O Regeneration of Life!
O Mother of God!
O Mistress of the Tribes!
O Mother of the Orphans!
O Breast of the Infants!
O Queen of Life!
O Ladder of Heaven!

Hear the petition of the poor! Spurn not the wounds and groans of the miserable!"

It could be wished that Mr. Waterton had copied out for us the whole of this ancient litany.* In fact, the readers of his work will constantly find themselves regretting that he has not had larger limits allowed him than those of this already large volume, in which he has embodied only the quintessence of his researches.

He makes one remark, in which most will be inclined to agree with him. It is that the old English devotion to our Lady was essentially joyous. It seems as if our ancestors had the instinct of regarding Mary as especially the cause of our joy.

"The most common and homely of all the Old English Devotions were, The Five Wounds of our Lord, and Five Joys

* This litany may be found in No. 31 of the AVE MARIA.

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of our Blessed Lady. There were, however, several series of our Lady's Joys—Her Five Joys, Her Seven Earthly and Seven Heavenly Joys, Her Twelve Joys, and Her Fifteen Joys. Lansperg composed a Rosary of the Fifty Joys of our Lady. I have met with many variations of these joys, and therefore I give only those which were commemorated by our forefathers."

The Five Joys, or as the *Ancren Riwle* calls them, The Five Highest Joys of our Lady, were the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Assumption. There are many instances found of legacies in honor of these Five Joys, in connection with the Five Wounds of our Lord. Again, the Seven Earthly Joys of Our Lady were: The Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Finding of Our Lord in the Temple, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Assumption. The Seven Heavenly Joys were, the Surpassing Glory of Our Lady in Heaven, Her Brightness which Fills the whole Heavenly Court, the Obedience and Honor which she receives from all the Host of Heaven, that Her Divine Son and she have but One Will, that God Rewards at Pleasure all Her Clients Here and Hereafter, that She Sits Next to the Blessed Trinity in Her Glorified Body, and the Certainty that these Joys will Last Forever. St. Thomas of Canterbury was a great promoter of the devotion to Our Lady's Heavenly Joys. It is said that this devotion was revealed to him, and that he composed the hymn *Gaude, Flore Virginali* in their honor. The Fifteen Joys vary in different lists, and in some of these lists they are made up of the Earthly and the Heavenly Joys, as already given, with the addition either of the Visitation, or of the Crucifixion, as a victory over hell.

Some of the old English hymns in honor of Our Blessed Lady are very beautiful indeed. Here is a simple night hymn:

Upon my ryghte syde Y may ley,
Blessid Lady, to thee Y prey
Ffor the teres that ye lete
Upon your swete Sonny's feete,
Send me grace for to sleep
And good dremes for to mete;
Slepyng wakyng till to-morrow day be;
Our Lord is the Fruete, Our Lady is the Tre,
Blessed be the Blossom that spring. Ladye of The,
In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

The termination of this little hymn reminds us of a custom, which is illustrated by several of the early English hymns and devotions, of mixing Latin and English words together. This custom was very natural when all who could read Latin, and when all were so much more familiar than we are with the hymns and rhythms of the Church. Here is a very beautiful hymn of this sort of the thirteenth century, called "*A Song to Our Ladye.*"

Of all that is so fair and bright,
Velut Maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella,
I crie to The, Thou see to me,
Levedy, prey Thy Sone for me,
Tam pia,
That I mote come to the,
Maria.

Of care, counsell Thou art best,
Felix fecundata
Of alle wery Thou art rest,
Mater honorata.
Bisek him with milde mod.
That for ous alle sad is blod.
In cruce,
That we moten komen to Him
In luce.

Alle this world was forlore
Eva peccatrice,
Tyl our Lord was y-bore
De te genitrice.
With Ave it went away,
Thuster nyth and comet the day
Salutis.
The welle springet hut of The,
Virtutis.

Levedy, Flour of alle thing,
Rosa sine spina
Thou bere Ihesu Hevene King,
Gratia Divina.
Of alle thu berest the pris,
Levedy, Quene of Paradys,
Electa
Mayde milde, Moder
Es effecta.

Wel He wot He is Thy Sone
Ventre quem portasti,
He wyl not werne The Thy bone
Parvum quem lactasti
So hende and so God He bis,
He havet brout ous to blis
Superni
That havet hi-dut the foule put
Inferni.

We may give the following as a modernized version of this hymn:

Of all that is so fair and bright,
Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella,
I cry to Thee, see Thou to me,
Lady, pray, thy Son for me,
Tam pia,
That I may come to Thee,
Maria!

Of care Thou art the counsel best,
Felix fecundata,
Of all the weary Thou art rest,
Mater honorata,
Beseech Thou Him with mild mood
That for us did shed His Blood
In cruce,
That we may come to Him,
In luce.

All this world was forlorn
Eva peccatrice,
Until our Lord was born,
De te genitrice,
With Ave it went away,
Chase the night and cause the day
Salutis,
Our Life springeth out of Thee,
Virtutis.

Lady, flower of living thing,
Rosa sine spina,
Thou barest Jesus, Heaven's King,
Gratia Divina,

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Of all Thou barest the price,
Lady, Queen of Paradise,
Electa,
Maiden, mild; Mother, too,
Es effecta.

Well He wot He is Thy Son,
Ventre quem portasti,
He will not refuse thee Thy boon,
Parvum quem lactasti,
So kind and so good He is;
He hath taught us to bless,
Superni,
Sinners of that foulest pit,
Inferni.

Such, then, were some of the hymns of England in the days when the whole of English life was full of Mary. The child's mother commended him to the Queen of Heaven before he was born, and when he came into the world he was dedicated to her. Her name, with that of the sweetest name of Jesus, was on his infant lips, and he was taught to call on her and to have recourse to her as his true Mother from his earliest years. Her image, her shrine, her altar, received the homage of his innocent heart. If he went on a journey, he placed himself under her protection. When he went to school he was taught to sing her praises or to worship God in strains in which her name had its place. Her joys, like the sufferings of her Son, were familiar to him. He wore her scapular or had her beads at his girdle. If he entered a guild, it was under her patronage. If he was sick, he promised a pilgrimage to her sanctuary or had a Mass said at her altar. His home, his family, his work, his going out and coming in, were consecrated by devotion to her. He knew her Little Office, the psalms which form her name, and her antiphons, and a score of other forms of invoking or honoring her. He placed his life and death under her care and charge, her name was on his lips when he breathed his last, and the very bell which tolled for his soul was dedicated to her. And so he was a true child of faith, he lived in the familiar thought of what her Son had done for him, and the heaven to which he looked forward was not a strange country to him.

Nowhere, either in the Old World or the New, can the Catholic Faith live and flourish without the solid devotion to Mary which is the natural and inevitable fruit of a true belief in the Incarnation of the Son of God. It would be foolish to speak as if this devotion were wanting in any country which belongs to Catholic Christendom. But there may be atmospheres in which faith cannot be as joyous, as free, as exulting, and as demonstrative as elsewhere, and it would be foolish also to undervalue the influence of a devotion which is able to mark itself on every detail of life instead of lying hid in the heart of the people in which it prevails. The joyousness of England went away from her shores at the Reformation, and it is the joyousness of Faith which is one of the special fruits of a deep overpowering devotion to the Mother of God. The book before us gives many a hint as to the way in which this joyousness was fostered by our ancestors, and this is one main reason why we desire to see its teaching made familiar to English-speaking Catholics in the new hemisphere as well as in the old.

Pere Marquette.*

READ AT THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MARQUETTE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION AT MACKINAC, MICHIGAN, AUGUST THE 8TH, 1879.

To this scene of sylvan glory,
Rich in gray and dreamful story,
Gather we, this August morning,
'Mid the summer's bright adorning;
While the woods, in fragrant leaf,
Wave o'er fields of golden sheaf,
And the wild flowers' rich perfume
Mingles with the laurel's bloom,
Where the fresh'ning island breeze
Sweeps along the dew-lit heather;
And the honey-laden bees,
From the sighing forest trees,
By these blue and limpid waters,—
Weird, as their once dusky daughters,—
Sing a dreamy song together.

A devoted pilgrim legion
Come we to this gorgeous region,—
To this green and lovely island,
Sleeping sweetly 'mid the wild-land;
From our homes in distant tracts,
Over lake and stream and river,
Where the dark pines groan and shiver;
And the wrathful tempest sweeping,
Sends the torrent madly leaping
Down the foaming cataracts.

Hasten we from Eastern city,
With its tearful cries for pity,
And its restless heart all throbbing,
And its laugh and sigh and sobbing,
And the Attic wit that flashes,
And the pungent pen that lashes,
There beside the summer sea;
While the rapid ringing hammer,
And the whir of flying spindles,
Wake a music that enkindles
(While the turbulent grow calmer)
Health and wealth and jubilee.

From the land of rushing waters,
Sturdy sons and bloomful daughters;
Where the swelling western breeze
Woos the fragrant forest trees,
And the purple mountains rise

* Through the courtesy of Rev. Father Cronin, to whom we sent a proof-sheet of his beautiful poem as it appeared in the daily press, we are able to reproduce it entire and clear of mistakes. The version which first appeared, and which was copied into some of our exchanges, had an hiatus of forty lines.

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Over vales of golden plenty;
And the eagle from his eyrie
Scans the broad and pathless prairie;
Come we with the joyous chorus
Of the teeming West that bore us,
For the grateful task before us,
On which smile propitious skies.

And the Southron, tho' not here,
Hath a generous emotion
In our work of deep devotion;
For above the livid fear
And the pallid consternation
At the yellow desolation,
South winds bear the tender tone
That sweet sympathy discloses,
And joy mingles with his moan
In his sunny home of roses.

But why do we gather thus proudly to-day,
What grand thought awakes all this brilliant display?
To honor a hero come we from afar,
Whose brow is enwreathed with laurels of war?
Or come we to kneel round a sanctified shrine,
Where angels keep watch with the stars as they shine?
Or rear the proud marble full high on this shore,
And fling to the breeze a loved name evermore?
Ah, yes! 'tis a hero, all glorious, I trow,
Whose cheek never blanched 'mid the darts of the foe:
Whose heart was as pure as the foam on the wave
That chants his sad dirge 'round his yonder lone grave,
And throbbed but to lessen life's poor human woes
And make the dark wilderness bright as the rose.
In him saint and scholar, explorer, combined—
Whose deeds shall be blazoned on every wind;
The first who spoke peace on this land red with slaughters
And sang Christian songs o'er the Father of Waters—
'Tis a name at whose sound swarthy cheeks have grown wet—
"The Ottawa Angel," the sainted Marquette.—
His fame shall endure, the proud boast of the West,
To epic his story our sweetest behest.

At old Laon, beside a mountain stream,
In far, fair France, he dreamt his youthful dream;
Slender his form, and pale his beauteous face,
His high-souled honor spoke a noble race.
Young genius sparkles in those starry eyes
And deep devotion in their dark depths lies;
How fair is all, how sweet the world appears,
And bright the promise of the coming years!

Oh, great, grand soul! e'en in life's festive hours
To list the Master's voice mid pleasure's bowers;
To see His beauty in awakening day
And view His mercy in the moon's sweet ray;
To feel His power and vastness o'er the deep,
And His dread wrath when fierce tornadoes sweep;
Thy fresh young virgin heart He sought to gain;
Early He knocked, nor did He knock in vain.

But thine own France—the fair land of the vine—
Whose ev'ry glory swells that heart of thine—
Shall ne'er be witness to thy deeds afar
Which dim the lustre of those feats of war
In which her Christian knight bore Moslem down,
And rode triumphant thro' each crescent town.

Oh, pale, pure priest! from far beyond the wave,
The pitying angels beckon thee to save;
For there, amid a smiling paradise
Of flowers and fruits and streams and sunlit skies,
The swarthy Indian broods in darkness lone
And demons rear their undisputed throne;
And while the virgin vales in beauty sleep
The guardian spirits of the wild-woods weep.
Sure they will bear thee safely o'er the foam
And soothe thy heart, mid starlight dreams of home;
There the grand epic of thy life's young story
Shall woo the muse and crown thy name in glory.

Nor Spaniard sought the fabled Fount of Youth,
Nor Minstrel Knight e'er sang his lady's ruth,
Nor hungry Miser in his greed for gold,
Nor dreamy Alchemist in days of old,
E'er sought the prize on which his soul was set
With half thine eager heart, oh, brave Marquette!
'Mid wild Canadian woods and snowy wastes
He taught him barbrous tongues and savage tastes;
In lone canoe along these stormy lakes
He bears the Cross, and their wild echo wakes
With Christian song, which, oft more swift than speech,
Can the rude children of the forest reach.
His memory greets us wheresoe'er we go,
'Mid Summer flowers or Winter's frozen snow!

What recks he of the perils round his path,
From beast and flood and wood and savage wrath?
What matters that his scanty food alone
Is oft but moss plucked from the wild-wood stone?
Jesu is near, the Virgin guards his sleep,
And sweet his slumbers o'er the billows deep;
He has his cross, his breviary, and beads:
These be his weapons—he no others needs.
O white-stoled priest! in all thy wand'rings lone,
O'er lake and wild and river then unknown;
Thro' all those toilsome days and nights of pain
While thou wert reaping the ripe Gospel grain,
Didst ever dream, or kindly Heaven unfold,
The wondrous story that has since been told
Of this great land? how its vast power should rise
And woo young Freedom from propitious skies;
How to its outstretched arms and fond embrace
Should haste the children of each suffring race,
And find by Eastern sea and Western streams
The Eldorado of their wistful dreams,
Till its free flag should proudly be unfurled
And wake or love or fear o'er all the world.
The birch canoe is gone, which erst awoke
The lonely waters by the wigwams' smoke;
And in its stead the white sail cleaves the tide
Or ploughs the steamer thro' the waters wide,
Bearing a world of wealth far o'er the deep,
From Northern blasts to where soft South winds sleep,
Where forests waved, and roamed the bounding game,
And quiver-laden the swart hunter came,
The fierce hot breathing of the iron horse,
With fiery nostrils, wakes the echoes hoarse,
Till far and far the frightened deer rebounds
O'er the long track and through the wildwood grounds.
The Red Man's hair no more, and by each brave
The blood-stained tomahawk rusts in its grave;
And where the savage war-dance wildly rose
And rudely broke lone Nature's sweet repose,
The busy hum of cities wakes the day,
And festive Pleasure holds high holiday;
And o'er the sward once red with horrid sight
Of human sacrifice and Demon rite,
The cross of *Jesu* rises high in air
And sobs the soul away in tearful prayer;
The Christian Sacrifice is here renewed

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And pours again the rich red stream from Holy Rood.
Oh, brave young Christian herald! from afar
Comes thy bright story as a guiding star;
Neglectful centuries could not hide thy fame,
Or dim the lustre of thy glorious name—
That name the Red Man knows, and his swart face
Reveres the angel of his vanished race.
While the lone mariner o'er waters dark,
When the fierce tempest crowds his trembling barque,
The same invokes, as guardian of these lakes,
Nor dreads the danger that the wild wind wakes.

They dig him a grave on the wild wet sand,
On the banks of the lonely river,
And lay him to rest
With cross on his breast,
Far, far away from his own sunny land;
While the night dew falls and the sad winds sigh,
And none but the angels and *two* are nigh.

But his faithful braves will not let him sleep
So far from his own loved mission;
So in decked canoe
When soft winds woo,
They bear him away
'Mid blossoms of May
Point St. Ignace, while they pray and weep.
But tho' centuries pass, yet the wild winds rave
Round the unlettered stone of Marquette's grave!

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Dinner was over in the comfortable household of Mrs. Warburton, and a small party was gathered in the drawing-room, near the fire. Richard Arnold reclined in an arm-chair, looking up into the face of his brother-in-law, Herbert Warburton, who stood leaning one arm on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Warburton, a serene old lady in gray curls, clicked her ivory knitting-pins and half listened to the conversation, casting every now and again looks of such fond motherly admiration at Herbert that denoted she could never believe any other opinion but his could possibly be the right one. Bessie Arnold sat at the tea-table, and near her was seated Olive Stoneleigh. A tall, slender, graceful figure; a cream white complexion; dark hair, corded tightly round a small classical head well set on the shoulders; large eyes of darkest blue, full of light; such was Olive. The rest of her features were not regular enough to entitle her to be called beautiful by universal consent, but to many the noble face, full of intellect, was most charming. At present Olive was exceedingly pale, with black rings round her eyes, and the expression as of one suddenly stunned by a great blow. She was doing nothing, her hands clasped idly in her lap, and her whole attitude one of such weary listlessness that anyone who knew her well would have understood at once the severity of her suffering.

Olive was going through one of those times of anguish that change a careless-hearted girl into a woman. Strange to say, the Canadian-born girl, child of a man who had exiled himself from country and family, possessed a great stock of the Stoneleigh pride, and all the kindness and warm hospitality of the Warburtons and Arnolds could not still the aching of the young heart which felt itself as yet an alien from family love. Olive was keenly aware that her unexpected arrival in England might not be welcome. Ever since her mother's death, some six years back, Olive had been her father's *confidante*, and had again and again urged that father to break silence and communicate with his family in England. But the self-exiled man shrank from the effort, and nothing but the consciousness of his failing health and his desire not to have his only child unprotected had induced him to take the voyage.

The captain's letter must have reached Stoneleigh, mused Olive. Perhaps to-morrow would bring an answer. What would they say? Would they look on her as a sort of impostor? would they credit the story? would it be like a story-book? If they rejected her, where would she go? what would she do? She started from her reverie when Herbert brought her a cup of tea, and she looked up into his face with such a startled, wistful expression in her violet eyes, that the young man was deeply moved. He did not attempt, however, to bore her with conversation, but went back to his place on the hearth-rug and continued his argument with Richard, casting every now and again a glance on his young guest and letting his brother-in-law gain an unaccountable advantage over him in argument.

The door was thrown open—"Viscount Osterly,"—announced the servant, and the bearer of that name walked into the room. With easy grace he made his way to Mrs. Warburton. "Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion. I have come to thank you most warmly for your kindness to my cousin, Olive Stoneleigh—ah, there she is!" as his quick eye discerned the drooping figure in its heavy black dress. "Welcome to England and to home, dear Olive," and he took both her hands in his, pressing them warmly, and looking into her face with such tender interest that Herbert Warburton felt a sudden and extraordinary desire to order him out of the room.

Olive's pale face was crimson; her eyes were full of tears, and in vain she struggled to speak. Leaving her to herself, Lord Osterly hastened to make acquaintance with the Arnolds and with the young master of the house. He accepted a cup of tea, declining all further offers of refreshment on plea of having just dined at his club.

"Secured his dinner before he looked up his

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cousin," said Herbert to himself, discontentedly.

However, Edgar was gaining golden opinions from the rest of the party. He was making due excuses for Mr. Stoneleigh, who was too much of an invalid to come to town; his wife never left him; his cousin Charles was at Oxford; "and, that there might be no delay," concluded the young man, "I ran to town to give Olive the first welcome." He looked at her as he spoke, and received a bright smile in reply—the first smile since her father's death.

"No, Mrs. Warburton, I will not stay now. I will, with your permission, be here at eleven to-morrow morning, and then Olive will fix her plans and say how soon she will like to come to Ashly Lodge"; and so saying he rose to take leave, pressed Olive's hand to his lips, and was gone.

Olive listened in silence to the comments that followed his departure; his good looks—his agreeable manners—his consideration in not prolonging his visit. To her he seemed little short of a celestial being, who had suddenly descended into her darkened world and filled it again with hope and radiance.

Soon after this the ladies declared it was time to go to bed. Richard Arnold went off to smoke a cigar, and Herbert Warburton, who never smoked, took up a book, but his attention wandered and he astonished the housemaid by pulling a number of unused books from a top shelf in the library and scattering them over the floor. However, he dislodged the volume he wanted—a "Peerage" of two years back; and he did not go to bed till he had solved the relationship between Lord Osterly and the Stoneleighs. He flung the book from him at last, exclaiming, with much indignation, "He is no more her cousin than I am, and she shall not leave this house under his escort—I will tell him so to his face to-morrow."

CHAPTER IV.

At breakfast next morning Olive's improved looks were manifest. The post came in and brought two letters from Mrs. Adrian Stoneleigh —one to Mrs. Warburton, full of gratitude for the kindness shown by herself and Mrs. Arnold to her dear niece, and the other a few lines of affectionate condolence to Olive, ending with a hearty welcome to Ashly Lodge. "Edgar Osterly, whom we look on as a cousin," continued Mrs. Stoneleigh, "will, I trust, have seen you before this reaches you. Charles will, however, run up from Oxford to-morrow and will escort you to the house, which now, I trust, will be your home as soon as you like."

So Herbert was deprived of the pleasure of making a cutting speech to Lord Osterly, and his only consolation was that a startled look came on Olive's face, and she exclaimed, "Then he is not my cousin, after all!"

"Yes, not a shadow of deceit in her transparent nature," said Herbert to himself, and how provoked he was when Richard Arnold assured her those kinds of understood relationships were not uncommon. "You see, he is a distant relative of your family, and has, no doubt, been partly brought up with your cousins."

Olive did not look quite satisfied; but as she rose from the table, anxious to be alone with her precious letter, the subject dropped.

At noon Lord Osterly came and staid to lunch. The meal was scarcely over when a cab dashed up to the door, and in a few moments Charles Stoneleigh entered the room. His welcome to Olive was cordial and affectionate, and good-humored sparring ensued between Edgar and Charles as to the former having stolen a march on the latter. But the merry dispute warmed the heart of poor Olive. She was, indeed, welcome if they could fight over her in this fashion, and it was with a heart rising from its past grief with the buoyancy of youth that Olive the following day bade farewell to her friends and set out on her journey to Ashly Lodge. The journey from London occupied about three hours, and during the last of these Olive found herself passing through very lovely scenery. At times the line ran close to the sea, and when the party alighted at the station of Barnham, Olive found it was something between a small seaport and a large fishing village. A carriage was waiting, and the two miles between Barnham and Ashly were quickly traversed.

"See, Olive," said Charles, "there is Stoneleigh."

She gazed with a beating heart. Out of the valley through which they here passed rose a mass of wooded hills, the thick foliage now gorgeous in its autumn dress. Here and there amidst the woods were immense crags, bare and grey, but of all sorts of rural and picturesque shapes. Higher still rose a large house built of grey stone, but so irregularly—one bit having been added on at one time and another—that it looked much larger than it really was, and had a quaint character of its own, fitting in marvellously with the exquisite scenery in which it stood. Olive clasped her hands, and her eyes filled with tears. No strange scene was this to her. She seemed to know every stone from the constant descriptions her father had given her. He had longed in a strange, eager way, when he had once set sail, to see its walls again; but it was not to be. A wanderer in life, he had but the wanderer's grave in the boundless sea. The two young men considerately kept silence, seeing how the girl was moved, and in a few minutes more the carriage drew up at the door of Ashly Lodge.

CHAPTER V.

Soon Olive was clasped in Aunt Adrian's arms, and after a violent hug from Beatrice, a cold greet-

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ing from Adelaide, and a nervous one from her uncle, Olive was taken to her room and waited upon with eagerness by Beatrice, who had fallen in love with her at once.

Charles had disappeared; Edgar and Adelaide were left alone. "Well," said the former, throwing himself into an easy chair, "any news of her highness yet, Addie?"

"Yes, indeed!" sighed Adelaide. "She is at the Chase. Alas, this girl will be our ruin!"

"Nonsense!" replied Edgar; "why on earth should she harm you?"

"Aunt Dorothea will never forgive us for taking this girl in."

"What would she wish you to do, then?" replied he; "was Philip Stoneleigh's daughter to go out as a housemaid?"

"Oh, Edgar! can't you see that after thinking all these years how Uncle Philip cared for her, and left England because he was too proud to ask the hand of so great an heiress, she is terribly mortified to find he married another and lived happily with her!"

Edgar's laugh rang through the room. "Was that her idea? I never knew it. Was that why we all call her Aunt Dorothea? I always wondered why she had adopted a title so singularly fitting to her, for she is the very ideal of a domineering maiden aunt in a book."

"It is no laughing matter," returned Adelaide, mornfully; "it will make a serious difference to us."

"It would have been a far worse thing if it had been an Oliver instead of an Olive. You may look incredulous, but you'd see the head of the family would eventually come to the point with the old lady. I have it!" continued Edgar, striking his forehead; "an excellent idea! I'll go up tomorrow and see her—is she home, do you say?"

"Yes," sighed Adelaide; "she was here yesterday; we had a dreadful scene. She said we had no proofs of who Olive really was; she might be an impostor, and she thought she was; then mamma said nothing should induce her either to delay Olive's reception or cast a cloud on it; that Uncle Philip's last letter was enough; the Arnolds were witnesses. Aunt Dorothea grew furious, and flung out of the house. There has not been a word since—no fruit for papa; none of the magazines or papers he likes. I am sure she will forsake us"; and Adelaide shed the tears that she could not let fall over her Uncle Philip's sudden death.

"Be at peace, my poor Addie; I will charm the evil spirit to-morrow. What! was it not enough that Uncle Philip gave up home, country and position for her sake? Was that not enough tribute to her charms? Must she grudge him his marriage, after all hope was dead, with a Canadian? He would have put no other English woman in her place."

"But—" began Adelaide, hesitatingly.

"No buts, my dear, and above all things don't tell me any more. My mind is a blank about Uncle Philip and Canada, but my heart speaks"; and he looked up to the ceiling in such a ridiculous way that Adelaide could not help laughing. He kept his word, and the result of his next morning's visit to the Chase was that he returned to say Aunt Dorothea was coming to dinner, and he suggested it would be as well to ask the Vicar and his wife, to take off the edge of the family party and give Aunt Dorothea an antagonist who might occupy her time and thoughts.

The dinner party assembled. The Vicar, Mr. Benson, was a tall, portly man, with hair that stood up in fierce bristles, a piercing eye, and majestic manner. His wife was small, shrinking and timid, regarding her husband in the light of a demigod, and satisfied that his dictum on all subjects was infallible.

Olive was introduced; the Vicar shook hands with her with grave politeness. He intended at no distant period to claim her allegiance to the Church of England and to show her that the Church of Rome had no geographical right to exist in the British Isles. Though her religion was so far not her fault, the Vicar could not think it right to welcome her cordially as a Stoneleigh *sans reproche*. Kind-hearted Mrs. Benson pressed Olive's hands affectionately, while the tears came into her eyes at the sight of the orphan girl who was bearing so great a grief; then the little lady glanced furtively at her husband, and, seeing no frown on his august brow, was reassured.

When the dinner had waited sufficiently long to exasperate the cook, Miss Stoneleigh of Stoneleigh sailed into the room.

Some doubt had been entertained whether she would wear black for the real loss of him whose supposed death had been mourned in deepest crape. To Mrs. Stoneleigh's relief the great lady was in slight mourning. She shook hands with her host and hostess, the Vicar and his wife, gave a friendly nod to the young people, and extended two fingers to Olive. A deep red flush mounted to the girl's temples; it was the first slight and unkindness, and the shaft went home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN a letter to the son of King James II of England Fénélon thus formulates the decrees of the Church: "Above all, *never force* your subjects to change their religion. No human power can reach the impenetrable recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade men, it serves only to make hypocrites. Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion."

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Sketch of the Life of Ven. Father Libermann.

FIRST SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY GHOST AND THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

CONCLUSION.

Father Libermann's life was short, but replete with good works. A fervent student, a holy priest, an exemplary religious, a true man of God, who, "being made perfect in a short space, fulfilled a long time." From the moment of his conversion he made no resistance to the designs of God, but constantly gave himself up into His Almighty Hands with the greatest docility and holy indifference, "as the piece of wood lying on the way." From his first step as a Christian to his last, his path was that described by the Holy Ghost in the Sacred Scriptures. "The path of the just is as a shining light which goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day."

The mainspring and characteristic of Father Libermann's life was his self-denial. His ardent desire was to belong solely to God. "My body," he writes in one of his letters, "my soul, my being and all my existence are in God, 'and if I knew that there still remained in me the least fibre which did not belong to God, I would tear it out and trample it underfoot, in earth and dust.'" Such was the spirit by which this holy and devoted servant of God was actuated. He lived for God alone; his sole desire was to please Him and bring to His knowledge those benighted children of Adam who are steeped in barbarism, and are therefore, or at least should be, an object of commiseration to all imbued with the spirit of Christianity. God, indeed, rewarded the zeal of Father Libermann. Before his death, which occurred at Paris in 1852, on the Feast of the Purification, he was the Superior-General of a flourishing Congregation; he had also founded at the Abbey of Gard a novitiate for priests and brothers intended for the missions. By him the important mission of Guinea was established and supported. He had, moreover, furthered the creation of three Vicariates Apostolic and three Bishoprics, to which we have before alluded. Branches of his Congregation were also planted by him at Amiens, Paris, Bordeaux, Cayenne, as also in the islands of Mauritius, Bourbon, and in Australia.

He had sent before him to their reward a goodly number of his dearest children, and had presented the Church with the service of over sixty apostles, whose sweat, whose tears had watered, and whose earthly remains had enriched many a country, even to the distant islands of Oceanica. Nearer home the circle of his labors had widened with equal rapidity around him. Besides his permanent mission among the soldiers, which he had undertaken at Paris, as he had done at Amiens; besides the care bestowed on the Society of the Holy Family, which in those later and stormy times rendered immense services to one of the most ill-reputed quarters of Paris, and contributed not a little to the perfect tranquillity that there reigned in the midst of the disturbances of the capital; besides those works which his zealous colleagues were, under his discreet guidance, especially charged to direct, we have seen him, after the example of St. Vincent de Paul, opening at the Seminary of the Holy Ghost various spiritual conferences for the priests of the capital.

In this manner was spent that active and useful life, which one might have thought was but just beginning. God judged otherwise, and to fill up the measure of the sufferings and merits of His servant He was pleased to make him pass through the crucible of a long last sickness, the ever-growing and painful effects of which he had felt for ten years. His sufferings at length increased to such a degree that he was compelled to keep his bed. After edifying for some weeks his children of Notre Dame du Gard, God favored him with a moment of unexpected strength, so as to enable him to proceed to Paris, there to sanctify by his last sufferings and holy death the mother-house of his Congregation. About the end of January, 1852, the most alarming symptoms first appeared. Dr. Libermann had arrived at Paris from Strasburg as soon as he had been informed of the gravity of his brother's sickness. The Rev. Father Superior of Notre Dame du Gard hastened to join his *confrères* of Paris, that he might follow more closely the various phases of the disease that threatened a life so deservedly dear to all. At his departure from Gard, Father Schwindenhammer had enjoined the community to enter upon a continual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. He conceived the happy idea of writing from Paris to his children of Gard a series of letters which permit us to be present in spirit, even to the last hour, at the bedside of the dying one. As we ourselves had the good fortune of residing at that time under the same roof, we could as eye-witness well confirm the accuracy of all the details which we here extract from this intimate correspondence between father and children.*

"It is only an hour since I arrived in Paris. I now hasten to give you all the news of our dear invalid. As was announced to us yesterday by Rev. Father Vavasseur, he has this morning received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum. Since then he is a little better. On yesterday

* Letters of Father Schwindenhammer, Superior of Notre Dame du Gard, to his *confrères*, on the last moments of the Venerable Father Libermann, with this note on the title-page: "They have been writen by the very bedside of the invalid" [eight lithographed letters, which have been sent to all the houses of the Congregation].

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his brother had given up all hope, but to-day he has recovered some little confidence. In short, although there is real danger, his case cannot be be deemed hopeless, even humanly speaking.

"Pray, pray, pray much; continue the adoration, day and night, until I write to the contrary, even though studies and health were to be a little neglected: we ought to make every sacrifice to obtain the preservation of our Father, if we be found worthy of so great a favor. Oh! if you could but see how calm and serene our good Father is, and how submissive to the holy will of God. I have just asked him what I was to say from him to his dear children of Gard: 'Tell them,' he replied, 'to pray to the good God; to put their confidence in God alone; readily to bow down under His holy will, whatever it may be;—that I do not forget them, and that I shall never forget them.' Tears flow from my eyes whilst I am writing these lines."

On the following day no favorable symptom afforded the least ray of hope, and the doctors considered his state very alarming. The invalid could hardly speak, and the deep yellow hue visible in his features was a proof of the overflowing of the liver, the seat of the malady. Tranquil, though wasted, and suffering from a violent thirst, he found some repose only in a moment of uneasy sleep, which announced the rapid decline of his strength. It was necessary to be prepared for the worst issue. His two colleagues, in whom he had placed his greatest confidence, had already begged him, in the name of the dearest interests of the Congregation, to make known his intentions regarding the choice of his successor. Standing on either side of the bed, they had humbly contended as it were with each other, both wishing to decline the burden of superiority. This struggle of humility deeply moved the venerable Father, who, after reflecting for a considerable time before God, consented to bequeath his children a last token of his fatherly love and solicitude. Turning to the Rev. Father Superior of Notre Dame du Gard, he said: "I think it is you who must sacrifice yourself." On the morning of the following day, the designated successor went to Notre Dame des Victoires to offer his own life in exchange for that of the dying Father. Soon after he wrote in these terms: "The news which I am going to give you to-day affords little consolation. Our good Father is becoming imperceptibly weaker and weaker. He can scarcely speak in an undertone; he is nearly always in a state of half slumber; he is always very calm, peaceful and resigned; each one seems to be losing the little hope that he entertained up to this. We cannot hide from ourselves the painful truth that nothing short of a miracle can bring about his recovery; let us ask for this miracle; it is not, I think, a presumption on our part; we are justified in making such a request, since to advance we have still too much need of our good Father. Let us, therefore, redouble our prayers at the feet of Notre Dame du Gard. It is in the prayers of the Community of Gard that I most confidently rely. Let each one offer himself as a victim in place of our beloved Father. I have made this morning the offering of my person to Notre Dame des Victoires, and did so with the utmost willingness; but more than one would be required as an adequate compensation for our holy Superior."

Amongst the numerous visitors who continually succeeded one another, and who considered it a signal favor to be permitted to approach that bed of suffering, Father Desgenettes came daily with feelings of ever-increasing emotion. On the 30th, drawing near to the bed of the saintly patient, and bending over his wasted frame, he repeated to him these words of the Apostle—"*Bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi.*" "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course" (II Tim., iv, 7). A smile of joy flitted across the pale and languid features, a soft, kind look beamed thanks from the sunken eyes, whilst with an effort the holy invalid affectionately pressed the friendly hand of the good old curé.

That same day the Rev. Father Superior of Gard found himself compelled to write a very sad letter, one far sadder than any which preceded it:

30th January, 3 o'clock, P. M.

MY WELL-BELOVED CONFRÈRES:—Alas! the news I have to transmit to-day is far from encouraging; our beloved Father seems to be dying little by little. He can now scarcely make himself understood when speaking.

This morning, at six o'clock, finding himself worse, he requested the prayers of the dying to be recited, upon which I said them aloud in presence of the whole community. The good Father assured me that he had followed them throughout. He found himself better afterwards, but the improvement is one on which we can in no way rely. He is ever an admirable picture of resignation, peace and submissiveness; he neither asks to live nor refuses to die. He truly presents a vivid illustration of the saying "As a man liveth, so shall he die." He is himself even to the last moment,—always the same simplicity; there is nothing singular, nothing striking in his manner of suffering. In this he is as simple as he has ever shown himself in all his actions. When he suffers he acknowledges it with simplicity. He has endured a real martyrdom this entire morning, and he repeatedly exclaimed: "Humanly speaking, it is insupportable." He is nowise disfigured, only a little thinner than usual. He has become very yellow in his complexion on account of the overflowing of the gall. An inexpressible smile hangs ever upon his lips; his eyes, always pretty clear, are now and then fixed upon the crucifix that is placed at the foot of his bed, along with the images of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph. This morning, after I had recited the prayers for the dying, he imparted his blessing to the whole Congregation and to the assembled students of the Seminary of the Holy Ghost. I then asked of him a special blessing for their Lordships Bishops Bessieux and Kobes, and for Guinea. He gave it with great tenderness, holding the crucifix in his hand, whilst tears flowed from every eye; this morning, I asked if, in case the Blessed Virgin should call him to herself, he would wish to repose in the midst of his children of Notre Dame du Gard. "*Yes*," he answered, "*I would like it very much.*"

You see, then, humanly speaking, there is no longer hope; a real miracle is necessary; on this point we can-

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not further deceive ourselves. Nevertheless, even now we indulge more or less in hope, and I, in particular, always cherish some slight confidence. In his present feeble state, we cannot count upon a single hour. Redouble, therefore, your prayers more and more.

This letter reached Gard on the 31st, at nine o'clock in the morning. The thought was at once conceived of making a last effort by a pilgrimage to the house of La Neuville, which had been the cradle of the Congregation, and was situated at a distance of twelve miles. The whole community set out on foot, although the weather was very severe. As they entered the chapel, all fell upon their knees on that pavement where the pious founder had knelt so often in prayer with his first associates for the conversion of the negroes. Before their eyes hung a picture which he had loved, and which represented our Lady opening her maternal heart to the poor abandoned negroes. There, all offered themselves, as a holocaust, instead of their well-beloved father. In that moment, none could refrain from being cheered by a last ray of hope. This hope seemed well nigh confirmed when on the following day were read these first lines of a letter from the Rev. Father Schwindenhammer:

"In my letter of yesterday I gave you to understand that the Rev. Father Superior would perhaps not pass the night. We were deceived in our presentiment. Our good Father is still alive."

But the remainder of the letter almost completely dissipated hope:

"It may be that he will still pass the coming night. His life, which hangs upon a thread—so great is his weakness,—seems to be prolonged, as if to purify him completely by means of the excessive sufferings which he has to endure. He has merely enough of consciousness left to allow him to feel his pains. From time to time they draw from him, and, as it were, in spite of him, such sighs as, 'Oh, my God!' . . . 'Oh, how I suffer!'. . . 'What a martyrdom!' and other such words, but never the slightest expression of impatience or weakness.

"His sufferings are especially excruciating when he swallows a little water, the only thing he can still take; his whole body is contracted by the suffocation of the throat, produced by his efforts in swallowing. This morning, at two o'clock, he was seized with a very strong fit of vomiting that also caused him a great deal of suffering. It was believed that his last moments were approaching, and the whole community was awakened. Seeing, however, that he was again recovering after the vomiting, all retired to rest. I shall now tell you what occurred since my last letter, and what was for all a subject of great edification and consolation. Yesterday evening, about half-past six o'clock, after he had awakened from a slight slumber, I asked him in presence of Father Lannurien and Brother Marie how he felt. 'I suffer much,' he answered

"'You offer up all your sufferings to the good God, for your children, do you not?'

"'Yes, to the good God, for you, for all, for you all.'

"'And for Guinea also?' I added.

"'Oh! yes, for Guinea, for Guinea, and especially Dakar, for Mgr. Kobes. Poor Guinea! poor Guinea!' he added four or five times in succession. The Rev. Father Lannurien then said to him:

"'And for us also, Father Superior, that we may be good religious?'

"'Yes, yes, good religious—good religious.'

"I then went on to ask him: 'What do you recommend to us in order to become good religious?'

"At these words he reflects within himself for a moment; he then makes an effort to speak, and utters in broken words: 'To be fervent, fervent, always fervent; and above all, charity, charity—charity above all; charity in Jesus Christ, charity through Jesus Christ, charity in the name of Jesus Christ—fervor—charity—union in Jesus Christ.'

"After pronouncing with difficulty these words, he opens his eyes, and seems to ask if we are all there.

"'Remain with me,' he adds.

"The Rev. F. Lannurien answers: 'We shall always stay with you.'

"At nine o'clock in the evening, after the Seminarists had retired to rest, all the members of the Congregation assemble in his room. To have his bed renewed, he is placed upon a mattress, whence he is again removed to his bed; this double removal fatigues him greatly, considering his extreme state of weakness. Father Le Vavasseur nevertheless tells him that all his children are assembled around him, anxious to receive his last instructions; he then recollects himself a moment, opens his eyes, and looking around from side to side, says, with great efforts to make himself understood: 'I see you for the last time, . . . for the last time. . . . I am happy to see you.' . . . Then after a moment of silence, he continues, in a voice scarcely intelligible: 'Sacrifice yourselves for Jesus—for Jesus alone; . . . with Jesus, . . . with Jesus alone. . . . Sacrifice yourselves with Mary—with Mary. . . . God is all. . . . man is nothing. The spirit of sacrifice . . . zeal for the glory of God . . . the salvation of souls.' . . . He goes on repeating these same words, mingling them with that of 'Charity.' He ceases for a moment, from exhaustion, saying: 'I can say no more.' I exhorted him, however, to pronounce again the holy names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and he immediately begins to say 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph.' He exerts himself to repeat them, and continues thus for a considerable time, repeating over and over, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, until he can no longer pronounce them. He then endeavors of his own accord to raise his arm, and he blesses us all several times. I asked of him then, at the request of Rev. Father Chevalier, who was then confined to his bed, a special blessing for that Father and for the success of the native clergy of Africa.*

"Precious lessons for us! Let us endeavor to imprint them upon our hearts."

With the first day of February came the slow but painful development of the symptoms of a last agony. His eyes began to grow dim, his ear could catch a sound only with the greatest difficulty, nothing less than all the sweetness of the names of 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph,' and the cry of 'Calvary,' 'My God! my God!' could have sufficed to unlock those lips already dry and shrivelled About three o'clock, the Superior of Gard declared that without a miracle he would not see the morrow's Feast. "If he continue to breathe until seven o'clock in the evening," he wrote, "I intend going to assist at the Office of the Archconfraternity and beg for him this favor." He announced that the whole Seminary of the Holy Ghost would accompany him, to honor the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose festival the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires was celebrating on that day. "I am anxious to be there, even at the risk of not being at hand to assist our beloved Father. I will ask the miracle for the glory of the Holy Heart of Mary. If such be not the will of God, I shall at least offer up the sufferings, the pains and the death of our venerable Superior to draw down upon ourselves and our labors the blessing of Heaven."

* The Rev. Father Chevalier, Missionary of the Congregation, had on account of ill-health returned from Africa several months before, and died a few days after the Rev. Father Libermann.

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That evening, accordingly, the directors, the seminarists and a great number of friends of the dear invalid had assembled in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. After the usual recommendations, the venerable curé (Rev. Fr. Desgenettes) delivered in substance the following address, which was transmitted to the novices of Notre Dame du Gard: "My dear brethren, the joy of our beautiful Feast has for me been mingled with sadness. One of my friends, a holy, man has been in his agony for the last three days; it is the Rev. Father Libermann. The good God makes him suffer, to expiate the sins of men; his life has been one continual suffering. God brought him from afar to make of him a victim of expiation. He converted him from Judaism, in a manner altogether providential, to make him the founder and first superior of a Society that was to bear the name of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary—that Heart which during his life he loved so dearly. He selected this title because he had a great love for the Archconfraternity, and wished to devote himself to the salvation of the most abandoned souls. For three days now he has lingered between life and death. The doctors are at a loss to understand how it is possible to bear up for such a length of time under so many sufferings. Although he seems to have lost the use of his faculties, his soul is animated with sentiments of faith and piety, always united to the good God, but in a way that you, my brethren, would perhaps be unable to understand, in that way in which the saints are, and remain, united to God. The good God seems to prolong his cruel agony that he may still be able to participate in your prayers. We dare not demand his recovery lest we deprive him of the reward which awaits him. We shall, however, implore the divine mercy upon him, for the greatest saints are wretched before God, have their defects, and stand more or less in need of being purified. Let us, then, pray for him at this moment; he on his part will pray for us when he will be in heaven. I repeat, my brethren, in him I lose a friend and a model."

The morrow came, and after three days passed between life and death, the key was found to the secret of that long agony, which had cost as many tears of admiration as of affection. To the three days of Calvary succeeded the joyful Feast of the Purification of our Lady and the Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple. Let us now resume the depositions of the eye-witnesses.

"At about a quarter past three in the afternoon the Rev. Father Superior of Gard wrote, in sight of the dying founder, the following lines: 'Our very dear Father was almost unconscious, apparently without seeing or hearing anything. He continued in this state till to-day, at two o'clock in the afternoon. All at once, he wakens, opens his eyes, casts them around him on every side, seeming to recognize what he sees. A crucifix is presented to him, he looks at it, contemplates it with an eagerness mingled with pain and sweetness. A few pious words are pronounced for him, such as 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*,' '*Monstra te esse matrem*,' and other similar aspirations addressed to Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and his Guardian Angel. He appears to understand, for at each word his eyes light up with increasing brightness. At one time he turns them upon the crucifix, at another he raises them towards heaven with that inexpressible look which characterized him in his moments of fervent and earnest prayer. But when I held before him an image of Mary holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, oh, it was then that his eyes glowed with vivid animation; his countenance, disfigured by suffering and the approach of death, assumed an ineffable expression of love and tenderness, whilst one would have fancied to see luminous rays beaming forth from his features. He appeared to listen as if to some one speaking to him, and at the same moment seemed to hear a celestial harmony which plunged his soul into a delightful ecstasy; he made an effort to raise his head off the pillow, and certain movements of his hands indicated that he was desirous of seizing the image to press it to his heart. All the upper part of his body seemed to spring forward, as it were to unite with his good Mother. Oh, how beautiful it was! These different feelings produced in him a certain fictitious strength—a kind of animation that might be taken for a real ecstatic transport. Further details at a later time. This letter must be at the post at four o'clock, and it is already almost a quarter before four. The breathing diminishes, he is dying away. In five or six minutes all will be over; our good Father will be in heaven; the Blessed Virgin will conduct him thither, as she conducted on this day the Infant Jesus to the Temple. They are beginning the *Magnificat* in the chapel; he will expire before it is finished."

Another eye-witness, the Abbé Rohrbacher, makes the following deposition:—"His death, precious in the sight of the Lord, took place on the 2d of February, Feast of the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, whilst the community, assembled in the choir for the Vespers of the day, were singing these words, quite distinctly heard in the room of the dying, "*Et exaltavit humiles.*" We were ourselves witness of it, being at that very moment at the foot of the bed. *

"On the evening of the same day and at a few steps only from the room of death, we wrote the following lines published a short time after in a public paper:†

"Three o'clock was approaching. The Community were chanting Vespers, which the dying Father seemed still to hear. They were about to commence the canticle of Mary. One of his children, standing at his pillow, said to his *confrères*, 'He will die during the *Magnificat*.' A window that looked upon the chapel was opened, and whilst they were singing in choir these words, '*Et exaltavit humiles*,' most distinctly heard in the room, Mary received his beautiful soul. His children stood around, embraced him a last time, saying with the choir the *Gloria Patri* of the holy canticle '*Moriatur anima mea morte justorum*,'—'May my soul die the death of the just.'"

We shall now give the last accounts furnished by the children of the Venerable Father.

2d February, 8 o'clock, p. m.

. . . . The sacrifice is consummated! Our well-beloved Father is no more! . . . We are orphans, and orphans as yet young! . . . Oh! what a great need we had of

* *Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise*, vol. xxviii, 2d ed., p. 671.

† *L'Univers*, 1st and 2d March, 1852.

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the light and direction of our dear Superior and founder! My God, *fiat! . . . fiat! . . .* how much we prayed to Thee; how many souls invoked Thee; Thou hast no doubt taken him only to place him in paradise! Once more, O God, mayest Thou be forever blessed; *fiat! . . . fiat!* . . . Amen.

"Oh yes; beloved confrères, if you have any tears let them flow; but let us not weep over our Father—he is in heaven; let us weep rather over ourselves—ourselves, poor orphans!

"Our venerable Father died, as I gave you to expect, whilst they were singing in the chapel the *Magnificat* of the Vespers for the Feast of the Purification, and if I am not mistaken he breathed his last at this verse: '*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*'—'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.' Striking coincidence! The Rev. F. le Vavasseur afterwards closed his eyes, during the *Gloria Patri.*

"Let us love to notice this circumstance: he died during the singing of the *Magnificat* of the Vespers for the Feast of the Purification, and on a Monday, the day consecrated to the Holy Ghost. He thus reunited more closely the two branches of which our Society is at present composed, as well as the two devotions which should be the object of our special worship. Here are some further details of his last moments. The species of ecstasy of which I spoke to you in my last letter lasted for about an hour. Towards a quarter past three that expression of countenance began to disappear by degrees; his looks were always directed towards heaven, and they were looks deeply impressed with sanctity and great interior suffering. One would have said that his eyes, steadfastly fixed on some invisible object, were following all its aerial movements. We were all persuaded that he perceived something with the eyes of his soul.

"Oh! how beautiful it was! how touching! how heavenly! Never in my life shall that picture fade away from my memory or my heart. Truly, I was no longer sad. I wept, but they were tears rather of joy than of grief; my soul experienced a consolation and happiness that I am unable to express.

"In the mean time, his pulse was becoming slow and his breathing more painful; at last, at a quarter to four, he calmly fell asleep in the peace of the Lord.

"His death produced a profound sensation among the clergy of the capital; it made itself felt even in the high circles of the ministry, and wherever the servant of God had had occasion to be known. The heads of the different departments, of 'Worship,' of 'Home Affairs,' and of the 'Navy,' hastened to address to the Congregation the highest expressions of sympathy, and from every part of France, as well as from foreign countries, letters of condolence poured in for a length of time in rapid succession.

"There flocked into the room of death a crowd of devout and recollected visitors, who seemed to be approaching an altar rather than a coffin. One of them, the Abbé de Segur, obtained, as a favor the permission to draw a rapid sketch which besides being a most faithful copy preserves on the features of the dead something of his last ecstasy."

The venerable founder had expressed a wish to repose within the enclosure of Notre Dame du Gard. In conformity with this desire his children considered it a religious duty to transport him thither after having celebrated a funeral service in the Seminary of the Holy Ghost. Mgr. Desgenettes officiated at the solemn High Mass, pronounced the Absolution, and recited the last prayers which preceded the departure of the funeral cortège.

Two of his disciples, the Rev. Fathers Schwindenhammer and La Vavasseur, who had scarcely ever left his pillow during his long agony, accompanied his remains to Notre Dame du Gard, where they arrived on Wednesday, at 8 o'clock in the evening. All the members of the Novitiate knelt in prayer around the bier during that night, the last he was to pass visibly in the midst of his own. His heart and his tongue have been preserved in the Seminary of Paris, there to perpetuate forever the remembrance of his tender and watchful solicitude.

The burial and last rites were performed at Notre Dame du Gard on the morning of the 10th of February, at eleven o'clock; in the midst of tearful farewells and regrets mingled with sensations of joy and hope, his mortal remains were lowered into an humble vault, cut out of the foot of the cemetery cross, and surmounted by a modest monument.

Since the holy death of the venerable Father Libermann, his religious family has steadily, almost wonderfully, progressed from year to year.

Impelled by the zeal which their saintly founder bequeathed to them, his disciples shortly after his death founded the French Ecclesiastical Seminary of Santa Chiara, in Rome, two flourishing houses in Ireland (Blackrock and Rockwell), and an ever-increasing number of houses in France, Portugal, Africa, India, the French and English colonies, and in America and Palestine.

In 1872 the Congregation of the Holy Ghost was introduced into the United States. It has, as yet, however, but one province and one college in the country. The Provincial is the Very Rev. F. Strub, who resides at Conway, Arkansas. A novitiate has been opened by these Fathers near Sharpsburg, Pa., which, with God's grace, will give in a short time to the Church in the United States a number of men imbued with the spirit of charity, humility, and zeal for the salvation of souls which characterized Father Libermann.

On the 27th of May, 1876, the cause of the Beatification of the venerable servant of God was successfully introduced at Rome. For the nine years previous to this date, two ecclesiastical tribunals had been canonically established, one at Paris and the other in Senegambia, in Africa, for the purpose of receiving the depositions of a large number of witnesses relative to the virtues, etc., of Father Libermann. These tribunals were respectively under the charge of Mgr. Darboy and Mgr. Kobes. The tribunal at Paris held no less than thirty-eight sessions, at which Mgr. Darboy, Cardinal Guibert, Mgr. Amanton, and Mgr. Gaume presided in turn. The advocates at Rome had on the other hand spared no pains in examining carefully the despositions of all the witnesses, as well as the life and writings of the venerable servant of God, and in weighing the reasons for and against the introduction of his cause. All these things being done, the cause of his Beatification was successfully introduced on the aforesaid date, and in thanksgiving for this great blessing both to the dear children of his institute in particular and the whole Catholic Church in general, a

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solemn *Triduum* was held in France, beginning on the 14th of July, 1876 at which no less a personage was present than Bishop Raess of Strasburg, who years before had conferred deaconship and subdeaconship on this sainted son of the Church. A similar solemnity was held in Ireland; and wherever the children of Ven. Libermann were, thanks, prayers, blessings, and solemn acts of filial affection rent the clouds in honor of the signal favors about to be conferred on the great servant of God whose life was spent in the Divine service and who by humility, zeal and other virtues was instrumental in conferring so much good upon humanity.

Father Libermann being the first converted Jew whose cause of Beatification has been canonically introduced, it was but natural to expect that universal joy would be felt, and no one doubts that ere long the faithful of Christ may publicly invoke his powerful intercession with God, and with His Blessed Mother, whose client he had been on earth. Is it not but natural to suppose that many good and beneficial results will be effected through his intercession; and that all those who may have recourse to him will receive at his hands help in their need, consolation in their afflictions, and solace and comfort in their desolation? May we all learn to honor and revere this holy soul, who has given us such an example of virtue, of mortification, and of all that goes to make a saint.

A Devout Client of Mary.

Rev. Father Sassel, late pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Washington, Ind., of whose death we made a brief mention last week, was a most zealous and self-sacrificing priest, and his death is greatly mourned not only by his parishioners but by all who knew him. During the seven short years of his priestly career he organized a congregation and built a church (spoken of by a correspondent as "a perfect gem") which remains a monument of his filial devotion to Our Lady. He was once so very ill with virulent smallpox and typhus fever that all hope of recovery was abandoned. He promised to build a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin if restored to health, and he was miraculously cured.

His vow had just been fulfilled when the good Mother whom he loved so ardently and served so well took him to herself. The church is entirely completed except the spire; it has a handsome pulpit, beautiful Stations of the Cross, a "lovely" altar, rich vestments, and elegant, substantial pews. The embellishment is in pure white and gold. In every respect the church is a worthy *ex-voto* to the Mother of God. To effect its completion, good Father Sassel deprived himself of many comforts, and even necessities; the church seemed to be his sole anxiety. Zeal for the beauty of God's house consumed him.

Father Sassel was a native of Belgium, but came to this country when young. His theological studies were made at Montreal, where he was also ordained. He bore his last illness, which was of short duration, with cheerfulness, and calmly expired on his thirty-eighth birthday after receiving the last consolations of our holy religion.

The day after the decease, Rev. Fr. Doyle, the worthy pastor of St. Simon's Church, a devoted friend of Fr. Sassel, celebrated a High Mass of *Requiem* for the repose of his soul. At the burial, which took place on the 12th inst., Rev. Fr. Gueguen, of Loogootee, sang High Mass, with Rev. Fr. Ginns, of Vincennes, as deacon, Rev. Fr. Burchardt, of St. Mary's, Daviess Co., as subdeacon, and Rev. Fr. Oster, of Vincennes, master of ceremonies. A number of other priests were present. Rev. D. O'Donaghue, secretary to Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, preached a touching sermon, at the conclusion of which there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Rev. Fr. Doyle pronounced the last absolution at the grave. *R. I. P.*

Catholic Notes.

—His Eminence Cardinal Manning has attained his seventy-first year. May God spare him to the Church many more years!

—Father Grassi, S. J., who is visiting New York and Canada in behalf of his poor Indians, has a mission in Washington Territory covering over 1,000 square miles.

—Rev. William Collins, of the diocese of Philadelphia, and Rev. Father T. Conlan, of the diocese of Cleveland, who have long been in ill health and retired from active labor, died respectively on the 17th and 20th of August. Both had been zealous, hard-working priests, in their day, and the thousands to whom they faithfully ministered will now pray for their eternal repose. *R. I. P.*

—The following item of news, clipped from the Washington (D. C.) letter of the Richmond *Catholic Visitor*, will be read with regret: "It is a source of great sorrow to the people of this city and elsewhere, to learn of the serious indisposition of that venerable and pious priest, Father Alig, who has been quite ill for the past three days. It is hoped that his illness will be of short duration." May God grant it!

—The Dean of Westminster recently invited the members of a Catholic Young Men's Association to visit the chapter-house and cathedral, and himself acted as their cicerone, giving them a succinct history of the chapter-house, "the cradle of the constitution and liberty of England," the chapel of Henry VII and the royal tombs of the Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian periods, the shrine and chapel of Edward the Confessor, and numerous other objects of peculiar interest to his visitors.

—Colonization in Nebraska.—The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor lately visited Greely County, Neb., for the purpose of selecting 50,000 acres of land for an Irish colony about to settle in Nebraska under the auspices of the Irish Catholic Colonization Society. Although this Society was organized for the special purpose of aiding the Irish Catholics of our large cities to settle upon the land and provide themselves permanent homes and means of support, it does not, of course, exclude Catholics of any other nationality, as some have supposed.

—More Conversions.—Among the converts of distinction lately received into the Church in England

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(those in the middle and lower classes are too numerous to mention, as might well be supposed, even if an account of them could be kept) is Lady Holland. The change was not unexpected, as her ladyship has long announced her intention of so doing. Rumors are again circulated respecting the emphatic pronouncements in sympathy with the Catholic doctrine of a noble duke who, some time ago, denied his conversion in terms considered to sound of too much protest. It is said that he has since been actually received.

——Our valued contemporary *The Monitor* is being imposed upon, it seems, and so is THE AVE MARIA. The *Monitor* has lately published, "Ave Maria Refugium Peccatorum, Ora Pro Me," "The Power of the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria," "From the Prison to the Stake," and other pieces all of which were written or translated for the first volume of THE AVE MARIA. We thought at first to pay no attention to this, for we are glad to have an article that is considered good circulated as widely as possible, but seeing that the pieces are being reproduced in our contemporaries with acknowledgment to the *Monitor*, we have thought it time to make the truth known.

——PROTESTANTISM IN ROME.—A Protestant tourist writing from the Eternal City, says: "Protestantism is not, that I can discover, making headway in Rome. Last Sunday, while scores of Roman Catholic churches were filled with worshippers in that city—a cabman diligently driving me about—I could discover but three Protestant church edifices. One of these—the "American chapel," was closed; the "British Chapel," concontained some fifteen or twenty worshippers, and in the third—the Episcopal church—the clergyman was discoursing to a congregation of certainly not over forty persons." And the *Riforma*, Signor Crispi's paper, says:—"We believe that the Evangelical churches in Rome at present amount to a number greater than that of the followers of the various reformed creeds!"

——The Oratorians at Birmingham hoped, but hoped in vain, that Cardinal Newman's new dignities would oblige him to discard the shabby old *soutane* they knew so intimately. Well for them, however, they did not take upon themselves to give away the venerable garment in his absence: for the morning after his return he was cheerfully perambulating the house arrayed as of yore, having obtained leave from Rome to suppress all scarlet except a skull-cap and the inevitable stockings. A mediæval legend relates how a Cardinal, of especially humble mind, was found by the messengers who came to apprise him of his elevation peeling potatoes in the kitchen of his monastery, Having his hands engaged, he bade the bearers of the hat hang it on a peg. Cardinal Newman is almost equally meek-minded.—*The London World.*

——We have been favored with a copy of the Catalogue and Circular of Broad Street Academy, Philadelphia, Pa., for the year 1878-9, and must say that it is the handsomest thing of the kind we have ever seen. It contains thirty-two octavo pages of the finest tinted paper, with a three-eighth inch foliated border in blue and gold, and is bound in a straw-tinted enameled cover, bordered with a double band of silver. The name of the Academy is printed on a silver-tinted ground on the cover, in carmine and black, handsome initial letters being cut for the purpose. The educational institute from which this elegant pamphlet comes is well known to Philadelphians, and is perhaps more generally known as "Roth's Academy," being founded by Mr. Edward Roth, A. M., in 1863, and under his able management has attained the high position it now occupies. It is certainly one of the most select schools in the United States and does honor to Catholic culture.

——AN APPEAL FROM MEMPHIS.—The editor of the *Freeman's Journal* has received a touching letter of appeal in behalf of the orphans of the afflicted city of Memphis from Rev. Fr. Kelly, O. P., pastor of St. Peter's Church. He says:

"Yesterday the yellow fever was declared epidemic; it might just all well have been so declared two weeks ago. My great anxiety is about our orphans. We have ninety-two now, and have had to refuse others for want of means. They are chiefly supported by contributions from the markets, and these being now closed, they are in want. Two weeks ago we made application to the powers that be here, to get assistance. They published that all who wanted rations must leave the city and they would be supplied. The orphans were moved out of town, two and a half miles into the country. And yet our wise men, after publishing to the country that they needed no help and would feed all, white or black, in camps, cannot make up their minds to assist the orphans. If they do not need help, it is hard to tell who does. As a matter of fact they have not tasted meat for over two weeks. When you speak of the charity of the "Howards"—the "Howards" are not *Catholic* in their charities. Last year, while receiving thousands of dollars, they did not give our orphans one cent. As last year, will you not help the orphan, by forwarding to us whatever kind friends may contribute?"

——RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AND RECEPTION.—On the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the exercises of the annual retreat being finished, seventeen novices made their religious profession and five young ladies received the religious habit at the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Ind. Rev. Father Guido, of the Passionist Order, conducted the retreat, which was participated in by a large number of Sisters. Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, officiated at the ceremony of profession and reception, at which Rev. Father Guido delivered a most impressive and instructive sermon. The following are the names of the Sisters who made their profession: Sister Mary of St. Willibrord, Sr. M. Lourdes, Sr. M. Adelina, Sr. M. Pulcheria, Sr. M. Alfreda, Sr. M. Pelagia, Sr. M. Erasma, Sr. M. Gudula, Sr. M. Eutychius, Sr. M. Lidwina, Sr. M. Joseph, Sr. M. Joannes, Sr. M. Corona, Sr. M. Violata, Sr. M. Justa, Sr. M. Melissa, Sr. M. Constantia. The following are the names of the young ladies who received the religious habit: Miss Mary Stack (Sister Mary of St. Florentia), Miss Margaret Mansfield (Sr. M. of St. Clementia), Miss Laura L. Dayton (Sr. M. of St. Berthima), Miss Elizabeth Laphin (Sr. M. Aurelius), Miss Mary Hackett (Sr. M. Florien). Sisters from the branch-houses of the Community in different sections of the country were present.

——We regret to announce the suspension of the *Catholic News*, of Springfield, Ill. It was a well-conducted little paper, and must have rendered good service during its brief term of existence. Surely the three dioceses of Illinois ought to be able to support handsomely another good Catholic paper. By the way, has the excellent *New York Catholic* suspended altogether? We have been looking for it week after week, but it does not appear. We should regret very much to hear that it had suspended; for the editor, who is evidently a man of fine literary culture, possesses also in no small degree the qualifications for a good editor. We did think, however, that it was not the best place to start another Catholic paper in New York, which already has so many; had the publisher of the new paper chosen another field—say Chicago, or almost any other city—he would undoubtedly have done better. New York has six or seven Catholic papers, while many of

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our large Western cities have but one, most of them none at all. Some think the multiplication of Catholic papers must have an ill effect; we do not. It is not for want of a Catholic population that a paper dies out, or for want of money, but for want of the proper spirit in those who should support it, but who do not, and this spirit would undoubtedly be infused in great measure by a well-edited local paper. New fields, long lain fallow, need to be worked up, where local papers would obtain that support that others could not. Our advice to Mr. Ryder would be to pack up and come a little farther West. He is too efficient a worker to remain unemployed—too able and pleasing an editor to be spared in this land of newspapers—too loyal a Catholic writer not to be serving where he could effect so much good.

—Beautiful Non-Catholic Tributes to the late Bishop of Paderborn.—Speaking of the late Bishop, a prominent Protestant journal in Germany says: "Bishop Martin was perhaps no great Church politician, and much less a subtle diplomatist. But he may be held up as a prominent and exemplary type of those faithful, self-denying priests and chief pastors who, no less to our own joy and satisfaction than to that of our brethren, are numbered by thousands within the pale of the Catholic Church, and who at last have formally carried off the palm of victory for this Church over the Falk era of the *Kulturkampf*. Faithful, sincere, and firm as a rock, Conrad Martin, a homeless exile on earth, has at last entered his eternal home in heaven. Not only all true Catholics, not only all sincere Christians, but indeed all whose thoughts are chivalrous and lofty, whose ideas are fair and honorable, will with feelings of deep emotion lay a wreath of praise upon the bier of the hero who fell on the field of battle, and who only after death was permitted to return to his metropolitan see." Another Protestant newspaper, but of more democratic and rationalistic tendencies, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, speaks in no less praiseworthy terms of the deceased Bishop. "The Catholics," it says, "will always honor his memory, and he is fully entitled to this honor by his labors as well as by his sufferings. If history may not rank him among the mighty and towering men of genius, it will surely place him in the ranks of those who have honestly and faithfully made use of their moderate talent, who have done their duty, strictly following their moral convictions and the dictates of their conscience. Bishop Martin will not be left without the honor due to all such upright and noble men."

—Père Marquette.—"It is a right thing," said the Rev. Dr. Goodwin in his glowing eulogy of Père Marquette of which we made mention last week, "it is a right thing that we meet together, not to put up a shaft of granite merely that may acknowledge the eminent services of a great explorer, but that it may commemorate a man of noble character, pure life, and great sacrifices. We stand side by side with a man of grandeur of conceptions. . . . He was a man of heroic actions. . . . I have no doubt that, as one of these gentlemen has said, he never thought of himself. He had no expectation of a monument. No man is great that thinks of himself. No man is great until he forgets himself. Père Marquette always forgot himself. He lived a true, noble and divine life. If we had one Père Marquette among the American Indians to-day, with the American Government as much behind him as the French Government was behind Marquette, the Indian question would not trouble us many years. [Applause.] If we had one such man in every State at the head of its affairs, trusted as such men would be trusted, or one such man in all the States that trouble us, north or south, through the failure of selfish politicians, with rebellion against honesty and a rebellion against the Government, perhaps, we might sheath our bayonets and call home our police officers, and sleep nights without thoughts of mischief or marauders, and dream dreams of peace which in the daytime would come true. What our times need—what all times need—is men who sink their interests in the interests of their fellows, in the interests of truth, in the interests of humanity—men who are just as willing to die to-day or to-morrow as a hundred years hence, if their work is done as God wishes it. What mattered it to Père Marquette, floating home in his little canoe after that long and wonderful voyage of discovery, if the mission he loved so well was not to be seen again? He had his reward in the fulfilment of his conceptions of duty that had been performed with an humble trust, and fearing God. We as American people ought to treasure such a memory, and ought to be guided by such ideas. Père Marquette joined hands with Livingstone. The one discovered a continent for civilization to take possession of, with Christianity in its hands; the other did a similar work two hundred years before. You do not measure men by the jewels that flash in their crowns, or by the empires over which they may wield the sceptre. You measure them by their loyalty to the great thoughts which move the world. It does not matter whether it be a slave sold into an Egyptian dungeon. God has a kinship to him. Napoleon's history gathers rapidly a certain kind of infamy as the years go by. There is a greatness about it, but it is not a greatness that kindles men's hearts. There will be less and less homage paid by humanity to the Cæsars, Alexanders and Napoleons, as the years go by, each time their names are repeated. There will be more and more homage paid to men whose brows are knit, thinking of problems that may cheapen goods for men and multiply manufactures, or who visit hospitals, or seek to lift the prisoner out of his dungeon, or to Christianize political institutions, or to bring freedom and purity to the race. Père Marquette was in the line of the true builders. It is well enough to plant a monument here, but the monuments of such men are in the myriad hearts of those who spread the love of Christ; their real glory is in the flashing of the many-starred crown that awaits them. May God give us many more such men! May God give us somewhat, each of us, according to our capacities, of the power to follow the example of such lives!"

New Publications.

Picturesque Ireland.—Part 6. Edited by John Savage, LL. D. New York: Published by Thomas Kelly.

"Picturesque Ireland" continues to reflect great credit on its learned editor and enterprising publisher. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. Part 6, like the preceding ones, is filled with illustrations the elegance of which is not often equalled in similar works. The choice of Mr. Savage for the editorship of "Picturesque Ireland" was a happy one. The letter-press evinces his perfect familiarity with the scenes described, and his intimate knowledge of Irish History in all its phases. His style is pleasing in a high degree, and the reader is borne along with such ease of transition that he fancies himself actually visiting the Historic Isle in company with a well-informed and entertaining guide. Surely "Picturesque Ireland" ought to delight the heart of every Irishman who has a spark of the love of country.

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A SIMPLE, ORDERLY AND COMPREHENSIVE CATECHISM OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. American News Co., New York.

In looking over this little Catechism we have noted a number of points which are inaccurate; for example: New Year's Day, the Epiphany, Annunciation and Corpus Christi are *not* holydays of obligation in the United States—only in some of the States. Also as the phrasing of such a book will leave indelible impressions on young minds, too much care cannot be taken to secure the utmost accuracy of statement and language.

——THE ART AMATEUR. for August.—We have not seen a more dainty set of illustrated pages than those of the *Amateur*. The furniture illustrations are wonderfully clear and delicate, and also those for stuffed birds, and crewel work, indicating a purpose beyond mere *effects*—a word which covers all sorts of artistic sins in the way of blots, coarse and careless work. The text of usefulness is kept to in the letter-press; and while it pretends to deal only with everyday affairs, needles and crewels, or decorative painting on silk or on wood, or whatever the material may be, it puts into the hands of any lady the ways and means of doing such work as used to occupy queens and noble ladies, abbesses and nuns, in the ages when work for the sanctuary was esteemed privileged work. Some Protestant lady said the other day, when looking at the marvellous embroidery on napkins and toilet linens, "I should think the Catholic Church would take this up." The lady put it rather broadly, but what she meant was: "I should think Catholic ladies would seize upon all these decorative hints for their altars and sanctuaries." We could say that in those ages when the culture of the world was on the side of the Catholic Church the very stitches which are now used to adorn the luxurious bath-rooms or boudoirs of the rich were used for altar-cloths, purifiers, vestments, sanctuary furniture. Long before the Decorative Art Societies were thought of, these tricks of the needle were found out by pious ladies, and used in the service of God. The hand, not the loom, in those days fashioned the cope, the chasuble, the stole; and in so doing won merits which served them in the great Day of account. Our Catholic young ladies have as much leisure as any young ladies we know; our Catholic households keep as many domestics; and for this leisure they will be called to answer. The matter of industries is not a light one: it has to do with Catholic piety as well as with good domestic habits. At this day it will not do to make monstrosities in chenille work when one can *paint* in crewels; nor will stuffed dog's heads be acceptable in zephyr, when an *etching* in silk on fine linen has all the effect of a pencil sketch. A whole *art education* lies behind this needlework,—an art education such as we rejoice to know is given in more than one convent school. The result must be to put hand instead of loom work into American sanctuaries and American sacristy closets. E. A. S.

——*Donahoe's Magazine* for September is unusually readable and attractive, presenting as it does a large number of articles, original and selected, on a pleasing variety of subjects. A short notice like this can never do more than express an opinion of what is under examination *in globo*. Here is the table of contents: I, The Wonders of Lourdes; II, St. Vincent's Home for Boys, New York; III, The Sisters' Fairies, a story for children; IV, The Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul; V, Poetry is the Flower and Perfume of Thought; VI, The Irish People and the Reformation; VII, Adulteration of Food; VIII, Richmond, Va.; IX, The Bar Life of O'Connell; X, The Way the Dutch fought the Zulus; XI. Leo XIII, and his Court; XIV, High Treason: A Tale of the Jesuits of the 17th Century; XV, Fête Dieu in Britany; XVI, The North and the South; XVII, The Art of the Italian Renaissance; XVIII, Substitutes for Alcohol; XIX, Memorials of Presbyterianism; XX, Anecdotes of the late Gen. Shields; XXI, A Bishop on Strikes; XXII, Eirigh na Geallaighe; XXIII, A Victim of the Falk Laws in Germany; XXIV, Biographical Sketches; XXV, Useful Knowledge; XXVI, The Humorist; Gaelic Department; XXVII, Chat with Our Lady Readers; XXVIII, Our Young Folks; XXIX, A Talk with our Readers; XXX, Obituary of Priests, Sisters, etc.; XXXI, Events of the Month; XXXII, Notices of Recent Publications.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20TH.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 79 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 148 persons and 12 families,—conversion to the Faith for 127 persons and 11 families,—grace of perseverance for 15 and that of a happy death for 26 persons,—special graces for 10 priests, 4 religious, 2 clerical students, 2 aspirants to the religious state, and a number of children,—temporal favors for 45 persons and 7 families,—spiritual favors for 48 persons and 6 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 3 congregations, 3 dioceses, and 6 schools. Also 40 particular intentions, and 7 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: 7 children preparing to receive their First Communion,—a mother afflicted by the death of a child and the intemperate habits of her husband,—several persons who have neglected their religious duties for a long time,—conversion to the Faith for a gentleman about to marry a Catholic lady,—a poor afflicted family,—a person unjustly accused,—a poor widow and her family,—that several missions may be provided with resident priests,—2 persons very ill with typhoid fever,—several parties oppressed by unjust debts. And other intentions previously specified.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious lady writes: "Some two years ago I solicited prayers for myself and a novena to be offered to Our Lady of Lourdes. My petition was granted." ... Another client of the Blessed Virgin states that a young man who was leading a very bad life and was recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity, has now reformed entirely. Another correspondent says: "Mr. X., recently deceased, is another instance of the powerful protection of our holy Mother. He had for a number of years entirely neglected his religious duties, but, thanks to God and to our Lady, he finally went to confession, received Holy Communion, and was enrolled in the Scapular of Mount Carmel. I trust he has now obtained that mercy which his many friends so earnestly asked for him. He wore for years before his death a medal of the Blessed Virgin. A pious wife says: "I sent not long ago for some of the water of Lourdes for my husband, who had been drinking constantly for a year. He afterwards became insane, and

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had to be removed to the asylum. I gave him some of the miraculous water and he has become sane and cured of his appetite for drink. He attributes all to the intercession of the Mother of God." A dutiful son writes: "I have much pleasure in informing you that my father, for whom I procured the water of Lourdes and asked the prayers of the Confraternity, is now restored to health. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to God for this great favor."

OBITUARY.

The following deceased persons are recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity: MICHAEL DUFFEY and JAMES MATTINGLY, of Washington, Ind., and Mrs. ANN BUCKLEY, of St. Peter's, Ind., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. Miss BURNS, of Flatonia, Texas; JAMES MCKAY, Mrs. MARY MCKAY, and WILLIAM MCKAY, of Blandinsville, Ill.; HERMAN HOEVELER, of Nauvoo, Ill.; JEREMIAH and Mr. MARTIN MCCARTY, of Fredonia, Minn. Mr. FRANCIS E. ROZIER, a resident of Saint Genevieve, Mo., who departed this life on the 7th of May, and his little daughter, EMMA ROZIER, whose death took place about a month previous. Mr. JULES VALLE, of the same place, deceased some time ago. Mrs. JOSEPHINE MOSS, of Centralia, Ill., who breathed her last on the 13th inst. Mrs. ANNE FLEMING, of Shanaugh, Ireland, who fell asleep in the Lord on the 19th of July, aged 75 years. F. COYLE, a boy, who was drowned in the Chicago river a few weeks since. Miss ALICE CLANCY, of North Tarrytown, N. Y., who departed for heaven on the eve of our Lady's Assumption. Mr. JOHN RILEY, who rested in peace on the 20th of June, in Ireland. Miss BRIDGET DRAKE, who died in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., last October. Mrs. SARAH GLENNON, Mrs. MARY MULROONEY, and MARY DOOLEY, deceased last year in Ireland. Miss MARY HOOVER, Mrs. MARY HOOVER, Mr. JONATHAN CONRAD, Mr. WM. VAUGHAN, ANNA LEAK, JOHN FRIEL, HUGH MILLER, and JANE KEARNS, deceased some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Several answers sent to our correspondents of late have been returned for want of proper directions.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Mrs. Keneally, 50 cts.; Johanna O'Neil, $5; C. McCosker, $1; C. E. Rogers, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Neanan, $2; S. M. Browne, $1; Mrs. Victory, $1; Julia Falvey, $1; M. B. Harwood, $2; Hannah Kelly, $1; Jeremiah Collins, $1; Patrick Kelly, $2; Mrs. Mary Ridney, $1; Ann Delaney, $1; John Murphy, $1; Annie Donahoe, $1; Albert Knox, $2; Cyrus Schumacher, $1; Mary Schumacher, 50 cts.; Jane A. Reilly, $1; Mrs. Bridget McAuliffe, $2.50; William Denneston, $1; Miss Elizabeth Waylen, $1; John Dwyer, $2.50; Mrs. C. Brown, $1; Mrs. John Costello, $1; Mrs. J. Grogan, $1; Josephine Dupont, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; E. A. Dawson, $1; Mrs. M. E. Cullen, $1; Miss Bridget Quinn, $1; Mrs. Catharine Sweeny, $1; Mrs. D. McGanney, $5; Miss Maggie McCullough, $1; Mary E. Victory, $1; William Norris and Family, $1; Miss Sarah Mathew, $1; For Terence Fitzpatrick and Family, $1; Miss Katie Farrell, $1; Isabella Healy and Family, 50 cts.; Mr. John Wathen, $1; Miss Alice Wathen, $1; Michael Durant, $10; Thomas Falvey, $1; Mrs. M. Ford, $1; Two Friends, $2; Mrs. Mary Flynn, $1.

Children's Department.

St. Rose of Lima.

I.

HER EARLIEST YEARS.

This Saint is called by the Church "South America's first blossom," and is the patroness of all Peru. In Lima, its capital city, she was born, on the 29th of April, 1586, and received at holy Baptism the name of Isabella. As, however, three months later, her mother saw a rose of marvellous beauty hovering over the face of the sleeping baby, she kissed her child lovingly on mouth and forehead and said, "Isabella, thou shalt henceforth be called Rosa, for it would seem that God Himself has sent thee this name from heaven."

The first words of the little maiden were "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! be with me!" When she arrived at an age capable of reflection, and learned that her baptismal name had been changed for another, Rosa was much troubled, and complained of it, kneeling before a picture of our Lady. Very simply and earnestly did she beg the Blessed Mother to cause her baptismal name to be returned to her at once. But Mary gave her to understand that the name which her friends had given her was most appropriate, for did not her soul feed among roses? In the mean time she was to call herself Rosa of Holy Mary, in order thus to exhibit her confidence in the Mother of God.

When she was still very young, there were to be seen in her many of the holy traits and gifts of soul of St. Catharine of Sienna, whom Rosa had chosen for her patroness. Amiable, and of a quiet disposition, she was never heard to cry, even in her cradle. When only three years old she showed herself capable of the most heroic fortitude. The cover of a chest fell upon her right thumb, and she must have experienced a terrible torture. But she did not let it be observed; she neither wept nor called for help. As she was too weak to raise the lid, she was obliged to leave the finger there until some one came and set her at liberty. The physician who was summoned declared that he must draw out the nail of the poor little crushed finger with pincers. This, too, Rosa endured without even moving. All present wondered greatly, and judged rightly from this that Rosa was called to extraordinary sufferings in this world. Before she had completed her fourth year there appeared in one of her ears an agonizing distemper. Her mother applied remedies, but they only seemed to make the matter worse. There formed in the ear a festering ulcer. The poor child was again placed in charge of the surgeon. For forty-two days she suffered under his hands the severest agony without once complaining. This is surely a wonderful patience and fortitude for a four year old child!

In her fifth year it was revealed to her that she was called to remain ever a virgin. She had a brother, a frolicsome youth, who one day at play spattered dirt on her hair. This was very repugnant to her, for she could suffer nothing unclean to touch her. She said, "You must never do that again." He, however, retorted, "Are you of-

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fended because I spattered your hair? Don't you know that the beautiful curls which maidens prize are the devil's snares?"

These words Rosa took seriously. She thought them over for a moment, then fetched a pair of scissors, and cut her hair off close to her head, thus showing that she renounced all the world's vanities.

II.

ROSA'S FILIAL LOVE.

Rosa obeyed her parents in small things as well as great, although it was often very hard for her to do so. Her vain mother expected much of her which was contrary to her conscience, as too many mothers think there is nothing better to do than to dress their children beautifully every day, and to say to them, or have it said by others, "What beautiful clothes! That is a beautiful child!"

It was no trifling struggle for the little Rosa to obey the command of her mother and still do the will of God. Once her mother wished her to wear into company a wreath of flowers on her head. She was the most beautiful child in the city, and the mother wished to enhance this extraordinary beauty in the eyes of the world. The child did not wish to be praised, nor did she desire to be thought beautiful. Yet she would not argue the point. But what did she do?

She put on the wreath, obeying willingly; at the same time, under the wreath she pushed a thorn into her head, in order to drive away by pain the fault of vanity.

Another time the mother wished to force a vain ornament upon her, and she knew that this was very disagreeable to Rosa. Rosa did not oppose her mother's plan, but begged the Holy Ghost to show her a way of escape from such things. He put it into her heart to go to her confessor and get his help. This priest spoke to her mother, and arranged matters so that henceforth Rosa should be forced into nothing vain or worldly.

Her parents fell into needy circumstances, and were obliged to lead a life of privation. This, through her love to her father and mother, touched the good Rosa's heart sadly. She summoned all her strength to contribute something through the work of her hands to the support of their life, and accomplished as much in one day as another in four days. God blessed always her great filial love, and sent her her holy angel to work with her and for her.

So this sweet Saint dared neither to forego anything of her duty to her parents nor of the honor due to God. She forgot herself in her care of her father and mother. She worked when her weak health would scarcely permit her. When she was so feeble that she ought to have been in bed, she worked on to the utmost of her strength. If her father and mother were ill, she would watch day and night by their bed, and nurse them with tender care. To her utmost she helped her parents in such troubles with her prayers.

Dear children! do likewise.

III.

ROSA'S LOVE OF SOLITUDE.

Rosa had learned that God has annexed great blessings to the silent and solitary life. Therefore she was glad to be alone, and when she was alone she felt more joy in her soul than when in company with others. So she withdrew herself from society as much as possible, for she had already experienced even to loathing how vain, empty and sinful much, or even most, society is. Induced by her love for solitude, she begged her brother Ferdinand to help her build a little summer-house. Under the shady maple trees by the wall of her parents' garden, the summer-house was built. Rosa placed in it a little altar, with a crucifix and pictures of the saints, and passed there the happiest hours of her childhood. She went there early in the morning, and at noon after dinner, and in the evening before going to bed. Here she prayed like an angel before the throne of God, and entertained herself for hours at a time in holy thoughts and conversation with our Lord.

Later, she changed this summer-house into a hermitage. When her mother and sisters left her at peace in regard to marriage, she determined to lead a hermit's life. Here in her hermitage she dwelt like a nun of St. Dominic, and here happened the most marvellous things. The angels flew in and out as in Paradise, to wonder at Rosa's purity and love of God, so like their own, and to rejoice at the sight of her. She collected the many and holy prayers of her sisters in the golden chalice of her own devotion, as sweet-smelling roses to strew before the throne of the Lamb of God. She was thus in a hermitage, and yet not alone. In this solitary house, which was only five feet long and four feet wide, even nature was transformed by the glory which surrounded Rosa. When she woke, early in the morning, she called to the trees and shrubs, "Pray with me to our Creator, and praise Him, because He has given you being!" And lo! at her call the branches moved, the green twigs swayed to and fro, a soft sweet wind rustled through the leaves, and the flowers and the herbs began to shed abroad the most delicious perfumes.

She had planted in her garden the rosemary, set in the shape of a cross. It grew luxuriantly. The Viceroy's wife wished for one like it, to put in the court-garden, but the plant withered there immediately. It was replanted in Rosa's garden, where it bloomed more beautifully than before.

Even over the animals her sanctity had great power. A little bird came to her, and perched on a tree which was near the hermitage, and waited there willingly for Rosa's command to sing the praises of God. As soon as Rosa saw the bird she called to it: "Begin, O sweet nightingale, to sing sweet love melodies. With all your might sing with me, to praise the Maker of the world. Praise joyfully your Creator, as I my loving Saviour. Let us praise in duet the God who gives us good things." Immediately after this summons the bird began to sing, at first in the tenderest strains, then stronger, until it had finished its song. Then Rosa began to sing, and the bird listened so attentively that it did not once make bold to chirp. And so they sang with one another in turn for an hour. Finally the bird took its departure, and came the next day at the same time.

It seemed as if the animals had a holy veneration for her, as once for Adam in Paradise, for they never injured her. Flies and other insects which crept into her hut did not sting her, and never buzzed when Rosa began to pray. Once a

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Dominican Sister who was visiting Rosa crushed such an insect which had stung her on the hand. When Rosa saw it, she said, "Why do you kill my guests?"

The Dominican Sister answered, "Say, rather, your tormentors! Do you not see how he has stung me?"

Thereupon Rose replied, "What if so tiny a creature nourishes itself on our blood! Its Creator has nourished us many times with His Blood."

When Rose was twelve years old, and was once crossing a street with her mother and brother, a wild steer which had broken loose came bellowing towards them. Everyone screamed and sought to flee, but Rose remained quite still, and said to the others, "There is nothing to fear. One must trust in God when one cannot help one's self."

IV.

ROSE'S PRAYERS, FASTS, AND ALMS.

From her earliest childhood Rose was specially drawn to heavenly things. She seemed to listen attentively when the bells rang for divine service. She received from God the particular gift of prayer, so that even in her twelfth year she could pray for an hour at a time with entire recollection of spirit, and make profound meditations.

Whether she slept or waked, she had the eye of her soul steadily turned on God, and so much were the faculties of her soul filled with Him that she never dreamed of anything but what was heavenly. When she had been long asleep, she was heard still uttering words of prayer. Prayer was so natural to her, so necessary and customary, like her very breath, that whether she sewed, read, or wrote, she was always with God. In the church, in the garden, in the house, on the street, if she talked, or walked with others, the thought of God was present to her mind. In the housekeeping she cared for all that was necessary, while her soul was occupied wholly with God. Every morning, noon and evening she was accustomed to thank God for a whole hour for the benefits she had received.

Often she was seen in church kneeling near the altar for a long while, motionless, her eyes ever fastened on the altar, and so wrapped in contemplation that she heard no noise, and noticed none who passed her. During the Forty Hours' Devotion she remained in church, in the place which she had taken, from morning till night, without moving.

She diligently taught children to pray. She made long and loving preparation for Holy Communion, and after she had received our dear Lord she looked like an angel. If asked what the Blessed Sacrament did for her, she answered that she never could express it, and that nothing in the world could be compared to the refreshment she found in it. Often she was so weak that she had to stop and rest many times on the way to church, but when she had received Holy Communion she was like one full of strength and vigor.

The restlessness of people in church hurt her in her inmost soul, and she could not understand how anyone in so holy a place could talk or become distracted. The cross was so dear a remembrance of Jesus, that she kissed it and reverenced it often during the day; thereby she remembered all the sufferings and all the love that Jesus had borne for man.

After she had the use of her reason she never shed tears over anything but sin, or because of the exceeding sorrow she felt through meditation on the Passion of our Saviour.

Her fasts, by which I understand all the works of mortification, were very severe. Even as a child, she had renounced the enjoyment of all the luscious fruits that thrive in her native country. After her fifteenth year she gave up meat entirely. She was content with the least that a human being can use. A little bread, with bitter herbs cooked in salt and water, was almost her only nourishment. Once she lived fifteen days on a small loaf of bread and a flask of water. She took from even her bread and water what might be agreeable, for she often strewed ashes on the bread and made the water tepid. She scourged herself once a week, to beg of God that He would remove earthquakes and other evils from her country, that He would give to the dying a happy end, and to sinners the grace of conversion, and she pleaded also in behalf of the souls in purgatory.

She would lie on no soft bed, but on hard boards, upon which knotty pieces of wood and potsherds were laid. Her humility was so great that one could make her very ill by praising her. Rosa wished to be treated like a slave. She endured all insults and blows from others without complaint, and applied them to her sins, although she usually brought nothing to the confessional that was matter for absolution. She thought she could never thank God enough for the sufferings she often had to bear.

It was a great grief to her that so many people in America still lived in idolatry, and she begged several priests to preach the Gospel to those unhappy people. Willingly would she have shed her own blood for the conversion of the heathen. To the poor she was so compassionate that at her burial the beggars, weeping loudly, cried out: "Oh, our mother and friend is dead!" If some one sent her anything good, the poor must have it. Once a needy person came to her and begged a gift. Rosa had actually nothing. This grieved her so much that she shut herself up for eight days to practice the severest fasts in order to be able to give what she saved. When she went to the hospitals and served the sick it made her very happy.

Still many more, yes all customary virtues, did Rosa practice to the full, so that her soul might be likened to a rose-wreath of virtues.

On August 24, 1817, she died, and since then her *festa* is kept in Lima every year with indescribable joy. Her treasured image is carried in grand procession, and thousands of the most beautiful wreaths of flowers are laid before it.

Follow her, dear children, in humility and fervent prayer, in filial love, and in the love of the poor.

A little boy once called out to his father who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa; I love you thirty miles long." A little sister quickly added, "Good-bye, dear papa; you will never ride to the end of my love."

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879. No. 36.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

The Church celebrates the birth of the Saints on the day of their death and their martyrdom, as the day on which they are born into the glory of heaven; the Christian year contains only three feasts that bear the name of Nativity—that of Jesus Christ, or Christmas; that of St. John the Baptist, sanctified in his mother's womb; that of Mary, the object of this solemnity. How could the birth of other children of men be celebrated—children of wrath by nature, branded with original sin, condemned to the death of the body and also the death of the soul, if the grace of Jesus Christ had not preserved them? But if the angel announcing the birth of St. John said, "Many shall rejoice in his nativity," what shall we say of the joy spread throughout the world by the birth of Mary, the divine Mother of our Redeemer? For four thousand years miserable man sighed for this miraculous child of promise, whom the prophet saluted with all the desire of hope, like the wanderer, lost in darkness, awaiting the morning light. To-day she appears as that blessed rod of Jesse which soon shall be crowned with flowers whose perfume shall renew the whole earth. *Of Mary shall be born Jesus Christ our Saviour*, in whom all nations shall be blessed, by whose grace we shall conquer our enemies, and through whom we shall receive all good. Why, then, should we not sing in the offices of this solemnity, *Thy nativity, O Mary, has filled with joy the whole universe?*

It is of faith that we are born in sin, and therefore debarred from our inheritance. It is of faith that we ourselves, through our own proper efforts, without the grace of Jesus Christ, can do nothing for our salvation; we are miserable shipwrecked voyagers, without any hope of arriving at port. Without baptismal grace one may perhaps lead a good life—that is, he may not be sullied with any grievous crimes—he may show compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures and do good works. Still, history shows even this to be rare; the wisest of pagans were the slaves of crime and gross passions; the Gospel alone is based upon the divine law of charity. But grant a man is exteriorly without reproach, of what benefit will his good life be, says St. Augustine, if it lead him not to a life eternally happy? No, there is no other name given to men whereby they can be saved but the adorable name of Jesus Christ. In His quality of God our Saviour, He has left His disciples this solemn promise: "Fear nothing, I am with you even unto the end of time," to give you the grace to overcome the world and hell. Therefore it is that the angels sang over His crib at Bethlehem: *Behold a subject of great joy; there is born to you to-day a Saviour in the city of David. Peace upon earth to men of good will.*

But who has given us this Saviour? You will answer with me: Mary, the glorious Virgin of Nazareth. Mary, who will soon hear the Archangel saying to her with profound reverence: *Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Fear nothing, O Mary! thou hast found grace before God. Behold thou shall bring forth a Son who shall be called Jesus—that is, Saviour, because He will deliver His people from sin and from hell, to give them the title and rights of children of God.* Yes, the Word, the eternal Son of God, so loved sinful, degraded, corrupt man as to come and put Himself in his place. He took upon Himself human nature and made Himself a victim; He delivered His flesh to the severity of the elements, to the most bitter want, to persecution from His cradle, to exile, to hunger, cold and nakedness, to a death the most unjust and infamous; He arose from the dead and ascended into heaven. So many touching mysteries accomplished by His mercy in order to prepare for us thrones beside His own. Finally, it is Mary who has given Him that heart so tender for men, that body wounded and immolated for them, that Sacred Blood that gushed forth from all His veins and from His sacred side, pierced with the lance, to wash away their stains. She alone upon earth was found pure and heavenly enough to see the angels bow down

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before her, to become the sanctuary within which was wrought our reconciliation with God. Alone among all the children of Eve, she calls God her Son; and God, playing as a little child upon her knees and upon her breast, calls her His Mother. Who can refrain, when contemplating this ravishing spectacle, from crying out with transport: *Mother of divine grace, Mother of our Redeemer, pray for us!*

The present world is like a frightful desert in which the demon reigns, where he devours souls; he spreads his poison over all creatures, over dignities, honors, riches, terrestrial goods, and these become snares for the feet of the imprudent. If his feasts, his pleasures, appear to the man feverish and thirsty in his passions as so many fresh and limpid waters, if he throw his heart therein contrary to the law of the Lord, he shall find nothing to allay his thirst—but, on the contrary, naught but disappointment, deception, despair. But in this desert, through which we must pass before arriving at the land of promise, there is an angel who points out to the Christian refreshing and salutary fountains—an angel who causes rivers of living waters to flow for the whole people of God. That angel is Mary, the Mother of our Saviour, the Treasurer of His graces. This Virgin, the joy of God, of His angels and of men, whom we reverence to-day in her cradle, shall be our incomparable Mother, uniting mercy with power in order to guide us in the paths where the enemy lies in wait, to console us in our falls and our sorrows—to conduct us to heaven. From these fountains of the Saviour where she drinks at will, she has relieved the apostles in their labors, the martyrs in their torments, the virgins in their combats, the hermits in their solitude. It is by the grace that Mary has found for us before God, that souls beget and preserve within themselves piety, purity, devotedness, and a spirit of sacrifice; through Mary there have been raised up, here and there throughout the world, asylums for virtue, for repentance, for misfortune, for the abandoned infant, for the plague-stricken, for the aged without resources, for all wounded and suffering in body or mind. Mary has destroyed paganism with all its cruelties, and its horrors, in other words she has destroyed the power of the demon. She does not cease to crush his head, to stop him at the entrance of the heart consecrated to her worship; she unceasingly crushes him in the heart of the sinner who implores her aid. If innocence sleeps peacefully beneath the shadow of her wings, through her also the guilty are converted and forgiven, and the heavens rejoice; through Mary we all hope one day to inhabit the Eternal City of God, there to celebrate with the angels her solemnities without end; by Mary the faithful soul is assisted at the last hour, is led with confidence before the Sovereign Judge, and then into the everlasting Tabernacles. Take away Mary from earth, and death, begotten by Eve, destroys bodies and souls. May not the Church well call upon us to celebrate her Nativity with gratitude and joy—to repeat at her feet the words of the Archangel: "*Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Mother of divine grace, pray for us;* assuring us with the testimony of all ages that she has never been invoked in vain.

Christians! this venerable Virgin appears in the world, in order to be the Mother of our Saviour, that is to say, bringing redemption to slaves, deliverance to captives, relief to the poor, consolation to the unfortunate; life, hope, joy, to the entire world. For us all, she will be, if we so wish, the Mother of grace, the cause of our joy, the refuge of sinners, the consoler of the afflicted. How ought we not to bless her birth, to love and venerate her and attach ourselves to her! Let our ardent prayers every day demand unceasingly of her the one thing necessary, our portion of that paradise of pleasure of the Lord, which has been opened again to us through her. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Especially to-day let this pious verse of the sacred hymn be in our hearts and on our lips: "Make our lives holy and pure, O Mary! remove all snares from our path, that seeing Jesus with thee, we may rejoice with Him eternally:

Vitam præsta puram
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur. Amen.

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY was a great promoter of the devotion to Our Lady's Heavenly Joys. It is said that this devotion was revealed to him, and that he composed the hymn *Gaude, Flore Virginali,* in their honor.

SCIENCE, in the hands of unbelievers, has forgotten, or tried to forget, what it owes to the Church, without which there would be no science, for there would be no civilization. And if there is one truth better established than another in history, it is that the Christian Church is the great civilizer of peoples.

IT is recorded that in the last illness of the great and good Bishop Milner, when those about him addressed him with the customary "My Lord," he humbly pleaded "Oh, don't call me that any more. I am nothing now but plain John Milner, a poor sinner." And he wrote his own epitaph, which was simply this: "Here lies John Milner," with a space left underneath for the date of his death and a request for the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul.

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At Benediction, in the Chapel of the College of Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Oh! 'twas like a glimpse of Eden when I passed the chapel portals,
And upon its well loved-altar saw the lighted tapers shine,
Where the brightly wreathed blossoms seemed to smile as if in welcome,
While I waited for the blessing of our Lord and King Divine.

For the blessing far surpassing all the blessings ever given,
Then the deep toned organ's swelling thrilled and filled with joy the place,
And the voices of the singers, soaring up in psalms of worship,
Caught my heart and bore it upward, out beyond the bounds of space.

Vanished dreams of earthly pleasure, fleeting hopes I fondly cherished,
As I listened all enraptured to the grandly thrilling strains,
Till the pulsing of the organ seemed the sound of waving pinions,
And the hymns the songs of angels as of yore on Bethlehem plains.

Ah! I well might fancy heaven had been opened at that moment,
When the Lord of Hosts uplifted blessed His children kneeling there,
And as manna in the desert came the solemn benediction,
Filling with a sudden glory all the thorny paths of care.

Hour fraught with peace, whose memory will go with me on life's journey,
Shining 'mid my fairest treasures as a gem of purest ray,
May that blessing of my Saviour, dwelling ever in my bosom,
Keep my straying steps from wandering from 'the straight and narrow way.'

June, 1879.

CENTURIES before the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, it was a customary form of salutation in Spain among acquaintances when they met to say: *Ave Maria purisima.* To which the reply followed, *Sine pecado concebida.*

THE great Spanish artist Murillo merited the title of *El Pintor de las Concepciones* (the painter of the Immaculate Conception) on account of the great number of times he painted the subject, generally representing Our Lady alone, in radiant loveliness, robed in a white tunic underneath a mantle of celestial blue, rapt in contemplation of her sublime destiny, while angelic spirits wait upon her with rapturous love and admiration.

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

The dinner passed over pretty well. Aunt Dorothea sat between the Vicar and Mr. Stoneleigh, and could do nothing more than occasionally look through her eye-glass at Olive. Then the ladies came up; the three girls crept into one part of the room, and left the elders to themselves; thus all was peace until after the arrival of the gentlemen and coffee.

The conversation had been general, when, just as Olive was speaking to Edgar, came one of those sudden and unaccountable pauses in which a miserable speaker hears his sentence addressed to one person ring through the room. The victim was Olive, and her words fell like a shell into the circle.

"Is there a Catholic church at Barnham?"

"No," cried Aunt Dorothea, turning on the speaker; "and if there were such a place, I suppose you would hardly imagine any one from this roof would go there?"

Again Olive flushed to her forehead; but she answered calmly: "Certainly I would; but as there is not one I must go to Shorbury. I know there I shall find what I want."

"You shall not go!" exclaimed Miss Stoneleigh, springing to her feet. "Adrian, do you hear? is this what a Stoneleigh is to do?"

"My dear Dorothea!" began Mr. Stoneleigh, nervously, with an air of utter perturbation, while Olive stood trembling a little, her eyes fixed on her uncle.

Mrs. Stoneleigh spoke. "Most certainly Olive will go to church as often as we can manage it."

"*Is* she to walk to Barnham, or are the Stoneleigh liveries to be seen on a Sunday driving this young lady to the station to meet the excursion train—which, I believe, is the only one running at that hour?" said Dorothea. "Well, Beatrice, be sure of this, if it is done I never set my foot in Ashly Lodge again!"

"No great loss either," muttered Bee, *sotto voce.*

There was a moment's silence, and Mrs. Benson with a perplexed look said two words to her husband. Like a stage whisper they were heard all over the room: the words were, "*Mrs. Chester.*"

The Vicar started; he was greatly embarrassed. On the one hand he wanted to help his friends; on the other, the plan his wife's words instantly suggested would be an obstacle in his plan of reclaiming Olive. But an appealing glance from Mrs. Adrian Stoneleigh decided the matter, and he nodded to his wife.

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"You see," said that little lady, "I believe Mrs. Chester lives in Shorbury, and I thought Miss Olive could go to her, and——"

"Do you mean the woman who left her husband and children?" interrupted Aunt Dorothea, in an icy tone.

Mrs. Benson looked frightened, but her husband came to the rescue. "No one," said he, in his most measured tones, "could regret or condemn the unfortunate step taken by Mrs. Chester more than myself. She sadly forgot St. Paul's precept that the husband is the head of the wife. Still, misguided as she has been and is, I must protest againt the slightest imputation on her. Her conduct in all other respects has been blameless."

"She was a Monckton," murmured Mrs. Benson, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "She is cousin to Lord Monckton. Sweet girls they were —Madeline and Eveline Monckton."

By this time Olive, Beatrice, and Lord Osterly had escaped into an inner drawing-room, ostensibly to play chess, Beatrice looking on and superintending the game. Olive's hands trembled so much she could hardly set the pieces. Edgar, however, made such admirable fun that, sore-hearted as she was, she could hardly help being amused, and in a little while he managed she should make her exit by a door leading from the boudoir, as it was called, and so gain her own room without again encountering the company.

Arrived in her own room the tide of Olive's grief seemed to overflow. Human help there was none. She felt utterly alone in the world, and she saw as with a flash of lightning that the Faith, which was part of her being and in whose sunshine she had hitherto basked, would now have to be fought for and clung unto as if for life. Olive had already arranged a little altar in her room. There was the precious crucifix which her dying father's lips had kissed; there the sweet madonna in Parian marble, before which her mother had so often prayed. And Olive, in the bitterness of her heart, flung herself on her knees and prayed. She said no words; she formed no petitions. She did not know she was praying, but what more childlike thing can we do than kneel sobbing at our mother's knee, knowing that she understands our heart's anguish?

She did not know how long she had knelt, nor did she hear the sounds of departing guests, nor a soft tap at her door. A person came gently in, and, leaning over her, said in a most tender tone: "My poor child!"

"Aunt Adrian!" exclaimed Olive, rising to her feet and looking into the pale, worn face, now bathed in tears. "Are you displeased with me, aunt?"

"No, my dear child; I am terribly displeased at the attack made on you, and so grieved it should be under our roof and on your first day among us"; and Mrs. Stoneleigh drew Olive towards her and kissed her fondly. Then they sat down together, and Aunt Adrian talked.

"About this Mrs. Chester, love, I believe she is a charming person. Should you like me to write to her and say how difficult getting to your church is for you?"

"Yes, please, aunt. I remember, now, hearing the Warburtons speak of her. I think they were going to write to her about me, but they thought there was a Catholic church at Barnham, and so there was no hurry. Mr. Herbert Warburton looked in a book which he said was the Directory, and told me there was one marked down at Barnham."

Mrs. Stoneleigh colored. "There was one until a few months ago; but, you see, nearly all the Barnham land belongs to the Stoneleigh property, and Dorothea would not let any of her tenants have a chapel in their houses. It was quite a small place, this chapel; only just two rooms, and there on week-days a few children were to be taught. She was very angry about it—she and the incumbent of St. Jude's, and that was why your remark to Edgar was so unfortunate, and roused her up."

"I am so sorry, aunt. I never thought to be overheard. And it may have seemed I said it on purpose."

"Yes, dear, it may, and therefore gives poor Dorothea some slight excuse. But never mind; it is no use to lament over an accident; and sooner or later there would have been an uproar."

Olive's eyes filled with tears. "If papa had known this, aunt, he would not have sent me here; he could never have wished my coming to disturb the peace of your house."

Mrs. Stoneleigh strained Olive to her breast. "Never say that again, dear; it would be agony to me to think Philip would not send his daughter here. Don't think, Olive, that when I propose to write to Mrs. Chester it is because I would be conquered by Dorothea; if necessary, I will fight the battle ten times over for Philip's child."

"Dear aunt, how good, how very good you are!" said Olive, gratefully; "and you look so pale and worn; don't stay up any later; and let us see what Mrs. Chester says in answer to your letter."

CHAPTER VI.

In a few days Mrs. Chester wrote back to say she hoped Olive would stay with her from Saturday to Monday. It was so arranged that Olive should go the following Saturday, under charge of a good farmer's wife proceeding to market; then her aunt would drive over and fetch her on Monday. Mrs. Bond was in a hurry to get to market, so Olive parted from her at the station and drove to Ladywell Lane. She was set down at the door of an old-fashioned house. There was no outward sign of a chapel; it was, in

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fact, hidden behind the house, and the public entrance was through the garden. Olive was admitted into a small parlor by a young girl who told her Mrs. Chester was in the church; would she mind waiting a little? Olive asked eagerly if she might go into the church to wait. The girl assented, and led her down a wide passage to a large door which admitted her into the sacristy, and from thence she entered the church.

It was a plain square building, with no architectural beauty, but with that air of devotion that often made one of these plain old chapels dear to the hearts of those who frequented it. At the foot of our Lady's altar sat Mrs. Chester, her lap filled with flowers which she was arranging. When she saw Olive she stretched out her hands, and Olive thought she had never looked upon a sweeter face. She sat down beside her and began to help with the flowers. Neither spoke, but in that hour their souls were knit together, and it seemed to Olive then and afterwards that our Lady gave her that lifelong friend with her own hands. When the flowers were finished the two left the church, and Olive received a warm welcome.

"And now," said Mrs. Chester, smiling, "we must not let you starve. I think dinner must be ready."

"Olive's delight with the old-fashioned house was very great. She had never seen anything like it before—the deep circular seats, high fireplaces, and diamond-shaped panes of glass, as well as the nooks and corners, were all delicious to her; and the high-walled garden with its big trees, and the church rising on one side, was also charming. As she and Mrs. Chester sat together that evening, the latter said: "Did you not think Ladywell a curious name for a Catholic church?"

"Oh, I supposed it had been so named on purpose."

"No: there is an old tradition of a well, in days gone by, which they say had healing powers. I am sorry to say no trace of it now exists; but this house has a curious history attached to it, which I am sure you will like to hear."

"Indeed I should."

"Fifty years ago," said Mrs. Chester, "this town was much smaller and less important than it is now. Still, there were a few Catholics, and a chaplain from Travers Park, which is twenty miles off, used to come over three or four times a year and administer the Sacraments in one or other of these poor people's houses. Priests, even then, were cautious, and no one save the Catholics had an idea who Father Hilton was. One day up to the King's Head Inn drove a travelling-carriage, and a lady with her maid and man-servant alighted. The lady was feeling ill. She grew rapidly worse, and a doctor pronounced her dying, Nor did she doubt it, for she knew what she was suffering from and how little chance of life she had. She asked for a Catholic priest, and was answered only by astonishment. Neither doctor nor innkeeper had ever heard of such a person, nor had the least idea where one was to be found. Then Miss Vernon turned to our Blessed Lady and besought her help, vowing to build a church in this very place if she were allowed to receive the last Sacraments. She told her maid to convey her last wishes to her mother, who would, she knew, carry them out. Hardly was this done when there came a knock at the door and one of the kitchen maids crept in. 'I heard in the kitchen,' said she, 'that your lady wanted a priest. I fear I'll lose my place by telling you, for no one knows I am a Catholic; but I could not have that poor lady's soul on my conscience. Father Hilton lives at Travers Park, twenty miles away.'

"So a fleet messenger went for Father Hilton. Miss Vernon was anointed, and afterwards recovered. She kept her vow. As Catholics in those days were obliged to hide themselves, the Vicar-Apostolic thought it more prudent to build this house first and attach the church to it. Miss Vernon was a single woman. She grew fond of the place, lived here many years, and at length, after again receiving the last Sacraments, died in peace. She left the house to a niece, from whom I rent it. Ladywell Lane was chosen partly because of its obscurity and partly because of its name."

"What a lovely story!" said Olive; "it will make me love this dear old chapel."

"I hope so," replied her new friend, "and love to come here as often as you can; but now you look very heavy, and must go to bed."

On Monday following, Mrs. Stoneleigh and Beatrice drove over to fetch Olive. The latter was in a state of wild delight at all she saw, while Mrs. Stoneleigh and Mrs. Chester seemed to take to each other at once. Olive was struck with the expression on her aunt's face when in the chapel. She remained long on her knees; and when she rose up she had the look of one who had, after long suffering, for a moment found rest. As the weeks passed on, Olive's affection for Mrs. Chester grew and deepened. She was of the greatest help in inducing Olive to plan out for herself a course of study and to guide her steps wisely in the new and difficult position in which she found herself. Lord Osterly and Charles had both departed, and the usual routine of life went on at Ashly. At last came the lovely Feasts of All Saints and All Souls; and as they fell at the end of a week, Olive passed some five or six days at Ladywell. One evening, as the friends sat together in silence, Olive saw the quiet tears stealing down Mrs. Chester's cheeks. "Oh, Madeline, darling," she said, softly, "if I could but comfort you!"

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"You do comfort me, dear," returned her friend; "but something you said just now woke up a train of thought," and then she smiled at Olive's wistful eyes. "Yes, Olive, I see you want to know my story, and if you like I will tell it now."

Olive pressed her hand eagerly, and Madeline Chester began.

CHAPTER VII.

"My twin-sister Eveline and I were only children. Our mother died before we knew her, and we were left to the care of a governess. Our father, the Hon. Col. Monckton, was very fond of us, but he was occupied with his military duties and society, and we lived a solitary life, wrapped up in each other. At last we were introduced, and in a few years married. My husband was the Vicar of Irby on the Thames, no great distance from London, and as Eveline did not care for the gay world she spent most of her time with me. I cannot express the happiness of the first years of my married life. The vicarage was situated in a lovely spot. The garden sloped down to the Thames, yet large trees screened us from too much observation. A high wall separated this garden from the church-yard; there was a door by which we passed to church. I never saw so lovely a spot for a cemetery as that church-yard. Large trees and shrubs, climbing plants and an abundance of flowers made it very fair, and all the graves were taken care of. There was one grave in particular, half hidden in summer time beneath the weight of white roses. It was that of the last Vicar's wife. At the head was a white stone cross, on which was inscribed:

"AMY CLEVELAND,
Aged Twenty-Three.
Not lost, but gone before.

"I could not bear to look at this grave, nor yet to think of it. I could not bear to contemplate any shadow coming on my bliss. The years passed on. I had two lovely children, and I was supremely happy. We had a good deal of society, chiefly clerical, and of course the controversies of the day were freely discussed. As for me, I only smiled as I listened. It seemed to me as if people were fighting about mere trifles. Why could not everyone be content, as I was? It was with a mixture of pride and amusement that I watched the active part Eveline took in those discussions. She read the books that came out, and as she was often in London she saw more of the real strife going on than I did. Eveline had quick perceptions and a clear mind, and often did I laugh to myself when I saw some conceited parson, or even some church dignitary, unable to answer her arguments. Blinded by the sunshine of happiness, I did not mark lines of care on her face, and I knew nothing of the silent hours of prayer and study she was going through. At last the crash came. Eveline wrote to me from London. She had become a Catholic. Bewildered, I flew with the letter to my husband. Then, for the first time, I learned a phase in his character. He had a rooted horror of anyone 'going over to Rome,' and he forbade any intercourse between me and my only and beloved sister. He would not even let me write to her once. He wrote himself. Of course I suffered keenly; it was my first sorrow, and I felt it far more than I can express; but still, dear as Eveline was, I had my husband and children, and they were my life. Some six months had passed away when there came a sudden summons to my father's death-bed. I went, and in the sick-room I met Eveline. Three days we passed together.

"My father was a man without religion—by no means an unbeliever, but one whom religion had never touched—upright, honorable, unselfish, and kind. He was going into eternity, having lived only for earth. And what had the Church of England, to which he had belonged, done for him? A parson came—the parish clergyman—and read a few prayers by him and talked of the happiness of heaven. There was no Sacrament to cleanse that parting soul, no life-giving food. Alone and desolate he was going on his journey. But Eveline was there—Eveline, who taught him to make his act of contrition, who put the crucifix to his lips. I watched her and I watched him, and at last I saw him die. Immediately afterwards my husband took me away. I had strictly obeyed him, and not one word of confidence had passed between my sister and myself. But the work was done.

"I returned to Irby a Catholic in heart. And then, Olive, began two long years of misery. God on one hand urging me to sacrifice, and my weak heart on the other refusing to make it. I did not, indeed, actually look forward to separation from my home. God mercifully hid that from my eyes; but I thought our happiness would be overcast. Mine was gone already. I had to act a part before one who hitherto had known almost every thought. Of course, he suspected something; but he would not face it; so we went on. Every service in church was a torture to me. Now and again, when unobserved, I would steal to Amy Cleveland's grave and weep there. What was life! what was happiness! *She* had both a few years before, in this very same fair home of mine, and death snatched her from it. And here was I, sacrificing all my eternal hopes in order to keep a hold on my poor, fleeting earthly happiness! Then I would make a resolve. I would tell my husband. But the sound of my children's prattle on the grass, the sight of my husband's happy face, would undo all, and I would thrust my secret from me into the depths of my aching

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heart. You see, Olive," continued Madeline, turning to her with a wistful smile, "what a weak creature your poor friend is!"

Olive threw her arms round her. "Oh, Madeline, *how* you have suffered!"

"A little, love," she answered. "If those who condemn converts could only see their inward struggles, they would be more merciful. Well, dear, my story is nearly ended. My oldest child fell very ill. I thought I was going to lose him, and in that hour of anguish God spoke to my heart, and warned me I was trifling with grace. The child recovered, and I was ordered to take him to the sea-side. I did so, and I felt that there, away from my beloved home, I could better break the news to my husband. I wrote to him, and like a criminal before his judge awaited the answer. It came—more cold and stern than even my worst imaginings. He sent a servant for the children, and ordered me to go to his sister's house in London till arrangements could be made. I obeyed him; and Lady Wallis, my sister-in-law, was full of kindness, and used all the arguments a woman of the world knows, to dissuade me. But, Olive, now that the step was taken I was on Mount Calvary, and *there* only a Divine strength enables me to stay. From Lady Wallis's house I visited the Jesuit Father who had received Eveline into the Church. And when once I had done that, my burden was lightened. I found a father and a friend in him, and I found—oh, how could I tell *what* I found in those mighty Sacraments that came to aid my sinking soul!

"Several clerical friends of my husband's called on me and used every argument they could think of to shake me; but all in vain. Then came our solicitor, by my husband's desire, to arrange my separate income. I was never to return to Irby or see my husband and children. And I found my husband had engaged a governess whom I knew, and whose religious opinions were almost as repugnant to him as to myself. I felt, therefore, he had engaged her only because he knew on the one point of keeping the children separated from a Catholic mother she would be as firm as a rock. Of course as soon as I had first seen Father Aubrey he gave me news of Eveline. She was in Rome, intending to spend the winter there. As soon as the post could bring letters, they came from her overflowing with tender affection and asking me to go to Rome. By Father Aubrey's advice, I went. We passed the winter together in the Eternal City, finding out, day by day, new beauties in the glorious Church of God.

"Easter fell very late; and at the end of Lent, on the Feast of the Seven Sorrows, my confessor asked me if I were ready for a fresh sacrifice. I said, 'Yes.' I knew in a minute what it was. My Eveline was called to Carmel, and my path in the world would be lonely. I did not grudge her to her God. We came home together after Easter, and in May she entered her convent. While in Rome we had made the acquaintance of the lady to whom this house belongs. She told us about it, and a desire came over me to live here. The thought of that tribune which opens from my room into the chapel was such an attraction to me, and I felt I might be useful in taking care of the sacristy and the poor. Eveline came with me to see the place, and I arranged to take it. I have been here five years."

"And never—" Olive's eyes said the rest.

"No, darling—never saw my children, nor heard a word from my husband. I have often written; the letters came back to me unopened from the lawyer. I go every year to Lady Wallis's for a few weeks in order to give him an opportunity of seeing me; also," she continued with a smile, "because I don't want to get *too* much behind the world, so as to vex him if ever he takes me back. Don't grieve too much for me, Olive, darling," as she saw the tears running down the girl's cheeks. "There is a life beyond this. No doubt such suffering as this was absolutely needed to withdraw my clinging heart from earth. By no other path could I have learned to live the life of faith."

"But your children!" sobbed Olive, "how can you leave it for them?"

"Ah, Olive," she answered, softly, "I trust them to my God. A mother *may* forget, but He cannot. My love for them sprang from Him. I trust them to the boundless ocean of His love and pity."

When Olive went to her room that night, she knelt long before her crucifix and made a mighty resolve that she would in her appointed way follow the example just set before her.

Will she keep that resolution? The future will tell us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN St. Cajetan was on his death-bed, resigned to the will of God, eager for pain to satisfy his love, and for death to attain to life, he beheld the Mother of God, radiant with splendor, and surrounded by ministering Seraphim. In profound veneration he said, "Lady bless me." Mary replied, "Cajetan, receive the blessing of my Son, and know that I am here as a reward for the sincerity of your love, and to lead you to Paradise." She then exhorted him to patience in fighting an evil spirit who troubled him, and gave orders to the choirs of angels to escort his soul in triumph to heaven. Then turning her countenance full of majesty and sweetness upon him she said, "Cajetan, my Son calls thee. Let us go in peace."

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The Agnus Dei.

We find the beautiful similitude of the lamb frequently applied to our Lord in the Holy Scriptures. The Paschal lamb of the Old Law, whose blood was to sign the door-posts of all those that were to be spared by the destroying angel, prefigured the Redeemer of the world, whose Blood was to preserve mankind from eternal death. He it was of whom the great prophet Isaias spoke, so long before His coming, when he prayed to the Almighty: "Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the Ruler of the earth, from Petra of the desert, to the mount of the daughters of Sion.* drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just: let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour.† And a throne shall be prepared in mercy, and One shall sit upon it, in truth in the tabernacle of David, judging and seeking judgment, and quickly rendering that which is just."‡ "God Himself will come, and will save you."§ Referring to the ignominies and stripes of His Passion, and the voluntary death of the God-Man, the prophet again likens our Saviour to the meek and gentle lamb: "He hath delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked: and He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors. He was offered because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth: He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer."‖ "And I was as a meek lamb, that is carried to be a victim."¶ "Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled."**

In many other places in Holy Scripture the symbol of the lamb is used in reference to our Lord, and from the Apostolic times till now it has been well understood in this sense by all the faithful. This, then, together with the fact that wax has ever been the chosen emblem of the angelic virtue, explains in great measure the blessing of the wax cake stamped with the symbolic figure of the lamb, by the Pope, and hence called the *Agnus Dei*.

The use of this well-known but perhaps not so generally well understood object of Catholic devotion is, like holy water, blessed palm, blessed ashes, etc., very ancient in the Church. It is not exactly known when it was first introduced in its present form, but the learned author of "The Sacramentals"†† gives it as his opinion that it originated in the custom of distributing the remains of the Paschal Candle to the faithful in the early ages. This supposition seems well grounded when we consider the many points of resemblance between the Paschal Candle and the *Agnus Dei*, as well in the signification of the material as in the blessing. Both are intended as mystical symbols of our Blessed Lord,—the first as an emblem of His glorified Body risen from the grave, the second the Lamb slain for the sins of the world. The Paschal Candle, like the *Agnus Dei*, is made of the purest wax: it has five incisions in it, in the form of a cross, into which five grains of incense are placed during the blessing. These incisions represent the Five Wounds of our Lord, the marks of which He keeps and will forever keep in His glorified Body. "Like five suns," says Rev. Father Barry, "those Wounds are now shedding divine lustre over the blessed Court of Heaven, and are, according to theologians, the mute but most efficacious intercessions of our Lord Jesus Christ with His Eternal Father for the members of the Church militant and the Church suffering." The grains of incense represent the spices with which the Holy Corpse was embalmed by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. The Paschal Candle is blessed on Holy Saturday, and has been in use in the Church from Apostolic times. It was not, however, in general use—that is, in parish churches, as we have it now—until the 4th century, being before that time confined to the basilicas or greater churches. Its use and the faculty of blessing it was extended to parish churches during the pontificate of Pope St. Zozimus (A. D. 417-418), as is recorded in his Office in the Breviary.

The *Agnus Dei* is also made of the purest and whitest wax, but is blessed only by the Pope. It has stamped on one side of it the image of the Lamb of God, on the other that of some saint. It is blessed by the Pope on the first Low Sunday (the first Sunday after Easter is so called) after his elevation to the Papal Chair, and on the same day every seventh year thereafter. The privilege of stamping the wax has been accorded to the monks of the Monastery of St. Bernard in Rome. The Pope uses Holy Water in blessing it, because with that element God wrought such wonders, and commanded the Jews to use it in their sacred rites (Exodus, xxx, 18-21; Numbers xix), and because our Saviour sanctified it by making it the matter of baptism, blessing it by the contact of His own Sacred Body in the river Jordan, and by using it in one of the greatest miracles wrought by Him, the cure of the man born blind, commanding him, after He had anointed his eyes with clay and spittle, to go and wash in the pool of Siloe. Balsam is also employed, to signify the good odor of Jesus Christ, which every Christian should spread about him by his virtue and good works. Formerly it was also the custom to add some drops of the Holy Chrism.

The ceremonies and prayers used in blessing

* Is., xvi, 1. † xlv, 8. ‡ xvi, 5. § xxxv, 4. ‖ liii, 7.
¶ Jeremias, xi, 19. ** 1 St. Peter, i, 18, 19.
†† "The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church," by Rev. William J. Barry.

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the *Agnus Dei* are very beautiful and impressive. The Sovereign Pontiff asks God to bless and sanctify these forms of wax which bear the impress of the spotless Lamb, that by seeing and touching them the faithful may be incited to praise God, that storms and tempests may be driven away, and the wicked spirits be put to flight by the virtue of the Holy Cross with which they are marked; and he further prays that "as the innocent Lamb, Jesus Christ, when immolated on the Altar of the Cross, delivered our first parents from the power of the devil, so may these spotless lambs be endowed with power unto good:—the power to protect those who devoutly wear them, against the malice of demons, against tempests, pestilence, sickness, fire, and enemies; and that they may be efficacious in protecting the mother and her child in dangers of travail. Through Jesus Christ," etc.

It is related in the life of St. Pius the Fifth that the city of Rome was saved from destruction, threatened by the overflow of the banks of the Tiber, by an *Agnus Dei*, which when thrown into the river caused the waters to subside. The miracle was witnessed by thousands of people, and is mentioned in the process of the holy Pope's beatification. An *Agnus Dei* was sent to the Emperor Charlemagne by Pope Leo III, and he preserved it with the greatest reverence. Rev. M. Neils, the Curé of Bois d'Haine, states that Louise Lateau, the stigmatica, when an *Agnus Dei* is held before her during her ecstasies, makes nearly the same demonstrations of profound regard for it that she does for a relic of the True Cross. At such times, when oblivious to everything except the approach of sacred objects, she will rise from her pillow and seize the *Agnus Dei* or the relic of the True Cross with incredible eagerness, and with such a tightened grasp that it is sometimes difficult to take them from her fingers. This, too, at a time when she is insensible to all pain, as physicians have proved by piercing her flesh with sharp-pointed instruments.

The Paschal lamb of the Old Law prefigured the true Lamb of the Law of Grace.

Frequently does Holy Scripture apply the beautiful word *Lamb* to our Lord: first, because of His great meekness, "and I was as a meek lamb that is carried to be a victim" (Jeremias, xi, 19); secondly, because of His innocence, "knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things. . . . but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled" (1 St. Peter, i, 18, 19); thirdly, because of His voluntary obedience unto death, "He shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer" (Isaias, liii, 7).

"The *Agnus Dei*, then, is a symbol of our Lord, and he who would wear it devoutly must imitate Him in His lamb-like virtues, meekness, innocence, and indifference to the world. Meekness is that Christian pliableness of character which makes us bend and suit ourselves to every class of persons, as far as duty will allow. It prevents us from standing on our imaginary dignity; it rids us of melancholy, it causes us to be patient with ourselves and others, it makes our piety amiable by shedding over it the heavenly sunlight of childlike gayety. The meek Christian, and only he, has caught the true spirit of the devotion of the *Agnus Dei*. If we have not meekness let us beg St. Francis of Sales, the Saint of meekness," as he is called, to obtain this virtue for us. He used to call it one of those lowly virtues which grow close to the foot of the Cross, which are all the more fragrant for being watered with the Blood which trickled down from the Sacred Heart."

Wax, as before remarked, has always been held as the chosen emblem of the angelic virtue of purity. The symbol of the Divine Lamb impressed on the wax should recall to our minds that we are redeemed by the Precious Blood of the spotless Lamb, Jesus Christ, and that we are therefore God's by the double bond of creation and redemption. When the tempter endeavors to ensnare us we should press the *Agnus Dei* close to our heart, and say: "Jesus! meek and humble and pure of Heart, have mercy on me."

The Pope has positively forbidden that the *Agnus Dei* be painted or sold. The sacred wax is usually covered with silk or other precious material, and it is allowed to have holy words and images impressed on the cover.

The following prayer, which may be said daily by those who carry about them an *Agnus Dei*, is substantially the same as that found in most of our prayer-books.

PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesus Christ! the true Lamb that takest away the sins of the world! by Thy mercy, which is infinite, pardon my iniquities, and by Thy sacred Passion preserve me this day from sin and all evil. I carry about me this holy *Agnus Dei* in Thy honor, as a remembrance of my own weakness, and as an incentive to the practice of that meekness, humility, and innocence which Thou hast taught. I offer myself up to Thee as an entire oblation, and in memory of that sacrifice of love which Thou offeredst for me on the cross, and in satisfaction for my sins. Accept, O my God! the oblation which I make, and may it be agreeable to Thee in the odor of sweetness. Amen.

"WHEN you are making your wills remember the children of the poor. *It is a bad will that has not the name of the Lord among the heirs."—Cardinal Manning.*

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The Madonna of St. Luke.

Did St. Luke practice the art of painting?

This question is certainly not new, but it is one much more difficult to answer than might be supposed; for there are authorities both ancient and modern for and against.

St. Luke was born at Antioch, the capital city of Syria, famous in the East on account of its situation, its commerce, its riches, its numerous population, and its schools which furnished to all Asia so many distinguished masters. It is well known that the Saint made there great progress in his studies, and especially in that of medicine, for the more profound and thorough knowledge of which he travelled through Egypt and Greece.

The preaching of St. Paul gained him over to the Gospel, and so attached did he become to the Apostle that he was ever his faithful companion in all his journeys and fatigues. Death alone could separate them. We know from the Apostle* that, once become a Christian, he practiced medicine as often as his new occupation would permit. St. Paul sends to the Colossians the salutations of his physician. Some writers make a distinction between the physician St. Luke, of whom St. Paul speaks, and the writer of the Gospel which bears his name. But this distinction is altogether false. The testimony of the Greek and Latin fathers contradicts this sophism, reproduced later by Calvin, Erasmus and Basnage, and always refuted by the most convincing proofs.

We cannot, however, be so positive in regard to the question whether St. Luke was a painter, since, as said before, there are authorities on both sides. Let us see, however, the reasons of those who pronounce in favor of the negative, and examine if they are so clear and strong as to permit no answer.

The first and most serious objection of those who would erase the name of St. Luke from the list of painters, is, according to them, his very condition as a Jew. If he were an Israelite, as some pretend, he could not practice the art of painting, because it was fordidden the Jews under most severe penalties to make or possess images.† Josephus tells us that when Pilate wished to set up in the city of Jerusalem the statues of the Emperor, the people were filled with horror, and begged of him to remove the images and leave intact the laws of their country; and though threatened with death if they did not consent, they persisted in their appeals, and would prefer even death rather than suffer any transgression of the law. And Pilate, moved by their firmness, yielded to their supplications.

How then could St. Luke, in the midst of such an opposition, undertake to practice painting and produce portraits?

Again, if St. Luke was a Greek, and came over from paganism to Christianity, he could not have known the Blessed Virgin before she had attained her sixtieth year. In that case he could not have given to his portraits of the Virgin that freshness of color, that air of youth which mark the greater part of the portraits attributed to St. Luke.

It is very easy to answer both these objections. The public practice of painting and the adoration of images were prohibited among the Jews by the Mosaic law, but they were not forbidden to make them and preserve them in particular houses, as was the custom among the ancients, especially the Greeks and Romans. Add to this that at the time when the Mosaic law yielded to Christianity, a great number of the precepts of the law had been changed or had fallen into disuse, and other traditions substituted instead, as our Redeemer on more than one occasion reproached the Scribes and Pharisees. It is very probable that images were kept in particular houses or were bought by Greek painters, among whom we may safely class St. Luke. It is true that several authors have pretended that St. Luke was an Israelite and a disciple of St. John the Baptist, and, what is stranger still, one of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ. But, supported by the most weighty authorities, we believe that he passed directly from paganism to Christianity. St. Luke, then, could have been one of those Greeks who practiced the noble art of painting. And what better use could he have made of his talent than to employ it in retracing the pure, angelic form of the Mother of God? According to a pious tradition, the Christians of that time were most eager to see the countenance of the Blessed Virgin, and came from far-distant countries to hear the sacred words pronounced by her lips. Could not St. Luke then have known, too, the Virgin of Nazareth?

In regard to the objection taken from the discrepancy between the age of the Blessed Virgin and the air of youth in the madonnas of St. Luke, we reply: 1st, Is it impossible to suppose that St. Luke procured among the Jews a portrait representing Mary at a less advanced age than when he knew her? 2d, Granting that he knew the Blessed Virgin only in her old age, might he not, as painters ordinarily do, have given to his portraits a younger appearance and greater freshness, without on that account misrepresenting his model? Besides, how often are not women seen, especially among the unmarried, who preserve to a very advanced age the freshness of youth? Would it be anything astonishing, then, if the Blessed Virgin herself had in her old age pre-

* Epistle to the Coloss., xiv. † Exodus, xv, v.

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served a youthful freshness in her immaculate flesh, even making abstraction of the consideration that to the thousand supernatural privileges with which God enriched her He might have added that of which we speak?

Other authors oppose to us the authority of St. Augustine, who in his treatise on the Trinity affirms that it was not certainly known what were the features of the Blessed Virgin. Others too add that before the Council of Ephesus, in the fifth century, there were no portraits of Mary, or if there were they did not represent the Divine Child in the arms of His Mother, as the paintings attributed to St. Luke. In the first place the Bishop of Hippo does not speak of portraits, but only of the true physiognomy of the Blessed Virgin. His object was simply to prove that even though we could not show the true features of Mary it does not follow as a consequence that she was not the Mother of God, just as ignorance of the true traits and appearance of John the Baptist, Lazarus, or the Apostles would be no reason to deny the existence of these personages.

The second assertion is entirely false, and contradicted by both ancient and modern writers. It is sufficient to mention among others Bosio, Amighi, Boldeth, Trombelli, and Marchi, of the Society of Jesus. The latter, in the frontispiece of his work on Christian monuments has placed a very ancient portrait of Mary found in the catacombs of the first ages.

Church of the Cup of Cold Water.

Catholic World.

One evening in the year of grace 1815, after a day of excessive heat—the heat of a Spanish summer—the aged curé of San Pedro, a village a few leagues distant from Seville, returned from a round of parochial visits, weary and exhausted, to his poor presbytery, where awaited him his worthy sexagenarian housekeeper, Señora Margarita.

No one, however, accustomed to the sight of poverty, could have failed to observe the extreme bareness of the old priest's dwelling—a bareness all the more noticeable from a certain air of pretension in the arrangement of the few poor articles of furniture, which made the nakedness of the walls and the more than doubtful condition of the floor and ceiling still more evident.

Margarita had just completed the preparation of a small dish of *olla podrida* for her master's supper, which, except the sauce and the pompous name, consisted of the remains of his dinner, seasoned and disguised with the utmost talent.

"God be praised! Margarita," exclaimed the curé, as he inhaled the appetizing odors which welcomed his return. "The fragrance of your *olla podrida* would give a dying man an appetite! By St. Peter, comrade, you ought to recite the whole rosary as an act of thanksgiving at finding so good a supper."

Margarita, looking round at these words saw that her master was followed by a stranger. Her face, suddenly disconcerted, expressed a curious mixture of disappointment and annoyance. Darting a glance first at the unknown personage and then at her master, the latter said, with the apologetic tone of a child before a wrathful parent, "Bah! enough for two is enough for three, and you would not have me leave a poor Christian who for two days has not tasted food, to die of hunger?"

"Holy Virgin! a queer sort of Christian, I should say, when he looks more like a brigand." And she left the room muttering to herself.

The guest during this doubtful reception remained standing near the threshold. He was a man of lofty stature, clad in garments that were torn in all directions. His flowing black hair, flashing eyes, and long carabine made, in fact, an *ensemble* little calculated to inspire interest or confidence.

"Well?" he asked, "am I to go away?"

With an emphatic gesture the curé answered: "Never shall he who seeks shelter beneath my roof be driven from it! Never shall he seek in vain a welcome! Put down your carabine; let us say *Benedicite* and sit down to table."

"I and my carabine never part company. The Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one.' This is my best friend. I can sup with it between my knees; for though *you* may suffer me in your house instead of turning me out of it before I have a mind to go, there are others who would not show me the same consideration. Now, then, to your good health, and let us begin."

The temperate curé of San Pedro was struck with amazement at the voracious appetite of his visitor, who not content with devouring nearly the whole of the *olla podrida*, emptied the wine-flask and left nothing of an enormous loaf. While occupied in thus clearing the table, he looked from time to time uneasily around him, started at the slightest sound, and when one of the doors suddenly slammed in the wind, sprang to his feet, grasping his weapon like a man who was determined to sell his life dearly. Then, recovering from the alarm, he sat down and continued his meal.

When this was finished he said to his host: "You must now put the finishing stroke to your kind reception. I am wounded in the thigh. give me some linen rags, and then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not want to be rid of you, my poor fellow," said the curé, kindly. "I am something of a surgeon, and can at any rate dress your wound

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better than a clumsy village barber. You will see."

So saying, he took from a cupboard a bundle in which were rolled up old linen and other needful appliances, and, turning up his sleeves, prepared to exercise the functions of a surgeon. The wound was deep. A ball had traversed the thigh, and it must have required no small amount of courage and endurance for the man to have continued walking.

"You cannot go farther to-day," said the curé, as he probed the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur. "You must be content to pass the night here. A few hours' rest will give you fresh strength, lessen the inflammation, bring down the swelling, and—."

"I must go to-day, and at once," interrupted the stranger. "There are those who expect me," he added, sighing; and then, with a fierce smile, "and others who seek me. Now, then, have you finished the dressing? Good! I feel quite fresh again. Give me a loaf. Take this gold piece for your hospitality, and *adios!*"

The priest pushed back the money indignantly. "I am no innkeeper, and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you please; and pardon me! Farewell."

Then taking the loaf which Margarita, at her master's bidding, had unwillingly brought, the strange visitor plunged into the woods which surrounded the curé's lowly dwelling.

An hour later, in the same woods, the sound of a repeated firing was heard, and the stranger again hurried feebly into the presbytery, bleeding from a wound in the breast and as pale as death.

Hastily putting down some gold pieces, he said to the priest: "My children—in the ravine—near the little river."

He fell exhausted on the ground. The Spanish gendarmes rushed in, gun in hand, and found no resistance on the part of their prisoner, whom they bound tightly, and then permitted the curé to dress his wound; but, headless of the priest's observations on the danger of removing him in his present state, they placed him on a cart and prepared to take their departure, saying: "Whether he dies now or with a halter round his neck, his business is settled all the same. He is the famous brigand, Jose."

Jose looked his thanks at the curé and whispered, "Water!" As the priest leant over him, holding the cup to his lips, he said faintly: "You understand?"

The curé nodded assent.

No sooner had the men departed with their prisoner than, regardless of the voluble representations of Margarita of the danger of going through the woods at night, he hastened, as quickly as the deepening twilight would permit, in the direction of the ravine. There, by the corpse of a woman, killed probably by a chance shot, he found an infant and a little boy about four years old. The latter was pulling his mother's arm and calling on her to awake.

The feelings of Margarita may be imagined when she beheld her master re-enter the house with two children.

"Saints of Paradise!" she exclaimed, "and what are you going to do with them, señor? We have barely enough, as it is, to live upon, and here are you bringing in two children! Well, I suppose, then, that I am to go begging for you and them from door to door. And after all, what are they? The sons of a vagabond, a gypsy, a brigand, and perhaps worse! For certain they are not baptized!"

At this moment the babe in swaddling clothes began to cry.

"And how is this child to be fed?" she resumed. "You can't pay a nurse; and as for the sleepless nights *I* am to have with it, what will they matter to *you*, sleeping at your ease all the same?" Holy Virgin! it cannot be six months old. Luckily there is some milk in the house, which only wants warming."

Then, forgetting her displeasure after having thus relieved her feelings, she took the infant in her arms, kissed it repeatedly, and raking the fire together, set an earthen pot of milk upon the embers. When the little one had been fed and laid carefully to sleep, the elder boy had his turn. Whilst Margarita undressed him and improvised a bed with an old cloak of her master's, the good man related where and how he had found the children, and how they had been bequeathed to him by their father.

"This is all very good and very fine," said Margarita; "but the chief thing is to know how we are to feed them and ourselves too."

Laying his hand on the Gospels, the curé answered: "Verily I say unto you that whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones as being My disciple, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen!" answered Margarita.

Next day the priest buried the woman found near the ravine, and recited over her the prayers for the dead.

Twelve years afterwards the curé of San Pedro, who was at that time seventy years old, was warming himself in the sun at the presbytery door. It was winter, and for two days not a ray of sunshine had until then pierced the clouds. By his side a lad of eleven or twelve years of age was reading aloud the breviary, and from time to time glancing somewhat enviously at a youth of sixteen or so actively working in the little garden. Margarita, nearly blind, was listening.

The sound of approaching wheels was heard, and presently a splendid carriage on the road

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from Seville, instead of passing, drew up at the door. A servant in rich livery got down, and asked him for a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the curé to the younger boy, "fetch a glass of water for his lordship, and some wine also if he will accept it—quick!"

The nobleman then alighted from the carriage. He was a man of about fifty years of age.

"Are these boys your nephews, padre?" he asked.

"Far better than that—they are my children; that is, of course, my children by adoption."

"How so?"

"I will tell you, senor mio; for, besides that I could not refuse to answer the inquiries of a great nobleman like yourself, I, who am poor and old, with no experience of the world, have need of good counsel to direct me how I am to provide for the future of these young boys."

He then related their history, asking, as he concluded his recital, "And now what would your lordship advise me to do with them?"

"Make them ensigns in the Royal Guards, and, in order that they may keep a suitable establishment, allow them a pension of four thousand ducats."

"Sir, I did not ask you to jest, but to advise."

"And then your church must be rebuilt, and close by we will have a new and commodious presbytery, with a garden. The whole shall be enclosed in a fence. See, I have the plan in my pocket. Does it suit you? When it is finished we will call it *The Church of the Cup of Cold Water*."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the bewildered curé. "What are you saying? Stay! I seem to have some vague recollection of these features, of this voice?"

"It means that I am Don Jose della Ribiera," was the answer, "and that twelve years ago I was Jose the brigand. I made my escape from prison; times are changed, and they have made the robber-chief the chief of a political party. You have been a hospitable host to me, and a father to my sons. Embrace me, my children!"

And he folded the boys in his arms.

Then, holding out his hand to the curé, he said, "Well, Father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?"

The curé, greatly moved, turned to old Margarita, who stood behind him weeping for joy, and said: "Did I not remind you that 'whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, should in no wise lose his reward?"

A year afterwards Don Jose della Ribiera and his two sens were present at the consecration of the Church of San Pedro of the Cup of Cold Water—one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Seville.

An Example of Heroism.

From the Catholic Mirror.

A few Sundays ago Rt. Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, preached a sermon in which, referring to religious fidelity, he said there was a race which was to-day a mystery and a paradox to the powers of the earth. There was a race of heroes and of martyrs in the sacred cause. In the time of the Danes a wave of persecution passed over them, from which they emerged with the motto, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Centuries passed away, and then came three centuries of which he was about to speak with no bitter memories, for they must have been in the designs of Providence for some purpose—three centuries for which there was no parallel in the history of the world but the three first centuries of persecutions which the early Church underwent. Irishmen were exiled; their property was confiscated, and they were put to death. The famine came, the horrors of which not the pen of a Milton could truly describe, nor the pencil of a Michael Angelo paint in their full colors, and which would never be revealed until the Day of Judgment. His Lordship then commented on the hardships and deaths which were then caused by the want of food, and on the system of proselytism which was carried out at the time. Apropos of this subject he narrated a most touching example of female heroism. There was a pause in the public works which grew out of that political economy after whose operation a million of the Irish race died before the world, and a poor man, the father of seven children, on finding every possible means of sustenance exhausted, said, in his agony, to his wife, "To-morrow I will send my children to this school. They will get bread and clothing. I will die myself, but I cannot see my children die." The wife begged a day, hoping that some means of relief would arise. On the next evening the father said, "Well, to-morrow; I must not see my poor children die." The third day passed and then the father said, "I will not stand it longer. The children must go to this school to-morrow." The mother seeing that his resolution could not be changed, said, "As it must be so, and I cannot prevent it, leave the girls to me and you take the boys." The father consented, and the mother and the girls went to bed that night with the thought that they should never rise again. In the morning at five o'clock a steamer appeared in the bay (they lived on the west coast of Ireland), the public works were resumed, credit was restored, and they obtained a sufficiency of food. Some seven years afterwards he paid a visit to this noble mother and asked her how she was faring after all her sufferings. She

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answered, "Do you see that corn-field, and that horse and cart? These are mine. Do you see that other corn-field? That is mine. Do you see that cow and that sheep? These also are mine. The Lord has blessed us with plenty." He asked how she felt on the night when she lay down to die with her daughters around her. With the sublimity of a martyr she said, humbly, "We said the rosary as best we were able, and we closed our eyes never to open them again till the Blessed Virgin sent relief." That was one of a thousand instances of the fortitude with which during that dreadful period of trial the Irish race preferred the safety of their immortal souls to the goods of this world, and there were thousands of Irishmen scattered over the earth who, had they yielded to the tempter, would be now in the possession of their own homes in Ireland.

Catholic Portugal.

"H. W. G.," a correspondent of the *Catholic Review*, writing to that excellent paper from Castello dé Vide, Portugal, under date of June 16th, corrects some of the many erroneous impressions concerning the Portuguese that have taken root in the American and English mind. And just here we may remark that the prevalent idea with us that the Portuguese have in great number joined secret societies and fallen away from the Faith has no foundation. There is less of Freemasonry in Portugal, in proportion to the population, than almost anywhere else in Europe.

"The little city of Castello dé Vide is about 100 miles from Lisbon, and contains six churches, besides numerous public chapels, while in all the wealthy homes there is also a private chapel for the family. The Church of Nossa Senhora, on account of its beauty and size, is the most noteworthy ecclesiastical building in the place. It was built and dedicated to our Lady in accordance with a vow made by Queen Clara when in great peril. Here there is a painting on wood of Sta. Maria Magdalena, supposed to date from the 14th century, when the art of painting on canvas was unknown. . . . The Spanish and Portuguese have brought politeness to a very high grade of perfection. You meet it everywhere—in the lofty salons of the nobles and in the cottage of the poorest peasant. As you walk or ride through the streets everyone lifts his hat and murmurs a polite '*Viva senhor*,' and you cannot enter a café to take a cup of coffee without some gentleman instantly offering you the refreshment in which he at the time is indulging. The Government provides free schools for the poorer classes of both sexes in every town and village. There are also Government colleges at Lisbon and Oporto, where the arts and sciences are taught and where the degree of Bachelor of Arts may be taken. The term opens the first of October and closes the thirty-first of July. The great drawback to the advancement of the people of this country has been attributed by Protestant writers to the influence of 'a bigoted priesthood.' I confess I expected to see the ignorance and superstition that is so much written about, but instead, I found the people as intelligent and happy as our own people, and the poorer classes in a much better condition than the lower classes in Protestant England. The chief cause of emigration is the aversion of the men to the military service, for every able-bodied man is obliged to serve in the army nine years or pay the sum of $600. The people seem to have fallen into a groove out of which they have no temptation and less inclination to rise, and while the mass of them are not wealthy, it can be safely said there is no actual want. Here we see that 'the Catholic religion' teaches that which lies far beyond the intellect of the wisest of men. The poor peasant who has never been outside his native valley knows more in his simple heart of what a Christian life should be than the most brilliant mind that trusts entirely to the illumination of its own reason."

Catholic Notes.

——The number of pilgrims that left Paris for Lourdes on the 20th ult., was computed at 3,500.

——Bishop Comboni, of Central Africa, was offered the decoration of the order of the Crown of Italy by the Italian Government for his services to civilization in Nigritia, but he refused it.

——We are glad to see that *The La Salle Advance* has not suspended, as was announced some time ago. It has joined forces with *Calvert's Magazine*, the consolidation taking the name of the *The Catholic Advance*, which will appear weekly.

——The Montreal *Post* reports the miraculous cure of one of the Sisters in charge of the Asylum of the Good Pastor in that city, who had suffered from acute rheumatism for eighteen months. At the termination of a novena in honor of St. Anne, she surprised her friends by arising from her bed and walking into the adjoining chapel.

——We are gratified to repeat the statement of an influential Irish paper that "drunkenness on Sunday has virtually disappeared from the public places." There could not be a more conclusive justification for the Sunday Closing Act. The County of Leitrim has yielded only three arrests for intoxication during a period of six months.

——Diocese of Natchez.—Right Rev. W. H. Elder has lately sent a circular to his clergy, informing them that, in conformity with the command of the Sovereign Pontiff, he has laid aside the title of Bishop of Natchez, and taken that of *Bishop of Auxra in partibus Infidelium*, Administrator Apostolic of the Diocese of Natchez.—*The Morning Star.*

——Rev. Henry F. Spruyt, the first resident pastor of Centreville, R. I., died at the Catholic Hospital in New Bedford, Mass., on the 7th ult. He was a cultivated gentleman and a zealous and devoted priest. Rev. Francis O'Connor, for many years the respected pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Manayunk, Pa., departed this life on the 22d ult. *R. I. P.*

——By the official report of the Directors of the Bank of Agricultural Credit, it appears that in the Bose, in Sardinia, during the course of last Lent, the sum of 102,210 Italian lire, stolen by different parties from this bank, was returned to it through three confessors, a thing which could never have happened but for the sincere repentance of the undiscovered thieves.

——The Brothers of the Christian Schools, who had been expelled from Germany, and had established themselves at Verviers, in Belgium, have been cited before

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the courts at Brussels, and ordered to leave the country. Their only crime is that "they, being members of a Religious Congregation, have opened an educational establishment, Catholic and free, frequented by numerous pupils."

——While the Radicals are striving to drive the Jesuits out of France, the Turks are welcoming them to all the large cities in the Empire. In Cairo, the capital of the Khedive, they conduct a flourishing college, and several most successful schools of lower grade. If the "Reds" really hate the Jesuits, they should let them alone, for persecution means for them increase of numbers and influence.—*Catholic Sentinel.*

——The ceremouy of the consecration of the Church of the Pilgrimage of La Salette took place on the 20th. The rite was performed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse. On the 21st the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, in the name of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, crowned the statue of Our Lady of Salette. Both ceremonies were witnessed by all the Bishops of the Province, a large number of the Rev. clergy, and a vast concourse of people from all parts of the country.

——"Before the Church had emerged from the Catacombs," says the writer in a current number of *The Catholic World*, "its altars and subterranean chapels were adorned, as far as rich artistic skill permitted, by sketches of the Good Shepherd, by emblems of the Resurrection, and other symbols familiar to archæologists. Between figures of SS. Peter and Paul is seen standing, in the attitude of intercession, a majestic woman, known as the *Donna Orante*, and, in the judgment of Mrs. Jameson, an impartial Protestant art authority of no mean rank, designed to represent the great Mother of Jesus."

——The *Lake-Shore Visitor* calls attention to *Johnson's Cyclopædia* as a rabid anti-Catholic production. Catholic exchanges generally should notice this fact. The surest way to put down bigoted authors who appeal to the general public for support, is to inform that part of the public which is Catholic, of the malign tendencies of such publications. Then we hit these unworthy authors and publishing houses in their only vulnerable part—their pockets. To be sure, the more ignorant and lying their works, the more they injure their cause, but that is not the point. Let our readers refuse all canvassers who approach them with Johnson's Cyclopædia.—*Catholic Universe.*

——The Most Rev. Archbishop of Rheims, France, recently communicated to the Harmel family and the workmen employed in their extensive machine shops at Val de Bois a brief of eulogy which he had received for them from the Holy Father. Mr. Harmel, his family, and their employees, are a notable exception to the rule sought to be established by the enemies of religion, that progress in science and art is not incompatible with a filial devotion to the Church. Both proprietor and dependants at Val de Bois are sincere in their religious convictions and earnestly carry them out in practice, and the Holy Father has been pleased to give them this testimonial of his affection.

——A correspondent in Rome speaks of the deep impression made upon him at witnessing the large number of Protestants sometimes mingled with Catholics at the audiences of the Holy Father the Pope, and their respectful and dignified bearing. His Holiness treats them with the greatest kindness and courtesy, making inquiries about their native land, their families, etc. "He will pray," he tells them, "that God may enlighten them, that He may guide their steps into the True Fold of the Roman Church that was the Mother of their ancestors and the Mother of all Christian nations." He blesses them affectionately, and finally the objects of piety they are accustomed to have with them after the example of their Catholic brethren.

——The most venerable Prelate in the world, as is well known throughout Christendom, is the Most Rev. John McHale, the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, now in his ninetieth year. Patriarchal though his age, his physical health and strength are such that he betrays no sign whatever of decrepitude. Working hard all day, the labors of his sacred office, while they are begun in the early morning, end only after nightfall. Throughout his archiepiscopal toil he consents to receive no assistance. During a recent visitation to Mayo one of the local journals took note, as illustrative of the the everyday life of his Grace, that he proceeded alone and on foot to the parish church, where he was met by a vast assemblage giving evidence of the lively faith which, under God, the great Archbishop has preserved to the people of that province.

——The Benedictine Abbey of Emmaus at Prague, founded by the Emperor Charles IV of Germany (1347–1372) and at present occupied only by a few very aged monks who for a long time have not received any novices, is destined to become within a short time a scene of renewed and vigorous activity. Through the generosity of the Emperor, Francis Joseph of Austria, this monastery has been assigned to the Benedictine monks of the former Abbey of St. Martin at Beuron, near Hohenzollern, suppressed a few years ago by the Prussian Government. The missionary field among the sincerely pious but, from a religious point of view, much neglected people, is very extensive, and the exiled children of St. Benedict will be just the right men in the right place in their new home at the capital of Bohemia.

——As if in defiance of the atheistic principle of the French republicans, officers and men of all ranks in the army are eager to manifest their allegiance to the faith of a Du Guesclin, Bayard, and Montmorency. Thus at Tarbes when ten soldiers' orphan boys made their First Communion in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, among the numerous attendance were three colonels in full dress. Rev. Father Forcade, the military chaplain, preached an appropriate sermon on this occasion, showing that the best soldiers have always been sincere Christians. At the very moment, too, when all France is agitated by the infamous Ferry laws, General Herve, presided at the distribution of premiums in the College of the Marist Fathers at Toulon, and the Marquis de Gabriac, Ambassador of France to the Holy See, did the same at the College of the French Christian Brothers in the Eternal City.

——The Pope has issued an Encyclical on the teaching of philosophy. His Holiness states that the greater part of the evils which afflict society in the present day, are due to the inculcation of false philosophy, and says that while sound philosophy is a help to the understanding of supernatural truth, false philosophy dissuades from its acceptance. Philosophy, in order that it may attain its end, must be subject to the faith. Such subjection, he points out, is not injurious to philosophy. He speaks of the system of the Scholastics and demonstrates its excellence, more especially that of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose doctrine, venerated for many centuries, has been followed by religious orders and approved by Popes and by Councils. He deplores that scholastic philosophy has been abandoned and that various and opposed systems have prevailed instead, which have given rise to great inconstancy of

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doctrine, and consequently he exhorts the Bishops to adopt in their ecclesiastical schools the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is many years since so long a Papal Encyclical has been sent forth.

——THE HOMESTEAD LAW.—Those who are interested in colonization, and who think of settling on Government land, may find in the following extract from the San Francisco *Monitor* a useful caution. Intended for California, it may not be altogether inapplicable elsewhere: "The homestead law enacted by Congress is one of the best features of the Federal land system. Yet that is practically defeated. Where to-day could the settler by a mere application to the local land office find the way to a quarter section of Government land on which he could get a living? 'So near and yet so far.' There are millions of acres of public land in California. But how is the settler to get access to them? If he occupies before a survey has been made, he will be in a state of anxiety for years before his title is secured. He will never know in advance where the section lines will be run. They may go right through his house, or between that and his barn. His garden may be on one section and his house on another. The reason why land monopoly has not been an evil more sorely felt in this State, is that there is such a large area of unoccupied territory."

——A. L. S.—Before another year shall have glided into the buried past, the three initials at the beginning of this paragraph shall be mentioned in almost every household throughout the country in connection with the most popular, interesting and highly moral tales of the literature of the present day. Very few of the numerous readers of "Barbara Leigh" and "Gretchen's Gift," are acquainted with the name of their gifted authoress, as hidden under the above initials. Visitors to the commencement exercises of Mount St. Vincent's Academy, on the Hudson, in June, 1874, will remember the bright features of Miss Agnes L. Sadlier as she stepped forward to receive the highest honors of her class, the reward of a year's hard intellectual labor. Unlike the majority of academy ladies, Miss Sadlier did not consider that her literary pursuits terminated instantaneously with the reception of her graduating medal, but vigorously pursued her studies, the results of which may be seen in the two charming tales mentioned above. A. L. S. has also enriched our novellette literature by an admirably executed translation of Paul Feval's great work on "The Jesuits." The works of A. L. S. are published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York.—*New York Tablet.*

——THE FRENCH RADICALS CHECKED.—The halt in the French Radical movement against the Church is, for the present, decisive. Both branches of the Legislature have been adjourned till December next, and the Education bill stands over till they meet again. The probabilities seem to be that the bill, in the shape in which it was rushed through the Chamber of Deputies, will not become a law at all. As we intimated might be the case, the bill met a serious obstacle in the conservatism of the Senate. It was referred to a special committee of that body, and the Committee appears to have handled it somewhat roughly. After rejecting the seventh clause, the Committee voted against the whole bill. The rejection of the seventh clause was enough. The seventh clause was the one aimed at the Jesuits. No doubt there will be another attempt, when the Assembly meets again, to make war on the Church. But success is not by any means assured. As a Paris correspondent, whose sympathies are decidedly with the Republic, puts the case, "a person named Bismark, who is infinitely cleverer than M. Ferry or his colleagues, undertook to root out the ultramontane influence from Germany, and is now forced to bid for the support of these ultramontanes to hold his position against the Socialists, and where the great Chancellor failed, the group of second-rate lawyers, who are without any real prestige, are not likely to succeed." The retreat of Bismark and the virtual defeat of the French radicals, both announced at the same time, are significant events. The Frenchmen will rally and try again, but the chances are that they will be beaten again. Bismark has evidently given up the fight for good. His imitators in France would do well to follow his example. Eventually they will find it necessary to do so. It would be wise not to await the necessity.—*Boston Pilot.*

——MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—Mr. Matthew Arnold has addressed to *The London Times* a manly letter on the Irish University question, in which he frankly declares that the Irish have a very real grievance—a grievance to which he finds no parallel elsewhere in Europe. "In Ireland," he says, "the Catholics are more than three-fourths of the nation; and they desire a university where the religious instruction is Catholic, and where debatable matters, such as philosophy and history, are taught by Catholics. They are offered something quite different, which they will not have. They are told that a university of the kind they want they must found and maintain for themselves, if they are to have it at all. But in France the State provides, even for the Protestant minority, a University instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. In Prussia the State provides it for the Catholic minority. In England and Scotland old endowments have been made to follow the will of the majority, and supplemented by State grants, they provide the majority with a University instruction of the type the Irish Catholics want. In Ireland, so far are old University endowments from following the will of the majority, that they follow, as every one knows, that of the minority. At Trinity College, Dublin, the Irish Protestants have a University instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. Trinity College is endowed with confiscated Catholic lands and occupies the site of a suppressed monastery. The Catholic majority in Ireland is neither allowed the use of old endowments to give it a University instruction such as it desires, and such as in England and Scotland we make the old endowments give us, nor is it allowed the aid of State grants. To treat the Irish Catholics in this way is really to have one weight and measure for ourselves and another for the Irish. It is, however we may dress the thing up to our own minds, to treat Ireland still as a conquered country."

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"Blessd be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 75 persons and 5 families,—change of life for 20 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 15 persons and 2 families,—grace of perseverance for 5 and that of a happy death for 6 persons,—special graces for 6 priests and 6 religious,—temporal favors for 28 persons and 7 families,—spiritual favors for 27 persons and 6 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 6 congregations and 5

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schools,—also 83 particular intentions, and 8 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: The renunciation of evil associations by several youths,—restoration of peace in a number of families, and change of life for the parents,—several persons and families much annoyed by troublesome individuals,—an estimable family in great distress,—resources and situations for several families and persons,—a resident priest for a much neglected congregation of more than 100 families,—several congregations afflicted by illness,—conversion of 3 well-meaning Protestants and their families.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A community of the Sisters of Charity in an Eastern State relate several cures obtained through the water of Lourdes: "In their various afflictions people here have recourse to Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes, and in almost every case their faith is rewarded. A short time since we gave some water of Lourdes to a poor man afflicted with a tumor on his side. He was suffering intensely, and feared his family would soon be without a provider. He applied the blessed water, made a novena, and on the eighth day the tumor burst, and he is now almost well. Previous to that, a poor man got a small sore on the back of his neck. It rapidly grew worse, so that in a few days it was quite large. An experienced doctor who attended him told him that he could not get well, that his malady was fatal. The appearance of the sore had become most frightful. He applied the blessed water, made a novena, and before its close the sore was healing rapidly, and in a short time he was able to resume work, to the great joy of his helpless family." Other cures less striking are reported by different correspondents, as also favors of various kinds obtained by the prayers of the Confraternity.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the souls of: Mr. JAMES O'MAHONEY, who died suddenly last July. Miss CATHARINE HUTCHINSON, an estimable young lady, of Chicago, Ill., who was taken away on the 23rd of August, in the 21st year of her age. JOHN COSGROVE, who was killed by lightning on the 22d ult. He had been to confession and Communion about two weeks previous. Mr. RAYMOND A. BOURK, a resident of New Orleans, La., whose death took place on the 4th ult. Mrs. E. GALLAGHER, of New York, who breathed her last on the 28th of June. Mr. JOHN M. DUNNEIR, a native of Charleston, S. C., who died a holy death at Greenville, S. C. PATRICK MALANY, who departed for heaven on the 1st of last month. Mrs. EDWARD REDDY, whose good life was crowned with a precious death. Mrs. ANNA AHERN, of Baltimore, a devout client of Our Lady, who went to receive the reward of her exemplary life on the 12th ult. Mr. EDWARD FLANNERY, of Hammond, Saint Croix Co., Wis., deceased on the 16th of August. Mrs. M. PAUMIER, of Louisville, Ohio, a most excellent woman, who slept in the Lord on the 24th of August. Dr. BENEDICT WHATEN, who departed this life in June, his wife, and his daughter, Mrs. ROSA HAYS, deceased some time ago, all residents of Webster, Ky. Mr. ANTHONY MILLER, of Yolo, Cal. Mrs. MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, Mrs. BRIDGET MURPHY, and Mrs. BRYAN BRADY, of Malden, Mass., RICHARD CASSIDY, a native of Ireland, whose deaths were of recent occurrence. Mr. DANIEL MAHER, WILLIAM MARA, and WILLIAM BOWE, of Tipperary, Ireland. MARTIN PATON, Mrs. CONNELLY, and Mr. — IVERS, who died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

Birthday Gifts.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Why do you look so sad to-day, my Minnie?
Tell me, darling, for to-day
Is the birthday of Our Lady,*
And her children should be gay.

"What! You say that all the others—
Alice, Cyril, Effie, Paul—
All had got a gift to give her;
Only you had none at all?

"Well, dear, that does seem a pity;
Tell me how it came about
That the others bring a present,
And my Minnie comes without?

"Alice has a lovely banner,
All embroidered blue and gold;
Then, you know that sister Alice
Is so clever and so old.

"Cyril has his two camellias,
One deep red, and one pure white;
They will stand at Benediction,
On the altar-steps to-night

"Effie, steady little Effie,
Stitching many an hour away,
She has clothed a little orphan,
All in honor of to-day.

"Then, with look of grave importance,
Comes our quiet little Paul,
With the myrtle from his garden—
He himself is not as tall.

"Even Baby Agnes kneeling,
With half-shy, half-solemn air,
Held up one sweet rose to Mary,
Lisping out her tiny prayer.

"Well, my Minnie, say, how was it?
Shall I guess? I think I know
All the griefs—well, I will count them:
First, your rose-tree would not blow.

"Then the fines have been so many,
All the pennies melt away;
Then, for work—I know my Minnie
Cares so very much for play,

"That these little, clumsy fingers
Scarcely yet have learnt to sew,
Still less all the skilful fancies
Angela and Alice know.

"Yet my Minnie can't be treated
Quite as baby was to-day,
When mamma or Alice gave her
Something just to give away.

"Well, my darling, there are many
Who have neither time nor skill,

* September 8th.

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Gold nor sliver: yet they offer
Gifts to Mary, if they will.

"There are ways—Our Lady knows them,
And her children all should know—
How to find a flower for Mary
Underneath the deepest snow.

"How to make a lovely garland,
Winter though it be, and cold;
How to buy the rarest offering,
Costing *something*—but not gold.

"How to buy, and buy it dearly,
Gifts that she will love to take;
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it
Cheerfully, for Mary's sake.

"Does that seem so strange, my darling?
Nay, dear, it is nothing new:
All can give her noble presents;
Shall I tell you of a few?

"What were those the Magi offered?—
Frankincense and gold and myrrh?
Minnie thinks that saints and monarchs
Are quite different from her!

". . . . Sometimes it is hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer:
Do it—and you give her gold!

"Thoughts of her, in work or playtime—
Those small grains of incense rare—
Cast upon a burning censer,
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer!

"There are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs, that will stir
Even a loving heart; but crush them,
And you give Our Lady myrrh!

"Give your little crosses to her,
Which each day, each hour, befall;
They remind her of her Jesus;
So she loves them best of all.

"Or resign some little pleasure;
Give it her instead, to win
Help for some poor soul in peril,
Grace for some poor heart in sin.

"Mercy for poor sinners—pleading
For their souls as for your own:
So you make a crown of jewels
Fit to lay before her throne.

"Flowers—why, I should never finish,
If I tried to count them, too—
If I told you how to know them,
In what garden-plot they grew!

"Yet, I think my darling guesses
They are emblems; and we trace,
In the rarest and the loveliest,
Acts of love and gifts of grace.

"Modest violets, meek snowdrops,
Holy lilies, white and pure;
Faithful tendrils—herbs for healing—
If they only would endure.

"And they will! Such flowers fade not;
They are not of mortal birth,
And such garlands given to Mary,
Die not like the gifts of earth.

"Well, my Minnie, can you tell me
You have still no gift to lay
At the feet of your dear Mother,
Any hour, or any day?

"Give her now, to-day, forever,
One great gift—the first, the best—
Give your heart to her; and ask her
How to give her all the rest."

The Mocker of the Confessional.

Translated from the German for the "Ave Maria."

In a large hotel in one of the most celebrated cities of France there met one evening, some years ago, a company of dissipated young men who tried to the best of their power to amuse themselves and have what they called a jolly good time. They had been busily occupied drinking glass after glass of wine, and finally, their tongues being loosened, they engaged in lively conversation about politics and the news of the day. Soon, however, as is frequently the case on such occasions, the conversation turned upon religious topics,—for religion, after all, the most worldly cannot forget. The young revellers were of that age when people are apt to suppose themselves possessed of all the good sense there is in the world and consider themselves clever enough to pass judgment on everything. Though born, I regret to say, of Catholic parents, and reared according to the principles of their holy faith, they were no longer Catholics save in name. By reading bad books and papers their hearts had become depraved, and their faith, as a matter of course, had grown cold.

The religious objects upon which the conversation had turned gave the gabblers a chance to show which one could be most irreligious. Finally they came to speak of the confessional. I shall not repeat their foolish and wicked remarks. May God forgive them!

"It would be a pleasant affair," observed one of the young men, in conclusion, "if one of us were to go to confession simply for the fun of it, to see what the priest would have to say."

"A good idea," replied his comrades; "but will you dare to do it?"

"Why not? I give my word for it; there can certainly be nothing easier. Come on. Wager a dozen bottles of wine each of you for our next happy reunion, when I shall give you an account of my mock confession."

The agreement was made. The next day—it was a Saturday—some of the company went early in the morning to the young scapegrace and reminded him of his promise, telling him at the same time to go to confession on that day.

He again repeated his promise, and said he

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would fulfil it on that very day. In the evening he repaired to a church, betook himself to the first best confessional, and there waited patiently until the long row of penitents ahead of him allowed his turn to come. He knelt down in the confessional, and without further ceremony addressed the confessor as follows: "Sir, I am not come to confess to you in earnest, but I come simply to win a bet. I have committed such a great sin (naming it), but I don't mind it at all." And so he continued, adding after each accusation the same scornful words: "But I don't mind it at all."

When he had finished, the priest said with the greatest calmness: "You have now done your part in order to win the wager. You have confessed your sins, and now it is my duty also to do my part; this will be to impose upon you a penance. Say, therefore, during three days, in the morning, at noon and in the evening, the following words: There is a death, but I don't mind it at all; there is a judgment, but I don't mind it at all; there is a hell, but I don't mind it at all." He then dismissed him.

It was with feelings of a certain self-complacency that the young man communicated to his companions, the same evening, the undertaking so happily accomplished, requesting them to abide by their promise and pay the bet.

The latter, however, startled at the result, which they by no means expected, wished to back out, and insisted on his first performing the penance, alleging that this was a necessary part of confesion.

"If that is all," he exclaimed, indignantly, "let it be so; I pledge my word of honor that I can come to an end with that. The bet, anyhow, is and remains won."

And in fact he began to go over the words imposed, hastily at first, and without reflection, but by and by with a strange kind of feeling. They rekindled the smouldering faith of his youth, made him uneasy, dejected, and at last the fatal syllables could scarcely pass his lips; the merciful grace of God had made use of them to bring him back from his ways of error and save him from eternal perdition.

He now entered into serious reflections on death, eternity, and the state of his soul. A few days more and grace had done its work. He applied to the same confessor whom he had a little while ago approached as a vile scorner, discovered to him his state and begged his assistance to make a thorough and sincere confession, and to be reconciled with God. Thus restored to faith and to a good life, he endeavored by the greatest zeal to repair his former negligence and scandals. As occasions presented themselves, he related the circumstances of his conversion with deep feelings of gratitude and humility, praising God for His mercy in making use of the very crime of which he was guilty to bring him to repentance.

The Story of Young Stanislaus Manandro.

A noble, rich and influential man of Androibe, in the Island of Madagascar, had a son named Manandro, who was a great favorite with his father. This child was only about ten years old when our story opens, in 1873, and he was not yet baptized, because his father was a pagan. Father Laffont, who relates this story, says that once when he gave a mission in Androibe he spoke to Ratzimizay (that was the nobleman's name) about becoming a Christian, but he would only put the matter off, saying: "I will reflect, Father, on what you say, but now I cannot think of becoming a Catholic. I am too busy; I have not time to instruct myself. Later on I may embrace your religion, which I believe to be the only true one."

That's the way lukewarm Catholics also talk when they are spoken to about going to confession or Communion, or attending any religious duty. They say they have no time; but they will have time to die, when God's patience is exhausted in waiting for them, and they are perhaps cut off in their sins. So in this matter they are just as bad as the pagans.

Well, in May of that year the little boy became dangerously ill, and all the family were very much afraid he would die. So they nursed him with the greatest care, and were very kind and attentive. Now this little boy had learned all about the Catholic religion, and he wished to be baptized. So he thought this would be a good time to speak of it, and one day when his father was sitting by his bedside he said to him:

"Papa, I feel very sick. Perhaps God will call me away, and I must be baptized before I die."

"Oh, my dear child," said his father, big tears running down his cheeks, "I hope you will not die. God will have pity on us, and let you live."

"But, papa, whether I live or die I want to be baptized."

"Yes, my dear; neither your mother nor I will oppose your wish."

"And, papa, if you love me I would like you to grant me another favor."

"If I love you, my son!" said the agonized father; "oh, yes, indeed, I do; your life is a thousand times more precious to me than my own. Oh, tell me what it is you wish!"

"Well, papa, it is that you also prepare for baptism."

These words of the little boy, spoken with such earnestness that his heart seemed to be in his eyes, touched his father very much. A violent struggle now commenced in the man's soul, for although a very good man as the world goes, he was worldly-minded, and a slave to human respect. To please the Protestants and pagans around him he would sometimes yield to their wishes,

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although he knew very well that the Catholic Church was the only true Church of Christ. Sometimes he would go to the Methodist meetings, but he would not join them, and had positively refused to be baptized in that sect. Ratzimizay was naturally generous-minded, and such people have very often this one weakness of trying to please everybody, and so, little by little, they are led away into false principles, and offend God to please creatures.

Ratzimizay knew very well that his boy was right, and, wishing to please him, he said:

"Yes, my son, I promise you that I will seriously prepare myself to become a Catholic."

So you see, this little boy was already an apostle, and working for the conversion of his father. He felt much rejoiced at his father's answer, and said: "Oh, thank you, dear papa! Almighty God will bless you and all our family. And, as for myself, I think I will soon be well."

Ratzimizay, of course, meant to keep his promise to be baptized a Catholic. The little boy rapidly got better, and was soon restored to health. In June another mission was to be given in Androibe, and the good Jesuit, Father Laffont, came to help Father Chenay, who was in charge of the parish.

It was on a Monday morning, on the 9th of June, that Ratzimizay and Manandro entered the cabin occupied by the two missionaries.

"Rev. Fathers," said Ratzimizay, "this is my son, whom I bring to you. He has been very ill, as you may see; but God preserved him, and now he asks for baptism."

The child's countenance did indeed show that he had suffered much. But he had been very patient during his illness, and although he now looked thin and wan he still had the same sweet and winning look on his countenance.

Father Laffont inscribed his name among the candidates for baptism, and it was agreed that he would attend the catechetical instructions given every morning and evening.

The little boy came punctually for ten days. On the eleventh day, Father Laffont noticed that he was absent, and feared that he had fallen sick again. So he proposed to Father Chenay that they should pay him a visit at his home.

On reaching the house of their young pupil, Ratzimizay received the Fathers very politely, but they noticed a cold reserve that showed plainly it was only affected, and that he would much prefer they had not come. The little boy was not ill, but he had a downcast look that showed he was much grieved.

"Ratzimizay," said Father Laffont, "we were uneasy about your son's health, and have come to visit you."

"Thank you, Fathers, for your visit. My son is well, and wished to go to church every day; it is I who prevented him. First, I feared fatigue and a relapse; and, to speak candidly, I prefer he should not receive baptism as yet. At this moment I have important affairs on hand, family concerns which hinder us from thinking seriously of religion. My son will receive baptism with myself after a while."

Notwithstanding their solicitations, the Fathers could obtain nothing further than this promise, and they withdrew with sad hearts at the thought that young Manandro would not participate in the coming festivity.

Yet, Father Laffont did not despond. He addressed himself to the child's Guardian Angel, and earnestly besought Saint Stanislaus, who was to have been the boy's patron in baptism, to watch over this soul, so good and so zealous, that Satan might not take him from them. Having done this, the good Father felt satisfied; as if an interior voice assured him all would yet be well.

The same evening on which they had visited him, the Jesuit Fathers learned that Ratzimizay's eldest son had only the day before married a girl of a caste still higher than his own, who was a Protestant, and it was through human respect, that bugbear through which so many souls are lost, that he stopped his son's preparation for baptism. But the evil one was to be baffled this time.

The next morning Father Laffont had hardly finished his thanksgiving after Mass, when he saw Ratizimizay and Manandro coming.

"Father," said the man, on entering, "I am vanquished, and I surrender. This boy has begged us so hard, and his desire for baptism is so great, that I can no longer oppose him. Here he is; I leave him with you. He is yours."

The good Fathers blessed God for this victory, which evidently He alone could achieve. The child was a constant source of edification to them by his zeal, his modesty and his angelic meekness.

The 26th of June, the day fixed for the close of the mission, Stanislaus Manandro received the Sacrament of regeneration with a well-prepared heart. All his family attended the ceremony, and were deeply impressed by it. At home again, Stanislaus became an ardent apostle of the Faith, and exacted a promise from every one of his relatives that they would prepare themselves to receive the grace which now made him so happy. Stanislaus was a favorite with all, and the missionaries had little doubt that the young apostle would be the means of converting the whole family.

See what one good little boy can do for our dear Lord, who has done so much for us! Dear children, you can all become apostles in some way; by your good conduct, your obedience to your parents, your kindness to your playmates, your attention to your religious duties; and, above all, by showing how much you love God and hate sin, you will show others good example and become saints, like St. Stanislaus, the patron of little Manandro.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879. No. 37.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

For a Birthday.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

These grapes, now purpling the September vines,
Have not grown old;
Not less, but more, of heaven's delicious dew
Their clusters hold.

Thus life, well lived, can never have in store
A sad old age;
But deeds, like words more richly tinted in
On Wisdom's page.

Louise Hensel.

A NOBLE AND GIFTED WOMAN.

The life of the subject of our sketch, Louise Hensel, when viewed from the standpoint of the infidel philosopher, is pronounced as having been without peace or joy—a restless striving after an impossible ideal. To our readers, however, it will prove a subject of edification; a bright example of a pure soul striving to live for God alone and leading a pure and blameless life.

Louise Hensel was born on the 30th of March, 1798, at Linum, in Prussia, where her father was a Protestant clergyman. Her mother was a lady of more than average cleverness. Louise gave early promise of great intelligence and talent. A very characteristic anecdote is related of her when but in her seventh year. A lady on a visit to her parents, after caressing the beautiful child, said: "This little girl is so serious she will surely be the wife of a preacher some day." "No! no!" cried the child, in an excited tone, and with tears in her eyes; "clergymen should not have wives." But when she noticed the effect her words produced on all present she imagined she must have said something very wrong, and, bursting into tears, hurriedly left the room. Her father, in astonishment, inquired: "How came the child by these Catholic ideas?"

Louise's father dying in 1809, Madame Hensel concluded to remove to Berlin with her children, as she had some relatives there. Louise now made rapid progress in her studies. Her poetic genius, which had shown itself in various attempts when she was only nine years old, had at fourteen become so developed that her productions possessed considerable merit, revealing at the same time the main attraction of her soul, an earnest desire to rise from the things of earth and soar heavenward.

In studying the Protestant catechism she often met with points that gave her matter for serious reflection and doubt, and at one time she desired the minister to give her some special explanation of the articles "He descended into hell" and "the communion of saints." At the age of fifteen she was to receive "confirmation," which was a sort of formal profession of the Protestant belief, together with the receiving for the first time of what is called "The Lord's supper." "The carriage which was to bring me to church was already at the door," she says, "when, in a tumult of perplexity and doubt, I threw myself on my knees in my bed-room to make a compact with God, that by the step I was about to take I merely wished to give assent to Christianity in general, and renew my baptismal vows, but by no means to bind myself to a form of belief of which I was not certain."

With the ardor of a powerful mind and an intellect thirsting for knowledge, Louise threw herself into all sorts of studies; but the ruling idea, that which remained uppermost, was to know and possess the true religion. But how was this possible, surrounded only by Protestants? Her good common sense easily discerned the bigotry and prejudice of the sects. Once having obtained an old book purporting to be Divine revelations, the book of a fanatic named Boehme, she eagerly devoured its contents, until coming to a passage in which the writer looking into hell, pretended to see there all the Popes, without a single exception, she threw away the book in supreme disgust.

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As years passed on, Louise developed into a young woman of singular grace and beauty. Unlike the gaudy butterflies which are often met with in society—whose minds are unable to raise themselves above the subject of their wings—her beauty received its charm from the cultivated intellect which lit up her countenance and gave it an animated charm during conversation. At other times her eyes had that dreamy, far-away look which bespoke the serious mind and a soul too firmly anchored to be carried away by the frivolities of fashionable life. To all this was added the grace of modesty, so charming in the young and the beautiful, and a kindness of heart which, no matter how great the temptation for a witty remark at the expense of another, could never consent to hurt the feelings of anyone. These attractive qualities made her a welcome guest in the most refined society, in which, otherwise, her mother's comparative poverty would scarcely have permitted her to appear. At the age of eighteen she was already courted and flattered to a degree that would have proved dangerous to a more shallow mind. But Louise rose above such things, and the struggle continually going on within her, the yearning of her soul towards God and an interior life, allowed her no time for worldly vanities. Like the storms which purify the atmosphere, these interior struggles served to keep her heart pure and humble.

Up to this time she had not met a Catholic, although instinctively cherishing in her heart many Catholic sentiments; thus, for example, as if a necessity of nature, she often had a great longing for confession. It was the effect of a yearning for spiritual things, without any external agency, or without means of gratifying the wish. Urged by this desire, she once visited a Protestant minister to make her confession. This was, of course, refused; whereupon she revealed the state of her soul to an intimate lady friend, hoping to make by this act of humility some reparation for her sins.

Another of her Catholic sentiments, as touching as it is remarkable in one who grew up entirely under Protestant influences, was her tender love for the Blessed Virgin. Even when a child, she pronounced the name of Mary with love and respect; and when afterwards in one of her periods of spiritual trial she turned her eyes towards the "Consoler of the afflicted," her heart gave vent to its feelings in a little poem as sweet and touching as any that ever came from a child of the Church. We regret that we cannot give our readers an English translation of this pious little hymn, as also of the many other beautiful ones scattered throughout her German biographies, as they show more than any words of eulogy the purity and sincerity of her life. This instinctiv feeling of veneration for the Blessed Virgin was, no doubt, strengthened by her meditative mind reflecting on the great dignity conferred on Mary in becoming the Mother of God. Perhaps it was an inborn love for the state of virginity which drew her closer to the Queen of virgins, and which prompted her to refuse the most favorable offers of marriage. This also made her entertain and feel the greatest contempt for Luther, who had broken his vow of chastity.

Louise's conversion to the Church was not by means of controversy, for she rarely or never had met a Catholic before her eighteenth year; nor by reading Catholic books, which she was unable to procure. A sympathetic chord with Catholic doctrine seemed to have been implanted in her heart, and, according to her own words, "the mercy of God developed it."

In the year 1816, Louise met for the first time the celebrated poet Clement Brentano, well known to our readers as the one to whom Catharine Emmerich dictated her revelations. Brentano was then, unhappily, like so many other men of genius, a truant son of the Church. Separated from his wife, disgusted with the world, his turbulent mind could nowhere find peace or rest. The consolations which the Church in her Sacraments gives to the wretched and afflicted he had long since ignored. He first saw Louise at the *soirée* of an officer of the court, and was at once struck by her beauty and intelligence, and still more by that modesty and gravity which always distinguished her wherever she appeared. He met her frequently afterwards, and became more and more fascinated with the charm of her manners, her good sense, and all the qualities which seemed calculated to bring him that happiness which he had hitherto so vainly sought. Here was a danger from which Louise's love for her Divine Saviour alone preserved her; for had she listened to the seductive voice of this brilliant genius, who was then the admiration of literary circles, she might have gone astray.

One day when he had again poured out the sorrows of his wretched life to her, she said: "What will it help you to tell all this to a young girl? you are so happy as to have the Sacrament of Confession: you are a Catholic; reveal your sorrows to your Father confessor."

This was a strange reproof to him, coming from a Protestant, but with the assistance of divine grace it produced its effect. The memory of his happy childhood, when an affectionate and pious mother made the Sign of the Cross upon his forehead, and taught him to pray, was awakened, and the remembrance of those early days now thronged in upon his mind. The wanderer from the Fold now saw his error, and felt convinced that there was but one way in which to regain peace of soul. Shortly after this meeting with Louise he went to

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make his confession, which he had neglected for many years.

Meanwhile Louise struggled on with her doubts and fears. She had now made the acquaintance of several Catholics, and after obtaining and studying the long-sought Catholic catechism, after praying and becoming convinced that the Catholic Church was indeed the Church of Christ, she resolved to enter its fold in spite of all obstacles.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception she received her first Holy Communion, having gone to confession the day previous. The happiness of this event was ever afterwards for her a subject of gratitude to God. On the 8th of December, 1876, a few days before her death, she said to a lady friend, whose loving ministrations sweetened her last moments: "This is the anniversary of my First Communion. A few days previous to it I had handed Canon Taube my written profession of faith, and the Rev. Father said, with a smile: 'You have written *too many* articles of faith; the Immaculate Conception [of the Blessed Virgin] and the infallibility of the Pope have not yet been promulgated.'"

A few months before her First Communion, Christian Brentano, a brother of Clement's, came to Berlin, and, naturally, made the acquaintance of Miss Hensel. His wonderful accounts of Catharine Emmerich, the great servant of God, made a great impression on Louise, and also upon his brother, so lately won back to the Church.

Urged by an interior voice, and the persuasion of his friends, who hoped much good would result from the step, Clement removed to Dülmen in the fall of 1818. From here Louise received frequent letters from him, and knowing as he did the struggle going on in her mind, as a result of her early training and associations in opposition to grace, he could not fail to pray for one to whom he owed so much, and no doubt recommended her to the prayers of the stigmata.

Towards the end of November, Louise wrote in her diary: "I can no longer remain in the wilderness, where truant and disobedient children are wandering without a guide. I seek my Father's house, the bosom of a Mother whom I recognize by her voice—*I shall go over to the Catholic Church.*" This determination she took one evening as she was walking through the gardens outside the city, mournfully humming an old hymn. What was her surprise to receive, shortly after, a letter from Brentano, which he wrote at the desire of the nun of Dülmen, requesting her to put the resolution in practice which she had lately formed while walking between two gardens; also that the verse which she had whispered to herself should be her guide in her future path through life, as her guardian angel had spoken the verse and the sentiment to her soul.

Catharine Emmerich no doubt saw in spirit the struggle going on in the soul of Louise, and sympathized with her. "She sends you a cordial greeting," Brentano wrote at another time, "and prays much for you.... She takes a deep interest in you and hopes to see you." In a letter to the Countess Stolberg, he wrote, speaking of Louise: "There are very few persons in whom Catharine takes so lively an interest, with whom she seems to feel so ardent and tender a sympathy as with this struggling heart."

It would be a mistake to suppose that with Louise's conversion all her mental sufferings came to an end. Her doubts had disappeared, but not her anxieties.

"The motive for my return to the Catholic Church was not the external splendor of her ceremonies, much less sentimentality or even an attraction of the heart, but a clear conviction that the Catholic Church is the Church established by Jesus Christ. This conviction became so strong that no fear of torments or of death could have prevented me from entering its fold. God was pleased to ask of me a great sacrifice—that of leaving my friends and the happy life I led in their society—a separation which I thought would be for life. The opposition which I met from my dear mother was a special source of sorrow to me, although in after-years she lost much of her bigotry and prejudice against the Church. Father Taube requested that my conversion should be kept as quiet as possible, as he feared fresh persecutions for the Church in Berlin, which was then barely permitted to exist. The fact that my brother [the artist] was much at court, and the friendship which existed between our family and several influential Protestant clergymen, was sufficient cause for apprehension. I felt, too, the necessity of withdrawing into Catholic society; also a great desire to see the nun of Dülmen, whose prayers and counsel had doubtless enabled me to take the important step."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nearly three years have passed away since Olive Stoneleigh landed in England; and in the early morning of a glorious August day we find her in the garden of Ashly Lodge busy with a special spot of ground called Olive's garden. There she cultivated flowers, that she might take with her all she could find every Saturday to the chapel at Ladywell. In those three years, Olive had improved in health, good-looks, and intelligence. The shade that her early sorrow cast over her had been softened by time, although not removed. Father and mother were not forgotten, but enshrined in her heart's deepest depths, and she had ceased to feel the daily anguish of her loss or to cry herself to sleep night after night. Life and its duties had occupied her

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and drawn out all the fine tones of her character. Outwardly, her life had but little change. She occasionally went into society with Adelaide, but she was aware that her religion formed a barrier between her and the acquaintances she made, and she was looked on as cold, shy and reserved. Neither had Addie and she ever grown familiar. It was not Olive's fault; she loved and admired her beautiful cousin, and could hardly understand why the affection was not returned. It could scarcely be because Olive could not join Addie in her devotion to the Vicar, or sympathize with the restoration of the Church of England, and the general instruction of that venerable establishment in its duties which seemed to occupy the Vicar and his devotees. The Vicar had tried to recall Olive to the "Church of her baptism," as he quaintly termed it, but he had experienced so signal a defeat at the hands of the simple, yet well-instructed girl, that he was fain to beat a retreat and to tell Addie and his wife it was a case of obstinate error, which it would be loss of time to combat. But, then, Beatrice openly set the Vicar at nought; nor did Mrs. Stoneleigh appear to attach any weight to his dogmatic utterances. It was not this, therefore, mused Olive, that made Adelaide so cold; and, indeed, during the last year she had become more friendly, and Olive hoped it might continue. It never occurred to her to connect this with Lord Osterly's absence for a year's time in the East. Ungrudgingly did Olive labor for her cousin at most uncongenial occupations; for the narrow means of the Stoneleighs of Ashly obliged Adelaide to be economical about dress, and Olive's skill in millinery and hair-dressing was exceedingly useful.

Olive, tired with gardening, sat down on a bench, her thoughts busy with no higher theme than a new wreath she would manufacture to surprise and delight Addie. She was working it out with her fingers on some natural flowers, when a shadow fell across her. She looked,—"Ah, Charlie, is it you! I am so glad! How did you get here so early?"

"I came down to Shorbury last night with Osterly, and slept there. Then we rattled over in the first train to Barnham. He has gone to the Chase, of course, as he dared not for his life peep in here first. It's very jolly here, Olive," continued the young man, seating himself by her side; "it is pretty hot to-day."

"We did not expect you for a week or ten days," remarked Olive.

"I know you did not, my dear; but we have been in a land where the events of life are not so utterly unknown as in the hermit retirement of Ashly. Be it known unto you that old Baxter has had a stroke."

"Sir David Baxter!" exclaimed Olive; "how very sad! Charles, are you joking? You look actually pleased."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, my dear," returned her cousin. "Baxter is member for this county."

"Oh, I see what you mean!" said Olive. "He will resign. Charlie, I shall so like to see you in Parliament!"

"Thanks, my dear; I shall expect you to be an out-an-out canvasser. Bribery and corruption would just suit you."

Olive smiled a happy, trustful smile of one who did not imagine either means would be resorted to in *this* election.

"But, Olive, what will her imperial highness say, think you?"

"Aunt Dorothea? why she will be delighted to see a Stoneleigh in Parliament."

"I am not so sure. I am no favorite with her. If it were that lucky dog, Osterly, for instance; look how fond she is of him!"

"Oh, well, he is not a Stoneleigh," replied Olive; "besides, are you obliged to ask her leave, after all?"

Charles laughed heartily. "Have you been three years in England, Olive, and still remain ignorant how many votes Aunt Dorothea has in her pocket? and where is the cash to come from, besides? a man can't get into Parliament for nothing; aye, nor keep in it either. In fact, Olive," continued he, speaking with unusual gravity, "the crisis has come. Now we shall see if I am really to be the heir of Stoneleigh or not."

"Is there any doubt about it?" said Olive, opening her eyes. "I thought you *were* the heir—after my uncle, I mean."

"Stoneleigh is not entailed," returned Charles; "the old lady can leave it to whom she pleases."

"Is it possible!" said Olive; "but she never *would* leave it away from the family. Oh, there is no fear, Charlie."

"I don't know," he answered; "it is a precious good thing, my dear, there is not an *r* in your name."

Olive's laugh rang out. "My dear Charlie, as if *I*, of all people, were in your way! No: nor should I ever have been, even were I my brother instead of myself."

"Has she never been friendly to you all this time?"

"Never," replied Olive. "Why, I have never been at Stoneleigh, nor seen it save from a distance."

"What a shame!" cried Charles; "could you not go when she is away?"

"I should rather think not," cried Olive, coloring and throwing back her head a little; "I should be sorry indeed to go in that way to the home of my ancestors."

"It's that unlucky religion of yours," returned

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Charles; "she can't get over that. To be a Catholic is an awful bar to advancement in this country, I can tell you, Olive. Why can't you content yourself with that pretty imitation that Benson & Co. have got up? I hear," he continued, "his doings are nothing to some of the fellows' in London. They are stunning. Why can't you go in for that, Olive?"

"You silly boy," said Olive, as she rose from her seat and tapped him lightly on the shoulder—"you are not in earnest, so I shan't waste time in arguing, but only answer you by an old verse I came on one day, and which I have 'adapted' to my purpose:

> 'Who would dwell in the servants' lodge,
> When the mansion house is given?'

"Hark, there's the luncheon bell, and I am hungry if the new M. P. is not; so let us go in."

At lunch the prospects of the election were freely discussed; even Uncle Adrian seemed a little roused; and when the meal was over, Charles, with more courage than he had possessed an hour before, wended his way to the Chase.

Dinner was half over before he reappeared. He seemed so moody and dull that everyone supposed Aunt Dorothea had refused his request, and frantic efforts were made by the ladies to keep up some sort of conversation while the servants were in the room. Dessert was put on. The servants withdrew. Every eye was fixed on Charles. He threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed, "Old hag!"

"So she is, and no mistake," cried Beatrice.

"Hush, Bee," said her mother, looking anxiously at her son.

"She says," muttered Charles, "she will help me if I consent to marry Caroline Baxter."

Astonishment kept everyone silent for a minute; then Addie said, in a soothing voice, "Carrie is a very nice girl, Charles."

"An insipid idiot," whispered Bee to Olive.

"Bee, darling," returned her cousin, also in a whisper, "pray, pray don't say anything now you may be sorry for hereafter."

"What is your objection, my dear boy?" began Adrian Stoneleigh, nervously. "The Baxters are an old county family."

"My objection, sir," replied Charles, hotly, "is that I do not intend to be married like a slave, at the beck and call of any maiden aunt. I shall marry when it pleases me, and to the lady I think well to choose."

Neither Olive nor Beatrice could help laughing, and Mrs. Stoneleigh, with a look of care and worry, gave the signal for departure.

"It is all very well to storm," said Adelaide, when the ladies were alone; "Aunt Dorothea is resolved, and Charlie will have to submit—why, here is Edgar!" she exclaimed, coloring deeply, as Lord Osterly stepped in from the garden.

"Edgar, how did you escape?" said Beatrice, greeting him a little less boisterously than she had done three years before.

"Old Andrew came to dinner," replied Edgar, "and he and *la tante* are shut up in the library to talk business. I had leave of absence accorded me, and here I am, ready to give my valuable opinion on this knotty question."

"She is set upon it, I suppose," said Mrs. Stoneleigh, with a sigh.

"Quite, dear aunt. And are you sure it is a bad theory? Miss Baxter is thought a great match. Now Olive"—and he held up his hands before his face—"don't destroy me with a glance."

Olive's eyes had been full of indignation; she reddened and said, "Well, I shall never agree on that point."

"It is a very great pity, Olive, you should interfere in the matter at all," cried Adelaide. "I can't see why you should. Charles is not your brother—he is *nothing* to you, and why you should meddle and prevent his gaining Stoneleigh Chase, I can't conceive. You have done us harm enough already."

All the concentrated bitterness of years were in Adelaide's sharp tones.

Before Aunt Adrian or Beatrice could speak, Olive sprang to her feet and like a wounded bird took refuge in the garden. She fled to her own favorite nook, quite out of sight or hearing of anyone in the house, and, throwing herself into one of the garden chairs, buried her face into her hands and wept bitterly.

"Olive, dear Olive," said a voice.

Olive did not raise her head, she knew too well who the speaker was, and she knew, alas! but too well, in that one moment's flash, what he was to her. She had tried to shut her eyes during his absence—she knew all too well now.

"Speak to me, Olive," continued Edgar. "I cannot bear to see you in such sorrow. Addie did not mean to hurt you so terribly."

Olive looked up and dashed away her tears. "I know she did not: it was the irritation of the moment; but it is true, I do harm them."

"Not in the way Aunt Dorothea imagines."

"I do not understand you, Lord Osterly."

"My dear Olive, do you not know Aunt Dorothea is in mortal fear of your marrying Charles?"

"I," exclaimed Olive, flushing to her temples—"I and Charlie! it is absurd—my first cousin, and a Protestant!"

"There is another who has feared it too," returned Edgar, in a low tone. "You have set me at rest on that point. Complete the cure, Olive—let me say you are mine." She was trembling all over and he strove to take her hand, but she drew it away and said, "The same obstacle exists—religion."

"Oh, nonsense, my love—not with *me*. You

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know I think with you on all points; you would have perfect freedom. My darling, if you have nothing else to urge, my cause is won"; and he drew nearer to her.

Olive rose to her feet, pale as death. "Edgar, it must not—cannot be!" and she tried to pass him and leave the spot. He stood before her.

"Tell me truly, is there no other barrier—if I came before you as a Catholic, would your answer be different?"

She gave a glance into his face; it was answer enough, and then before he could prevent her, she escaped from him and fled to her own room.

If Adelaide deserved a punishment for her harsh words, she certainly had it when Edgar, putting back Beatrice with a gesture that could not be gainsayed, followed Olive into the garden.

Hope died in poor Adelaide's breast; the idolatry of years was of no avail.

Edgar's heart would never be hers. She crept away and was seen no more that evening. Neither did Lord Osterly return, and Beatrice and her mother were left alone.

Beatrice was in a fever of excited happiness. "Just what I have always wished, mamma. Edgar and Olive—won't she make a noble wife for him! Not accept him, do you say, mamma?—impossible! Oh, he will become a Catholic; he is almost one already. What are you smiling at, mamma?"

"I was thinking, Bee, of an old sentence in an old book: 'Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' I fear Edgar is like King Agrippa."

"Olive is gone to her room," exclaimed Beatrice. "I hear her overhead."

"I must go to her, poor child! I fear Addie in her folly has hurt her terribly"; and Mrs. Stoneleigh left the room.

But she did not gain admittance. No answer was returned to her gentle tap, and the door was locked. Olive could not trust herself to speak, and she knew that no human sympathy could aid her, and that, alone before her crucifix, the first struggle in a long battle must be fought out.

For many hours she remained prostrate in that mute prayer, that wordless appeal for help which is, perhaps, the most profound act of adoration that can be offered by a human soul. What revelations of the weakness of our own hearts, and the mighty nature of the warfare we have to wage on earth, are made known in those hours! When the early dawn appeared, Olive crept into bed, and when the maid came in the morning Olive complained of headache, and asked for a cup of tea. The servant brought it, together with the letters.

There was one from Lord Osterly, of many pages, pleading his own cause with eloquence and with an assurance that he should not take her hasty answer the night before as final. Olive read it, rose and dressed herself, wrote a few lines to her Aunt Adrian; then slipping out quietly, took her way over the fields to Barnham and was in time to catch a train for Shorbury.

Mrs. Chester looked up with astonishment as Olive entered the room, pale and worn-looking, with black rings under her eyes. She stretched out her arms. Olive flew into them, and laying her head on that loving breast poured forth the story of her love and of her sorrow. And then nature, which does not like to be defied, stepped in and sent Olive to bed with a racking headache. She looked ill the next day, and it was evident her whole being had received a severe shock.

"Now, my darling," said Madeline Chester, "Shorbury, in August, is not the place for you. See these three letters: one to your Aunt Adrian to gain her consent to a certain plan of mine—one to Mrs. Warburton to ask hospitality for a night—and one to the Prioress of Carmel to ask her to let some of her extern servants engage rooms for us in the village of Herndon."

Herndon is a lovely village on the sea coast, and the stay of a fortnight there did Olive much good. Lord Osterly wrote again, declaring he was almost convinced that the Catholic religion was the true one, but the fear of his father's anguish held him back from further examination into the truth. "My marriage with you, dearest Olive," he wrote, "would pave the way to such an announcement to my father; we would study the subject together, consult the authorities on both sides, and, surely, I should be convinced."

Olive was too guileless to ask herself whether the opinion of the rich uncle, who had always said Edgar should be his heir, had any influence on his actions. Full of love and trust, she believed every word he said, but she was too firmly rooted in her religion to entertain the idea of marrying one not of the household of Faith. She wrote in this strain to Edgar, till at last, he, seeing he could not move her, declared his intention of waiting, and assured her he held her bound to marry no one but himself. Olive smiled as she read the words; there was no need of a pledge; she had given him the deep love of her heart; she had placed him on a pedestal such as we poor human beings are but too wont to raise for our idols.

The impression of his first welcome to England had never faded from her mind, and it had been well followed up. Edgar's visits had always been bright spots in her life; he was so different from Charles, who was, as she thought, frivolous, worldly, and selfish. Edgar was full of high and noble sentiments; his tastes were refined, and he seemed to live for others, not for self. Her heart was full of hope and pride. She was proud to be the chosen one of his heart; she was full of hope for the future. Good as he now was, what

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would it be when he should have received the gift of Faith? How much he would do for the Church; and *she* would be at his side! In such happy dreams she passed her days, till a letter arrived from Aunt Adrian informing her that the engagement between Charles and Caroline Baxter was an accomplished fact, and begging her to return home.

Home Olive went. Lord Osterly had left the Chase, and Olive found it weary work to take up again the threads of her former busy, happy life. Adelaide avoided her persistently. Charles was sullen, and discontented in a manner Olive had never yet seen. Miss Baxter frequently came to stay at the Chase, and then paid a visit to Ashly Lodge. She was, as Beatrice had truly said, insipid, but with a strong conviction of her own excellence; and while as much attached to Charles as her shallow nature would permit, she exacted from him an amount of homage and deference inexpressibly wearying to the young man. He gave what she demanded, and Olive marvelled more and more that Caroline could not see through the unreality.

As soon as Miss Baxter went home, Charles flew off to London. His visit there did not do him much good, apparently; he came back with a worn, faded look, and was, to every one except the poor girl before whom he acted, short, bitter, and sullen.

Sir David had rallied from his attack. There was no immediate question of his resignation; but as soon as the marriage of Charles Stoneleigh and Caroline Baxter was accomplished, the former was to enter upon the emjoyment of a handsome income, and to be formally recognized as heir to Stoneleigh. The newly married couple were to reside in the family mansion in Brook Street, London, certain rooms only being reserved for the use of Aunt Dorothea in her rare and short visits to town.

But Olive's heart ached for her cousin, for she knew too well he was about to put on chains, albeit the fetters were golden. Thus slipped on the time till Christmas was past, and the snow drops of February peeped out. Early in April the wedding was to take place. Lord Osterly was abroad; he would, however, return to be Charles's best man, and Olive's heart bounded at the thought of seeing him again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"EVERY one is free to engage in a conflict against order, but order can never be overcome. It may be compared to a pyramid which rises from earth to heaven: we can not overthrow the base, for the finger of God rests on the summit." —*Father Lacordaire.*

To Our Lady.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO LOPEZ DE AZALA, WHO WROTE TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE XIV CENTURY.

O Lady, thou the shining star
Whose radiance lighteth all below,
Light me, thy servant, from afar:
Oh, save my soul from endless woe!

To fragrant cinnamon thou art,
O Lady dear, compared, I ween;
Where Eastern suns their ardors dart,
No scent has ever sweeter been.
To thee all those with anguish sore
Cry ever loud for ease and aid;
The sinner who would sin no more,
To Mary trusteth undismayed.
O Lady, thou the shining star
Whose radiance lighteth all below,
Light me, thy servant, from afar;
Oh, save my soul from endless woe!

To the tall cedar on the height
By Solomon thou art compared;
The beauty of the cypress bright
On lordly Sion thou hast shared.
A palm-tree, fresh in all its green,
Fair to the eye and very fine—
An olive-tree, where loveliest seen,
By him thou'rt called, O Lady mine.
O Lady, thou the shining star
Whose radiance lighteth all below,
Light me, thy servant, from afar;
Oh, save my soul from endless woe!

O Star of Ocean, tempest laden,
O gate by which ingress is given
To where thou dwellest, e'er a maiden,
The child and spouse of God in heaven!
The grievance thou hast done away,
That came to us from fallen Eve;
The evil wrought by her that day
Thou didst, O holy Maid, relieve.
O Lady, thou the shining star
Whose radiance lighteth all below,
Light me, thy servant, from afar;
Oh, save my soul from endless woe!

—*John T. Curry, in "The Lamp."*

To have the Holy Sacrifice offered for the souls in purgatory will ever be as well a test of true Catholic faith as a sure proof of genuine affection for the relatives and friends whose loss we mourn and whose earthly remains we accompany with sorrow to the grave.—*Bishop Ryan.*

DEVOTION to Mary makes us cling more closely to Jesus. Enthusiasm for the honor of the Mother makes us more jealously watchful for the glory of the Son; and so long as devotion to the Mother of God is active in the heart of a Catholic there is no fear of indifference, no fear of apostasy.

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The Instruction of Deaf-Mutes.

Aristotle regarded deaf-mutes as devoid of intelligence, and incapable of receiving any scientific notion. The Emperor Justinian classed them as idiots, and European jurisprudence declared them outside the common law: *Surdus et mutus plane indisciplinabilis.* The Abbé de l'Epie assures us that even in his time (1712–1789) there were still countries in which deaf mutes were put to death at the age of three years, because they were considered monsters.

It was only about the end of the fifteenth century that mention was made, for the first time, of a deaf-mute learning to read and write. Rudolph Agricola, who died 1485, relates the fact in his posthumous work *De Inventione Dialectica.* But a century later, in 1585, Pedro Ponce, a Benedictine of Ona, in the kingdom of Leon, is mentioned as an instructor of deaf-mutes. His friend Francis Valles, author of a moral philosophy, says: "In his instructions, he employed no other means than that of teaching them first to write, by pointing out objects which were expressed by written characters, then exercising them in repeating with the vocal organs words corresponding to these characters. . . . Thus those who are deprived of hearing can replace speech by writing, and arrive at the knowledge of things divine through the medium of sight, as others do through hearing. I myself witnessed this in regard to the pupils of my friend."

In 1620, another Spaniard, John Paul Boneb, published at Madrid a treatise on the art of instructing the deaf and dumb—*Reduccion de las letras, y arte para enseñar a hablar a los mudos* (Reduction of Letters and Arts for Teaching the Dumb to Speak). His method was almost the same as that of Pedro Ponce; he reduced the letters to their simplest elements, and his alphabet differed but slightly from that of the Abbé de l'Epie.

From Spain, the art of instructing deaf-mutes extended through Italy, England, Holland, and France; but all teachers were ruled by the prejudice that to develop the intelligence of a deaf-mute he must be taught to articulate in some way; their labors, thus limited to the benefit of an individual education, produced no general result for humanity. To the Abbé de l'Epie belongs the honor of having known how to place the instruction of deaf-mutes upon its true basis. He was the first to impress upon his work the character of a general benefit for a numerous class of society.

Deaf-mutes are possessed of the same intellectual faculties as children enjoying their full senses; to develop them, they require opportunities; the privation of hearing, by making these opportunities more rare for deaf mutes, may retard this development, but it does not altogether prevent it. Actions and the varied scenes of nature, are also a language, and to understand it, the deaf mute can go beyond our conventional language. This culture of the intelligence by acts is more extended than one would at first suppose. Soon the deaf mute feels the want of entering into communication with persons around him, and those things which were his first instructors become also the first signs of his thought. No doubt the language of the deaf mute alone is as limited as the circle of his ideas; but it develops rapidly when several of the unfortunates live together. Each one brings his contingent to the common mass; new relations, new wants beget other ideas and sentiments, and signs always follow the progress of the intelligence.

The Abbé de l'Epie understood all the resources which the language of signs could offer in the education of a deaf mute; he therefore employed this language; he amplified, improved, and systematized it on the model of our conventional language, and made it serve in the intellectual development of his pupils and the interpretation of words.

Although the true principles of the instruction of deaf mutes were known in 1760, still it was only at the commencement of the present century that the greater part of European States erected public establishments for children deprived of hearing and the use of speech. Up to that time it was thought that the art of instructing the deaf and dumb was a mysterious one, which could be acquired only after long and painful study, and that to exercise it required special instructors. Then, too, under the influence of a sad prejudice against this class of unfortunates, the education of a great number of deaf and dumb children was neglected; they were abandoned, not only by their ordinary instructors, but also by their own mothers. As soon as the deafness or the dumbness of a child was manifest, no further attention was bestowed upon him; he is deaf and dumb, they would say; he does not understand us: they realized his deficiency, and yet did nothing to remedy it; they abandoned him, so to speak, to himself; and increased his misfortune in thus isolating him at an age the most tender, in which other children already acquire knowledge by sole contact with their young companions.

In order to root out this prejudice in France, where out of thirty thousand deaf-mutes fully one third were deprived of all intellectual nourishment, the Central Society of Education called for a work in which the theory and practice of the education of the deaf and dumb would be made so simple that on the first reading of the treatise any well-intentioned person would feel himself qualified as an instructor. In 1853 the assembly was held, and the prize was awarded to

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the Abbé Carton, of Bruges, whose work is now so familiarly known in France. His system is based upon that of Abbé Sicard, the one generally adopted throughout the United States. The knowledge of sign language and the means of communicating with the deaf and dumb can, then, be easily acquired. Its utility is evident. Statistics show that out of every 102 deaf mutes 37 become such after birth—the result of disease or accident. But once possessed of a means of communication, the deaf and dumb child will no longer be removed from parental education, nor from that of the ordinary teacher. On the contrary, parents, teachers, comrades will be able to communicate, to converse, to talk with him; and charity and science will have restored to the family and society, to intellectual and moral life, a creature made to the image of God, but whom ignorance had condemned to live far from man, or rather "to be only a rational being, destined to move, suffer and die without having lived."

Piety of Great Generals.

A pair of beads which belonged to Count John of Aldringen, one of the most famous generals of the Thirty Years' War, is still preserved in the family of Count Podstalzky Liechtenstein. This pious General always carried his chaplet with him, and recited it with great devotion. John von Wert and Prince Eugene of Savoy were also noted for their devotion to our Lady. The latter, the hero of Zentu and Belgrade, of Blenheim and Turin, was esteemed a saint. He was not satisfied to be pious himself, but also took care to have his soldiers perform their religious duties. Some devout prayers composed by this great General are still extant.

Among modern heroes the celebrated Austrian General, Count Radetzky, was as pious as he was brave. Once whilst sitting down in his park near the imperial residence in Vienna, some soldiers to whom he had given the freedom of his premises were enjoying a walk. The General rose to go to another part of the grounds for a while, and the soldiers sat down in his place. On his return, seeing them showing some object among themselves, and overhearing some sneering remarks, he asked them what they had. "Father," (such was the affectionate title given the old General by the soldiers) they replied "we have found a pair of beads on this stone bench, and we wonder what soldier it is that is simple enough to say the rosary." "Give them to me," said the old man; "it is I who left them there. They are *mine*, and I am simple enough to say them." Before going into battle, Marshal Radetzky always addressed his soldiers in an edifying and religious manner, exhorting them to place their confidence in God. On account of his great age (he was more than eighty years old when he won his most splendid victories), he was obliged to ride in a carriage when the army was in motion. On one of these occasions, when all was in readiness for the order to march, the old chieftain was missing. After some time he was discovered reclining asleep in his cafriage, with his rosary, which he had recited before going to sleep, beside him. How God blessed the arms of this great military leader is well known to the student of history.

The late celebrated Marshal Pelissier, one of the bravest men and the most successful generals that France could boast of in latter times, was as good a Catholic as he was a soldier. Sometimes, when it happened that no one was at hand to serve Mass, the Marshal himself would at once step forward and humbly take the acolyte's place. This he often did, and with such humble simplicity and ease that it edified many and made others ashamed of their moral cowardice.

The gallant General Mulligan, who with so many other Catholic soldiers made themselves famous in our late civil war, was as humble and devoted as a Christian as he was brave on the field of battle. It is needless to speak of his deeds as a military hero—they are well-known—but an answer that he once gave a so-called "Liberal" Catholic in Chicago is worth publishing here, as we believe it has never been in print before. With other spirited Irish-Americans, General (then Colonel) Mulligan took a deep interest in the movements started some years ago for the purpose of striking a blow for Ireland's freedom. But the Fenians being condemned by Bishop Duggan of Chicago, and forbidden to enter the church in uniform or as a body, some one asked Colonel Mulligan if he would submit to the decision. His answer is worthy of the man; we give it, not perhaps in the exact words he used, but as near as we can remember: "Most assuredly! As a soldier, I must obey my General; and as a Catholic, I am in duty bound to obey my Bishop." No thought of doubt or question in that noble mind; General Mulligan was not one of the *little* great men whose heads are turned and hearts dried up by worldly or military pomp, and who like straws drift with the current.

It is related of that hero of a hundred battles, General Shields, that once while in the Senate Chamber at Washington, a Catholic priest happened to meet him. The old General, who was a Catholic, and a practical one—and, far from being ashamed of his religion, was always proud of it, as any man of sense and culture should be—very naturally got into earnest conversation with him. As the priest was leaving the Senate Chamber, the General called out, in a voice loud

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enough to be heard by all present: "Well, Father, I am now getting old, and cannot live much longer; when I die you will say Mass for me, won't you?" The old hero would never allow himself to become the slave of human respect, as so many do who should have more manliness and more sense. He loved his religion, and lived up to it.

We have heard it stated that Gen. P. T. Beauregard, the great Southern General, and before the war a military engineer of considerable renown, had always a chaplain with him in his campaigns, and that he was a monthly communicant. We know a gallant officer in the United States Army who esteems it a great privilege to serve Mass every morning, and did so at one time for two or three months that a missionary was located at his military post in the far West. And another who thought it not too much hardship to drive some hundreds of miles for a priest to receive his family into the Church.

Religious principle and valor are twin brothers, and will ever be found hand in hand.

Lough Derg, St. Patrick's Purgatory.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

The following letter of His Grace Archbishop Lynch, addressed to his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Father Rooney, of St. Mary's Church, Toronto, describing a pilgrimage to one of the most famous shrines in Christendom, will be read with interest by Catholics generally, but especially by those who hail from the land of holy Patrick, and to whom his memory is dear.

LOUGH DERG, August 13, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Here we are at the most famous Pilgrimage of Lough Derg, and have before our eyes what the sluggard could not conceive, or the ordinary Catholic hear, without wonder and almost incredulity. Here, under the influence of extraordinary grace, come sinners burdened with guilty consciences, and trying perhaps to repair bad confessions, and to commence a new life. Here come, too, the holy and fervent, to run on more vigorously in the way of perfection. Here come also the Prelates and other dignitaries of the Church, priests and ecclesiastical students, to imbibe the great spirit of St. Patrick for the work that the great Shepherd of souls sets before them in the Church. Here also come prudent virgins, to consult God on their vocation to a religious or a secular life. This place of pilgrimage is unique in the whole world; it is also the most austere. The penances which the pilgrims undertake are not heard of elsewhere in the Christian world. Here reigns the penitential spirit of the earliest ages of the Church, when God's hatred for sin was best understood, and the necessity of satisfying for it, either in this life or the next, was rightly appreciated. On arriving at Pettigo, a station on the Bundoran line of the Great Northern Railway, about four or five English miles from the lake, my attention was directed to a woman, middle-aged, and carrying a bundle. There was nothing extraordinary about this; but she was barefooted, and had already commenced her station. We took a car that set us down in view of the Island. The Bishop of Clogher and Father Bergin walked. We had to travel on foot for about half a mile, along a very marshy road—a disgrace, we thought, to civilization. As we were expected, and seen from the island, a number of pilgrims came to meet us in the boat. We formed a very good party, the venerable Bishop of the diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Father Collier, P. P., of St. Agatha's, Dublin; Father Beggan, a Vincentian Missioner from Phibsborough; some members of St. Vincent de Paul's Society from Dublin and Derry; my secretary, Father Bergin, and myself. The first gentleman that stepped ashore to receive us was Father O'Connor, the author of that very interesting work on the Pilgrimage of Lough Derg. A good Irishman, who had returned from America, successful in his business, was the next to leap ashore. He was a fine-looking, well-dressed young man, but was bareheaded and barefooted, a sign that the pilgrim had not as yet finished his station. The boat which was to carry us to the island, about three quarters of a mile distant, was a very old-fashioned one, with oars that would serve as masts for an ordinary schooner.

We commenced our little voyage by reciting the Penitential Psalm *Miserere*. At its conclusion good Bishop Donnelly entoned the *Magnificat*, which was taken up enthusiastically, and must have been heard on the island, and echoed through the mountains beyond. The lake was pretty rough, as is often the case, from the gusts that play around the mountains of Donegal. On pushing into the little harbor, recently constructed, we found a great number of pilgrims on their knees to receive the blessing of the Bishop and priests. What a strange sight the pilgrim penitent presented! It was then I realized the true Irish and primitive penance of the early saints. All were barefooted and bareheaded. The women, however, wore shawls or some covering on their heads. Some old men had handkerchiefs on their heads also. The idea of being scandalized at bare feet in either sex seemed as preposterous as to be scandalized at the naked feet of children or infants. All knew that a desire to do penance, and to imitate the holiest of pilgrims dictated the observance of this custom. The majority of the pilgrims were of real old Irish type, of the middle class farmers, their wives and daughters. There was, however, a good sprinkling of young men, such as would be found at a fishing or hunting excursion, clerks on their holidays from offices in the cities, students, and gentlemen of position. There were not a few elegantly dressed young ladies, who had changed their toilets before they began their penitential exercises. I indulged the curiosity to look down and see had those ladies the courage to go barefooted. Their dresses were long; but stepping through the stones and rocks that intercepted the rugged paths around the beds or stations, I to my singular edification discovered that courage and a total disregard for human respect had triumphed: they were barefooted. The world, bad as it is, has still its heroines. The fine young men were seen certainly to great advantage. A glance at their countenances and dress showed them to be gentlemen, but their bare feet proclaimed them heroes of the grandest type, following the rugged path after Christ. At other pilgrimages—Loretto, Lourdes, etc.,—confession, Communion, and some prayers are merely required to gain the indulgences. But pilgrims come to Lough Derg to do penance also. It may truly be called "the Purgatory of St. Patrick." At Our Lady's of Lourdes the pilgrims have beautiful roads and walks, with a delightful climate, and a miraculous fountain to cure the maladies of their bodies. Here

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pilgrims come chiefly for miracles of grace, to cure their souls. They certainly do great penance. They fast rigorously, taking only once a day, and that towards evening, a refection of oaten bread and some water from the lake. They put a little sugar in the water, which, as we have said, they call wine. Whoever wants to drink a cup of tea, or take any other food, must obtain a dispensation. The Prior grants dispensations freely from other austerities when they are required. A young man came to the Bishop for permission to take a little tea and a mouthful of bread. His plea was that since four o'clock that morning he had eaten nothing, and had walked fourteen miles to the island, it being then about five o'clock, p. m. The Bishop yielded; and then the young man took courage to ask the same favor for three other young men, his companions to the pilgrimage, who were also fasting like himself.

The most difficult part of the station, after the fasting (though the pilgrims say that they do not feel it much) is the going around, barefooted, seven beds or stations on the out and inside, reciting prayers. I cannot say that the paths around those beds bristle yet with stones and rugged rocks—their sharp edges being worn off by the bare knees and feet of the millions of pilgrims that pressed here from all parts of the world from the time of St. Patrick. But the paths could scarce be more rugged, and resembled an abandoned quarry. And, yet, one cannot say that the stones were placed here purposely to mortify. Imagine any of those rocky places on the sea coast, indented with little hills and some stray pieces of verdure between the ribbed rocks, with all parts exceedingly awkward either to walk or kneel on, and you have the paths around the Station beds. I was walking with the Bishop on the outskirts of one of these beds, when, stepping on a sharp and inclined little rock, I slipt and fell on my back. I did not feel the least hurt. They say that no one was ever seriously hurt on the Island, either from the sharp rocks or the heavy rains with which they are sometimes saturated, in going through their Stations—for nothing interrupts them. For my consolation, after my fall, I heard an old woman say, "Sure his Grace would be safer in his bare feet, God bless them!" The prayer at the end took the sharp edge off the remark. The singing at Benediction and Mass was simply charming. The choir is made up of the chance pilgrims that come and go. It never fails; the class of educated pilgrims, you see, is not small. I sat near a very fine-toned organ in the middle of the Church of St. Patrick, where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. Bishop Donnelly preached a very solid and touching sermon. At its close, four or five young ladies and as many young men stepped up to the organ to prepare for Benediction. They sang the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, *Tantum ergo*, etc., in perfect harmony, in Gregorian Chant. I was never so touched with any choir in my life. It was composed evidently of true ladies and gentlemen. Their distinguished appearance and their well cultivated voices showed this; but they were in my mind more distinguished as true Christians imitating those little children to whom Heaven is promised. All were in their bare feet, as true pilgrims of Christ, who, barefooted, walked up the hill of Calvary. How I reverenced those feet bearing simple and chaste souls, in bodies the temples of the Holy Spirit! I inquired their names, and found they had come from different localities. How I detested the idea of taking scandal from the simplicity of true children of God and His Church!

The Rev. Prior of the Island, Father McKenna, with a cultivated voice and taste led the choir. I cast an eye from time to time at the look of the singers standing on the cold, damp brick floor of the church; and then at their modest countenances and gentle demeanor; and under the impression of their beautiful singing I looked with tearful eyes, I must confess, towards the Blessed Sacrament upon the altar, and adored with greater fervor our hidden God who attracts all hearts to Him particularly, those of the young. I asked some of the pilgrims how far they had come. One said, "Only thirty miles, but I got a lift on the railroad part of the way." Another—"I came from the County Leitrim; it is not far from here; it is only about forty miles. I walked it." The pilgrims may well say—"We are fools for Christ's sake." In fact, worldlings would say they are a parcel of lunatics. But the Book of Wisdom says that those worldlings will cry out on the last day—"We fools esteemed their lives madness, and their end without honor; behold, how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints."

I was glad to see that the men were more numerous than the women; for the poor men are so much taken up with worldly concerns and pleasures that it is, perhaps, only on the island they are seen in such advantage. A successful merchant of Belfast commenced at 18 years of age to visit Lough Derg, and has finished his 46th pilgrimage. A priest found an old woman on the mountain gathering heath. He asked what she was doing. "I have a shilling," said she, "and I want another to pay my way to the island and back. I am gathering the heath to make brooms. I can get a penny apiece for them in the village." The priest gave her the shilling and rejoiced her heart. She went to the island and made her station. Our Lord said of the Queen of Saba that she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon was there. Here you have in Ireland one of the greatest pilgrimages in the world, where miraculous cures of body and soul are obtained without number. What a multitude of prayers are offered up here! It is a task even to count them. In my next letter I will give you the religious exercises and prayers.

Yours in Christ,

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

VERY REV. P. F. ROONEY, V. G.,
St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

The New York "Sun."

Every Sunday the preachers tell the men and women in the pews that they should pray for divine grace to enable them to restrain their natural, unsanctified impulses, and to conform their lives to the precepts of Christ.

Last week a newspaper printed an uncalled-for and cruel attack upon the memory of the dead father of a Baptist preacher. The publication was so wanton that the publishers of the newspaper have since felt compelled to explain that it appeared without their previous knowledge and sanction; after it was printed, they say, they "determined to stand by it without a retraction." We should be sorry to think that there were many newspaper offices in this country in which this view of newspaper policy prevailed.

What did the Baptist preacher do? What are the precepts of Christ applicable to the case? "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you; an-

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swer not railing with railing." What the preacher did was to retort the newspaper's attack in kind, flinging a savage insult at the mother of its publishers. And this is how he sought to justify his course:

"In maligning the reputation of my father, who has filled an honored grave for many years, these journalistic vipers have rendered the most vicious retaliation on my part necessary and justifiable."

This is natural feeling and reasoning. But it is not Christianity.

The above article is from the New York daily *Sun*. We have not reprinted it because it reflects on a Protestant preacher, but because it is characteristic of a paper which we are glad to express our liking for, and recommend to our readers. We have been a close reader of the *Sun* for some years; it is the only daily paper we care to *read*, and one of the few fit to be read (the great majority admit only of a *skimming*), and we can say that, of all others we are familiar with, it is the least objectionable for Catholics; Catholics, as well as other people, like, or have need, to see a daily paper once in a while, or every day, and, having no daily of their own, are often embarrassed in making a choice—so hostile to religion, so immoral and unprincipled is the secular press. How few newspapers are fit to be admitted into a family circle! We won't say that the *Sun* is absolutely *sans reproche*—that we have never seen anything in its columns to which exception might be taken, but we do say that it is generally very fair to Catholics, right-principled and comparatively *clean*, besides being newsy and vigorous. No one need look for revolting details of crime, such as are published in other dailies, in the *Sun*. It touches on topics of this nature lightly, and often passes them by with a mere mention. We might say a great deal more in praise of the *Sun*, but this much will suffice for our present purpose. We heartily wish it might replace all other dailies in Catholic homes.

Rome and Leo XIII.

JAMES M. LYDDY, LL. B., IN THE "CELTIC MONTHLY."

The golden glory of Italia's summer sun played gaily into my Roman hotel windows on the morning of September 4th, 1878. I had risen early, stimulated with delightful anticipations of the coming visit to the Vatican. A thousand gifted pens have wrought their wonderful word-pictures on that marvellous repository of history, art, and sanctity, so I do not venture in their footsteps, and only intend to describe a single incident in that wondrous edifice. Our hotel was crowded with English and American Protestant tourists, who had exhausted ingenuity for days to secure their presence at a Papal audience, but without success. Having attired myself in the regulation swallow-tail coat, black pantaloons, vest, black tie, and black gloves, as the court etiquitte requires, I paced impatiently the hotel court-yard, though I was much ahead of the time for the audience, awaiting the arrival of the ecclesiastic who was to accompany me within the thrice-royal precincts. I was closely and curiously watched while I waited, by the other guests of the hotel, who had neither the Catholicity nor the introductions that secured a ready acquiescence in my demands. Quite punctually to the minute of his engagement there rolled into the court-yard a handsome equipage, bearing the Rev. Father McCarthy, O. S. F., of St. Isidore's College, Rome, who was reclining on the cushion with a sense of easy repose that indicated a rare compound of courtly grace and that rest which is so grateful when one is no longer young. His fine Celtic face was lit up with eyes indicating rare intellectuality, that, united to a commanding presence, would almost give an impression of sternness and severity, were not the effect quite effaced by the mouth, around which constantly played a smile as sweet as a woman's and as innocent as a child's. His figure was robed in the brown habit of the Franciscan Order, to which the college belongs, and I had been especially commended to him and to the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, the President of St. Isidore's College, by the Very Rev. Father McDermott, Superior of the Franciscan Order in my well-beloved native city of Limerick. And here I take the occasion of making a wholly inadequate acknowledgment of courtesies that, with others, made my visit to the Eternal City so pleasant and agreeable, and secured for me the great honor and happiness of being presented to the Vicar of Christ. After we had exchanged greetings, and I had accepted a seat beside him, and the carriage had rolled away toward the Vatican, I felt and said that nothing could compare with the sense of dignity and gratified pride at being in Rome a Catholic gentleman.

At another time and place I shall tell the story of that new Italy that calls Rome its capital. In existence now for eighteen years, fully and fairly tried, it has produced nothing but evil; nothing that men value of the world, neither its success, its wealth, its prosperity, nor its peace; nothing that commands approval, nor the promise of anything; only a depleted treasury, a failing trade, a dissatisfied people, a godless school, an enslaved Church, an injured priest, and an outraged God. It has, besides, a large standing army, eating up the country, and breeding idleness, crime, waste, and sin; whose main occupations, like most standing armies, are characteristic of the lowest and basest vices.

Italy has a population of say twenty-eight millions, and an income of fifty-seven million pounds. She has an enormous public debt considering her recent national existence, on which she pays nineteen million pounds a year for the interest alone; no provision is made for its future payment; there is always an annual deficit of lesser income than outgo, and she imports ten million pounds a year more than she exports. Any one can figure out, taking this as a fair basis, where all this is leading to; and yet, in despite of the clearest dictates of common sense—and my experience is that common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world—Italy maintains an army of a million and a quarter of men, in round numbers, on a war footing, half of which number belongs to the permanent army, while on a peace footing about 200,000 men are with the colors. Think of the economic difference to a country of that army earning an honest living in an industrial vocation, in their respective localities, instead of living as now, idle and vicious, forming a huge machine for corruption and terrorism, in the hands of the Italian politicians that form the passing Government of the day; and anent these same politicians, a meaner and baser lot of men I never observed in charge of honorable responsibilities. Cairoli, the late

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premier, was a baser kind of politician, without culture, conscience, character, or capacity; and in his successor, Depretis, we have reached still lower depths. Everything by turns, he has been Constitutionalist, Absolutist, and Radical; he would take office at any time for hire, as a hackman takes a fare. I observed him several times in the streets of Rome; he has a shuffling gait, shabby clothes, unkempt hair, a shocking bad hat, and his hands, face, shirt-front, and collar in any way but cleanly. I was so surprised and pained by his appearance that I fully satisfied myself as to his identity, and thinking to myself how he has posed before the public as a "Reformer," the thought just occurred to me that he ought first begin and reform himself. A notable reform might indeed have been inaugurated by presenting him with a box of soap—if he could be persuaded to use it, which is doubtful. He looked like many of those unsavory foreigners I saw, when a boy, hanging around the cheap cafés of Leicester Square, in London, and who in New York occasionally appear, blatant and dirty, to vindicate the assassin of the Commune. All the older elements of the cultivated society of Italy have shrunk away in loathing and disgust, and have deserted public life and the public offices to this wretched crew that Cavour organized, that Victor Emmanuel consorted with, and that the "lion-hearted" donkey Garibaldi led. Just from such materials is the present Government of Italy formed; they fill Parliament, they occupy the bureaus, they officer the army and navy. These men and their system exist under pretence of popular sovereignty, and yet how false the pretence is, can be seen full well when I state the fact that but one man in eighty-three casts a ballot or has a vote. I am profoundly sorry that Italian Catholics feel under the necessity of abstaining from politics altogether, or nearly so, and I very much fear it has brought them more trouble than a valiant agitation and participation in public life. If I were in Italy to-day I would implore God's blessing and declare for universal suffrage. I would try and agitate, speak, write, print, and seek to lead the people to the ballot, believing as I do that if its newness wrought some mischief it would readily correct itself and finally lead to peace, economy, and reverence for the laws of God, that seem to be now so wofully absent. I believe Providence guides His people in this world, and that the tutelage, guardianship, or administration of the people by a small, select class is no longer necessary or proper; that there is somebody that knows more than anybody, and that is everybody; and that the immortal saying of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," is the real, true, practical, and Christian declaration of the essence, form, and use of government. I am satisfied that the revolutionary propaganda that now rules Italy does so only by default, and that if the educated Catholics of Italy were to lead a popular movement for honest reform and universal suffrage, in less than ten years political paganism would be completely displaced by Christian government. Governments recognize or are recognizing the fact that the conscience of a people is somewhat stronger than all things in this world; that if it tries to do and does right, all is well; that if it makes for wrong-doing, neither the cannon ball nor the point of the bayonet can turn it aside. They see and are beginning to acknowledge that unless there is a power behind the throne, aye, greater than the throne itself, seeking to reform the consciences of men, stimulating them to do what is right and just, their thrones are built on shifting sands, and their persons sacred so long only, and not longer than they can place reliance upon the soldier or the policeman.

These thoughts filled my mind as we whirled through the streets of the Eternal City and approached the Vatican.

Neither time nor space will permit here a description in detail of that wonderful palace, with its fully four thousand chambers, twenty courts, ten leading staircases, and upward of two hundred smaller ones, principally of marble, with its beautiful gardens, walks and drives, museums of art, sculpture, and painting and wondrous library, containing the most ancient, the most valuable, and comprehensive collection of books in the entire world.

On entering, you immediately encounter the Swiss Guards, who are always on duty at the Vatican, and number some three hundred men, the finest in looks and physique the human eye may desire to gaze upon, and who, in and during every vicissitude in life of the Roman Pontiff, in sunshine and storm, are ever found as true and devoted in their allegiance as the needle to the pole.

Upon presenting the cards and envelope from the Papal Chamberlain, bearing the purple seal of that functionary's office, I was allowed to pass the Swiss Guards, and, after ascending several magnificent marble staircases, I soon found myself, with the aid and assistance of several officers, in the audience room of the Vatican.

I was a little ahead of the appointed time—about twenty minutes—and passed the time in admiring the magnificent marble floor, the gorgeously frescoed ceiling, the grandeur of the Papal throne at the end of the room, and the wonderful works of art in sculpture and paintings which adorned the same.

At length a soft, silken sound as of the floor being gently passed over in the adjoining chambers reached my now keenly-acute ears, and in another minute the draperies seemed to shrink to either side, and the Pontifical party was visible entering the rooms. The Pope was dressed in pure white, made of some soft woolen cloth, in a soutane, or close redingote, taking the form of the figure at the waist and held there with a band of embroidered silk, and buttoned quite down in front, showing the slippers of red silk, embroidered with a gold cross. A cape of the same color and material fell from the shoulders to the elbows, similarly buttoned to the coat in front, with some soft substance, like down or ermine, edging the cape around the neck, but not closely, and down the front; a golden cord around the neck, resting on the shoulders and depending in front, suspended a golden and jewelled cross. His white hands are narrow, and the fingers long and beautifully rounded, and the nails are perfectly almond-shaped and pink-tinted.

The head, at the poll, was covered with a skull-cap, the same color as the garment. His hands were lightly held together, showing the ring of the Fsherman, except when one was raised in benediction. He looks taller at a distance than he really is, because of his slight build. Leo XIII was born on March 2, 1810, so that when he was elected Pope, on February 20, 1878, he was within a few days of sixty-eight years of age. His figure is slight and elegant, and he looks as if he could live for a quarter of a century.

There is a pleasant, clear flesh-tint in the face that speaks of careful dieting and perfect health, and when the face warms in conversation and he is interested and smiles approval, he strikes you as being one of the most amiable of men.

It is very difficult to learn positively why Cardinal Pecci, on his elevation to the Papacy, selected his new

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name, but this story I heard when in Rome. When asked by what name, in accordance with the universal custom and usage, he desired to be called, he enquired the name of the patron saint of the day; on being told it was St. Leo, he replied: "Then announce me as Leo XIII." How dramatic the scene in the Sacred College must have been when the ballots showed the canvassing of Cardinal Pecci first choice, and the second choice Cardinal Franchi, who thereupon proceeded before Cardinal Pecci, and, doing him homage, inaugurated the motion to make Cardinal Pecci the choice by acclamation, which was done accordingly. Altogether apart from divine guidance in that solemn choice, how much beloved our new Pope was and must have been to have secured such expressions of illustrious affection! As I had the happiness to be nearer to him, I was much struck with the face. The head is bald over the front, and well back, with a fringe of silver hair over the ears and continuing around the back of the head. The brow is a perfect dome from an imaginary line drawn from the junction of the eye-brows, across the face, to the middle lobe of the ear, and the upper portion of the head seemed three times the size of the base. His carriage was singularly quiet and gentle, but there is a world of strength and firmness in the mouth and chin, and square though delicate jaw. There is no physical index of power, as usually understood; on the contrary, everything speaks of tenderness, delicacy, winningness. I should say that, above all things, Pope Leo XIII will be much beloved by all who come in personal contact with him. He has not that physical magnetism of the late Pius IX, of glorious and illustrious memory, nor the ceaseless and marvellous oratory he so dearly loved to exercise; but there is in Pope Leo's face a light of inward joy that I never saw in human face before. I have seen happy, smiling faces often, but the face of the new Pope is happy and smiling as if illuminated from the interior. His Holiness approached, accompanied by several monsignores who have and occupy the rank of prelates at the Vatican. An aged and venerable Bishop resident there, of the Augustinian Order, formed one of the party, besides a large number of court attendants around, who were dressed in purple sacks, knicker-bocker trousers and purple stockings. The Pope speaks very little English, and converses generally in either French or Italian. On learning I was from New York, his first inquiry was after the health of our American Cardinal, the Archbishop of New York. He listens attentively to the introduction, and makes a stately courtesy and then offers his hand, on which gleams the Pontifical ring. The visitor, who at this time is reverently kneeling, gently takes the Pope's hand and carries the ring to his lips, the Pope gently sways his body back, disclosing his foot, and a kiss is likewise imprinted on the instep, where a cross resplendently shines. I had provided myself when at Blarney Castle, in the County Cork, Ireland, with some very handsome prayer-books, bound in choice holly-wood which grows around that ancient and historic ruin. At the auspicious moment of my presentation, I raised my right hand, holding these books and some rosaries, which he immediately blessed. One rosary in particular I especially selected from the rest, which was indeed a very beautiful one, and from which was suspended a large mosaic cross, handsomely set in silver. This I intended as a little souvenir for the scholarly and patriotic Prelate who so worthily presides as the head of the Catholic Church in my native city and county (Limerick) in Ireland, and in recognition of courtesies extended to me during my recent visit there. On learning of their character and disposition, the Pope seemed especially and tenderly pleased. The books I designed for some Catholic homes in New York, where they are highly valued, and the rosary for the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick, was duly delivered at the episcopal palace in Limerick, a magnificent residence outside the city, right on the banks of the Shannon, prior to my departure for the West. I feel now quite unequal to recalling any of the incidents succeeding my audience and before the final benediction. After the audience, I was escorted to the chamberlain's quarters, where I met a number of distinguished ecclesiastics and lay gentlemen, among whom particularly was Monsignor Vittore Barone Van den Branden de Reeth, who attached the following interesting certificate to my prayer-books:

"I certify that these prayer-books were blessed by His Holiness, the Pope, Leo XIII, in audience of September 4, 1878, at the Vatican, Rome."

Here follows the name of the Monsignore already stated, with the Pontifical seal and coat of arms attached.

Having thus finished and made my polite adieu, I left the Vatican and returned to my hotel.

In conclusion, it is no presumption to say that even apart from his high and sacred office as a governor and administrator of mighty interests and world-wide power and influences, Leo XIII since his accession, in every act that he has done or caused to be done, in every word that he has spoken, has proved himself to be a very wise, resolute, and discreet man, fully realizing at all times the trials and troubles of a most difficult time in the world and in the Holy See; one who extends the hand towards all, as far as he possibly and consistently can, and as is best calculated to restore the power and glory of the Catholic Church, to bring the people and their rulers together once again.

A Letter from the New Vicariate of Dakota Territory.

DEAR AVE MARIA:—It is with an ardent desire we await your arrival every week in this far-off land, to get your fund of "Catholic Notes," and to read the interesting and edifying articles you present weekly to your readers. Believe me, dear AVE MARIA, we feel as if the visit of a good friend was missed whenever the mail delays your coming, as sometimes happens. From this you may infer how much we love and appreciate you.

As you, dear AVE MARIA, rejoice us each week with a record of edifying events, we desire now to return the favor by giving you some items of news from this distant newly-erected Vicariate of Dakota. You announced to your readers some time since the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Marty, O. S. B., as Vicar-Apostolic of the Territory. Well, last week we had the happiness of congratulating and welcoming him to our humble mission. It is well known that his paternity is a most zealous apostle of the Indians, particularly of the wild Sioux nation, and that he has sent priests and Brothers from his monastery at St. Meinrad's, Indiana, for different Indian Agencies, to continue the good work which he had so zealously begun. One of these Indian missions is at Devil's Lake Agency, near Fort Totten, Dak., and it is one in which the newly-appointed Bishop has always taken a lively interest. While on his perilous journey to British America, by the Northern Pacific Railroad, he made a flying visit to this beloved mission, which is situated about 82 miles north of the line. He arrived at the

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Agency on the evening of the 13th of August, to the great joy of all. It was his second trip to the Agency. His first visit was in June, 1878, with the Rev. Claude Ebner, O. S. B., who has ever since remained in charge of the mission, and with whom the kind-hearted Bishop remained for some time to establish him in his new field of labor, and to inure him to the hardships and privations of Indian life. It is proverbial that Abbot Marty was never known to lay a burden upon one of his subjects which he had not first borne himself, or to ask one to go when he was not prepared to lead the way.

Rev. Claude Ebner, O. S. B., we learn, is one of the youngest disciples of Dr. Marty, and was the first of all to have the happiness of congratulating the beloved Abbot on his appointment to the new Vicariate. The mission at the Devil's Lake Agency, which is under the patronage of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, is making wonderful progress. Besides its resident missionary, it has a Benedictine Brother, and five Gray Nuns from Montreal, Canada, assisted by some young girls, who are employed in instructing the Indian children. On the occasion of the last visit of Rt. Rev. Dr. Marty, the children were enjoying their vacation; but eighteen of them, who preferred the company of the good Sisters to that of their savage parents, were present to welcome him. This speaks well both for the devotedness of the good Sisters and the disposition of the little savages. On the day after his arrival at the Agency, the indefatigable Prelate conducted a retreat of eight days for the Gray Nuns. His free time was spent in examining into the affairs of the mission, and the condition, temporal as well as spiritual, of the poor savages, in giving private instructions, and in making such changes and regulations as would seem calculated to promote the welfare and prosperity of all.

On the morning of the 20th of August, the Rt. Rev. Vicar-Apostolic elect of Dakota left his dear mission again, amidst the tears, prayers, and good wishes of all. The Agent at the Devil's Lake Agency, Major James McLaughlin, who sacrifices his health and wealth to promote the interests of the poor Indians, accompanied his Grace to the railroad station, and thence to Bismark. From Bismark the Rt. Rev. Prelate will take the steamer to the Missouri River; for he has, we have learned, instructions from both Governments—the Canadian and the American—to visit Sitting Bull and his braves, and it is the Rt. Rev. Prelate's ardent desire to bring into the United States as many of the exiled Sioux as possible, to locate them on different agencies in Dakota Territory, where it is hoped they will, under the sweet yoke of the Gospel of Christ, become peaceable and industrious people. There are on the other side of the boundary from 4,000 to 5,000 Indians; the exact number can never be ascertained, as they are continually roaming through the woods and on the immense prairies of the north. These poor people are greatly to be pitied, for they never hear a word about God or religion. There is no one to carry to them the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ.

We are glad to see that Bishop Marty possesses so great a heart that even the interests of these wild aborigines have a place in it. The journey he has undertaken is a very perilous one, as these ferocious savages have not yet learned the rudiments of a civilized life; it is a meritorious one, and displays, a zeal and courage like unto that of the holy martyrs and confessors of old. As hundreds of these Indians, especially children, are exposed to die every year without regeneration in the holy waters of Baptism, we rejoice that Bishop Marty has gone among them. We wish the noble and self-sacrificing Prelate a hearty God-speed on his perilous but apostolic journey. Will not all the kind readers of the AVE MARIA say one fervent "Hail Mary" for the success of the Bishop's mission, begging Almighty God to bless it?

So, dear AVE MARIA, my letter having already exceeded the proposed limits, I now say good-bye, wishing you every success. M.

Catholic Notes.

—Very Rev. Michael McCabe, of St. Charles's Church, Woonsocket, R. I., has been appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Providence.

—Rev. John Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., stationed at Bismark, Dakota Ter., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood on the 3rd inst.

—Among the most treasured wedding presents of Lady Edmund Talbot, lately married at the Oratory, London, is a rosary from Cardinal Newman. Lady Talbot is the eldest daughter of Lord Norreys.

—Mr. J. Fitzgerald, a wealthy banker and railroad contractor of Nebraska, recently donated $8,000 to Bishop O'Connor, to pay the entire cost of building a new and beautiful church at Plattsmouth, in that State.

—A VERY SUCCESSFUL MISSION, which lasted for twelve days, was given last week in the Cathedral at Fort Wayne, under the direction of Rev. Fathers Cook, McLoughlin, Turner and Faivre, of the Redemptorist Order.

—The following numbers of the *Dublin Review* are needed to complete a set. New Series—Nos. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VIII, XXI,—viz.: July, October, 1863; January, April, July, October, 1864; April and July, 1868. Can any reader of THE AVE MARIA assist us in procuring these numbers?

—"Mixed Marriages, their Origin and their Results," is a pamphlet by Rev. A. A. Lambing, from the press of the AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind. We wish a copy of the work could be placed in the hands of every Catholic young man. There is grievous need of the admonitions conveyed in it.—*Georgetown College Journal.*

—RT. REV. BISHOP GROSS, the beloved Bishop of Savannah, delivered an eloquent lecture lately at Jacksonville, Ala., to an audience composed almost entirely of non-Catholics, on Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was listened to with marked attention and seemed to make a deep impression on the auditors.

—Rev. Father Gallagher, pastor of St. John's Church, Johnstown, Pa., opened school in the new, spacious, and elegant buildings erected last summer, with 450 pupils. This number will be largely increased later on. 700 children attend Mass on Sundays in a body at St. John's. The school is in care of the Sisters of Charity.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN'S FAMILIARITY WITH SCRIPTURE is spoken of as something wonderful. He seems to have the whole Bible at his fingers' ends, and he fortifies each point in his sermons with quotations from the Old and the New Testament with admirable tact and ingenuity. "He is a living protest," says a Protestant writer, "against the popular idea that Catholics do not encourage the study of the Bible."

—RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—On the 31st of August the following novices made their religious profession in the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame,

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Ind.: John Burchard (Br. Nicholas), John McInerny (Br. Eustachius), Cornelius Regan (Br. Pascal), Anthony Kringer (Br. Ladislas), Daniel Moran (Br. Romuald), Nicholas Bath (Br. Cosmas), Arnold Von Berchum (Br. Arnold), John Welch (Br. David), Jeremiah Greary (Br. Terence), John Carroll (Br. Innocent), Frank Harrat (Br. Meinrad). The ceremony took place in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., officiating.

——The village of Dietrichswalde, in Polish Prussia, famous for late apparitions of the Blessed Virgin there, has become a hallowed spot for Catholic pilgrims, and these are not unfrequently accompanied by Protestants, who, like their Catholic brethren, wend their way to Our Lady's shrine to ask the assistance of "the Mother of Jesus" in their temporal or spiritual necessities. Many similar appeals are made under our own eyes. There is not a week that non-Catholics do not either directly or indirectly make application for the prayers of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Lourdes, and for water from the miraculous fountain, by the use of which they are not unfrequently cured of disease.

——Brought to Time.—A French member of the Society of Jesus, Rev. Father Clair, has sued M. Jules Ferry, the Minister of Public Worship, and M. Bert, a member of the *Corps Legislatif*, for libel. He brought in evidence to prove that the former had in twelve, and the latter in twenty-four instances made false and calumnious assertions in their respective speeches in the French National Assembly against the Jesuits. Rev. Father Clair sufficiently proved from documents and books belonging to his Order the fallacy of the thirty-six charges, and neither of the accused could offer a single word in reply. Consequently, the court issued the following sentence: "The tribunal finds MM. Bert and Ferry guilty of uttering thirty-six lies, falsehoods and calumnies, and therefore they are condemned to the penalty of public contempt." The culprits were allowed fourteen days for appeal from the decision of the court, but at the lapse of that time none had been made.

——A Misconception Rectified.—It has often been asserted by writers in this country inimical to the Catholic Church that our religion is not suited to the genius of the American people; and a thousand times has the assertion been disproved. Now it is repeated abroad by Sir George Campbell, who states in a recent work on America that "Catholics are not making progress there," when the fact is that the Catholic Church is the only religious body that is gaining ground. Here is what the New York *Sun* says on the subject: "A very slender acquaintance with data accessible in any encyclopedia would have sufficed to correct the writer's misconception on this point. It is strange, indeed, that such a blunder was not rectified at Washington, where Sir George Campbell was well received by Mr. Hayes and several officers of the Cabinet. The Scotch tourist might easily have been enlightened as to the growth and prospects of Catholicism in America by the present Secretary of the Navy, whose grave apprehensions were set forth, not long ago, in an essay on the Papacy and the Civil Power. Should the present volume reach a second edition, it may be well to inform English readers in a note that the expansion of the Catholic religion in our country, both as regards the number of adherents and the amount of Church property, has altogether outstripped the progress of any other creed or sect."

——Blessing of a New Church.—The new Church of the Sacred Heart, cor. of Canal and Lopez streets, New Orleans, of which Rev. Fathers Mariné and Johannes, C. S. C., are the pastors, was solemnly blessed by Very Rev. Father Rouxel, V. G., on the 24th ult. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of people, and the little church was crowded to excess. Solemn High Mass, which immediately followed the dedication, was sung by Very Rev. Father Pompallier, Superior of the Marist Fathers, with Rev. Fathers Fourmond and Molloy, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Father Johannes acted as master of ceremonies. After the Gospel, Rev. Father Neithart, C. SS. R., preached an eloquent sermon. A number of clergymen were present in the sanctuary. Immediately after High Mass the bell of the church was blessed. The sponsors were Mrs. P. Kane and Mrs. J. Thomas, and Messrs. H. Willett and P. Reilly. The ceremonies of the day were concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which Rev. Father Mariné was waited upon in his parlor and congratulated by the clergy and a number of lay gentlemen upon the success of his work, which has been pursued in the face of great obstacles. He made a feeling reply. The church is a neat frame building, the interior of which is a perfect gem of art, and reflects much credit upon the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. L. Olivier.

——Appeal of the Ladies' Aid Society, Cincinnati.—We are glad to see that many of the most prominent ladies of the different parishes of Cincinnati and vicinity have formed an Association under the above title, to co-operate in aiding the venerable Archbishop out of his pecuniary difficulties. They have already given a concert which was attended with marked success, although concerts generally are not appreciated as they should be. They now propose the opening of a grand Bazaar in Cincinnati the last week of September, to continue two weeks, and appeal to all the ladies of the United States to contribute whatever works of art, decorative or otherwise, painting on porcelain or china, wood-carving, embroidery, plain needlework—in short, any articles which their skill or ingenuity may devise, or their charity collect. The Bishops assembled at New York having made an appeal for contributions in money, the ladies of Cincinnati appeal to the ladies of the entire country, in hopes of obtaining further assistance for the relief of their beloved Archbishop in this his hour of need. "Will you help us?" they say. "We ask your help in the name of God." The appeal is signed by Mrs. J. F. Meline, Mrs. J. B. Mannix, Miss Lincoln, Miss Lucy O'Shaughnessy, and Miss Rossiter, the corresponding committee. The ladies of the society have received the approval and blessing of the venerable Archbishop. May God reward their charitable efforts! Communications may be addressed to either of the above, care of John B. Mannix, Esq., N. E. cor. Fifth and Main sts., Cin., Ohio, but all contributions of goods or work should be sent to the President of the society, Mrs. T. D. Lincoln, 296 West Seventh st.

——The Educational Work of the Oblate Sisters of Providence (Colored).—We are glad to learn that St. Frances' Academy for Colored Girls, in Baltimore, of which Mother Mary Louisa Noel is the Superior, is meeting with a fair share of the patronage which it deserves. Besides the pupils in the free-schools, the Academy had seventy-five pupils during the past year, many of whom were boarders. The Sisters have also, lately, established an orphan asylum. It will therefore be seen that the amount of good they can do, and are doing, for the people of their own race, for the

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rich as well as the poor, is simply incalculable. Since their removal from the old and rather cramped quarters in Richmond street, to the large and elegant building recently erected for them at the corner of Chase street and Forest Place, the Sisters have facilities limited only by their own numbers and the patronage they receive. It is a pity that they are not better known throughout the country wherever colored people reside, in order that their work of usefulness might be extended both by accession of members and pupils. Besides the ordinary branches of an English education taught at the Academy, a knowledge of vocal and instrumental music, drawing, painting, plain and fancy needle-work, etc., is also attainable, if desired. The French and Latin languages likewise form optional studies. The day-scholars are charged but from $2 to $3 a quarter, according to grade; boarders, $30. The Academy was incorporated in 1867. The Oblate Sisters of Providence, who conduct it, are a religious community approved by the Church. The community was established in 1829, having for purpose the sanctification of its members by the practice of the evangelical counsels and the Christian education of young people of their own race and sex. It is to be regretted that owing to want of means and number their sphere has hitherto been so limited; branch establishments in the South and in our large cities would certainly do much good for the elevation of the colored race.

Answers to Correspondents.

"M." To both of your queries we would say yes. Such concessions, we think, are to be freely interpreted. *Favores ampliandi sunt.*

"N. N."—What you desire is not within the province of THE AVE MARIA.

"JENNIE." Your poem is not up to our standard. You can employ your time more profitably to yourself and to others than by writing poetry. Your talents are not in this line, and few people's are.

"ELLIE," Adair, Canada. Please give us your full address.

"K. J. H," New Haven, Conn. Letter with enclosure received.

New Publications.

THE LIFE AND ACTS OF POPE LEO XIII; Preceded by a Sketch of the Last Days of Pius IX, and the Origin and Laws of the Conclave. Compiled and Translated from Authentic Sources. Edited by Rev. Joseph E. Keller, S. J., President of St. Louis' University, St. Louis: with the Approbation of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. Benziger Brothers.

This being a work of importance in a historical as well as religious sense, we have transcribed the title-page in full. It gives no intimation, however, of what to many readers will be its greatest charm; namely, the abundance and general excellence of the illustrations. Part first is, we may say, crowded with them, from the frontispiece, in which the benign smile of Leo XIII greets the reader, to the Cross in the Colosseum, a picture at once solemn and suggestive, which fitly closes the sketch of the great Pontiff Pius IX, whose name is indelibly blended with the Cross. Very interesting are the pictures of the Cardinals scattered here and there through the pages, but we turn again and again to the scenes representing Pius the beloved on his death-bed and on his bier. Surely to every one of us individually, as well as to those grave men around him, he is giving "The last Blessing"; we, too, go in that mourning little throng "with the silver mallet," we, also, form a part of the "funeral procession," bearing the more than royal dead into the "Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament" in grand old St. Peter's. Unseen by the stately lines of grief-stricken dignitaries, we stand beside "Pius IX laid in his coffin," with them taking one long fixed look at the amiable features," ere "the lid of the coffin is put on, and the mortal remains of one of the most glorious Roman Pontiffs are hidden forever from the sight of his mourning children." Let our Reverend author describe the aspect of "Pius IX vested in his episcopal robes" as earth last saw him on the night of his burial, February 13, 1878:

"The Bishop's ring glitters on his finger. Even in death, he clasps in fond embrace the cross, the sign of our undying hopes, which had ever accompanied him during life. The mitre, inlaid with gold, adorns his sacred brow. His countenance, whose lineaments death itself could not distort, beams with majesty and grandeur, and retains that amiability and sweetness which make one imagine that he stands before the shrine of a saint. His eye, which had so long kept faithful ward from the watch-tower of the Church, to guide the storm-tossed nations from the foaming sea to the rock on which he stood, is closed as if in sleep. The lips, that had uttered the word of forgiveness to many an erring soul, are mute; but the smile, which in life enchanted all who saw it, still plays around his lips, and even now captivates the beholder; for it is the expression of his great and loving heart." (P. 701.)

If the first part of the book is interesting from its touching reminiscences of the beloved dead, the second is not less so in a different way. It deals with practical matters, takes us into the business affairs of the Church, and explains very clearly the working of her great hierarchical system, of which, as the author observes, the generality of Catholics know little more than the broad outlines. This part carries us through a "Papal Election," which, while so closely interwoven with religious faith and devotion, appears to have no inconsiderable amount of what might be termed worldly prudence blended therewith. There is edification in reading how closely the Cardinals are imprisoned in solitary cells during a Conclave, their food scrutinized lest a diplomatic message should have been secreted in it, so that their Eminences may be free from intrigue.

Part third brings us to Leo XIII, and is mainly biographical. It tells us some new things about our present Holy Father, and brings into one view the various striking events which are already crowning with glory his pontificate.

The volume is handsomely gotten up, and is in all respects worthy of its graceful dedication, "To Leo XIII, King and Pontiff, chosen by the Supreme Pastor as a worthy successor to Pius the Great; LUMEN IN CŒLO after CRUX DE CRUCE, whose brilliant dawn has given promise of a glorious day."

SADLIER'S EXCELSIOR COMPLETE SPELLER, ORAL AND WRITTEN. New York: Sadlier, Publisher, 11 Barclay St. 1879.

This is one of the "Excelsior" school-books, and well called a complete speller. And it is much more. There is a great variety of good things in its hundred-and-sixty-two pages, and they are evidently the fruit of much thought, and careful study in combining the whole. "A Catholic Teacher" has worked for love of the theme, as every page shows. The publisher's part is also well done, in typography, paper, and neat and substantial binding.

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SENDBOTEN KALENDER ZU EHREN DES HERZENS JESU FUR DAS LIEBE VOLK, AUF DAS SCHALTJAHR 1880. Herausgegeben von Franz Hattler, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. B. Herder, Publisher: St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents. Per doz., $1.80.

Here is an almanac which for its numerous excellent illustrations and the abundance of useful and entertaining reading it contains, together with the matter usually found in annuals, ought to become very popular with German Catholics.

——*Missa Sancta Anna*, for one or three voices, by Oswald Joos, has just been received from the publishers, Messrs. Fischer & Bro., New York. We heartily recommend it for its simplicity and the strictly liturgical character of the music. It will be welcomed by all those choirs that have given up the operatic and desire to sing music which is composed in obedience to the prescriptions of the Church and calculated to inspire piety and devotion. With its other merits, it possesses the advantage of being simple and easy, which will make it a boon to choirs of moderate pretentions.

RECEIVED.—"Tangled Paths," by Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Parts 15 and 16 of "The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother." Benziger Bros., Publishers.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3D.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 107 persons and 13 families,—change of life for 56 persons and 12 families,—conversion to the Faith for 75 persons and 22 families,—grace of perseverance for 13, and that of a happy death for 16 persons,—special graces for 9 priests, 17 religious, 3 clerical students, and 8 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 50 persons and 15 families,—spiritual favors for 43 persons and 8 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 12 communities, 4 congregations, 16 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 orphan asylums, and 1 insane asylum. Also, 37 particular intentions and 7 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Restoration of peace in a number of families,—that several parents dangerously ill may be spared to their families,—some simple-minded men threatened with becoming the victims of illegal proceedings,—conversion of several aged persons who have neglected their religious duties for many years,—the establishment of a religious community in the far West,—the particular intentions of 16 religious,—the superior of a community in very ill-health,—reformation of several intemperate persons, some of whom are tempted to self-destruction,—the blessing of God on some business transactions,—several priests and religious in delicate health.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious lady writes: "I address you these few lines begging leave to thankfully acknowledge some favors of our Blessed Lady, which I petitioned for last year, viz.: restoration to health, success in an examination, and a school to teach. All these petitions have been granted." Another client of Mary says: "I have used the water of Lourdes several times with great success. A relative of ours has been, at times, very intemperate, neglecting his religious duties. Last week he had been drinking so hard and was so ill that we thought he was dying; his convulsions were fearful to behold. I feared to stand near him; but, supposing him to be dying unprepared, managed to kneel beside him and pour some drops of the water into his mouth, at the same time telling him what it was. He blessed himself and tried to repeat the prayers, but could not. He immediately fell asleep, and in an hour's time was able to read his business telegrams and answer them as usual. Since his recovery he has not taken any strong drink, and has promised to go to his duties. He will also take the pledge for two years." . . . The same correspondent relates that a Lutheran, very ill with typhoid fever, was much rejoiced to get a little of the water of Lourdes. "His wife promised to say the prayer for nine days. One day she neglected doing so, but her husband managed to say it himself. He has nearly recovered, and, I hope, will be converted."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. THOMAS SCULLY, of Trenton, N. J., whom death relieved of a long and painful illness on the 13th of July. Mrs. ANN MCGUIRE, who departed this life at Philadelphia on the 22d of August. Mrs. A. NOLAN, of Ottawa, Ill., whose death, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, occurred on the 22d of July last, after a long illness. She was a true Christian, a devoted wife, and a good mother to her children. Mrs. CATHARINA QUINN, of Cresco, Iowa, who fell asleep in the Lord on the 30th of June. Mrs. ANN HACKET, of Providence, R. I., who rested in peace on the 11th of July. Mr. THOMAS BYRNE, of Augusta, Ga. Miss ELLIE SWEENEY, a fervent Catholic of Pottsville, Pa., and three sons of Mr. John Pierce of Siegfried Bridge, Pa., whose deaths were of recent occurrence. Mr. WM. MULDOONEY, of Hudson, N. Y., deceased some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Mrs. Casey, $1; Annie McGuire, $1; Mrs. M. Smith, $1; Mrs. Brosseam, $1; Miss Nora Gill, $1; Miss Meagher, $1; Miss Kenney, $1; Mrs. Hanrahan, $1; Miss Garrity, $1; Mrs. Kennedy, 50 cts.; Miss Murphy, 50 cts.; Miss Lockhart, 50 cts.; Miss Kate Hand ($11.50 and $8.50); Bridget Conway, $1; John Kiely, $1; Mrs. Johnson, $1.50; A Friend, $1; Mrs. B. McSorley, $2; Mr. John Ahern, $2.50; Miss Susan McDevitt, 50 cts.; Hannah Mee, $5; Miss Ida Lynch, $1; Jeane K. Houden, $1; Mrs. Margaret Walsh, 50 cts.; Mary Hillerno, $1; Miss Mary Taggart, $1; M. Reilly, $1; Margaret Connolly, $1; Robert Frawley, $2; A Friend, $1; Mrs. E. T. Gallagher, $5; Rev. Robert Haire, $5; Michael Clohessy, $1; Mrs. P. P. Manion, $5; Convent of the Visitation, $1; Mrs. Mary Dunford, $1; Miss Nora Dunford, $1; Ellen Murphy, $2; Mrs. Mary Nolan, $1; Charles O'Neill, $1; Rose O'Neill, $1; Thomas O'Neill, John J. Leon, $1; Margaret Campbell, $1; Johnny, 50 cents; Louise H. Snyder, $5; J. Berst, $1; Mrs. Mary Kelly, $2; Mrs. Catharine Driscoll, $1; Miss Anna Hacket, $1; Sister Mary of the Guardian Angels, $1; Rev. F. A. Blanchet, $1; Mary Rafter, 25 cents; A Life Subscriber of the AVE MARIA and Two "Children of Mary," $15; Miss C. Little, $1.

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Children's Department.

Lines.

O Jesus, Saviour of my soul!
My wandering thoughts repress;
Be Thou the guardian of my heart,
And all its throbs possess.

EVA.

A Boy's Martyrdom in the Eighteenth Century.*

In the year 1701, in the month of March, I was called down to the gate of St. Clement's College, in Prague by the Duke of Roxbrough; the Duke was then on his travels returning to Britain from Rome. I perceived a youth speaking to the porter of the College; by his dress I knew him to be a Jew, and some considerable man's son. Soon after, I saw the boy conveyed upstairs to the Rector. He made his addresses boldly to him, requesting he might be admitted to the catechumens' house, in order to be instructed in the Christian religion and receive Baptism. They asked his name, he answered his name was Abel only son to Abel Abely. This Abel Abely was one of the most considerable in rank and fortune among the Jews then in Prague, where there are ordinarily four score thousand souls living by themselves, in a town called the Jewish Town, about a musket shot distant from the Christian adjacent city, called the Old Town.

The Rector having called his consultors, they asked Abely who had advised him to turn Christian; he answered that it was Mary, the Mother of Christ. They insisted, and asked him when and where. He replied, on such a day, naming the day, I was with my Christian companions in our Tennis court; after our play, and before we parted, at the great pillar in the market-place, I heard her speak, desiring me to be baptized. They asked again if the other boys, his companions, had also heard her speaking to him; he said he knew nothing of that, but sure he was he had himself heard her distinctly, and that since that time his companions were daily advising him to come with them to the College. It was resolved Abely should be sent that evening to the catechumens' house, and one Mr. Priester, director of that house, was desired to carry him thither, which he did.

Abel, the father, with others of his gang, understanding where his son Abely was, sent one morning by the break of day (when the landlord and landlady of the catechumens' house were at Divine Service) two clever young fellows dignified in Christian habit, to the catechumens' house. They called for Abely, and said they were sent to fetch him to the College to speak to Mr. Priester. The servant of the house alleged it was proper they should wait till the landlord returned from church; but they pretended haste, and immediately took hold of the boy, not above twelve years of age, and without any resistance or noise made by him, as supposing he was going to the College, they made off with him, and by byways carried him to the Jewish Town. The landlord and servant, fearing a reproof, gave out that of his own accord he was gone back to the Jews, as some others had done before. About a month thereafter, an old vespillo (so they call such as bury the dead among the Jews) came to the College, called for Mr. Priester, and said to him that if he was well rewarded he would inform him what was become of young Abely. The gentleman promised to satisfy him, upon which he told him that the youth, about a month ago, was stolen back to his father's house, and soon after conveyed to his uncle's, a Rabbin of the synagogue, called by name Curtchansel; that there, for three weeks, he was stinted in diet to brown bread and water, and all that time with threatenings and stripes they tried to make him renounce Christianity and be what he was before, alleging that he was not as yet baptized. But Abely constantly answered (instructed so in the catechumens' house) that he had rather be baptized in his own blood than fail in the firm resolution he had taken of dying a Christian. The vespillo added that Abely was brought back to his father's house, and that he had good ground to believe that he had been soon after crucified by his uncle's hands; for the next day, said he, I was called to Al: clin: house, and ordered to open a grave of such and such dimensions, and, being well acquainted with Abely's family and all his relations, understood by their ceremonies and mourning that it was young Abely's corpse was to fill the grave I had opened. All these particulars the vespillo related to Mr. Priester the next day after the interment. He was kept two days within the precinct of the College.

Mr. Priester acquainted the Father Rector, who immediately informed Count Breiner, then Archbishop of Prague. The Archbishop took coach immediately, with the Rector, and went to the Governor's lodging, Count Tawn, and related to him the whole accusation. Next morning the Governor ordered a regiment of the garrison to be in the market-place opposite to the Jewish Town, and the Jews were advertised (as is usual on such occasions of parade) to keep within doors: then a company was detached to old Abely's

* This narrative is supposed to have been written by a priest of the Scotch Missions about the year 1707. It is taken from *The Month*.

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house, seized the old man, the mother and a servant-maid. The Rabbin Curtchansel, the uncle, was also apprehended in his own house; they were carried to four different apartments in the town prison. Meantime, another party was detached with the old vespillo to the grave, where young Abely's corpse was found, as fresh as when alive, though the fourth day after the interment. The body was brought to the great hall of the town house, where it lay about four weeks in state, attended night and day by several religious persons of different orders, with a considerable guard of soldiers standing in the hall.

The Archbishop, with a great company of nobility of both sexes, came to visit the body. They saw the martyr's wounds in his hands and feet, fresh bleeding; a surgeon was ordered to open a vein in the martyr's arm; the blood sprung out as fresh, as from a living body. All the bystanders received the blood in their handkerchiefs, of which I kept a share myself for a long time, till obliged to part with it to a special friend. Persons of quality, officers and ladies, heaped ribbons upon the place where the body lay. The prisoners, in their separate confinements, were examined by appointed judges. The servant-maid confessed the whole as above. The mother, on promise of life, and a suitable maintenance out of her husband's effects, confessed the same. Old Abel, the father, informed of all that had passed, even by the mother who confronted and exhorted him to confess, was next morning found dead, hanging from the iron bars of his prison-windows, on a leather belt which he always wore about him, and where the Jews in Bohemia keep in parchment the Ten Commandments. The uncle, the Rabbin, stiffly persisted in denying all, till afterwards when brought to the place of execution.

Meantime, orders were sent from the Imperial Court in Vienna to bury the martyr's body as the Archbishop should judge most proper; wherefore, on the day appointed, the body was conveyed by sixteen boys, all children of persons of quality, and of the same age with the martyr; they were clothed in long scarlet cloaks with laurels round their heads—I myself was one of those that attended them. All the religious communities in the three cities of Prague, all the parish priests with their chaplains, the Canons of the Cathedral Church, with their Archbishop at their head, together with a vast multitude of people following with tears of joy, made up the funeral pomp, and accompanied the corpse to the great Church of our Blessed Lady in the market-place, where Abely was interred in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, the Archbishop standing by. A baluster of iron was fixed around the tomb to prevent the populace encroaching upon the sacred depositum.

All this time, and long after, the Rabbin Curtchansel was still denying the fact. He was often visited in his prison by a notable person of the College, named Father Nonner, who was familiarly acquainted with the Rabbin before that time, and well versed in the Jewish Liturgy and customs. For half a year, great interest was made with the Jewish gold, to hinder further prosecution against him; till at length orders came from the Court of Vienna to execute the criminal as guilty of crucifying young Abely, his nephew, with his own hands. He was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, and after a certain time, marked in the sentence, to get the stroke of grace on the breast. The day appointed, he was brought to the place of execution; Father Nonner attending him in hopes of his conversion. In the sight of an innumerable multitude of people come from all parts of the kingdom, he had first his legs and arms broken, then the stroke of grace was given him according to the sentence; but to the great amazement of all the beholders, it was of no effect: it rebounded from his breast, like a drum-stick, from a drum. The stroke was repeated thirteen times, but still in vain, though one stroke was enough to kill the strongest man.

Meantime, Father Nonner was still exhorting the criminal. At length he yielded, and having called the judges near him, he said to them, "All your endeavor to take away my life is vain, till such time as I am baptized: I must die a true penitent Christian; I see the young Abely above me in a bright cloud imploring mercy for me, and begging of the Almighty my conversion." Then addressing his words to Father Nonner, he asked if he had water ready to baptize him; he answered he had. Then he confessed publicly to the judges the fact of being the main instrument of the little martyr Abely's death; and made a private confession to Father Nonner of his other sins, and was baptized by him and called John. When all was done, he desired the executioner to do his duty, and after the first stroke, he forthwith expired.

This relation, a few days after the burial, was printed more at large in Latin by Mr. William Doworsky, then senior decanus of the Faculty of Divinity in Prague, and sent to the Emperor Leopold, as his Imperial Majesty required. The Latin was some time after the Rabbin's death turned into high German, with an Appendix of what passed betwixt him and Father Nonner, when in prison, with an account of all that passed in the day of his execution. And I perused both the relations.

"Our lives," says Madame Swetchine, "should be as pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain."

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879. No. 38.

Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

This festival was formerly celebrated on the 22d of September, owing to the belief that according to the Jewish custom the child received its name on the fifteenth day after its birth. At the present time, the Church has fixed the celebration for the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, when not impeded, as happens this year. It is well known that the names of our Lord Jesus and of St. John, His Precursor, were divinely revealed. And although it is not certain that when the angel saluted the Mother of God he called her by the name of Mary, as being a name given by the Creator Himself, yet the greatest veneration has always been held for this name in the Church; so much so, that at one time it was forbidden to give it to women or places. It was thought that it would detract from the dignity of the name were it given to human creatures. Although no mention is made of the fact in the sacred writings, yet very many have held the opinion that the name of Mary was divinely revealed. St. Antoninus says: "On the day of the birth of the Blessed Virgin, the name of Mary was given her by her parents in consequence of an angelic revelation." Christopher de Castro, in his *History of the Blessed Virgin*, speaks thus: "The name of Mary was divinely revealed to her parents." Wonderful, precious name! which signifies, according to St. Peter Chrysologus, *Lady by Excellence*, and according to St. Jerome, *Star of the Sea*. "And certainly," says St. Bernard, "the Mother of God could have no name more appropriate, nor one more expressive of her high dignity. Mary is indeed that beautiful and brilliant star which shines over the vast and tempestuous sea of the world."

Would that we could make our pious readers understand all that there is ecstatic and delicious in this name, "which is sweeter to the lips than honey, more agreeable to the ear than a pleasing song, more delightful to the heart than the purest joy," says St. Anthony of Padua. But we shall supply the deficiency by citing those passages from the holy doctors who have best spoken the praises of our Mother.

First, St. Peter Chrysologus says: "Justly is Mary called *Lady and Mistress*, because as she was to be the Mother of the Sovereign Lord and Master of the universe, so should she be far above all other creatures."

This sentiment is true, and we find it confirmed by St. Bonaventure. The name of Mary signifies *Lady by Excellence*, and is appropriate to the Blessed Virgin, who is sovereign Lady over angels, men, and demons. "Mary is sovereign Lady over angels," says this Saint, "because in heaven she is elevated far above the angels, cherubim and seraphim, and these celestial spirits render her honor.

"Mary is Lady and Queen of men, because every faithful soul has recourse to her in order to obtain, by her intercession, necessary graces. And it is very advantageous for us to have so great a Queen, so liberal, so beneficent—whose patronage is so powerful and so efficacious with her Divine Son. The just have recourse to her to obtain an increase of grace and perseverance. Sinners address themselves to her to obtain contrition and pardon for their offences.

"Finally, Mary is sovereign Mistress over the demons, because she has empire over them. By her authority she represses their fury, confounds their pride, renders useless their efforts, and removes the snares which they lay for men. She has crushed the old serpent."

For all these reasons, concludes the holy doctor, does not so great a Lady, Sovereign and Mistress, deserve our love, our praise, our confidence? And have we not every right to have recourse to her and to pray to her, that she may protect and defend us against the raging enemies of our salvation?

The Seraphic Doctor continues, and says: "This name, as signifying *Star of the Sea*, is not less appropriate. Mary is truly a bright and beautiful star, by reason of the extremely pure life she always led; a life absolutely free from the least

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imperfection. She is the star which has shed upon the earth the most beautiful and most brilliant ray of light, in giving to the world her Divine Son. She is a star which directs our steps towards our heavenly home, which serves as our compass in the tempestuous sea of this world, and guides us to the grace of her Son, which is the port of Paradise. She is a resplendent star, through the example of her life and the brilliancy of her virtues; still more resplendent in the benefits of her mercy, which illumine the night of the age for an infinite number of persons, as the column of fire lighted up the desert for the children of Israel. Her benefits consist in defending us against the waves of the wrath of God and the fire of the temptations of the devil. What would become of us wretched beings, enveloped in the darkness of this world, had we not so friendly a star?"

And St. Bernard, entering into this beautiful thought, adds: "If the sun which illumines the world were removed, there would no longer be either light or day. In like manner if we had not Mary, that brilliant Star of the Sea, there would be for us nought but impenetrable darkness—the shades of death."

Finally, continues St. Bonaventure, "Mary is a star shining by the plenitude of grace which she possessed in this life and the incomprehensible glory that she enjoys in heaven; glory, without comparison, superior to that of all other saints, who themselves, as so many stars, adorn and surround, for all eternity, the throne of the Almighty."

Certainly it must be acknowledged it was a poetic thought to institute a festival in honor of this holy Name. Too much cannot be done to honor the ever Blessed Virgin. Therefore the Church has taken advantage of every opportunity to testify to her her veneration and love. She sings her praises even before her birth; during the year she celebrates her glorious mysteries, and to-day the name of this great Queen is the object of her sacred canticles.

This festival was instituted especially to commemorate a signal victory gained over the Turks by the Christian arms at the siege of Vienna, in 1683. It was first celebrated by the churches of Spain, but Pope Innocent XI, who governed the Church from 1676 to 1689, extended to the whole world this memorial of piety and gratitude. Thus we see that it is almost an institution of our own time. It should excite our confidence in the Mother of God, since it is a recognition of the protection extended over us by the holy Virgin.

"Oh, that this precious name were ever in our hearts!" exclaims St. Bernard.

Christians, let us invoke the name of Mary in all the dangers of this life. Alas! we are not an instant without having need of aid; and to whom shall we go, if not to Mary, our advocate, our refuge, our Mother? It may be said of the name of Mary as of that of her Son: "All nations shall hope in that name." Therefore it is, that we should rejoice to have so powerful a support, amid the miseries with which we are surrounded. Let us go, then, to Mary, not only with confidence, but with love; for we cannot love too much a Mother who has loved us so much. Let us go to her, and invoke her holy name. "If the winds of temptations arise, if you experience reverses and tribulations, call upon Mary. If the waves of ambition, pride, slander, jealousy, disturb you, call upon Mary. If anger, avarice, the allurements of the flesh trouble you, turn towards Mary." If sadness, discouragement, like a dark, thick cloud weigh upon you, turn your eyes upon Mary, implore her aid. Mary! that sweet name will be as a delicious perfume, embalming your souls and procuring the sweetest enjoyments: *Oleum effusum nomen tuum.* Mary! that sweet name will be the saving oil which shall heal your spiritual wounds, and alleviate your pains.

The sacred names of Jesus and Mary should be inseparable on the lips and in the hearts of the faithful. Therefore the Church, ever a good and wise Mother, has granted numerous indulgences to those who pronounce these holy names.

Pope Sixtus V, in a Bull of the 15th of July, 1587, granted twenty-five days' indulgence to those who invoke devoutly the holy names of Jesus and Mary; and a plenary indulgence at the hour of death to those who shall have followed this practice during life, provided they invoke these holy names with a contrite heart.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

Pio Nono's Message to Erin.

Pius IX, in a private audience which he vouchsafed to Mrs. Fitz-Simon (O'Connell's eldest daughter), after alluding to the troubles of the Church and the wide spread of infidelity, concluded by saying that, amidst all his troubles, "*Ireland was his consolation.*"

The daughter of a sire who bore
That most illustrious name,
From distant Erin's island shore
To Rome a pilgrim came;
And where the prison'd Pontiff dwelt,
O'Connell's child in homage knelt.

"Arise, my child," thus Pius spoke;
"I bless thee and thy home:
Thy name and country both evoke
The gratitude of Rome;
For Erin aye has faithful been
Through ev'ry change that Rome has seen.

"Nay more, the deadlier grows the storm
That rages round my throne,
More dauntless then, more bright and warm,
Her faith and love are shown.

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"Midst grief that doth my spirit bow,
Erin's my consolation now!"

O message sweet! O words of power!
Those words that Pius said;
A light upon his darkest hour
By Erin's faith was shed!
O Martyr Nation! raise thy brow,
'Tis diadem'd with glory now!

N. J. O'CONNELL FFRENCH.

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

On a bright day in the early spring, Olive set out on a walk to Barnham. There were a few Catholics there whom she visited from time to time, and as no school could exist for fear of Aunt Dorothea, Olive taught the Catholic children their Catechism. As she entered the cottage of the O'Briens, she found the mother of the family crying.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Olive; "I always thought, Mrs. O'Brien, you were too busy to cry."

"Oh, Miss," sobbed the poor woman, "matter enough now, sure! and if I lose my Nora I'll go out of my mind."

"Nora! is she ill? I thought she was doing so well in London!"

"So she was, Miss; so she was; but see this letter."

Olive read the letter, and her heart sank within her.

Nora O'Brien's extraordinary beauty and intelligence had made it difficult for her friends to know how, rightly, to guide her course in life. It seemed dangerous to let her go to London, but there was no opening for her in Barnham; and so her ardent desire had been fulfilled: she was assistant teacher in a Catholic school near London, and the letter over which her mother wept was from the head schoolmistress. She stated that Nora's conduct had for some time past given her uneasiness. She had been out late at night, and would give no account of how her time was spent. The schoolmistress had remonstrated strongly, a few days previous to her letter, and threatened to speak to the parish priest. Nora burst into tears and implored her not to do so; she would never give cause of complaint again. Two days afterwards she disappeared, and no clue to her whereabouts could be found.

In vain Olive tried to comfort the poor mother. She had read too much of the fearful dangers that beset young girls in London, to feel hopeful, and she felt that her suggestions that Nora might yet return and offer an explanation sounded unreal. So with a sad heart she turned towards home, anxious to write at once to the Warburtons to ask advice.

There was a short cut to Ashly through a wood, quite unfrequented at this time of year, for the ground was soft and sloppy, but Olive in her thick boots despised this obstacle and hastened through it. She was just in its midst, admiring, in spite of her preoccupation, the beauty of the trees bursting in their radiant spring foliage, when her foot caught in something, and she fell down. She was soon up again, but found to her dismay she had twisted her ancle and must rest awhile. Close by her rose a splendid oak tree, with a bit of turf at its foot; there she crawled, and was soon obliged by the pain to pull off her boot. But this was hardly accomplished when she heard an earnest conversation which seemed to proceed from the other side of the tree. Then came the sound of a man's voice, seemingly angry. Olive clasped her hands. Where had she heard that voice before? Its tones now became raised and clear, and distinct; the words were wafted to her ear, and she heard the woman's answer now. Yes, it was her cousin, Charles Stoneleigh, and Nora O'Brien.

All the blood in Olive's veins boiled; pain was forgotten. She thrust her swelled foot into her boot again, and hastily skirting the tree stood before the pair. Nora's face was pale, and her large eyes full of terror and fear. Charles Stoneleigh's face was dark. He gave a wild start when he saw Olive, and Nora sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Miss Olive!" she wailed, "don't tell my mother you saw me. Let her think I am dead. I'll be so soon. I am going away. I will not stand in his light."

Olive gazed at her in astonishment: then, turning to her cousin: "Charles, what does this mean?" she said; "what have you to do with this child?"

There was no answer. Then Olive spoke gently to Nora: "Come with me, Nora dear, and I'll take you home. Your mother will not be angry; she is breaking her heart for you."

"Does she know?" said the girl, wildly.

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Lawson has written."

Olive looked at Charles, and read the trouble in his face.

"Well, are you going to betray me?" said he, bitterly.

"No," answered Olive, mechanically. She felt her nerves could not much longer bear the tension. She spoke in a dull, mazed tone: "I have hurt my foot. Get me a cab in Barnham; bring it to the entrance of the wood. They will suppose Nora is with me. I will take her to Shorbury."

In an instant he was gone, and Olive, taking her salts from her pocket, tried to revive Nora.

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She succeeded; and taking off her light waterproof cloak, which she had thrown on over her cloth jacket, she contrived to make her presentable. The girl had a thick veil, which she tied under her chin, and together they managed to gain the nearest point where the cab could reach them.

At the railway station Olive wrote a note to a person she knew at Shorbury, asking her to take care of the poor girl for a few days, and having seen Nora off, she drove to Mrs. O'Brien's to tell her that she had news from her daughter but could tell her no more.

The mother kissed her hands in frantic joy, and was contented to trust Olive.

Then her task being done, Olive drove home, and at last gained her own room. The twist was sufficiently severe to lay her up for the rest of the day. When she was rested and her foot bandaged, she asked if Charles were at home, and finding he was, commissioned Bee to give him a note in secret.

Bee brought the answer. Charles wanted to come and see her and prescribe for her foot. Olive said by all means, and she wanted to have him to herself. So the cousins were left alone.

"Well, Olive," said Charles, with a hard, defiant look on his face, "what do you mean to do?"

"Nothing," she replied. "*You* are going to do something."

"I can't! I can't!" he answered, hurriedly. "Olive, you don't know my difficulty. It is nearly a year ago since I married Nora. I meant to keep it secret till that old hag died, and then you know what happened. I am bound hand and foot. I can't help myself. Olive, what can I do?"

"Act like a man—a Stoneleigh—a Christian," she replied. "Break off your engagement with Miss Baxter, and brave Aunt Dorothea's anger."

"And lose Stoneleigh?"

"Yes, if need be; but you will *not* lose it; you are the natural heir; she will not care to put any one in your place. Let her imagine, if you like, that you will look out for some one to replace Miss Baxter but never, never take a step towards it."

"But, Olive," said Charles, wavering before her words, "she may live for years; she will not be put off like that."

"Leave the future to take care of itself. Do what is right—what lies before you. Charles, do you want to drag our name in the mud, and make yourself a mark for men to point at? These things cannot be hidden; they never are. Have pity on yourself, on us all, as well as on that poor child." She sat up on her sofa, her eyes flashing with light, her cheeks red with emotion.

Charles was conquered. "I am going this very minute," he said; and he quitted the room.

Olive crawled from her sofa to the feet of her crucifix to thank God. She laid awake listening for his return late at night. She heard him go to his room, and at last she fell into an uneasy sleep.

Olive passed a restless night, and was wakened at early dawn by the sound of carriage wheels receding from the house. She lay awake in much pain and anxiety, till Bee crept in, with a cup of tea, to see how she was. Gladly did Olive drink the tea, and then Beatrice said: "What can this wonderful secret between you and Charles be, Olive? Eliza says he has gone to catch the first train from Barnham, and he left a letter for you. What will you give me for it?" she continued, merrily, clasping the letter in her hand.

Olive turned so pale that Beatrice's merriment ceased. She gave her the letter, and waited in silence.

The letter ran thus:

"DEAR OLIVE:—All is up. She questioned me so sharply that the truth came out. She was pale with fury, and ordered me out of her presence. She was too angry to say much. I have no idea what she will do. Tell them all about it—no use keeping it secret now. I am going to London. I shall wait there till you or some one writes.

"I shall do *nothing* till I hear. I know you will take care of ——. "C. STONELEIGH."

Poor Olive! the hard task of breaking the news had been left to her. She burst into tears, and Beatrice's rosy face grew white in its turn as she heard what the secret really was.

Olive was thankful for the twist to her foot. It enabled her to keep to her room all day and avoid the outburst of Adelaide's anger, which Beatrice said was terrific. Aunt Adrian crept in once to weep silently by Olive, but her husband was so much overcome by the news that he was really ill, and his wife in constant attendance on him.

Not a word reached them from the Chase until the afternoon, when one of the servants came down to say his lady was seriously ill, kept her room, had seen Dr. Oxton, and sent to London for Mr. Andrews, the family solicitor.

Olive, by her aunt's request, wrote to Charles. She told him that his mother wished the matter kept quiet at present, and that he might rely on her taking care of Nora. The next day Olive was able to walk, and went to Shorbury to see Nora. The poor girl had been so exhausted that she literally had been still ever since she reached a place of refuge.

She was so thoroughly terrified by her husband's anger, and afraid of the ruin falling on him with which he had threatened her, that she was but too glad to hide herself from all who knew her.

Her visit over, Olive returned to Barnham. As she stepped out of the train, one of the footmen from the Chase accosted her: "If you please, ma'am, my mistress particularly wishes to see you. A carriage is waiting to take you to her."

Olive, in much astonishment, thought she

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ought to comply, and in a few minutes found herself entering the walls of Stoneleigh for the first time. She was taken upstairs into a handsomely-furnished dressing-room. There sat, or rather reclined, Aunt Dorothea. Olive was struck with the alteration in her features; she looked old and ill, and as if she suffered much pain.

"Sit down," said she, imperiously, as the door closed upon Olive.

There was a short silence. Dorothea's eyes were fixed on Olive as if she would read the secrets of her soul. Then she spoke:

"Olive Stoneleigh, if you will give up that religion of yours you shall be my heiress."

A bright radiance dawned on Olive's face. The words rang in her ears: "*All these will I give thee.*" "No, madame," she said, gently. "I could not barter heaven for earth."

"Heaven!" cried Dorothea, angrily; "then you mean there is no salvation for *me?*"

"Oh, God forbid I should say that!" replied Olive. "You have not received the gift of faith. You do not know what that faith is; if you did you would not offer me such an exchange."

"Girl," cried the sick woman, "do you know what you are refusing? do you know what is the fortune I offer you?"

"No," Olive replied; "but I feel sure it is very large."

"Forty thousand a year," replied Dorothea; "the dowry of a princess. Are you mad that you refuse my one condition? Speak," she continued, for Olive was silent.

The words came, soft and low: "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

"Go," said Aunt Dorothea; "go, and never speak to any one of what has passed between us. The carriage shall take you near Ashly; then alight."

"I can walk," said Olive. "I know the way. It will only be supposed I am returning from Barnham. Miss Stoneleigh," she continued, taking courage, "will you let me speak a word for Charles?"

"No!" thundered Aunt Dorothea; "never mention his name to me. I tell you to go, for you are a fool."

Olive obeyed the rough mandate and departed.

The days went by. Every morning Mrs. Stoneleigh sent up to the Chase to inquire after Aunt Dorothea, and daily the same answer was returned: "Miss Stoneleigh kept her room, and was not well enough to see visitors."

Thus slowly and sadly crept on a fortnight. Charles had written to Miss Baxter to release her from her engagement; he was no longer, he said, the heir to Stoneleigh.

In high indignation, Lady Baxter drove over to the Chase for explanations, and learned the fact of Miss Stoneleigh's illness. Then she came on to Ashly. Mrs. Stoneleigh assured her she knew only that a terrible difference had arisen between her son and Aunt Dorothea. In high dudgeon Lady Baxter departed, declaring her daughter had been treated shamefully—a truth no one could contradict.

How glad was Olive when the peaceful Sunday brought her a day's rest at Ladywell! How sorely she needed the counsel which she could gain only in the confessional! for she would not speak of the matter even to Madeline. How glad was she to be able in silent hours of prayer to pour out her heart's anxiety at the foot of the tabernacle! Her own peculiar trial was drawing nearer. Edgar would return, and how should she withstand him?

On Monday Olive returned to Ashly. She walked from Barnham, and as she neared the village of Ashly the dull sound of the passing bell struck on her ear: "Ah, poor old Betsy Clark!" said she to herself, thinking of an old bed-ridden woman who had been growing visibly worse the last few days. "God rest her soul!" and praying for the dead, the terribly forgotten dead of the Protestant religion, Olive drew near the Ashly Lodge.

At the gate she met Beatrice with a grave, solemn face. Olive's heart stood still.

Beatrice drew her arm within her own. "Olive," she said, in a hushed voice, "*Aunt Dorothea is dead!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Louise Hensel.

A NOBLE AND GIFTED WOMAN.

(CONCLUSION.)

The young convert was eagerly welcomed into the family of the Princess Salm, a sister to the celebrated missionary of western Pennsylvania, Prince Gallitzin. Treated with all possible love and respect, she remained here two years, enjoying the society of some of the most prominent Catholics of Germany, in the good old city of Münster.

During this time she frequently visited Catharine Emmerich, and in contemplating the sufferings of this victim of love she was enabled to penetrate more deeply into the mystic relations of God with His saints. One day, while sitting by the bedside of the sufferer, she thought within herself: "Oh, how is it possible that such a holy soul should have to suffer so much!" Suddenly Catharine opened her eyes, and, turning to Louise, said in a tone of reproof, "What thoughts are these!"

Some pieces of linen steeped in the blood from

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the wounds of the stigmata, Louise cherished all her life as precious relics. In nearly all the poems written in this epoch of her life, the influence of the pious nun on her mind is visible. To this same cause may no doubt be attributed the holy resolution to consecrate her virginity to God by a vow, after the example of many holy souls. Accordingly in the month of May, 1820, when tweny-two years of age, she bound herself by vow to have no other spouse but her divine Saviour, sealing the compact by receiving Him in the Sacrament of His love, and placing on her finger a nuptial ring.

Prince G., a relative of the family in which Louise had found a home, attracted by Miss Hensel's piety and singular grace, offered her his heart and hand, and even prevailed on his father to press his suit,—but to no purpose. Owing to this event, she thought it best to leave the house of the Princess, so she accepted a position as governess to the daughters of the Countess Stolberg.

After some time, although Miss Hensel was treated with the greatest love and respect in the Stolberg family, she left it in order to direct the education of her nephew, who had been placed in her care by her dying sister, in order to train him up a Catholic, she having obtained the consent of his father. In Wiedenbrück, Westphalia, where her nephew attended a pro-gymnasium, she rented some rooms and opened a school for poor children. About a year later, she thought the time had come to follow her supposed vocation, and join the Sisters of Charity. She had already dismissed her children, distributed her wardrobe among the poor, and even cut off her beautiful hair, when the cherished project had to be abandoned on account of the opposition of her brother-in-law, who threatened to have his son educated a Protestant in the event of her becoming a nun. Catharine Emmerich had predicted the failure of this project of Louise's exactly a year before.

In 1824 we find Miss Hensel in the hospital at Coblentz, where she performed the office of a Sister of Charity in connection with Pauline Felgenhauer and Apollonia Diepenbrock (sister to the Cardinal). The Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo, who had been appointed to take charge of the house, did not enter upon their duties there until the following year.

After some years spent in various works of charity among her friends, Louise came to Aix-la-Chapelle, where she labored in the Academy of St. Leonard until the year 1832. The amount of good she did here is incalculable, for she possessed in an eminent degree the gift of impressing on the minds of young ladies a love for the highest Christian virtues. Her ardent poetic nature could invest the practice of the evangelical counsels with such a charm, that those of her pupils who had an inclination towards a religious life felt themselves especially drawn to her. For such, she was a source of consolation, and several of her pupils afterwards became religious. One of these is now Superior in a house of the Sacré Cœur, another founded the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus; still another, the Sisters of Christian Charity. If according to the designs of God she was not to attain the object of her ardent desire, that of entering the peaceful harbor of a convent, she had at least the happiness of seeing several of her pupils become shining models in communities.

Before leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, when the springtime of her life had long since blossomed into summer, and the summer was already waning into autumn, she was once more to be tempted to create for herself a happy home, in company with a loving heart willing to surround her with all that honor and wealth could bestow. The pious and amiable Dr. A., physician to the Prussian Embassy, and afterwards to his Holiness Gregory XVI, offered her his hand; but, true to the promise she made to her Divine Lord, she declined, although she might have sought a dispensation. Perhaps this was a greater sacrifice than even those made in her earlier days, when the ardor and enthusiasm of youth inspired the noble resolution. But the way of the Cross was the aim of her life, and she would follow it to the end.

Some years previous to this event, she had, after a long separation, visited her mother in Berlin, and remained with her until after her death, which took place in 1835. The reconciliation had been effected long before, and the tender love which made them long to embrace each other found expression in some beautiful verses by both mother and daughter. Louise showed her mother a singular and touching proof of filial affection by sending her what in Germany is called a *fuss-kissen*—a cushion for the feet—made from her own hair, accompanied by appropriate verses.

After the death of her mother, Louise remained some time longer in Berlin, residing at the house of her brother. The circle in which she found herself here was not to her taste, yet she conducted herself in such a manner that all admired her good sense, sweetness of disposition, and humility. Bigotry and prejudice were forgotten in the charm of her society. Gradually her apartment became a rendezvous for Catholics, and as it was about the time of the imprisonment of the saintly Bishop of Cologne, Clemens August, this most important event furnished ample matter for conversation.

Shortly after this stormy time, Miss Hensel was called to Munich to attend a lady of unsound mind. For this delicate office she had, in her previous career, shown a peculiar fitness. In a

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letter to one of her friends, a relative to Görres, dated February, 1839, she says:

"My thoughts are often with you, but the pleasure of giving them words is rarely granted me. My task engages my whole attention. It is more trying than any in which I have ever been engaged; would that I might fulfil it satisfactorily! Pray, therefore fervently for me, my dearest L.

"Of your dear relatives I can give you the best information, as I have the great happiness of living next door to the charming Görres. In the evening, when my patient is asleep, I sometimes run over for an hour or so to enjoy the conversation of the select company to be found there. They all send you much love.

"As regards the general news, you know it as well as we. The imprisonment of Binterim and Becker are fresh laurels in the glory of the Church, and do more harm to the persecutors than to these glorious confessors of the Faith. I have now two of my dearest friends in prison, Clemens August and Binterim—men than whom no better can be found on this earth—imprisoned for the cause of truth and justice."

Her task in Munich being accomplished, Louise went for some time from one to another of her friends, wherever charity required her valuable services. As the years glided by, and age began to make itself felt, she longed for her quiet hermitage in Wiedenbrück. Here she spent the next twenty years of her life in comparative peace and obscurity, practising the virtues seen only by God; offering up the little crosses and trials which age and infirmity bring with them, for the intentions of the poor souls in purgatory, to whom she always had a tender devotion.

"The most poignant sorrows of my life," she says, "I have learned to bear alone with God; and I can then find no better asylum than in some quiet nook of the church, near the tabernacle." The beautiful poems written in her younger days also give eloquent testimony of her ardent devotion to her heavenly Spouse in the Sacrament of His love.

From a letter to one of her former pupils we quote a passage to show the tender regard she always retained for those whom she had instructed:

"Store your memory with many fine hymns and songs, and do not forget those you have already learned. I always rejoice that I learned so many in my youth; it seems to me that our hearts are like flower-beds, in which if we do not plant the beautiful and the useful, the fallow ground will bring forth weeds and poisonous plants. It should be our constant endeavor to cultivate assiduously the garden of our heart, to plant there the good seed of virtue and knowledge, that no bad thoughts and desires may find room; then our garden will continue to bloom and give forth its fragrance for the glory of God and the joy of all good people until the good God Himself transplants us, with our flowers, to His beautiful paradise. Surely this is worth a little trouble. Do you not agree with me, dear R——?"

Years rolled on, leaving traces of sorrow and infirmity on the countenance of Louise; but her heart, forgetful of self, and ever beating in tender sympathy for all around her, still retained its youthful ardor and buoyancy. The sorrows which afflicted the Church she felt most keenly. From a letter of November the 3d, 1870, shortly after the occupation of Rome, we make some extracts:

"I should have written long ago but could find no time; all our occupation is now with our brave soldiers in the war, and for some time past I have literally done nothing but read papers, prepare linen—and pray. The idea that I shall be forced to witness anew the miseries of war through which I passed in childhood and youth distresses me. And Rome, how painful the view in that direction! how hard to keep up hope and patience, when we can do nothing more! For us, Germans, it is especially humiliating to see so many of our professors and learned men show their opposition to the decisions of the Council. Many of my friends whose names had otherwise considerable renown have given great scandal, disturbing weak Catholics and checking those among Protestants who wished to draw nearer to us. The devil, alas! must rejoice; let us hope that it will be but for a short time."

In July, 1873, Louise removed to Paderborn, where her former pupil Pauline von Mallinkrodt, with her spiritual daughters, had charge of a hospital. Here she hoped to finish her pilgrimage, under the care of the kind Sisters, but not even this consolation was permitted her; before her death the establishment was swept away by the persecution, the Sisters dispersed throughout the world, and Louise had to seek refuge with a friend. The hand which had so often and so eloquently described the outpourings of a pious soul for the delight and edification of the Catholics of her country, was now almost powerless to trace the lines of affection she still desired to send her friends. This she mentions in a letter dated April, 1875:

"I can only write now with the greatest difficulty, in consequence of an unfortunate fall some months ago [on the road to church], in which I broke my leg. During the first three months I suffered terribly, and even now I feel considerable pain; but, thanks be to God, we are Christians, and know that sufferings are graces, if we endure them patiently. For this grace I wish you to pray for your old friend; also for a happy end, which cannot now be far distant. . . . I am not sorry to leave a world in which evil seems to gain the upperhand, and on which the terrible judgments of God are inevitable.

"Four days have I been torturing myself at this poor attempt, which you will scarcely be able to read. How much more I would gladly tell you of, but cannot! . . . The good Sisters with whom I remain have much to suffer from the persecution, and are compelled to see their flourishing establishments broken up. America, where they are eagerly welcomed, seems to afford the only prospect for them."

Of the merit of her poems we can add but little to what we have already said; they were written not for effect or to gain fame: they sprang like a crystal fountain from her pure heart, and the sensual and worldly-minded cannot fully appreciate them. A celebrated German critic laments that three editions of her works have thus far sufficed

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to satisfy the demands of Catholic Germany, but he confidently predicts for them a more appreciative future.

We will conclude this imperfect sketch with an extract from a letter of one of her dearest friends who ministered to her in the last days of her life:

"Since July, 1873, when Louise Hensel came here, I have frequently had the happiness of visiting and drawing counsel and instruction from the rich treasury of her mind. At all times she showed the same cheerful and loving disposition to oblige; and when there was question of doing any one a service or giving an advice, she knew no fatigue. With her habitual smile, she would lay aside the criticism of a new book and write us out a receipt for a favorite pudding or a cordial for the sick. In every department she was proficient, and I do not remember to have ever asked her advice in any matter in which she did not give me that which proved the best and most practical. She seemed to live in almost perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and as long as she was able to go out she visited the various churches very often. It was a great happiness to her to be able to live under the same roof with her Divine Saviour when she could no longer visit Him, and therefore she considered it as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen her when Westphalenhof fell into the hands of seculars. She always delighted in working for the altar, and her last unfinished work was a red stole. The visit of a priest she valued very highly, and all that related to our holy religion never failed to engage her attention and excite the most lively sympathy. Her greatest sorrow was the schism of some priests and laymen with whom she was on terms of friendship.

"Reinkens in his biography says of her that she was up to her death without interior peace, but this is a great and unaccountable error on his part. Certainly she, like the saints and all truly pious persons, lived in the fear of God; she also meditated frequently and seriously on purgatory, but all this did not rob her of peace of mind. Her great humility constantly reminded her of her unworthiness and of the little she could do for God, yet her confidence in the divine mercy was equally great. When the symptoms of dropsy were but too evident, she remained calm, although she had seen much of this terrible disease in the hospital at Coblentz, in the case of her own mother, and at the bedside of other friends whither charity had drawn her. She was content to suffer in accordance with the will of God, and loved to hear us say it was her purgatory. She set in order all her temporal affairs, bestowing mementoes on each of her friends, and distributed her wardrobe among the poor. What money she possessed she gave in part to the poor, the rest for Masses for the souls in purgatory, for whom she had always offered up all she did and suffered. The disease progressed more rapidly than we had expected, and it became evident that she had not long to live. How grateful I should be to Almighty God for the edifying lessons I received at her bedside! She wished to die if it was the will of God, or suffer still more with Him who had suffered so much for us—with and for His suffering Church. The strength for patient endurance she drew from the frequent reception of the Holy Sacraments. The night before her death (December 18, 1876,) she prayed with most touching fervor for all who had been dear to her in life. Up to the last moment she was a Christian heroine."

The Conversion of Count Schouvaloff.

From "The Lamp."

Count Schouvaloff, by birth a Russian noble, by education an adherent of the Greek rite, was early led by extraordinary and painful experiences, not only to forsake the Greek Church for the Roman Catholic, but also to embrace, with trembling enthusiasm, the holy vocation of the priesthood.

Father Schouvaloff was no ordinary man, and grace brought out into high relief and powerful play the great principles of his nature, and consecrated them in a striking degree to the salvation of others.

He longed for the enlightenment of his fellow-countrymen and their conversion to the Faith that had brought him peace. He established a perpetual association and services of prayer for his native Russia, and, prevented by death from realizing all his wishes, bequeathed his activity to one of his brethren in religion, into whose soul he seems to have poured his own quenchless enthusiasm.

Father Schouvaloff tells us that in his youth he believed not in God; or if he did, it was without knowing or accounting for it. The love of pleasure and the vain pride of reason were the two principles of evil that ruled him. His nature was sensitive and enthusiastic, but instead of turning to the true object of love, he early became enamored of himself, and in his vanity made of himself an idol arrayed in a thousand imaginary virtues.

At twelve years of age he was placed in a celebrated Protestant college near Berne, in Switzerland, where the only motive made use of in education was the idea of moral goodness, based on the feeling of honor. He became from day to day more and more unbelieving.

When about seventeen, he lost a dearly loved sister, who was in her twentieth year. Born in the Græco-Russian Church, she had entered, a few years before her death, into the bosom of Catholic unity, and she accepted joyfully the bitter sufferings she was called to endure. But this lesson was lost on Count Schouvaloff.

At the age of twenty he married a young girl whom he fondly loved and whose soul was a mine of treasures. He thought he had found happiness, but he was still seeking it in study, in the pleasures of the world and of the imagination; pleasures innocent and pleasures guilty, but he was never satisfied; there was always something wanting.

Then came vexations, and death was busy around. His wife lost a beloved uncle, then a cherished sister, and then they witnessed the death of their second son. It was after the

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death of his sister-in-law that Count Schouvaloff, for the first time, made any serious reflection. The spectacle of her painful agony, and the sight of her lifeless body, profoundly impressed him. The idea of his end became clear to him, but he did not with certainty believe in immortality. He felt for a while a disgust to everything transitory, but it did not last.

Meanwhile, grief had wrought a change in his wife's health; she mourned for the son she had lost, and the physicians advised that she should travel. In 1829 they left St. Petersburg for Paris, and in the course of time the lost son was replaced by a daughter. Then the Count himself had an illness which brought him near to death. His pious wife prayed by his side, and he recovered; but, incredible as it may seem, not for a single moment did the thought enter his mind of what would become of his soul had he died.

Soon after, the child so longed for also fell sick; it was a chronic malady, long and dangerous; but, though a prey to grief, no light entered the poor man's soul.

In 1832 they went to Italy, chiefly, on Count Schouveloff's part, for the study of philosophy. Here he formed a friendship with a very learned Neapolitan, whom political differences had exiled from his native land. He gained a living by writing for a scientific journal, and though his teaching was anti-Christian, the stoicism with which he supported exile and poverty inspired the Count with the highest admiration. He attended a long course of lectures given by this man, and, with a young Pole, a friend of his, drank deep of the poisoned chalice. They had long conversations afterwards, and Schouvaloff did all in his power to destroy the faith of his companion, who was born and educated a Catholic, in religion in general, the soul's existence, and that of a God. The remembrance of this was afterwards a cause of bitter repentance, till one day, at the Easter Communion in the Church of Notre Dame, Count Schouvaloff, with deep thankfulness, saw the young man approach the Holy Table.

Like many others, the Count during his stay in Italy witnessed in the churches, which he entered merely from curiosity, all the imposing ceremonies, the sculptures, the pictures, and heard the angelic music of these temples, and yet looked on with the indifference of idiocy. Seeing, he saw not; and hearing, he heard not. Grace had not yet touched his heart.

In the year 1834 the health of Count Schouvaloff's daughter had so much improved that they all returned to Paris. They had been seven years away from Russia, and during that time his wife had not seen her father, to whom she was tenderly attached. At the beginning of the year 1837, the news of his death arrived. Madame Schouvaloff had not then attained the high degree of resignation she finally reached; and, in her grief, complainings and even murmurings escaped her. Her husband in seeking to comfort her was so struck with the necessity of faith, that to soothe the poor invalid he spoke like a believer of the soul's immortality, and of the bliss she would one day have of meeting her father in the Eternal Bosom; yet saying to himself that everything he told her was, doubtless, false, but that it was necessary to give her consolation.

And she was comforted; but in about three weeks their son, now turned eleven years, fell seriously ill. His left leg was seized with severe pain, and he could not walk. Then an abscess was discovered, which was lanced, but in spite of this the disease grew worse, the sores inflamed, the boy's sufferings were extreme, and his cries and groans increased every day. The father and mother seemed stupefied, thunderstruck; they neither ate nor slept. At length, towards the end of April, the only chance of safety seemed to lay in amputation; but even in this case there was fear for the boy's life also. One day when both father and mother were very desponding, the Countess de Caumont la Farce, *née* Galitzin, who had happily abjured the Greek schism, brought them a medal of the Immaculate Conception, exhorting them to place all their hopes in her who is called the "Health of the Sick." The medal was eagerly received by the mother, who placed it on the neck of the child. A few days after, a consultation was held by five doctors, and after an hour's deliberation it was unhesitatingly declared, that there was no course but amputation. A few hours later, one of the doctors sent to say that he would by no means advise this cruel step; that there was no hope of the boy's life; it was better to let him die.

When the mother heard this, her course was resolved on. "My God," she said, "to save the human race Thou hast accepted the life of Thy Son; accept my life to save that of my child!" Her offering remained a secret from everyone except her husband, and from him for some few months. This prayer, this vow, daily renewed, at length brought tranquillity and resignation to one whose despair had at one time been terrible.

A day or two after this vow had been made, a foreign physician arrived, and having heard of the boy's illness, asked permission to come and see him—a very unusual step. But his request was granted; he came, he examined the child, and then expressed his disapprobation of the treatment. "Your child is weakened," he said. "It is nourishment he requires." His advice was followed, there was an immediate improvement, and without any other remedy the boy was in six weeks well enough to travel, and was taken

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to the sea-side for bathing. Towards the end of August he could walk. He was cured.

But very soon the mother felt a pain in the region of the stomach, which no doctor could understand. She wasted away amid terrible suffering, but endured all with perfect patience. Her medical attendants said that they had never witnessed so great calm under pain so long, so tenacious, and so severe.

The vow was quickly accomplished. The heroic mother advanced with rapid strides towards death. Visibly she wasted away, but as the mortal tenement visibly decayed, her soul acquired new strength and beauty. If she was not permitted to realize the desire of formal membership with the Church, assuredly the ardent desire she had to abjure the errors of schism, and to see them abjured by those she loved, will have given her grace in the sight of God. Ardently seeking the truth, she asked while at Nice for a Catholic priest, and was visited by Father Pellegrini, of the Society of Jesus. She was burning with the desire of union with the Church.

"It is not a pressing matter," said her husband; "why be precipitate in a matter so important?"

And so, though the matter was one of indifference to him, he deferred compliance with his wife's desire till it was too late. She died on the 10th of February, 1841, after four years of illness.

During her last agony, at a moment when he thought she was gone, urged by an irresistible impulse he threw himself on his knees in the doctor's presence, and in loud tones with sobs and tears addressed God in fervent and sincere prayer. It was his first prayer since infancy, and it was a prayer of thanksgiving that the dread moment had passed so calmly.

When no longer able to walk, this pious woman, being then in Venice, would have her gondola stopped before the Catholic churches and, engaging in prayer herself, would bid her husband go in and pray for her. He went into the churches, but he never prayed.

About twelve or fifteen days before his wife's death, Count Schouvaloff was hearing Mass in the Greek church one Sunday. He knew not wherefore he had come there; he did not pray, but he thought of his wife, fearing her death, though he knew not it was so near. Then he suddenly felt a pressing desire for reconciliation with a person whose reputation he had formerly injured. He had made a kind of promise never to forgive that person, and now his resentment suddenly melted away, and he hastened to write a letter which led to a sincere reconciliation. The spectacle of suffering began to work on him. Grace had touched him.

By the inanimate form of his late wife, Count Schouvaloff learned the immortality of the soul. He still loved her intensely; but what did he love? Her virtue? But virtue is no vain word. If it exists it must animate a being which there must needs exists also. In the depth of his heart he cried, "Her soul exists; her soul is immortal." A new light shone within him; he learned simultaneously two things: the existence of virtue, and the soul's immortality.

He longed to resemble the wife he had lost. He did not yet believe in the Divine Redeemer, but he adored His morality and earnestly desired to practice it. He persevered in prayer and in reading the holy Scriptures, and at last the love of God entered his soul. "Yes," he cried, "I can, I will, I must love God!" He continued in prayer though it had no sweetness for him, and by degrees his search after truth led him to a knowledge of the doctrine of the Trinity and other dogmas of the Church.

During Lent, Father Minini, of the Society of Jesus, preached daily. Count Schouvaloff listened to him, but though admiring the morality of religion, he still put dogma in the second place. Religious study, however, became his only occupation, and among other works the "Confessions of St. Augustine" excited his enthusiastic delight. This book was brought to him by the Rev. Father Minini. To this excellent spiritual physician he opened his heart. "But do not imagine," he said, "that I shall ever be a Catholic."

Soon after this, at Berne, Count Schouvaloff renewed his acquaintance with Prince Theodore Gallitzin. With him he had long conversations; he was still hesitating between a firmer adherence to the Greek, his native church, or to embrace one of the forms of Protestantism; but the result of his conversations with Prince Gallitzin was a firm belief in the unity and authority of the Catholic Church. And yet a year after his wife's death, though in heart a Catholic, his mind still hesitated before the fundamental truths of Christianity. The utility of prayer, the eternity of punishment, the existence of evil, were hard questions.

In January, 1842, the daughter of Count Schouvaloff, then about eleven years of age, fell ill. This illness he speaks of as the heaviest of all his crosses, though at the same time a source of blessing. He had known Prince John Gagarin when they were both votaries of pleasure, and at this time they met as doubting members of the Greek Church. Inconsistent as it may seem, on the anniversary of his wife's death Schouvaloff and his friend determined to go to Communion in this Church, for they thought that union with the Adorable Truth Itself, in this His Sacrament, would be a means of attaining light. They went, as a last trial, with earnest prayer for direction; it was to be a final appeal. After this, doubts fled; they resolved to become Catholics.

During Lent in this year, Count Schouvaloff

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was in Paris, and with his two friends, Prince Gallitzin and Prince Gagarin, attended the discourses at Notre Dame and other churches. Among others he heard the Rev. Father de Ravignan, and became acquainted with several priests, who all inspired him with additional love and respect for the Catholic religion. But it was to the Rev. Father de Ravignan that they finally went for the counsels which he happily followed. At the close of the year 1842 it was decided that he should make his abjuration on the 6th of January, 1843, and accordingly on that day, in the Chapel of the Convent des Oiseaux, in the presence of Madame Swetchine and Theodore Galitzin, he was received by Father de Ravignan into the Church.

For the five or six years following his abjuration, Count Schouvaloff lived in the bosom of his family, devoting himself to the care of his own salvation, and of his children—two children—of whom his daughter was an especial object of love and of solicitude on account of her uncertain health. His time was passed in France and Italy for thirteen years; he could not have practiced his religion freely if he had returned to Russia. In every city in which he lived, he found priests such as only the Catholic Church can produce. Duty called him into society; he again mixed in the fashionable world, but never was his heart drawn aside. Everywhere he found weariness and emptiness, and the question constantly received: *And afterwards? and afterwards?*

After his daughter's marriage, God spoke more clearly to his soul. He made a retreat, and, directed by the Rev. Father de Ravignan, he saw his end. If permitted he would never have returned to the world, but from the year 1853 and 1855 he passed his time in different parts of the Continent, visiting St. Petersburg, Berlin, Sayn and Geneva, where his daughter was seriously ill. Then he went to Paris and began a course of theological studies for entering the secular clergy, as he was still undecided as to whether he should embrace the religious life.

On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, a young man of sixteen who was about entering the Order of the Barnabites, speaking to him of his own vocation with the candor of his age, induced him, by what he said, to apply with redoubled fervor to our Blessed Lady for the grace he needed. After this he went to Mass and Communion, and finding himself kneeling by the side of the same young man, the thought flashed into his mind that here was a mere child, an only son, forsaking family, friends and fortune to give himself to God, and he, at the age of fifty, had not courage. His decision was made. "This evening," he said, "I shall be a Barnabite." All doubt had disappeared.

This young man is now the Rev. Father Tondini, Barnabite. He shared Father Schouvaloff's ardent desire for the restoration of Russia to Catholic unity, and made a solemn engagement at his tomb to call the attention of the Catholic world to the religious question of Russia and excite an interest in it. Still the Count had difficulties. Different Fathers were of the opinion that his age and habits unfitted him for the religious life.

So he again made a retreat, this time, with Father de Ravignan's approval, under M. Gros, Vicar-General at Chambery. Except his director, he saw no one, but was alone with God. On the sixth day his choice was fixed. There was no doubt of his having been called to the religious life. He entered his novitiate at Monza. The sacrifice was accomplished, and he was quite happy. "The Fathers here are saints," he said to Father de Ravignan, "and the novices are angels."

During this novitiate the true love of his country entered his heart, and he came to understand that next to his own salvation the object of his prayers should henceforth and throughout his life be the return of that great and generous nation to religious unity.

Probation was ended, and Father Schouvaloff was professed. Then on Holy Saturday, 1857, he was raised to the subdiaconate, and finally to the priesthood. Then he went to a house lately opened by his Order in Paris, and died the 2d of April, 1859.

Letter from Rome.

ROME, August 20, 1879.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Once more is the voice of Leo XIII resounding in the four quarters of the civilized world, in accents cultured by profound study, not uninspired from above, and vivified by that great charity which embraces the whole human family. The Encyclical Letter of the 4th inst. is incontestably the master emanation of Leo XIII since his accession to the Pontificate. In his first Encyclical Letter, and in that other marvellous production against Socialism, Communism and Nihilism, he appears as the asserter and vindicator of the authority of God, of the divinely delegated authority of the Church, and, consequently, of all human authority. But here, in

THE ENCYCLICAL "ÆTERNI PATRIS,"

he stands before the world as the apologist of Christian Thought and Christian Philosophy, and, by natural corollary, the able panegyrist, and reintegrator into his primeval place of honor of the Angel of the Schools, Thomas of Aquin. In the other Encyclicals Pope Leo XIII copes with the errors of the present day principally from the inexpugnable citadel of faith, albeit his logical weapons there, too, are plied with a masterly and powerful hand. But here he descends into the camp of the enemy and grapples with them on their own ground, laying siege to their greatest and only fortress, the Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century. This last is the baneful root from which spring the errors and consequent disasters which we now deplore in religion, in social life, and in politics. The false max-

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isms of the philosophers eliminated the idea of a Supreme Being, and of the subjection thereto of the creature. Hence the irresponsibility of this last. Elastic notions on Divine authority produce elastic notions on human authority. Hence political disorder. And these notions, naturally influencing individual actions, begot social and moral disorder. The logic of the Pope is irrefragable. "For," he writes, "since it is natural to man to follow reason as the guide of his actions, if the intelligence errs, the will easily falls into the same error; and thus it comes to pass that perverse opinions, whose seat is the intelligence, influence human actions and pervert them." How he passes in review the history of early Christian Philosophy and of its inheritors, the scholastics of the Middle Ages, prince of whom was St. Thomas Aquinas; how he vindicates briefly the harmony of faith with reason to the ennobling of the latter; and how, in fine, he prescribes that philosophy be taught in the schools and universities according to the mind of St. Thomas, whose doctrines are not irreconcilable with the progress of modern thought, are matters that may only be hinted at, and not discussed, within the limits of a letter. But the Encyclical as a whole signalizes not only another great epoch in the Pontificate of Leo XIII, but the beginning of an era in the struggle of Catholicity with modern error. Leo XIII would have the clergy not only grave theologians, but acute philosophers and dialecticians. He would equip all alike with the armor and weapons of the great St. Thomas, who not only "laid successful siege to all the errors of former times, but left invincible arms to rout all the errors that will arise in the future."

This document has already produced consternation in the enemy's ranks. The following, clipped from a Liberal paper, may be regarded as the common sentiment of all the Liberals: "It is, therefore, a real and new declaration of war; and this time it is more terrible than all the others, because it affects the dominion of thought against which nor armies nor prisons avail aught." Among the Catholics of Italy the Encyclical has received a cordial and reverential welcome. It is more than ample confirmation of the Academy established a few years ago in Bologna by Cardinal Parrochi and the great Jesuit philosopher, Father Cornoldi, for the propagation of the *Summa Theologica* and *Contra Gentes* of St. Thomas, and the final consummation of the wish of the Pope himself, expressed two years ago in a memorial to the glorious Pius IX, that the Angelic Doctor be declared

THE PATRON AND PROTECTOR OF ALL THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS OF LEARNING.

The sacred atmosphere of Rome, spite of the profane and desecrating elements intruded into it by the Revolution, exercises a salutary influence even on those very Piedmontese who affected Liberalism most a few years ago. I deduce this from the

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF OUR LADY ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

I pass over the numerous communions in all the churches, especially in St. Mary Major's, the crowds of people who visited the churches in the afternoon, and the imposing termination of solemn novenas. But the illumination of the houses in the evening was remarkable, not only for its generality, but also for the fact that many of the transparencies hung out were tri-colored—a circumstance which proves that the imported Liberals are beginning to recollect the Mother of Christians. The new quarters of the city, inhabited chiefly by the new comers, vied with the old in the illumination. It seems paradoxical to say that Catholicity is progressing in Rome! Yet it is a fact. Or rather let me say—while deprecating the almost disreputable sense which has been brought upon the term by the religious organs of the American Methodists—we are witnessing a revival. The stupendous demonstration of faith given in the Church of St. Ignatius during the *Triduum* in honor of the Patriarch St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin, shows that incredulity has not obtained the preponderance in Rome. This *Triduum* was announced by the Cardinal Vicar. Another circumstance added to increase the solemnity of the occasion. Joachim is the baptismal name of our Holy Father. The *Invito Sacro* which announced the feast observes that as early as the eighth century Pope Leo III had bestowed upon the churches of St. Mary Major and St. Mary *in Navicella* a rich supply of precious vestments to be used by the priests on the feast and in honor of St. Joachim. So the actual Pontiff Leo XIII, by a formal decree of the Congregation of Rites, has elevated to the same liturgical dignity the Feast of St. Joachim as that attributed to the Feast of St. Anne by Pope Gregory XIII. Hence His Holiness ordered a *Triduum* to be celebrated in honor of St. Joachim in the Church of St. Ignatius, where there is an altar bearing his name.

But I shall speak of the Feast itself, the 17th inst., for it is a memorable day for three distinct reasons. First, being the namesday of the Holy Father, he received in his private apartment the congratulations of the different colleges of Prelates, of his Chamberlains, a deputation of the Knights of Jerusalem, the officers of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, the Noble Guards, and of different Catholic societies, foremost among which was the Young Men's Circle of St. Peter. The offering of these last was a great basket of fruits and flowers, allusive of the season. At noon he gave a general audience in the Hall of the Consistory, after which he received the congratulations of the Cardinals in his own apartment. Some of the secular papers had given out that His Holiness was seriously indisposed, and had swooned several times from that excessive weakness which was his normal condition in Perugia. There is no truth in this.

THE POPE IS ENJOYING EXCELLENT HEALTH.

It is quite true that as Cardinal Leo XIII was a chronic invalid. He was talked of by his people in Perugia as "the invalid," and it excited no great surprise, if, during the celebration of Pontifical High Mass, he fainted more than once. The Pontificate seems to have effected a radical cure of this debility, for from his elevation to the Chair of Peter to this day he has not suffered from weakness, but has, on the contrary, displayed marvellous vigor and activity. In this he is compared to Sixtus V, who as Cardinal Montalto was a decrepid old man, who moved about with difficulty, leaning on a stick. As Pope he is known in history as the energetic and indefatigable Sixtus V.

Another feature in the items of the day was the consecration as Archbishop of Salamina *in partibus infidelium* of Mgr. Vladimir Czacki, who has just received the appointment of Nuncio Apostolic to the French Republic. Mgr. Czacki is a Pole. For many years he has been known in Rome as a man of deep and varied learning, thoroughly posted in the questions of the day, and one of the most active and useful prelates in the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs. His appointment has given great pleasure to all parties in France. From a delicate sentiment of deference to the French nation, he desired to receive consecration in their own monumental Church of St. Louis *dei Francesi*, and that too from the hands of Cardinal Flavio Chigi, Archpriest of the Lateran Basilica, who also was for-

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merly the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris. The whole Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See assisted at the consecration. The French Ambassador, the Marquis de Gabriac, occupied the post of honor. In connexion with the appointment of Mgr. Czacki, I take occasion to mention that a complete change in the Nunciatures is imminent, and that the actual incumbents are spoken of as the next recipients of the cardinalitial dignity. The Nuncio to Munich, Mgr. Aloisi Masella, has been recalled, not improbably in view of his elevation to the Cardinalate. Mgr. Roncetti, whose name is familiar to your readers as that of the Ablegate of Pius IX to Cardinal McCloskey, and who while in America visited Notre Dame, has been appointed Nuncio to Bavaria. He left here for his destination on Monday.

The great event of the Feast of St. Joachim was the laying of the corner-stone of

THE NEW CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

in the new quarter of the city, which was once the Pretorian Camp. The population in that quarter had become so numerous that the erection of a church was a necessity. The erection of a church in Rome to the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been in contemplation for the past few years, and collections to that end had been made in different parts of the world, especially by the Jesuit missionaries. Pope Leo XIII gave new impetus and an immediate form to the movement by a liberal contribution from his own purse, and by ordering the immediate laying of the corner-stone. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon by the Vicar-General of Rome, Cardinal Monaco la Valletta. He was assisted by Mgr. Tortoli, the Papal Master of Ceremonies, and by the parish priest and assistant of the parish of San Bernardo, within the boundaries of which the new church is to be erected. It is to be in the severe Romanesque style, after the designs of the Architect Vespignani. On the road between the railway station and the gate of San Lorenzo, it will be the first prominent object the eye of the stranger will encounter to the right as he enters the Eternal City. Thus will the picture be complete, for on the left what more glorious monuments of Christian Rome than the majestic Lateran Basilica, dedicated to the Saviour and to the two great Johns, and the twin domes of St. Mary Major? On the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the new church, the pious proposal was made of dedicating this whole year, that is from the Feast of St. Joachim of 1879 to that of 1880, to the particular service of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in order that the construction of the new edifice may not only prosper, but be the forerunner of great blessings to the Eternal City. The Holy Father has given a special blessing to this proposal and enriched the proposed spiritual exercises with indulgences. For further particulars concerning the form and manner of the exercises and the annexed indulgences, I refer you to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

One more item to the honor of the Sacred Heart. On the 5th of July the Sacred Congregation of Rites held a session ordinary as to the expediency of forming a commission for the examination of the life and virtues, *in a heroic degree*, of

THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, MAGDALEN SOPHIA BARAT,

foundress of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Although the ten years prescribed by the Holy See to be given to mature examination after the primary introduction of the cause have not yet elapsed, and though the writings of this servant of God have not been examined, the Holy Father, derogating from the ordinary prescriptions, permitted the discussion of the doubt, *Whether a commission for the Introduction of the Cause is to be signed in the case, and to the effect in question?* It was answered affirmatively, and on the 18th of the same month His Holiness gave formal approbation to the decision. Thus the Cause of the Beatification and Canonization of the Venerable Magdalen Sophia Barat is at last fairly before the Sacred Congregation.

After a third illegal effort on the part of the authorities, the nuns of the convent of San Giuseppe Capole Case, in Rome, have been turned into the streets, to make room for an artistic industrial museum. This convent and the adjoining garden are Spanish property, and under the protection of the Spanish flag. This fact was sufficient in 1871 to save the convent from the general expropriation. Again, in the autumn of 1875, when the authorities wished to establish a normal school in the convent, they were constrained to withdraw the project, as being a violation of international law. But cupidity and sacrilege have triumphed in the end, and the Sisters are without a home.

ARTHUR.

Catholic Notes.

——The national pilgrimage to Lourdes was signalized by forty cures.

——Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin from the County Kerry, Ireland, are going to the Sioux Indian missions in Dakota Territory.

——There are now ninety-five vacant parishes in the diocese of Paderborn, which was under the administration of the late lamented Bishop Martin.

——A handsome Catholic church was lately dedicated to the service of Almighty God by Right Rev. Bishop Elder, at Manassas, Va., a famous battle-field of the late war.

——The diocese of Providence has lost two estimable and efficient priests in the deaths of Rev. William Lonergan and Rev. James Daly, which are of recent occurrence. *R. I. P.*

——HONORS TO ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNE.—The Holy Father has issued a decree, a translation of which we shall give next week, ordaining that the Feasts of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of our Lady, the former occurring on the Sunday within the octave of the Assumption, and the latter on the 26th of July, be celebrated universally henceforth as Doubles of the Second Class.

——MONUMENT DEDICATION.—Over six thousand people assembled on the afternoon of the 7th inst. in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Bloomington, Ill., the occasion being the dedication of a monument to the memory of the late Father Murphy, assistant pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The presentation speech was delivered by Mr. Edward O'Connell, Bloomington, who in a few appropriate words presented the monument to the church. Father Weldon, pastor of the church, made a few appropriate remarks, after which Father Fanning, of Fairbury, Ill., delivered the address of the day, which was an eloquent review of the life of Father Murphy, in Bloomington and elsewhere. The occasion was one long to be remembered by the Catholics of Bloomington.

——SANCTA MARIA AD NIVES.—From the most ancient times until 1870, the magistrates and city council of Rome have presented annually a golden chalice

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to the Church of Our Lady of the Snow, one of the oldest churches ever built in honor of Our Blessed Mother. In 1870 the Society for Catholic Interests replaced the municipality in this matter, and appointed three representatives to present the chalice. This year they were Messrs. John Brugo, Julius Sterbini, and Stanislaus Rasori, and they laid upon our Lady's altar the chalice that Catholic Rome had vowed to be a token of gratitude for the favors, both past and present, received through her intercession. At the base of the chalice was engraved a beautiful Latin inscription, the composition of Rev. Anthony Angelini, of the Society of Jesus.

——A PICTURE OF ST. DOMINIC, that is intended to be placed over the main altar of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Minneapolis (Minn.), can be seen for a few days, at No. 21 East Third Street, in our city. The Saint is represented as kneeling to the right of the Blessed Virgin, and receiving the Rosary from the hands of the Infant Jesus, who is blessing the same, while the Blessed Virgin is mildly looking on Saint Dominic, who is receiving the precious object of grace to mankind. The face of Saint Dominic, we think, might be considered a masterpiece of art, while the drapery is so exquisitely beautiful and natural that it really looks as though one could take hold of the garments. Although the painting has not at the present writing received its finishing touches, it presents a beautiful appearance, and we congratulate the pastor and people of the Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, in having such a great acquisition to the ornamentation of their church. We will simply add, that the work is from the well-known but poorly-appreciated artist, Mr. A. Koempel.—*Northwestern Chronicle* (*St. Paul*).

——DEATH OF AN EMINENT CATHOLIC ASTRONOMER.—At 4 p. m., on August 8, at Bagenhausen, a little parish cemetery near the "English Garden" at Munich, the mortal remains of Dr. John von Lamont, the Director of the Observatory erected there, were deposited in their last resting place. He was born at Braemar, in Scotland, and as a boy full of ambitious hopes came to Germany to be educated at the Scottish Benedictine Monastery of Ratisbon. In those early days he was supposed to have an inclination towards the clerical state; but the star-world exercised an overwhelming attraction for him, and he finally devoted himself altogether to astronomy. After working for some years at the Royal Observatory in Munich,he was appointed director of that establishment, in which capacity he achieved a very considerable reputation, becoming an honorary member of most of the scientific societies of Europe. In 1852 he was appointed ordinary Professor of Astronomy in the University of Munich. During his lifetime he established two exhibitions in the University for mathematical students, and he was also most benevolent towards the poor. He died in the 74th year of his age, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church and quite resigned to the will of God. *Requiescat in pace.—Cleveland Catholic Universe.*

——A PILGRIMAGE TO LA SALETTE—CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH—CORONATION OF THE STATUE.—A vast number of pilgrims, arriving in organized processions from the cities of Paris and Toulouse, and from the departments of Le Nord and Pas de Calais, were present on the 19th and 20th of August at La Salette. Among the arrivals on the 19th were their Eminences the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris and Toulouse; the Most Rev. Archbishops of Avignon, Chambery, and Besançon; the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Gap, Aire, Valence, Frejus, St. Jean de Maurienne and Viviers. The religious exercises began with the Way of the Cross, performed at midnight on the 19th, the pilgrims carrying lighted torches in the solemn procession. The same act of devotion was repeated at midnight on the 20th and 21st of August respectively. On the 20th the consecration of the church of the pilgrimage took place, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse officiating. An eloquent sermon was preached in the afternoon by Monsignor Mermillod, the exiled Bishop of Geneva. On the 21st the beautiful statue of Our Lady was solemnly crowned, the ceremony being followed by a sermon from Monsignor Paullinier. Several mitred abbots and a large number of regular and secular priests attended the ceremonies.

——A GRACIOUS DEED.—The Sisters of Charity and the orphans under their charge, says the Utica, N. Y., *Observer*, had a pleasant time lately with Gov. Seymour on his farm. The Governor's wagons conveyed them out in the morning, and back again in the evening. The children numbered seventy-three, in charge of ten of the good Sisters. The Governor was himself upon the grounds nearly the whole day, entertaining the children in every conceivable manner. In fact, nothing was left undone that could add to their pleasure. Swings and other amusements had been arranged for the little ones, and, in return, the children sang songs that were greatly enjoyed by the Governor and his family. Twelve years ago, a similar pleasant visit was had on the same grounds, and the Sisters do not call to mind an event since that time that has been so heartily enjoyed by the orphans under their charge. Now that the Governor has extended an invitation for its repetition next year, the children will look forward to the date of the visit with anticipations more and more pleasant as the time draws near. At parting with Gov. Seymour the children sang a good-night song, the Governor standing on the piazza and waving an adieu with his hat until the last wagon was out of sight. Words are inadequate to express the gratefulness of the good Sisters and the children, yet Gov. Seymour seems amply repaid in knowing that his hospitality was appreciated, and that the poor little orphans were made happy. May God bless him and his kind-hearted family!

——PROTECTION OF THE JEWS BY THE POPES AND BY ST. BERNARD.—*The Catholic Times*, speaking of the resolution of the French Rabbis, adopted on the 5th of February, 1870, thanking the Supreme Pontiffs for their constant protection of the Jews, recount these services as follows: "It is in consequence of the sacred principles of morals, that in different times the Roman Pontiffs have protected and invited to their States the Jews, persecuted and expatriated from the different parts of Europe. About the middle of the seventh century, St. Gregory defended the Jews and protected them in the whole Christian world. In the tenth century, the Bishops of Spain opposed with great energy the people who wished to massacre them. The Pontiff Alexander II wrote to those Bishops a letter full of congratulation for their conduct in this matter. St. Bernard defended them in the twelfth century from the fury of the Crusaders; Innocent II and Alexander III equally protected them. In the thirteenth century Gregory IX preserved them, as well in England as in France and Spain, from the great misfortune with which they were threatened; he defended them under pain of excommunication. Clement V did more than protect them—he gave them the means of education. Clement VI gave them an asylum at Avignon, when

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they were persecuted by all the rest of Europe. In the following century Pope Nicholas wrote to the Inquisition to forbid compelling the Jews to embrace Christianity. Clement XIII calmed the fear of parents alarmed lest their children might be taken from them, as frequently happened. It is easy to cite an infinity of the charitable actions of which the Israelites were at different times the object on the part of ecclesiastics instructed in the duties of men and those of their religion."

——The Church in Roumania.—Rt. Rev. Fidelis Dehm, O. S. F., formerly Superior of the Franciscan monastery at Syracuse, N. Y., but now Vicar-Apostolic of Roumania, has lately been visiting his extensive diocese and administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. When he went to Dobrudscha, he found among his stations one called Malkotch, entirely composed of German-speaking Catholics, whose forefathers had long ago emigrated from Alsace and Suabia. There in the midst of a Mussulman and schismatic population, the settlers have preserved intact not only their national customs but also the religion of their ancestors. They gave a proof of this on the day their beloved Bishop arrived in their midst. As in Germany, many youths on horseback met their chief pastor a few miles from the village, forming an escort of honor, and conducting him into the village. Arrived there, they found the entire congregation arranged in procession, to conduct the Bishop to the church, or rather cabin, singing, as they went, the well-known hymn of praise, *Grosser Gott*. The little chapel could barely hold the 100 candidates for Confirmation, thus leaving but a very small space for the Bishop and his attendant priests to celebrate Pontifical High Mass. High Mass was followed by a sermon out of doors, where also the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered. The entire congregation assembled again for the evening service, after which a procession to the graveyard was formed.

When the Bishop was taking leave, promising the good people that he hoped to consecrate on his return, next year, the fine church they had generously promised to build, the audience was moved to tears of joy. A deputation from a neighboring village, where fifty Catholic families of German extraction had settled after the war, waited upon the Bishop before his departure and invited him to their humble home, to share in his ministration.

The vicariate of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dehm comprises a vast district, over which about 60,000 Catholics are dispersed among more than four millions of Greek Christians, Jews, and Mussulmans. He is assisted in his missionary work by thirty-five priests, mostly of the Franciscan Order. The schismatic population of Roumania entertain most friendly dispositions towards the Catholics. The Bishop expressed himself much pleased with the frankness, sincerity, and hospitality shown by the Roumanian peasants.

The reigning Prince of Roumania, Charles of Hohenzollern, is a Catholic (or, rather, should be one, for no one who allows his children to be educated in the schismatic religion can be called a Catholic. The Prince has had part of his punishment already, for he has had no male heirs to his throne, and his daughters all died in infancy.)

It is said that in Bulgaria an Apostolic Delegation is soon to be established, in consequence of an understanding between the Pope and Prince Alexander. An archiepiscopal see is also to be erected at Rutschuk, having jurisdiction over the entire principality.

New Publications.

"Tangled Paths." By Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The readers of The Ave Maria have had many opportunities of appreciating the high qualities of Mrs. Dorsey's work, but in "Tangled Paths" the author has attained a greater degree of success than any recent Catholic novelist. She has produced a book which is Catholic throughout, and which loses, on that account, nothing of its charms as a novel. Like one of the delightful women in her book, Mrs. Dorsey appears to dread "religious sentimentality." The work is Catholic, robustly and frankly Catholic, in every fibre, and yet there is not one page of controversy or long-drawn moralizing in it. Sybil's character gains all its loveliness from religion; the reader is made to feel this in the most unobtrusive way. Mrs. Dorsey paints, after the manner of Meissonnier, by little touches. Could anything be more artistic or expressive than the careless remark which the worldly-minded Mrs. Weston makes, on saying her first good-night to Sybil,—

"The alabaster Psyché would look lovely there"—

and Sybil's manner of acting on this hint,—

"Then her first care was to look after a certain precious package that contained an alabaster statue of the Blessed Mother—the parting gift of her aunt, the Mother Superioress of the convent; she quickly found it, and laying it upon her bed, proceeded to open the straw in which it was carefully packed, unwound the thick layers of soft white wool that enwrapped it, then removed the fine linen napkin that was folded around it, and there was her treasure unharmed. She raised it up, and as a slant ray of sunshine touched the carven faces of Mother and Child with radiance, they seemed to smile upon her; then she hastened to place it in the niche which by a loving Providence had been left vacant for her to furnish."

This episode, of which we can give only a glimpse, is very exquisitely described.

The Russian scenes, which make up the second part of the book, are graphically and strongly painted. Mrs. Dorsey brings the manners, customs, and people before us with a vividness that rivals Zurguêneff or Gautier. Tatiana, the Princess, and the young Count, make us wonder at the versatility of a writer who with the same hand could delineate Mrs. Waite, Clara, and "the boys." Mrs. Weston, with her pencilled eyebrows, her misuse of the drug chloral, her fashionable heartlessness, and her "æsthetic" Catholicity, is the typical woman of Washington society to the life. If Mrs. Dorsey were less truthful in her sketching, she would have made Mrs. Weston a melodramatic "villainess" of the sensational order, but her art is too delicate for that; and, in consequence of this reticence, we have a rare sketch, which insinuates into our minds the saddest moral in the most effective way. As a novel, "Tangled Paths" is admirable; as a Catholic novel, it is most admirable; and, if the author will compare this very satisfactory production with her earlier work, "The Student of Blenheim Forest," for instance, she can almost sing the "*Nunc dimittis*," for her improvement is so marked that she seems, in her work, to have almost reached its climax. And yet we have two faults to find with the book—a certain lack of condensation that is common in serial stories, and an immoderate use of French words, with which the printer has taken improper liberties—*maître de hotel*, *élat*, *comptesse*, and *entrain*, for instance. The hits at American "Society" are sharp, and yet not un-

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kindly; the children's ball, at which Sibyl is amazed to find only "little grown-ups," Mrs. Weston's longing for a crest, and Mr. Weston's speech on the snobbishness of running after titled foreigners, are delicious touches wrought through quiet observation of Washington "peculiarities." "Tangled Paths" should not be gulped, even by the veteran story-reader, at one sitting. Let it be reserved for reading aloud during the long winter evenings, when Mrs. Dorsey's tender home-pictures and teaching may be the more appreciated and the better understood.

Correspondents Answered.

"M. S."—*The Art Amateur* is published by Montague Marks, No. 571 Broadway, New York.

"N. N."—It has been postponed for some time.

"HENRY."—We have already published it. Please see No. 37.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 82 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 36 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 26 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 12, and that of a happy death for 7 persons,—special graces for 8 priests, 9 religious, and 3 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 63 persons and ten families,—spiritual favors for 65 persons and 12 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of several communities, congregations and schools. Also 46 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Several intentions of religious communities and individual members of the same,—recovery of just debts by needy persons from wealthy people,—means and opportunities of educating several families of children in the true Faith,—conversion to the Faith of the children frequenting a certain school,—assistance for a boy to learn a trade,—knowledge of the will of God in the choice of a state of life,—a Bishop and priest in ill-health,—several men and women, parents of families, addicted to intemperance,—the favorable issue of a lawsuit for a lady who is the victim of outrageous forgery,—the cure of several epileptic persons,—the conversion of a young man subject to infidel influences, but very favorably disposed to our Holy Faith.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious correspondent ascribes to the prayers of the Confraternity a marked success in business after an almost complete failure. Another person asks a Mass of thanksgiving for the conversion to the Faith of an aged lady. A grateful mother writes: "I want to return thanks to our Lady for the favor she granted us last week. My little boy, seven years old, fell off a horse and came down on his head upon a bridge. Every one who saw him thought he had been killed. I gave him some of the Water of Lourdes and instantly he opened his eyes and moved around. Now he is quite well. Thanks to our holy Mother, who spared him to us." "The little girl," writes another correspondent, "whom we recommended for prayers has received wonderful relief from the Blessed Water. She was frequently attacked with a burning itching in her limbs and feet. These attacks were so severe and painful that we sometimes thought she must die. Since using the Water she has had them on several occasions, and each time requested her mother to give her the little bottle of Blessed Water, and applied a few drops to her feet. In a few minutes afterwards she would be sleeping quietly. Her father, a Protestant, at first was inclined to laugh at her simple faith. Now he wonders at the change in her, and tells her to have faith—that it will cure her. The little girl has been able to come to us for instruction for her First Communion every day since she began using the Water."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Miss JOSEPHINE M. JOHNSON, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who departed this life on the 20th of July. Mr. JOHN ELDER, of Carrollton, Pa., who, full of years and merits, rested in peace on the 30th ult. Miss AGNES QUIGLEY, aged 18 years, whose death took place at Auburn, Mass., July 20th. Mr. JAMES GALLAGHER, a native of Co. Derry, Ireland, one of the first pioneers to California, who closed an eventful life at San Francisco, Cal., on the 30th ult. Miss ANNIE M. SHIELDS, of Port Perry, Pa., who breathed her last on the first of August. Mr. FREDERICK BORENKAMP, of Bremerhaven, Germany, a convert to our holy religion, lately deceased at one of the settlements opened some time ago by the Benedictine Fathers in Arkansas. Mr. MICHAEL LAWLOR, who passed out of this world on the 6th of April, fully resigned to the divine will. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

"Sister M. Joseph, Presentation Convent, Castle Comer, Ireland." Your request has been complied with.

THE AGES OF FAITH.—Oh, glorious, beautiful ages of faith! the world knew not your value until you were wilfully cast away. Splendid era! when religion was the key-stone of society, and every virtue made up the arch. How soon came the direful change! In the name of faith, faith was destroyed; in the name of religion, a heartless, cold formality dried up the tenderest, holiest emotions of the human heart; and when it had eliminated the very existence of God, it set up a proud throne, and haughtily sneered at the *Dark Ages* which dared to base the social edifice on the dependence of the creature on the Creator.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Mrs. Ula Leonard, $1; Mr. Lawrence Leonard, $1; For James, John and Edward McBride; Edward, Alice and Edward McNally; Patrick, Owen, Michael, Edward, Margaret, Mary, Hannah, Edward and Bridget McNally, and Mrs. J. McBride, $15; Mrs. McGettigan, $5; Miss Kate Carthy, $5; Miss M. Carthy, $5; A Friend, $5; Mrs. M. Dougherty, $5; Mrs. M. Carroll, $1; Mrs. M. Giard, $1; Mrs. McGuire, $1; D. McKenna, $5; Mrs. E. Campbell, $1; Mrs. M. Begley, $1; Mrs. McKeown, $1; Joseph Lumley, $2; A. Lumley, Jr. $2; Rose Dailey, $1; Wm. Lumley, $1; Thomas Dailey, $1; M. Hurley, $1; A Friend, $1; Mrs. A. J. Stilwagen, 50 cts.; A Friend, $2; Mrs. O'Brien, $1; A Friend, $5.

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Children's Department.

[For the Ave Maria.]

A Hymn.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

List the organ peal resounding
Through the dim and quiet air
Balmy with the breath of summer,
Heavy with the voice of prayer.

Hark, it is the children singing!
List their carol wondrous sweet,
Gladsome hymn of praise uprising,
"Mary Mother, thee we greet."

"Mary Mother! hear, oh hear us;
Lo, our hearts' dear love to thee
Give we now at day's declining,—
Thine forever let us be."

'Tis the nuns in chorus chanting;
Upwards to the evening sky,
Reddened with the parting daylight,
Floats the hymn. The belfry nigh

Ringeth out: the evening chiming
Solemn greets the passing ear,
Whispers, in the hush of starlight,
"Hear the voice of prayer, oh hear!"

"*Ave Maria!*" chant the voices,
"Bells are ringing out the day,
Through the chapel windows sounding;—
In the darkness be our stay.

"*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*
Mary, Mother, be our stay;
Guide us through the vale of darkness,
To the everlasting day."

Faint across the valley stealing,
Dies the hymn in voiceless thrill,
Like an echo, up the mountain,
"*Ave Maria!*" lingering still.

Night comes down upon the chapel,
Hushed are song and voice of prayer,
Darkness dulls the painted window,
Silence chains the perfumed air.

But the angel legions whisp'ring
Upwards through the eternal day,
Thrilling with the voiceless murmur,
"*Ave Maria!* be our stay."

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

THE words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.

The Boy and the Parrot.

At a pretty village in France lived a little boy named Eugene. This village stood at the foot of some great mountains called the Pyrenees. These mountains are so high that their tops are always covered with snow, and on their sides grow large forests of pine and fir. You know the pine and the fir: they are those dark trees with narrow pointed leaves, that are green all the year round; they make our gardens look very pleasant in the winter when the flowers are dead and the fruit trees have all lost their leaves; but I fancy you would not admire them so much growing in the great dark woods on the mountains I am telling you about. Little Eugene, however, was accustomed to the dark woods and the high mountains, both of which would frighten you; and he used sometimes to go with his father's servants, and gather wild fruits and flowers about the lower steeps; for there were many little nooks among the great hills which were covered with soft grass, among which grew the yellow cowslip and wild strawberries. Now you must not suppose that the village was gloomy because it was near to these great mountains; no, it was a very pretty place indeed, with a little river running past it, with all sorts of fruit trees growing on its banks; plums and pears and apples and flowering trees, too, white and purple lilac, laburnum, and that tree which you see in the summer with long stalks of pretty pink flowers, and which is called acacia. But, besides these fine flowers and nice fruits, there were near to the village where Eugene lived a great many vineyards. A vineyard is the place where grapes grow to make wine; these vineyards look very beautiful when the fruit is ripe, and hanging in great bunches ready to be cut by the grape gatherers: our country is too cold to grow grapes for making wine. Well, below the village on the banks of the river were the fruit trees and the vineyards, and above it were the dark mountains. Eugene's father was very rich, and he lived in the largest house in the village, and he spent a great deal of time in teaching his little boy, hoping to make him a good and clever man. Now, generally speaking, Eugene was tolerably good, and he was always clever; he was never idle over his lessons; and he was kind and affectionate to his relations and friends. Two faults, however, this little boy possessed, and these two faults quite spoiled all his good qualites. He had a little sister four years younger than himself, for Eugene was thirteen years old, and Lucille was only nine. Now Eugene was very fond of the little girl, but he had a sad habit of teazing her. A stranger, to have noticed them sometimes, would have supposed, that so far from loving her, he had a great

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dislike to her, and was never so happy as when he could make her cry. Besides this, Eugene could never keep his hands off things that did not belong to him; and as he had been frequently punished for meddling with the property of his father and the servants, his poor sister was the chief victim of his mischievous tricks. The principal pet and plaything of Lucille was a parrot, which a friend of her father's had brought her from the West Indies. This parrot was very tame and clever; it would call Lucille by her name, it would sit on her shoulder or knee, and feed from her hand; and with this parrot, as it did not belong to him, Eugene had always a particular desire to interfere. Many a time had he been reprimanded by his father for taking the bird out of its cage, and many a time had he been smitten with a violent longing to carry it off with him to the woods or fields, where he might play with it unobserved.

His father and mother being called away from home for some days, before departing, they gave Eugene a strict command not to teaze his sister, and, above all, not to meddle with the parrot. This injunction Eugene managed to obey pretty well for three days; but on the fourth, the servants being busy, his sister at her lessons, and he alone with the parrot, he could not nelp thinking what nice sport it would be to tie a string round the bird's foot, and carry it off with him to the woods. Eugene knew this would be very wrong, as he should be disobeying his parents; so he made a desperate effort to leave the room and leave the bird behind him: he did manage to cross the threshhold, but a shrill scream from Poll quite overset his resolution. He felt in his pocket for a piece of string, but not finding it, he caught up the cage, which was very light, and set off with as much speed as he could, considering the encumbrance. About a mile from the village was a wood; through this wood there was a solitary road, winding up towards the mountains, and leading, after the termination of about three miles, to another village situate on the descent of a mountain. The way to this village was dreary and unfrequented, the wood at times breaking off into a little hollow, without any trees, and nothing but the bare brown earth and rocks. The grown-up people in the village where Eugene lived knew very well that bands of gypsies from the mountains often passed through this wood, and that it was also liable to an occasional visit from a stray wolf, for those terrible animals are still common among the mountains of France; sometimes in the dead of the winter they come down in great troops, and carry off all who may be so unfortunate as to fall in their way. To this dangerous wood, however, Eugene betook himself, for he did not think about either wolves or gypsies, he only thought of going where he was not likely to meet any of his companions, who might go to his father and tell what he had been doing; and all that he remembered about the wood was, that it was seldom passed through by any one from his own village. To so much danger do children expose themselves when they do wrong. But do not believe that those who are older can pursue an evil course without suffering from it: people of all ages are severely punished when they do what is not right, and are as really ignorant of what will tend to their own good as little Eugene, when he went to the lonely wood with the parrot; for however much pleasure or profit may be promised to us by sin, most certainly will it involve not only others but ourselves in misfortune.

Behold Eugene now arrived in the wood, intent not upon its dangers, but having escaped in security with his sister's parrot. With great glee he sported along the tangled paths, the cage in his hand, and Poll screaming and clapping her wings with delight, thinking herself, most likely, in her native woods. Tired with walking and running by turns, and being now, he very well knew, beyond pursuit, Eugene, having arrived at a little open place in the wood, sat himself down to play with the bird. It was a very pretty spot where he stopped; the grass during all the hot summer weather was kept quite green by the moisture that gathered under the branches of the trees, which grew thickly around; there were thick knots of daisies, fox-glove, and blue-bell, a quantity of creeping plants hung their long tendrils over the furze and round the roots of the trees, and in the brake there was a tempting store of wild fruits. Across this little glade murmured a small stream, which had its source in the mountains, and which passing through the wood fell into the river near the village where Eugene lived. On the bank of the rivulet sat Eugene; the cage was opened, and the parrot taken out, and heartily Eugene laughed at her tricks and her chatterings. He had plucked some berries in one of the thickets to feed the bird; and for some time mistress Poll was perfectly content to eat the berries and sit and chatter on his knee, held by one of his shoe-strings which he had fastened to her foot. Unfortunately, however, for poor Eugene, she got tired of these amusements sooner than he did; the piece of ribbon which he had taken from his shoe was neither long enough nor strong enough, for the purpose to which he had devoted it; and Poll, no doubt thinking herself quite at home in the woods, and, therefore, at liberty to do as she pleased, gave a sudden spring which jerked the end of the string out of Eugene's hand, and then flew away over the stream, settling on the branches of a tree that grew on its opposite bank. The boy's fright when he found that the much-valued bird had

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escaped would have been alone a sufficient punishment for his disobedience, but a severer one was in store. Jumping up in terror and confusion, his foot slipped, and he went headlong into the stream. Fortunately for him it was not more than a foot deep, and he soon scrambled out, but at the expense of being wetted to the skin, and with the loss of the shoe from which he had taken the string—which, being loose, came off his foot and got entangled in some weeds. Drenched as he was, the only care of poor Eugene was to secure the parrot, and approaching the tree he endeavored to coax her to come down. Poll, however, was no less fond of her will than he was of his, and only replied to his entreaties by crying: "Lucille! Lucille!" and then by deliberately flying to a taller tree, and taking her station on one of its topmost branches. Eugene endeavored to climb the tree; Poll departed to the next. He went to fetch the cage, for he knew, could he now catch her, she would again escape him unless safely imprisoned; but the cage was still on the other side of the stream, and Eugene was obliged to encounter a new wetting to obtain it. When he returned to the foot of the tree on whose branches he had left Poll, she was no longer there, and her cry of "Lucille! Lucille!" drew him into the recesses of the wood, and towards the foot of the mountains. To add to his distress, the sun was now beginning to go down, and through an opening in the woods he could see the distant Pyrenees; the snow on their summits changed to a bright crimson in the declining sunbeams, their long sloping yellow rays had already faded away from the woods. Eugene was cold and wet and hungry; besides this, through walking without a shoe, he had run a thorn into his foot: he sat down on the root of a tree and wept. "Lucille!" cried the parrot, from the branches of the same tree. Eugene thought he would make one more attempt to regain the bird; and to his inexpressible joy, Poll sat quietly on the branch, and permitted herself to be made a prisoner. But Eugene's troubles had only commenced; he had secured Poll in her cage, which he had slung on his arm, with his handkerchief, while he climbed the tree, and was about to descend, when he heard a rustling among the thickets, succeeded by a low growl; and looking down, he saw a large wolf come out of the copse and crouch at the foot of the tree, lifting up his head and sniffing the air as if he scented his victim above; while his great eyes, as Eugene looked down through the fast increasing darkness, seemed to gleam like fiery coals. Who shall describe the poor boy's terror? how hastily he climed to the highest branches of the tree! how he cried, and wished that he had never been disobedient! how he prayed, and resolved if it pleased Heaven to save him from this danger, that he would in future attend to all the commands of his parents! His poor parents! how the tears streamed down his face when he thought of them, for they were expected home that evening, and he knew how terrified they would be at his absence! Thus, more than an hour passed away, broken by no other sound than the sobs of Eugene, the rustling of the leaves in the wind, the cry of the parrot, and an occasional growl from the wolf at the foot of the tree. Poor Eugene's wet clothes were drying on him; he shook from head to foot with cold; his hands were so cold that he could not hold the cage, and he was obliged to fasten it on his arm with his handkerchief; besides this, he was very hungry, and his foot was in terrible pain from the thorn which he could not take out. It had long been quite dark, and his short angry growls told Eugene that his enemy was still stationed at the foot of the tree; when, to his great joy, he perceived a light, evidently that of a torch advancing through the wood. Presently two men appeared, each of them with a musket on his shoulder, and one of them carrying a torch. They heard the growl of the wolf, who had turned from the tree, and sprung forwards on their approach; but before he reached them, he fell with a ball in his head, from the musket of the man without the torch. Eugene sobbed for joy, as he saw the dreadful animal rolling on the ground in the agonies of death, and the parrot, startled by the report of the piece, screamed out, "Lucille! Lucille!" The noise attracted the attention of the men, and coming up to the tree they waved the torch high, and perceiving Eugene, roughly bade him come down. This command the poor boy lost no time in obeying, but when he reached the ground he perceived but too plainly that his condition was but little changed for the better. When he ran away with the parrot he forgot what he had often heard, that the wood was infested by gypsies, into whose hands he was now sure he had fallen. The appearance of the two men was enough to frighten him; they were tall, ill-looking fellows, with thick black hair hanging about their faces; their dress was torn and dirty; they had each round his waist a belt, in which hung a pair of pistols and a long knife, the sight of which made poor Eugene tremble; and one of them carried a small bundle. Eugene fell on his knees, and begged they would pity him, and show him the way out of the wood. But instead of any pity, one of the fellows roughly kicked him, and bidding him get up they stripped him of his clothes, and gave him an old sack which they took out of their bundle to put round his shoulders. Thus equipped, they dragged the poor boy out of the wood and up a narrow pass in the mountains, compelling him to carry the cage with the parrot, whose shrill cries seemed to af-

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ford them much amusement; the wood was left far behind, and their way lay between dark rocks upon whose sides scarce a shrub was to be seen. Poor Eugene's feet bled at every step he took, his more than half-naked frame shook with cold, while he vainly wept, and thought of his home, his parents, and his little sister. At length they came to a pass in the mountains where two roads parted; to the right, and at a great distance, Eugene perceived a glimmering of lights, as if in the cottage casements of a village; to the left, and much nearer, he saw a broad red blaze dancing on the rocks, and a number of dark figures moving amidst the light; this was the gypsy encampment. All Eugene's other terrors had now given way to fear of the people who had made him prisoner; and no sooner did they reach the avenue on the right, than in spite of his wounded feet, his cold and fatigue, he slipped aside and ran down the narrow road with a swiftness that defied the pursuit of the gypsies. Amid all his terror, he still kept hold of the cage, and the cries of the bird mixed in his imagination with a terrible noise of pursuit. He no longer shook with the cold; heated and out of breath he approached the village, whose lights he had seen at a distance; they were very near, but poor Eugene had not strength to reach them, his foot slipped, and he fell insensible with pain, terror, and fatigue. When Eugene came to himself, he was stretched on a mattress. He heard the old cry of "Lucille," and opening his eyes, he saw that he was in a small cell, and beside him stood the well-known form of Father Bernard, a venerable monk, who, frequently, when abroad on his missions of charity, called at the house of Eugene's parents, and whose oft-repeated lessons of obedience it would have been well if Eugene had practised better. From the good monk he learned that two of the lay-brothers, returning to the monastery from the neighboring town, had been attracted by the cries of the parrot, and found him lying almost dead by the way side. They immediately carried him to the monastery, and placing him on a warm bed, had with a great deal of trouble brought him to himself. Many were the tears Eugene shed as he recounted to the monk the suffering he had endured, which he knew to have been brought on by his disobedience. And early in the morning a lay-brother was dispatched to his parents, who had spent the night in seeking him, whose absence was, however, accounted for by that of the parrot.

When they arrived at the monastery Eugene did not know them; the fright, and the cold, and pain he had undergone, had thrown him into a fever, and many days elapsed before he knew that his fond parents were watching over him. When again he enjoyed that pleasure, it was with many tears he promised that in future he would never disobey their commands, and whenever he again felt inclined to touch what was not his own, to tease his sister, or to be in the slightest degree disobedient, the voice of the parrot, crying, "Lucille! Lucille!" at once brought to his mind all the dangers and terrors he had endured, and made him submit his will to that of those who were older and wiser than himself.

The Dying Monk.

The wonders of asceticism and rigorous self-denial which are recorded of the early members of the famous monastery of La Trappe would have been worthy of the solitaries of the Thebaide; and had St. Pachomius been admitted to contemplate this community, he would have been proud to acknowledge them as brothers. The monks, though living in the same house, were strangers to one another. Each one followed to the choir, the garden, or the refectory, the feet that were moving before him, but he never raised his eyes to discover to whom the feet belonged.

There were some who passed the entire year of their novitiate without lifting up their eyes, and who, after that long period, could not tell how the ceiling of their cells was constructed, or whether they had any ceilings at all. There is mention made of one whose only anxiety was for an only brother whom he had left leading a scandalous and disorderly life in the world. On his dying bed he asked one request of the abbot—it was, for a continuance of his prayers for the same purpose. Father de Rancé retired for a moment, and returned with one of the most useful and valued members of the brotherhood. When the cowl, which concealed his features, was removed, the dying monk recognized the brother for whom he had so often wept and prayed; they had, without either being aware of the other's presence, occupied adjacent cells in the monastery.

In an ancient Florentine manuscript appears the following curious legendary description of drunkenness: "When Adam first planted the vine, Satan came and watered it with the blood of a peacock, with that of a monkey, that of a lion, and finally with that of a pig. This is why the vine's fruits bear all the characteristics of these four animals. When a man takes his first glass of wine his vanity (the peacock) comes to the surface; at his second, the fumes of the liquor mount still higher, and he is so gay and at the same time so silly, that he at once reminds people of a monkey; then he quaffs still more deeply, loses his temper, and is a lion in his rage; lastly, he falls on the ground, and wallows in the mire like a pig."

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879. No. 39.

The Sorrows of Mary.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D.

From Father Faber's admirable work "The Foot of the Cross," which abounds in matter for holy and profitable meditation, warming the heart to devotion and kindling in it the tenderest sentiments of filial affection towards the sorrowing Mother of God, and our Mother, we select a chapter for the edification of our readers this week. Let us not forget that in order to participate in the joys and happiness of our Lady we must also share in her sorrows.

THE SECOND DOLOR.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The Flight into Egypt has always been a fountain of poetry and art in the Church at large, while it has been a source of tears and of rich contemplation to religious souls. It is not only that the mystery is so exceedingly beautiful in itself; but the Gentiles have loved to regard it as, after the Epiphany, the beginning of our Lord's dealings with them. He flies from His own people to take refuge in a heathen land. He consecrates by His presence that very land which had been the great historical enemy of the chosen people, and which was, as it were, the express type of all heathen darkness. Amid those benighted Gentiles He finds a peaceful home, where no persecutions trouble the even tenor of His childish life. The idols fall from their niches as He moves. A power goes out into the rich Nile valley, nay, overflows it, and runs far into the yellow sands of the desert, sanctifying and setting apart the whole region as a future Church, as a blossoming wilderness, as a barren mystical paradise populous with saints. The Fathers of the desert are to pass into a Christian proverb throughout the magnificent West, a phenomenon which men will never be weary of admiring, a living discipline, an enduring academy, in which all future generations of Catholic saints are to be brought up and to take their degrees. Thus the Gentile West has loved to accumulate traditions about the Flight into Egypt, the Sojourn there, and the Return.

If there is not peace in sequestered Nazareth, where shall we find it? Can the eye of jealous power, quickened by the acute discernment of selfish fear, find out the Holy Child amid the many children of that retired village? The evil one will see to that, we may be sure. Peace is not the inheritance either of Jesus or Mary. It is true that He is the Prince of Peace, but not of such peace as earth dreams of. Mary has but lately reached her home. Her heart is broken. She needs rest. It shall come to her in the time of rest, but otherwise than might have been expected. In the dead of night the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, the keeper of heaven's best treasures on earth, and bade him rise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt. The three kings had gone back to the East without letting Herod know whether they had found the new-born King, and who He was. Herod had bidden them return to him; but Scripture does not tell us that they had promised to do so; or if they had, the commandment of God, which came to them in a dream, superseded the promise they had made. Tyranny was not, however, to be so balked, and, lest it should miss its aim, involved all Bethlehem in blood by the massacre of the Innocents. Oh, Mary! see what a stern sister thou hast been to those poor mothers of Bethlehem, who saw thee on Christmas Eve wandering homeless through their streets, they, perhaps, fondling their little ones at their doors! What a concourse of wailing sounds rose to heaven from that narrow hill-top, while the gutters of the streets ran down with blood! It was the law of the Incarnation, the law that was round the gentle Jesus, which was beginning to work. Dearest Lord! His great love of us had already broken His Mother's heart. It was now desolating the happy hearths of Bethlehem, and staining its inhospitable doorposts with blood. And all to keep Himself for Calvary, where He was to shed, with a thousandfold more cruel sufferings, His Precious Blood for us.

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The night was dark and tranquil over the little town of Nazareth, when Joseph went forth. No commandment of God ever found such promptitude in highest saint or readiest angel as this one had found in Mary. She heard Joseph's words, and she smiled on him in silence as he spoke. There was no perturbation, no hurry, although there was all a mother's fear. She took up her treasure, as He slept, and went forth with Joseph into the cold starlight; for poverty has few preparations to make. She was leaving home again. Terror and hardship, the wilderness and heathendom, were before her; and she confronted all with the calm anguish of an already broken heart. Here and there the night-wind stirred in the leafless fig-trees, making their bare branches nod against the bright sky, and now and then a watch-dog bayed, not because it heard them, but from the mere nocturnal restlessness of animals. But as Jesus had come like God, so He went like God, unnoticed and unmissed. No one is ever less missed on earth than He on whom it all depends.

The path they took was not the one which human prudence would have pointed out to them. They returned upon the Jerusalem road they had so lately trodden. But, avoiding the Holy City, they passed near Bethlehem, as if His neighborhood should give a blessing to those unconscious babes that were still nestling warmly in their mothers' arms. Thus they fell into the road which leads into the wilderness, and, Joseph going before, like the shadow of the Eternal Father, they crossed the frontier of the promised land far on until they were lost to the eye, like specks on the desert sand. Two creatures had carried the Creator into the wilderness, and were taking care of Him there amid the stony sands of the unwatered gullies. Sunrise and sunset, the glittering noon and purple midnight, the round moon and the colored haze, came to them in the desert for many a day. Still they travelled on. They had cold to bear by night, and a sun from which there was no escape by day. They had scanty food, and frequent thirst. They knew whom they were carrying, and looked not for miracles to lighten the load they bore.

Old tradition said that one night they rested in a robber's cave. They were received with rough but kind hospitality by the wife of the captain of the band. Perhaps it was her sorrow that made her kind; for it is often so with women. Her sorrow was a great one. She had a fair child, the life of her soul, the one gentle, spotless thing amid all the lawlessness and savage life around. Alas! it was too fair to look at; for it was white with leprosy. But she loved it the more, and pressed it the more fondly to her bosom, as mothers are wont to do. It was more than ever her life and light now, because of its misfortune. Mary and Jesus, the robber's wife and the leprous child, together in the cave at nightfall! how fitting a place for the Redeemer! How sweet a type of the Church which He has founded! Mary asked for water, that she might wash our Blessed Lord, and the robber's wife brought it to her, and Jesus was washed therein. Kindness, when it opens the heart, opens the eyes of the mind likewise. The robber's wife perceived something remarkable about her guests. Whether it was that there was a light round the Head of Jesus, or that the Holy Spirit spoke in the tones of Mary, or that the mere vicinity of so much holiness strangely affected her, we know not; but, in much love and with some sort of faith, the mother's heart divined;—earth knows that maternal divination well. She took away the water Mary had used in washing Jesus, and washed her little leprous Dimas in it, and straightway his flesh became rosy and beautiful as mother's eye could long to see. Long years passed. The child outgrew its mother's arms. It did feats of boyish daring on the sands of the wilderness. At last Dimas was old enough to join the band; and though it seems he had to the last somewhat of his mother's heart about him, he led a life of violence and crime, and at length Jerusalem saw him brought within her gates a captive. When he hung upon the cross, burning with fever, parched with agony, he was bad enough to speak words of scorn to the harmless Sufferer by his side. The Sufferer was silent, and Dimas looked at him. He saw something heavenly, something unlike a criminal about Him, such perhaps as his mother had seen in the cave three-and-thirty years ago. It was the Child in the water of whose bath his leprosy had been healed. Poor Dimas! thou hast a worse leprosy now, that will need blood instead of water! Faith was swift in its work. Perhaps his heart was like his mother's, and faith a half natural growth in it. He takes in the scene of the Crucifixion, the taunts, the outrages, the blasphemies, the silence, the prayer for their pardon, the wishful look cast upon himself by the dying Jesus. It is enough. Then and there he must profess his faith; for the Mother's prayers are rising from beneath, and the sinner is being enveloped in a very cloud of mercy. Lord! remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom! See how quickly he had outrun even some of the Apostles. He was fastened to the cross to die, and he knew it was no earthly kingdom in which he could be remembered. This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise! Paradise for thy cave's hospitality, poor young robber! And Jesus died, and the spear opened His Heart, and the red stream sprang like a fresh fountain over the limbs of the dying robber, and though his mother from the cave was not there, his new Mother was beneath

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the Cross, and she sent him after her Firstborn into paradise, the first of that countless family of sons who through that dear Blood should enter into glory. . . .

How wonderful must have been the thoughts of Jesus and Mary as they wandered over those scenes of God's past mercies, past judgments, past grandeurs! We may reverently follow them in our meditations, but it would be hardly reverent to write our guesses down. It was a journey of hardship and fatigue. At last they reached the shores of the Red Sea, and saw the waters that lay between Egypt and themselves. We can hardly conceive that they did not, as it were, reconsecrate by their presence the exact scene of the Exodus, wherever it was. Thence it would be more likely that they would follow the coast, and round the gulf by Suez, and so pass on to Heliopolis, now truly, for some years to come, to be the City of the Sun. Tradition speaks of trees that bowed down their leafy heads, inclining their branchless stems, to shade with their fanlike plumes the Mother and the Child. It speaks also of the uncouth images of the heathen gods which tumbled, like Dagon, from their pedestals, when the True God went by. There, on the banks of that old river where Moses wrought his miracles, amid crowds of benighted idolaters, and in all the straitnesses of poverty, the Hebrew strangers dwelt, for seven years, for five years, or for two years and a half, as different authorities mantain. Joseph pursued his trade of carpenter, and Mary doubtless contributed to the support of the modest household, while Jesus unfolded His infantine beauties day after day, more delicate and lovely a thousand times in His human loveliness than the fairest snowy lotus that was ever cradled on the bosom of the Nile.

During those years, that Egyptian city was the centre of the world. The garden of Eden was as nothing to it in beauty or in gifts. Thither were the angels gathered in multitudes to wonder and adore. Thither, though men knew it not, went all the world's prayers, its sighs, its secret expectations. Thither also went the voices of pain and sorrow in Heliopolis itself, into God's ear, and that a human ear, in the next street or in the selfsame house. Supernatural actions of consummate sanctity, and of infinite value, were pouring forth day and night from the Human Soul of Jesus in more abundant volume than the Nile-flood at its highest, meriting graces which should carry fertility over the whole wilderness of a fallen world. Beautiful also was the heart of Mary during those years. Her holiness was rising perpetually, her union with God, the closeness of which was already far beyond what any technical term in mystical theology can express, grew closer and closer; so that the Mother seemed to be well nigh identified with the Son, in spite of that whole infinity which always lay between them, as between the Creator and the creature. . . .

So the appointed years ran out; and, when Herod was dead, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in sleep, saying, Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the Child. Joseph arose with the same promptitude as of old. There was no delay. No one at Heliopolis would care to detain them. They were too obscure. They were free to come and go as they pleased. The stars of night were still standing tremulously like thin shafts of light in the breast of the Nile, when they began their homeward wanderings. Once more they saw the waters of the Red Sea. Once more the weary night-wind of the wilderness sighed round them as they sank to rest upon the sands. Once more the hills and vineyard-walls of Southern Judah greeted their eyes, the welcome land which God had chosen. But the cross was not to be removed all at once. The Temple at Jerusalem was their natural attraction. But Joseph knew the value of that treasure he was set to guard; and, when he heard that Archelaus reigned in the room of his father, he was afraid to go there. In his fear he doubtless sought light in prayer, and again a supernatural warning came to him in his sleep, and he was bidden to retire into the quarters of Galilee. So the long journey was made longer, until at length the old home at Nazareth received the three.

Such was the Mystery of the Second Dolor. It extended over an uncertain length of time, for we must not confine the Dolor to the Flight only. Epiphanus thought that our Lord was two years old when He fled, and remained in Egypt two. Nicephorus fixed the duration of the sojourn at three years. Barradius calls it five or six, Ammonius of Alexandria seven. Maldonatus fixes it at not more than seven, nor less than four. Baronius gathers from a variety of considerations that our Lord fled in His first year, and returned in His ninth, thus giving at least seven full years to Egypt: to this Suarez also inclines, though he says that nothing positive can be decided about it. Seven years is also the most commonly accepted time among the faithful. This Dolor presents three different objects of devotion to us: the Flight, with all its fears, its hardships, and fatigues; the Sojourn, with its sense of exile and its companionship with the idolaters; and the Return, with those peculiarities which followed from the increased age and size of Jesus. Some writers dwell on one or other of these in preference to the rest. Pious contemplation may shift from one to another according to its mood. But to comprehend the dolor in its unity, we must

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consider it as a drama in three acts, the Flight, the Sojourn, and the Return, by which, as we shall see presently, it is made a double dolor.

We may now pass from the narrative of the mystery to a consideration of the peculiarities of this dolor.

The first thing to be noticed is, that as Simeon was the instrument of the first dolor, so Joseph was the instrument of this. There was much in this to the loving heart of Mary. There is a certain appearance of cruelty in sending sorrow through those we love. Shakspeare says that the first bringer of unwelcome news has but a losing office. Thus it was at once a sorrow to Joseph to convey fresh sadness to Mary, and to her to receive it from him. The world has often been glorified by heroic examples of conjugal affection. Many have been recorded in history as notable phenomena, which were too precious for the wisdom and the solace of mankind to be forgotten. In the deeper depths of private life it is a pure fire which is burning evermore. But never did marriage throw its divine sanctions round a conjugal love so pure, so true, so intense as that which existed between Joseph and Mary. Never was there such oneness, such identity, such living out of self and in each other, as was in them. It was the very perfection of natural love. Next to her natural love for Jesus, earth has never seen such another love as that between Joseph and herself, unless it were also Joseph's love for the Holy Child. But added to this natural love, there was so much that was supernatural; and supernatural love is not only deeper but more tender than natural love. It brings out the capabilities and depths of the human heart far more than natural affection can do. Joseph was to Mary the shadow of the Eternal Father, the representative of her heavenly Spouse, the Holy Ghost. In him she saw with awful clearness and most reverential tenderness two Persons of the Most Holy Trinity. When she saw Jesus in his arms, it was a mystery to her too deep for words. Tears only could express it. Then the exceeding sanctity of Joseph was continually before her, and she was privy to operations of grace within his soul which probably surpassed those of any other saint. For they were the graces of him who was the master of God's household. While, then, it was an exercise of obedience to him as her appointed master, it was also no slight aggravation of Mary's sorrow, that this time it should come to her through Joseph.

There was a further aggravation in the fact that her suffering seemed to come less directly from God, and more from the wickedness of men, than was the case in the First Dolor. There it was prophecy, God's disclosure of the future, and His infusion of a vivid vision of it to be her perpetual companion. But now the hand of sinful man was actually upon her. She was in contact with the violence of which Jesus was to be the Victim. Here was the first touch of Calvary; and it chilled her to the heart. In our own limited sphere of endurance, we must surely all have felt that there is an additional difficulty in receiving a cross when it comes to us, not directly from God, but through the hands of our fellow-creatures. But not only is it an additional difficulty: it often seems to be the peculiar difficulty. We fancy, doubtless not unfrequently deceiving ourselves, that we could have borne it patiently and cheerfully if it had come at once from Him. But there is something which dishonors the cross in its transmission through the hands of others. Thus it is a trial, not to our patience only, but also to our humility. There is nothing humbling in having the weight of God's omnipotence simply laid upon us by Himself, with the intervention only of inanimate secondary causes. There is nothing humiliating in the death of a dear child, or the taking away of a beloved sister, or in the breaking up of a household by death, or in the desolation of home by some terrific accident. Humility is not exactly or immediately the virtue which divine catastrophes elicit from the soul. But when God punishes us through the injustice of men, through the base jealousies of others, through the unworthy suspicions of unbelieving friends, through the ingratitude of those we have benefitted, or through unrequited love of any sort, then the bravest natures will shrink back and decline the cross if they can. It is true that reason tells them God is really the fountain of sorrow. It comes from Him, even though it flows through others. But nothing except an unusual humility will make this dictate of reason a practical conviction. . . .

Now this Second Dolor, as has been already said, was not a transient mystery. It was not a complete action, done, and over at once. It spread itself over a long time. It endured for years. For all those years Mary had to suffer all these sorrows. Besides the seven years' sojourn in Egypt, which opened the wound wider in the exiled heart day by day, this dolor was a double dolor. It had an echo for it; for the Return was a sort of echo to the Flight. There was the same weary way to travel, the same fatigues, the same privations, and many of the same dangers. The fear, however, was less, or rather it had sunk into anxiety about the great object, the Child's life; though it had still many lesser objects by the way. There were, however, some aggravating circumstances in the Return, by which it is distinguished from the Flight. The age of Jesus presented a peculiar difficulty to their poverty. He was in His eighth year,—too young to walk, too old and heavy for His Mother's

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arms. Either it would entail upon them the cost of some beast of burden, which would also materially increase the toils of St. Joseph in the wilderness, or they must have borne their precious Burden by turns, when He had allowed the natural consequences of weariness, or the soreness caused by the burning sand and prickly sand-plants, to work their will upon Him and make it impossible for Him to walk further. The increased age of St. Joseph was also a feature in the Return which Mary never for a single hour forgot. Labor had bent him, and years—years especially of recent disquietude—had left their furrows on his holy face. He was easily tired; for his strength was soon spent; and Jesus helps less with their cross those that are near Him than those who are further off. The age of Jesus also brought to Mary, as usual, fresh reasons for loving Him, and ceaseless augmentations of the old love; and all this heightened the pangs she was enduring. Moreover, she and He were now upon the road to Calvary; their faces turned right toward it. Can that thought ever have left her through the whole Return? And on the frontiers of the Holy Land fear met them again, and turned them away from Sion, and sent them back to the seclusion of Nazareth. Scripture says: "There is no peace for the wicked." Alas! when we look at the world we are tempted to cry out that it is rather for the good that there is no peace!

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

Yes, it was true. The proud, restless heart was still; the sceptre had fallen from the hands that grasped it so tightly.

Mr. Andrews made all the arrangements, and the second time that Olive entered the walls of Stoneleigh Chase was on the day of the funeral. Mr. Andrews expressed a wish that all the family should be present. One of Miss Stoneleigh's whims had been to build a mausoleum on the grounds, in which she had placed the ashes of her father and mother; and she wished her own to repose under a tomb of splendid marble and the light of a stained window, filled, not with the faces of saints and angels, but with the armorial bearings of the Stoneleigh family.

How strangely the words sounded, as the lead coffin, enclosed in polished oak, and covered with velvet and bullion, was carried in:

"*We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.*"

Was it that link of perfect sympathy between them that made Lord Osterly press Olive's hand, unobserved, as they stood by the grave?

The ceremony was over, the concourse dispersed, and the family party, of which Edgar seemed naturally to be a member, assembled in the library to hear the contents of Aunt Dorothea's will. Charles was there, looking pale. Adrian Stoneleigh, with the air of a martyr, lay back in an easy chair, and Mr. Andrews proceeded to read the will.

It was dated ten days before her death, and began by a number of legacies to her servants and a bequest of five thousand pounds to Adelaide Stoneleigh, together with a quantity of jewelry. Five thousand pounds were bequeathed to Adrian Stoneleigh, and the residue of her real and personal estate, to wit: the great posessions of Stoneleigh Chase, the London house, and invested funds—all and everything—to Olive Mary Stoneleigh, daughter of the late Philip Stoneleigh,—on one condition only, that she could not erect any building for Roman Catholic uses on her land, nor make any endowments for a like purpose. In case this condition were infringed, the property was to pass to Charles Stoneleigh, as also in the case of Olive's death without issue. During Olive's minority, the sole guardianship was vested in Mr. Andrews.

A dead silence fell on the party. Olive looked as if she had been carved in stone; Lord Osterly's eyes flashed with exultation and joy; Mrs. Stoneleigh hid her face in her hands; Adelaide grew crimson, Charles black as night. The silence was broken by Mr. Andrews.

"Let me congratulate you, my dear," he said; "it is a splendid position."

"Yes, my dear cousin," said Charles Stoneleigh, turning towards her; "let *me* also congratulate you. You have played your cards excellently well. I see through your little plan now, and acknowledge myself outwitted."

Olive looked at him with bewilderment. Then the color came back to her face; she rose, and going forward to the table where the old lawyer sat, she said: "Sir, I cannot accept this inheritance."

"My dear, you have no choice," replied Mr. Andrews, with a half-disguised chuckle. You are a minor, and perhaps you forget that by your poor father's will I am your guardian also. I have never interfered, for I had no cause. You were most happily and suitably placed at Ashly, and I contented myself with managing your little fortune. But I have my rights, and, certainly, I shall assert them, if you have any foolish idea of throwing away such a fine property."

"And when I am of age," said Olive, in a trembling voice, "am I not then free?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my dear; but there are two years and more to pass before that happy

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day, and I shall hope all such folly will long since have faded away from your mind."

"I shall not change," continued Olive. "I beg of you to believe me, now—nothing will change me."

"For goodness' sake, Olive, leave off this acting," cried Charles Stoneleigh. "Your *rôle* is played; you can't deceive me any longer."

"Nor me either," said Adelaide, in an accent of inexpressible scorn. "What about your *secret visit* to Aunt Dorothea?"

Olive looked round the room; her uncle's and aunt's faces were hidden, Beatrice was crying, Lord Osterly gazing at her with ardent affection.

Well, there was *one* heart who understood her, and would help. And then a sudden giddiness came over her; the room swam before her eyes, and all was darkness. When she came to herself she was lying on a sofa in one of the grand bedrooms, the housekeeper and another maid in attendance.

She soon recovered, and asked eagerly for her aunt and cousins. They are gone, said stately Mrs. Weston; all the Ashly Lodge party were gone. No one was in the house but Viscount Osterly and Mr. Andrews. There was a little note for Miss Stoneleigh, when she was able to read it.

Eagerly Olive stretched out her hand. A twisted pencil note from Beatrice.

"DARLING OLIVE:—*I* will never, never doubt you, nor mamma, either. We are forced away. We will write.

"Your loving cousin, "BEE."

These few lines brought tears, and did Olive good. She drank the wine Mrs. Weston offered her, and began to move about the room and wonder what was to happen next. Hope rose in her heart. It would only be a temporary misunderstanding. All would soon be right.

A knock at the door, and another note. This time from Edgar. If Olive were able, would she—could she see him? He ought to leave by the evening express. Would she meet him in the rose parlor? he would wait for her in the hall.

Very gladly Olive went down and followed Edgar into the rose parlor, so called because the paper-hangings and furniture were of rose color, and the tall windows opened on a terrace planted with rose trees. Olive sat down in one of the rose-colored chairs, while Edgar stood near her.

"And so it is all over now, darling," he said. "You will, you can be mine, now."

She looked up eagerly. "Are you really a Catholic, Edgar?"

"Not yet, love; but I will be in a week, if you like. You must tell me," he continued, in a bantering tone, "all the forms to be gone through. I don't fancy old Andrews will put any obstacle in the way of our happiness."

"I don't understand," said Olive, timidly. "Are you less afraid of your father?"

"Yes, love; there will be no objection to my marriage with the heiress of Stoneleigh; nor to my adopting the creed of that fair lady."

"Edgar," exclaimed Olive, "you cannot suppose for a moment I shall take this fortune!"

"I cannot suppose anything else, love. Surely you do not wish to see Nora O'Brien, the charwoman's daughter, lady of Stoneleigh? Upon my word, for once, I think, *la tante* was justified in her anger."

Olive tried to speak calmly. A horrible pain was seizing on her heart; she dashed it back; she would not let it in.

"Edgar, it was by my means that Miss Stoneleigh knew of Charles's marriage; by my advice he told her."

"No matter, love; 'tis the fortune of war. Fairly and openly you came by this fortune, and you ought to keep it—aye, and for my sake too. My happiness rests in your hands"; and with a laugh he continued: "I suppose my salvation, too; for on your decision hangs mine."

Nearer and nearer came the pain, like the grasp of a wolf; still she drove it back.

"Edgar, you cannot mean that you now know that the Church is the true one, and will only enter it if you can be rich?"

"My dearest, as I told you before, your fortune will make all the difference, in my father's eyes; and I have felt, always felt, we are too poor to enable me to marry a poor girl. See, love, how frankly I am speaking. I know you never expected this inheritance; but had I become a Catholic, my uncle Rigby would certainly have disinherited me, and it was his fortune I have been counting upon all my life. Oh, Olive, my love! in your sweet simplicity and unworldliness you don't know what it is to have a title and not the means to keep it up. My father's life has been made miserable by this. I determined it should not be so in my case. But this lucky will of Aunt Dorothea alters all things. Now we need no longer stand in awe of anyone. Now I can have the choice of my heart and the religion I prefer."

Olive often wondered afterwards at the unnatural calm with which she spoke. She rose to her feet: "Edgar, I can never be your wife—never; all is over between us."

"Are you so possessed by this wild idea?" cried he, reproachfully; "the fact is, you are overtaxed. I shall not take any answer to-day. When you have time to reflect, you will see it is wrong, it is madness, to throw away such a position."

She fixed her eyes on his face: "Even if I were to change, to accept this position, I would never be your wife—never." She walked out of the room, leaving him petrified. The evening shadows cast their dusky hue on the pale rose-tints of the room. Olive noted this; it seemed to her as if thus faded

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away the brightness of her life; the roses of her youth were withered.

She regained her room and sat down by the window. There was a dull, aching pain in her heart. Her idol had fallen from its pedestal, and her home was gone. With a feeling of indescribable desolation she gazed over the lovely prospect from her window. Her possessions—alas, what mockery! If even they were really hers, what were they in exchange for that she had lost?

So the evening drew on. Again she heard the sounds of wheels. Lord Osterly was departing. Then came servants. Some trunks had been sent from Ashly. Olive shivered. She felt like a criminal cast forth upon the world; then a note from Mr. Andrews: Would she object to going with him on the morrow to London, and to reside awhile in Broad Street? He had telegraphed to the housekeeper to have all ready. Olive thankfully sent an assent. It was like escaping from a prison to leave Stoneleigh and its neighborhood for a while, and she remembered with joy that Mrs. Chester was then staying in London with Lady Wallis.

CHAPTER XI.

When Olive entered the grand, silent house in Broad Street, she felt as if it were her prison. The next morning, however, she remembered joyfully that there was a Catholic church near at hand, and when Mr. Andrews came down to breakfast he was told by the servants that Miss Stoneleigh had just come in from church, and would be down directly.

Olive entered,—looking, for the first time since the reading of the will, calm and self-possessed.

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Andrews, "I must remonstrate. It is not fitting you should be running about the streets."

"I have been to Mass," Olive replied, quietly.

"But, surely, Mass on Sundays is sufficient; and then you can drive in your carriage."

"Mr. Andrews," said Olive, "it is as well we should understand each other. I have had time to reflect. I see it to be my duty to obey you in all secular matters until I come of age; but as regards religion, there can be no interference, otherwise I will appeal to the Lord Chancellor."

"Tut, tut, child!" said the old man, testily, "I am not going to interfere with your religion. I object to your going out alone. Have you not enough servants? You must have a maid of your own, directly."

"Very well," replied Olive; "I will engage a Catholic maid, and she can go with me. I should like to call on Lady Wallis this morning, and I can ask her where I am likely to meet with one."

"Very well; very well!" responded Mr. Andrews; "now let us eat our breakfast, and then I will be off to my office and leave you to your own devices until dinner. You will of course, my dear, alter your dress; get something far more costly, and of rather deeper mourning, under the circumstances. Go to any shops you like, and don't spare money. Bless me, here's the post!"

Yes, here was the post, and letters from Beatrice and Edgar. Olive hastily finished her breakfast and retired to her own room; she did not care to open her letters before her guardian. She read Beatrice's first, and she found enclosed in it a few lines from her Aunt Adrian. Both these kind relatives wrote to her most affectionately. Beatrice told her that Charles had gone to London, and, she believed, had taken Nora with him, but by his father's earnest desire the secret of his marriage was still to be maintained.

Letters of condolence had poured in; one from Lady Baxter, who now looked on Charles as a victim, and to show her renewed friendship, had invited Adelaide to stay at Baxter Park; and Adelaide, thankful to get away from home, was going there.

Then Olive opened the other, and read through many pages of ingenious argument and fervent protestations of affection. She read them, and the last lingering hope died within her. Her idol stood revealed in all its baseness, and Olive's was one of those rare natures which can never love save where they can also reverence. It was to her as if a barrier more cruel than death had arisen between her and Edgar. She had known the sharp pangs of bereavement, but she had now come to that little phase in her existence through which so many of us have to pass when we wail out in extremest pain: "Ah, death is nothing in comparison to this!" This cry went up from Olive's pale lips; it was as if part of her soul were dead. Her reply to Lord Osterly was brief and decisive. She wrote to her aunt and cousin; then drove to Lady Wallis's house. The servant who opened the door looked odd in answer to her inquiries for Miss Chester, but ushered her into the drawing-room. In a few minutes Lady Wallis entered.

"Oh, my dear Miss Stoneleigh, I am so sorry! They ought not to have let you in. Madeline is not here. My poor little Agnes has scarlet fever, and Madeline has kindly taken the three children to Brighton to be out of harm's way. She only went yesterday. The child has been ailing for days and would not leave my lap; but only yesterday the doctor declared it fever. I can't stay away from her. I do hope, my dear, you won't catch it. You don't look well as it is."

"Oh, no," said Olive, with a dreary smile; "I am too old to catch scarlet fever. Give me Madeline's address, please. Thank you, and good-bye."

When she was again in her carriage she had

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herself driven to Mrs. Warburton's, hoping to find Betsie Arnold. Here again she was disappointed. The Arnolds were in the country, but Mrs. Warburton offered to go with her to the shops, for Olive shrank from the idea of going alone. When the weary business of shopping was over, and Olive dropped her friend in Wimpole street, the old lady remarked on Olive's bad looks, and said she should come and see after her the following day. When she did so she found her in bed. Scarlet fever set in, and for many weeks Olive kept her room, carefully nursed by Sisters of Misericorde, and daily visited by Mrs. Warburton. On her recovery, change of air was prescribed, and Mrs. Warburton was ready to go with her. A pleasant house was found near Hastings, to which they repaired. Hastings had been fixed on, not only for its own charms, but because Herbert Warburton was engaged as architect on a large building in the neighborhood and could occasionally come to see his mother. His visits soon became a great pleasure to Olive. Her bodily weakness, combined with mental suffering, had plunged her into a state of depression she had never before known, and did not understand. As her health improved, she wondered what she was to do with her dead heart. The mainspring of her life seemed broken. Religion had lost its charm; life, its meaning. She would have been glad to die, but death does not come at one's bidding; and its cold waters rolled away and left a long vista of life before her. Herbert Warburton guessed her secret. He loved her, and his sight was, therefore, keen. He knew that in her visits to London, always spent under his mother's roof, Lord Osterly had formed a prominent figure in her life. He knew it too well, for he saw that the heart he fain would have won had passed to the keeping of a man he believed unworthy of the trust; now that once familiar name never crossed her lips.

No suspicion of Herbert's feelings ever dawned on Olive. She was unconscious of the origin of that perfect sympathy with which he surrounded her. She only knew that when he was away life seemed intolerably dreary; and when he came it brightened.

But the infection of even scarlet fever does not last forever. Health had come back to Olive, and Mr. Andrews was not going to have his plans frustrated any longer. The London season was on the wane when Olive returned to Broad street to meet the hersonage Mr. Andrews had provided. Lady Lorraine, a widow of middle age, was not very well off, and gladly accepted the charge of Miss Stoneleigh, and the enjoyment of the good things that surrouuded her. She proposed that they should go abroad, and a smile of pleasure crossed Olive's face. Lady Lorraine was delighted. She liked travelling when it could be done luxuriously. So the best of couriers were engaged, and the party started, and amidst the great Swiss mountains and in the old Italian cities Olive's "human heart" came again. Her nature was too finely made to be crushed by the destruction of a love-dream. She came forth from her trial, higher, purer, better,—one of those who

> "Trusting less to earthly things,
> Shall henceforth learn to use her wings."

They wintered in Rome. One of the first letters that reached Olive in that city was from Beatrice, and contained two startling pieces of news: Adelaide was about to be married to Colonel Laxwell, an uncommonly rich man, old enough to be her father, and Nora was dead. Yes, the slight flower so rudely plucked from its stem had faded and died. In her last hours she had been allowed to see her mother and to be visited by a priest.

A few weeks afterwards Olive read the notice of Adelaide's marriage in the papers, and not a month after that she received the news of her Uncle Adrian's death.

Charles was now the possessor of Ashly, and though he begged his mother to look upon it still as her home, she refused, and with Beatrice went to London. Her income was exceedingly narrow, for Adrian Stoneleigh had died heavily in debt.

"But I think you know, dearest Olive," wrote Beatrice, "why we longed to leave Ashly. The desire of both our hearts is to find a refuge in the one true Church of God, and we have taken a quiet little abode near the Church of St. Joseph. We are under instruction, and soon, very soon, we shall be Catholics."

Eagerly did Olive write to Mr. Andrews to ask if she could do nothing to assist her aunt.

"Oh, certainly," the astute old lawyer replied. He would take upon himself the responsibility of settling an income upon Mrs. Stoneleigh during Olive's minority, provided she signed the paper he enclosed. But the paper was not returned, and the Stoneleighs remained in their poverty.

Olive had made the acquaintance in Rome of a pious Catholic family, and Lord and Lady Perensey often went with her to picture-galleries; for Olive's chief delight was in paintings. One day they called to ask her to go with them to the studio of an artist to see a picture they thought she would admire. Olive stood in speechless rapture before it. Never had her ideal of the Divine Features been so fully realized.

"Oh," said she, turning to her friends, "what would I not give to have it as the altar-piece of Lady-well!"

Lord Perensey drew her aside while his wife kept the artist in conversation.

"But that is why I brought you here. Lady Lorraine told me you were going to build a new

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church at Shorbury, and I thought this was just the thing you would like to secure."

"Lady Lorraine!" exclaimed Olive, turning crimson. "A church at Shorbury! I never thought —intended—I didn't know—"she faltered, and then walking back to Lady Perensey with an abruptness and hauteur quite unlike her usual self, she wished the artist good-day.

She was silent and *distressed* the rest of the drive, and when the Perenseys had dropped her at her hotel, Lord Perensey said to his wife: "I hope that poor girl isn't going to turn out a miser or a worldling. Surely nothing could be more natural than for the owner of that immense property to build a proper church at Shorbury; she actually has land of her own there, in the centre of the town."

Lady Perensey shook her head. "She is a sweet girl; but there is something peculiar about her, I can't quite make her out."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mater Dolorosa.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. FATHER O'SULLIVAN.

With bleeding heart, but brow serene, a voiceless martyr stood,
Where murder at its Victim scoff'd, upon the hill of blood;
She bore no wound upon her frame, but in her look of woe
Was more than torture's keenest pain or sorrow's deepest throe.

Unseen the sword that pierced her soul, but worse than death to feel
The pangs she watched but could not soothe, the wounds she could not heal.
Nor barb nor lance a wound so deep to martyr's heart hath given,
As the pale Victim's dying look by which her soul is riv'n.

What, though the calm of death appears upon her cheek and brow;
Though in her glassy eye, the tears, that gushed are frozen now;
Though firmer than the shudd'ring earth, the cross, or rending rock,
Her soul alone unmoved appears amid creation's shock;

Yet not the wailing band whose grief the storm of hatred braves,
The scattered flock that silent mourn—the dead who burst their graves,
Heaven's pall of woe, which o'er the scene its awful shadow throws,
Or the earth's rent and heaving breast, such grief as hers disclose.

Prepared by Heav'n, an anguish more than mortal to sustain,
And yet in all its force to feel the soul-subduing pain;
A seraph's love in agony, a Virgin-Mother's grief,
Pierced like a two-edged sword the soul whose sufferings mock'd relief.

Unlike the favored angel sent with comfort from above,
When man refused to soothe the breast which bled with grief and love,
She feels the woes that seal her lips new bitterness impart
To the last pangs of grief and pain that rend the Victim's heart.

The friend who saw on Thabor's height the glory of that brow
Which, dark beneath its gory wreath, in death is drooping now,
May prove more nobly by that Cross the martyr's love and claim,
Than when in after-life he braved the caldron's liquid flame.

The penitent whose burning tears were poured upon His feet,
Where, cleansed from every stain of earth, her sinless bosom beat;
Who heard no voice, who felt no glance of pity, save from Him,
May rave to see His life-blood ebb—His languid eye grow dim.

But theirs was not the breast that first gave shelter to His head,
When through the gloomy cave the blast swept o'er His natal bed;
Nor theirs the hands that closer prest when murder threatened near,—
The early love whose truth was proved in peril, flight, and fear.

Not theirs the grief so meekly borne, unnoticed and untold,
The tears that through the martyrdom of years in secret roll'd,
As still before her gleamed the sword, red from the Victim's heart,
Destined the ties that bound them here in bitterness to part.

The martyrs following in thy train, amid the death-fire's blaze,
Or robed in their own gen'rous blood, raised high the hymn of praise;
'Mid pain and sorrow's baffled might, a victor's joy they knew:
For them the conquest was achieved, whose strife 'tis thine to view.

But when the conflict darkest raged, around, below, above,
And on thee bent the dying glance of agonizing love;
When burst the piercing cry which told that all was desolate,
What thought could soothe thy wounded soul—what triumph could elate?

And when the bloodless Form which first 'twas rapture to enfold
Once more within the faithful arms lay, breathless, pale, and cold;
When thou did'st close the tearful eye, and wipe the livid face,
Did sorrow's parting e'er inflict the pangs of that embrace?

Yet martyr of the pierced soul—the crucified in heart,

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As in each pang that shook the cross thy love would bear a part;
So first of all that wept or bled around it, thou shalt bear
The honors of its triumph when its glory shall appear.

Mary, Mother of Science.

Mary is the Mother of science; for Jesus Christ, her Divine Son, has wonderfully solved all the enigmas propounded by ancient philosophy. This maternity of Mary, in its relation to the sciences—or, better, to the science of sciences—was begun, inaugurated and established on the day in which she replied to the angel announcing to her that she was the one chosen by the Eternal to be the Mother of the Word—"Be it done unto me according to thy word." A reply in which is shown the most sublime and most profound humility, and upon which rests the immovable foundation of the Christian's hope. Great edifices must needs rest on solid ground; for wind and storm soon sweep away whatever rests upon the moving sand. Now, the Word being the Son of the God of all knowledge, Mary, who received in her womb, by the mystery of the Incarnation, this Word coming into the world to enlighten and save it, is, to science, as a book which can never be sufficiently studied and meditated upon. Therefore it is that Mary is truly the Mother of knowledge. And this prerogative was again confirmed on the day in which the Spirit of light descended in the form of tongues of fire on the Apostles, when all were united in prayer with Mary. From that time science hovered about the Church, and when the Apostles left the Cenacle, they were immediately possessed of the gift of languages to such a degree that they were heard and understood by the diverse multitude that listened to them, and for whom their speech had created a universal language.

Again, since that memorable time the finest geniuses of Catholicity have asked of Mary the key to science, and have acknowledged that to her they owed it. Among others of these great geniuses, Albertus Magnus, the master of the Angelic Doctor, in asking of Mary the gift to praise her worthily, had at the same time asked of her to know the hour of his death that he might be able to crown it by a worthy end. One day whilst discoursing eloquently to an immense concourse that hung upon his every word, suddenly his voice failed him and his intelligence waned. However, after a moment's pause, Blessed Albert took up his discourse and explained to his audience the cause of the interruption. Mary had promised to warn him, he said, by what had just happened, to prepare for his end. The great preacher left the pulpit, received the Sacraments, and sometime afterwards expired in the peace of the Lord.

At the present time, when revolution is every day making greater inroads in the domain of science, let us invoke Mary and ask her to obtain for us the gift of a firm, lively faith in Him who has made her the arbiter of true wisdom. "The beginning and principle of all knowledge is to believe," was excellently said by a sage of antiquity. We should ask, before all, through Mary, for the faith she herself possessed in such a high degree; then ask for hope and love; for we cannot well believe but on condition of ardently desiring the possession of what we contemplate.

Among the numerous sanctuaries in Rome, which the piety of our ancestors in the faith has raised up to Mary, there is one that bears an inscription at once simple and grand: *Sancta Maria, supra Minerva*—Holy Mary, over and above Minerva. Minerva, it is well known, was, among the ancients, the goddess of wisdom and science. She was fabled to have sprung full armed from the head of Jupiter, the father of the gods. What an allegory of the Virgin most powerful, who is truly the seat of wisdom! *Sancta Maria, supra Minerva*—that is, that Mary sees her sanctuary raised upon the ruins of that of Minerva as true wisdom rises above the ruins of false science; that Mary is as far above Minerva as Christianity is above all the religions and philosophies of antiquity.

In these troubled times, when human science is obliterating, corrupting, destroying itself by the most absurd systems, let us have recourse to Mary, meditate upon her title of Mother of Science, and enlighten our intelligence by the torch which she holds in her maternal hands, for the human race prostrate at the feet of her Divine Son.

Who Says the Age of Miracles has Ceased?

Miss Kathleen O'Meara has sent us the following letter from Paris recounting two extraordinary cures at Lourdes. It was not intended for publication, but we feel sure our respected friend will not reproach us for sharing it with our readers. How much good it may effect! to how many other cures may it not be the prelude! May it increase a hundredfold our love for the Queen of Heaven!

PARIS, August 31, 1879.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:—I am tempted to write you an account of a magnificent grace granted to a poor sufferer here by Our Lady of Lourdes. I was visiting a poor work-girl yesterday in company with Sœur T——, (the original of my "Robin Red-Breast"—if she only knew!) The girl was dying (or at least incurably ill) of disease

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of the heart, and had spent her whole fortune, 8,000 francs, in doctors and remedies, to no effect; she had lost the use of her limbs, and was attended in her little room by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul twice a day, when the longing seized her to go to Lourdes with the pilgrimage which set out on the 20th of August. The pilgrims who travelled in the carriage (*car*, you say) with her thought she would have died on the road. She was carried at once, on arriving, to the fountain, but no result came that day. The next day they took her to the Grotto and laid her on the altar for three quarters of an hour, all the crowd praying for her aloud. Suddenly she rose up, and, without any helping-hand, got down from the altar, and walked home to the hospital, all the people shouting and rejoicing, and a great concourse of priests following her, chaunting the *Magnificat*. My mother had seen her two days before she left Paris, and thought her dying. I saw her yesterday, up and about, and highly diverted at the "queer face" the doctor made, who had declared for the last ten months that there was nothing to be done. But this is only the prelude to my story.

Sœur T—— took me in to see in a neighboring room an Englishman named James Trowbridge, whom she has known for some years. He was attacked with disease of the spine, which eventually took the form of abscesses all down the back; his sufferings were great, and the nature of the disease was dreadful, from the constant and copious discharge which required continual dressing of the wounds and changing of his linen, even of the bedclothes. He had lost the use of his limbs, and could only raise the right hand so as to hold a book for a few minutes, when he had to let the arm fall from pain and fatigue. He was a Protestant, but became a Catholic about two years ago. Fr. Denis, whom I hope you have seen, could tell you the history of his conversion. Well, some time ago he heard of Lourdes, and got the loan of M. Lasserre's book. He read it with immense fatigue, and at once felt that he would be healed if he could get to Lourdes. But when the doctors who attended him were asked for a certificate, merely that he might be moved for change of air, no one would give it; they said he was incurable, and could not be moved. The Sisters contrived at last to get one from another doctor, and he started with a large pilgrimage, just this time twelvemonths. When the train reached Poitiers, he was carried out to the Hospital of the Deaf and Dumb Fathers, who dressed his wounds and treated him with loving kindness, but they thought he was too far gone to live through the twenty hours' journey that remained, so the order was given not to take him up next morning. The dormitory was accordingly waked up, the pilgrims hurried away, and poor Trowbridge was left alone in the desolate room. He cried out loud for help, and then wept like a child. At last two Brothers, passing, saw him; he made signs to them that he had been forgotten, and he wanted to go to Lourdes. They dressed his wounds and himself, "just while you'd say Jack Robinson!" and carried him down to the railway. The train was moving off; but the brave Brothers hoisted him like a bundle into the last car, and away puffed the train. The Father Superior, who was on the platform, saw him, and threw up his hands, but it was too late. The prisoner had escaped!

On arriving at Lourdes, he was carried by two Brothers to the Grotto; they undressed him; but his body was in such a state that they dared not take hold of him, so they laid him on a sheet, using it as a kind of girth to lift him into the water. No change took place that day, apparently, but he persisted in saying that he was cured, and would be quite well to-morrow. To-morrow came, and at five o'clock in the morning he was again carried to the fountain, where he had to wait three hours for his turn, fasting, except for the quantities of water which he drank from the fountain after Mass. He was in such a pitiable state that the Brothers who were in charge of the bath smuggled him in, out of his turn, somewhere about No. 50, instead of waiting for 104, which was his number for admittance.

He was again plunged into the water, the crowd outside praying fervently all the time, and the two Brothers also sending up supplications to the Mother of God for him, but Trowbridge himself could not articulate a sound. He was gasping for breath; the Brothers kept saying: "My friend, you must pray for yourself! Call out to Our Lady of Lourdes to help you!"

But not a word could he utter. The cold of the water and the terrible emotion he was enduring seemed to have paralyzed him. They lifted him out of the bath and plunged him in perhaps ten times. Suddenly, as he lay in the water, the strangest feeling came over him. "I can't describe it a bit," he said to me; "I felt as if I were in a dream; and then, all of a sudden, I knew I was cured. I cried out to the Brothers, '*I am cured!*' And with that I *sprang* up in the bath, and without help from anyone leaped out of it into the middle of the room. I felt out of my mind with joy. The Brothers ran after me and embraced me, and wanted to dress me; but I dressed myself, and never even remembered my crutches, but hurried out into the open air, where the crowd was shouting out the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving for my cure. Some were crying. There were a great number of priests; everybody was praying. It was a wonderful sight!"

He went to the Grotto to offer up his thanksgiving to the Mother of God, and then walked

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back to the hospital with the rejoicing multitude, feeling all the time "as if it were a dream."

I leave you to imagine the joy that awaited him in Paris, with the Sisters who had tended him so devotedly, especially Sœur T——, whom he looks on as a saint. The doctors met him differently. One English doctor, a Freethinker, who had pronounced his disease incurable, was amazed and bewildered when he saw him walk into the room cured and well, and when Trowbridge loudly declared that the Blessed Virgin had healed him, the other with blasphemous taunts told him to begone or he would kick him out for an impostor. Another, a Protestant, gave him joy, and, hearing out the story, said: "I wish to God I had your faith!" A third, a Frenchman, shrugged his shoulders and admitted with Lord Dundreary that it was "one of those things which no fellow could understand."

As I was closing this letter, Trowbridge came to see my mother and tell her the story himself. I gave him some books, and amongst them a number of AVE MARIAS. When he saw the blue cover, he looked into it, and said, "Oh! I know this little magazine. It was here I first read about Our Lady of Lourdes!"

So here is one instance more of the work of your blue-winged messenger, that flies over land and sea, carrying good tidings of our Mother and encouraging us all to trust her in our troubles. As my letter is about her, I need not ask you to forgive its length. But I must add a word of congratulation for the miracle she has wrought for you at Notre Dame in raising up that magnificent palace out of the ruins that were smoking only yesterday, it seems to me. It is a positive marvel. With every good wish for its future,

I remain, dear Father, sincerely yours,

KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

The Religious Exercises at Lough Derg.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

This week we have the pleasure of laying before our readers a second letter from Archbishop Lynch, on the pilgrimage of Lough Derg. It recounts the penitential exercises performed there with so much fervor:

LOUGH DERG, Aug. 14, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In my last I promised to continue to speak of the religious exercises performed on making the stations on this holy island.

First there is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; then a *Pater*, *Ave* and *Credo* outside at the Cross of St. Patrick, then the pilgrim proceeds around St. Patrick's Church, and a rougher path could not be conceived. It lies around the edge of the lake. He then goes to the Cross of St. Bridget, where on his knees he recites three *Paters*, three *Aves*, and the *Credo;* then standing with outstretched arms he renounces thrice the devil, the world, and the flesh. The next in order is to go the rough road round St. Patrick's Church seven times, repeating each time one Our Father, ten Hail Marys, and the Creed. The pilgrim has now walked a hard half mile, meditating upon the more painful journey of Christ up the Hill of Calvary. He next proceeds to the St. Bridget's Station, with its crucifix in the centre, and recites three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys and one Creed, whilst going round the station on the outside. Arriving at the entrance, he kneels down and repeats on his knees the same prayers again. He stands up, and then walks round the cross, reciting again the three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys, and the Creed. The three inside circles being completed, he kneels again, opposite the cross, and recites the same prayers. The same number of prayers are recited at the six other stations; then the pilgrim proceeds to the lake, near where St. Patrick kneeled on a rock in the water, praying that the faith of the Irish should never fail. The pilgrims are not now permitted to follow his example in this; but at the water's edge they recite five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, standing, and the same number of prayers on their knees. They then return to St. Patrick's Cross, whence they had commenced, and recite one *Pater*, one *Ave*, and the *Credo*, and finish all by reciting five decades of the Rosary. I noticed the pilgrims going to the lake, after each station, and bathing their feet—hot enough, I presume, after an hour and a quarter's walk on the rough and rocky paths of the stations. I noticed some of the rocks around the stations, upon which all had to step, black and oily from the sweat of the feet of innumerable pilgrims. Those exercises of the stations reminded me of the Armenian clergy whilst reciting Vespers in the great monastery situated in the Bay of Venice, so that these circuits round the stations seem to be of eastern antiquity. St. John Climacus in his book the "Ladder of Perfection" describes the penances done in what was called "the prison" of a certain monastery as most severe, but I think not much more so than those performed on the Island of Lough Derg. The penitential exercises of the station which we have described are repeated three times a day, morning, noon, and evening. The pilgrims, besides, assist at several Masses each day, with an exhortation; then, at twelve o'clock, all make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The priest recites the prayers, and usually gives a short instruction. At six o'clock they assemble again in St. Patrick's Church, when the evening sermon is preached, followed by the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The pilgrims spent the whole night in what is termed the "prison," St. Patrick's Church being used for the purpose. They occupy their time in making the Stations of the Cross, singing hymns, reciting the Rosary and other prayers, and spend much besides in meditating on the malice of sin, the hatred which God bears it, and its punishments.

When morning has fairly dawned they leave the prison, wash their feet and head in the lake, and are permitted to taste a little of the water in the hollow of their hands. They require this little refreshment, as the heat of the prison and the watching all night and reciting so many prayers are most fatiguing. But the pilgrims come to the island to commute, through the mercy of God and the indulgences of the Church, the pains of Purgatory, by this temporal suffering. Formerly during the night an exhortation was given on the great truths of eternity. The pilgrims used to be so often and much excited to contrition for their sins that their sobs and cries, which were contagious, distressed too much the whole island, and on that account the

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exhortation was discontinued. The priests on the island hear confessions the whole day and far into the night. The Bishop of Clogher during the annual retreat appoints a certain number of his priests to attend as confessors during the station. One of them he appoints as Prior, who is his representative on the island. His Lordship often attends himself, and works like any of his priests. After the community Mass each morning, one of the priests is commissioned to bless beads, crosses, and medals; to invest in all the scapulars approved of by the Holy See, and to impart all the indulgences attached. All these religious objects can be procured very cheaply on the island. The ordinary prayers recited during the stations are more numerous than at any other pilgrimage I ever heard of. I counted them, and I believe I am accurate when I say that 321 Our Fathers, 615 Hail Marys, and 93 Creeds are recited each day. The Irish were always noted for their great spirit of prayer and mortification, and when we consider that all these stations are performed each day before the pilgrim takes a morsel of food or drink, we may form some idea of the penances done and the fervor requisite on the island. Pilgrims have assured me that they felt very little inconvenience from the fast or any of the other penances. The old adage came to my mind that "Love lightens labor," and what was said of St. Laurence, that the fire within was stronger than the fire without. There are a few cabins on the island for the accommodation of pilgrims, but these are inadequate in every sense. Many never enter them, but when they are overpowered they snatch a little sleep wherever they can, often on the rocks and grassy mounds of the island which, after all, contains only about an acre. They say that they never get cold, or receive any injury from the wet or exposure of the place. A large and commodious lodging house is about to he erected, which, indeed, is badly needed. Many come delicate enough to this retreat, I am told, and return home healthy and rejoicing, and always resolve to come back again. I found a great number who had performed this pilgrimage seven and eight times. Some said that they came regularly for many years past. There were five from America making the station with us, and we are told that some Americans came in almost every boat.

We thank God that there is one place on earth where the primitive spirit of penance remains, and the one idea of following Christ along the thorny path which leads to heaven dominates. The fervent countenances of the pilgrims, their ages and conditions of life, and the alacrity with which they performed the painful duties of the station, raised me up, and made me despise my own pusillanimity, and encouraged me to perform my station. I could not do more than go round the stations once each day. It occupied me one hour and a half, though the young and nimble can perform them in one hour and a quarter. The Bishop commuted the other two stations to preaching and hearing confessions, which I did willingly. Some prolonged their stations for six and even for nine days, fasting all the time. I know from experience that life on the island is exceptional. One does not feel as usual; he forgets the world and its cares, and fears nothing. One gentleman told me that if he got his feet wet, and did not change his stockings very soon, he got a sore throat; but seeing the others barefooted, he took off his shoes, and performed the penances of the whole day, without the slightest inconvenience. I think that all this, if not miraculous, is at least an especial dispensation of Providence, to preserve in some degree the primitive spirit of Irish faith and Irish mortification. The water of the lake is also exceptional, if not indeed miraculous, It is largely impregnated with iron from many springs, and it tastes very agreeably, when boiled and taken hot. Other water would excite nausea in this condition. The people have great faith in the "wine," as they call it, of the lake. They attribute to its use their strength to go through the stations. St. Patrick knelt in it for hours together, and there prayed so much for the faith of Ireland, that they believe it possesses virtues capable of working wonders. I would advise dyspeptic people to come here and live on the oaten bread, drink plenty of the water of the lake, and perform at least some of the religious exercises; and if they are not vastly improved in three days, they can leave, and blame me. Persons can gain the indulgences granted by Popes to this sanctuary, as at other famous pilgrimages, by confession, Communion, and the usual prayers; but, of course, they cannot expect to gain all the graces attached to the penitential exercises without performing them in full. I found very illustrious names on the registry book of pilgrims kept here.

Many distinguished prelates of the Irish Church have visited this island in latter times, from the Primate of Ireland, who made his annual pilgrimage here for many years, down to the lowest order of the Hierarchy. During the present year's station it was visited by the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishops of Elphin and Achonry, and several worthy members of the secular and regular clergy, who all proclaimed themselves deeply moved and edified by the scenes of the place. It contributes greatly to the fervor of the pilgrims to feel that they are walking on paths moistened by the sweat and tears of thousands of saints, and millions of penitents from the times of St. Patrick.

Father O'Connor has rendered great service to faith and fatherland by his charming book on Lough Derg and its Pilgrimages. It is published by Dollard, of Dublin, and can be obtained from any bookseller. I am bringing, as an offering to our Holy Father, four souvenirs of Lough Derg—1st, the book of Father O'Connor; 2d, a shamrock to be planted in the Vatican gardens; 3d, a piece of the oaten bread; and 4th, a little of the lake water, to show his Holiness the food used by the pilgrims whilst performing their stations, and that only once a day, in the evening, like the Fathers of the desert. Our departure, on the fourth day, was one which spoke deeply to our hearts. Many of the pilgrims had fully dressed themselves, even to their shoes; this was the sign that they had finished their holy work on the island. All appeared in good health, but bore on their countenances the expression of great interior devotion. There was quite a rush to get on our boat, but the singers by a special arrangement were first let in. The boat was weighted to the water's edge.

The Bishop of Clogher, from the boat's deck, pronounced his solemn benediction on those remaining behind; then we followed. The people kneeling on the shore with uplifted hands and tears of devotion, received our parting blessings. Father O'Connor intoned the pilgrim's farewell hymn, which the choirs took up with great fervor. Then his lordship, Dr. Donnelly, commenced the *Magnificat*, which was sung in two choirs, the splashing oars appearing to keep time with the music. I had some blessed medals which I distributed to my fellow-passengers, souvenirs of the pilgrimage, standing the while with my back to the old boat-house to prevent being surrounded and carried off my feet. I succeeded in giving to all with some inconvenience, but at the same time with great pleasure. Oh! what simplicity—what fervor, and reverence for the clergy! Thank God, our good people don't leave this behind when they come to America.

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I must not forget to say that I prayed most fervently at the holy shrine, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the people of the diocese of Toronto, and especially for those who are my co-laborers in the salvation of souls. The same shall I do in every other holy place.

Yours in Christ,

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

VERY REV. P. F. ROONEY, V. G.,
St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

Catholic Notes.

——It is said that a new Catholic journal will appear in France during the month of October.

——The *Univers* announces with deep regret the sudden death of one of its most distinguished editors, M. Chamelot. *R. I. P.*

——RT. REV. DR. TOEBBE, the beloved Bishop of Covington, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on the 14th inst. The occasion was duly honored.

——VERY REV. FATHER DOANE, Vicar-General of the diocese of Newark, who has been absent in Europe for over a year on account of his health, is expected home next month.

——We deeply regret to announce the death of Very Rev. Father Carter, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, the sad news of which reached us just as we were preparing to go to press. *R. I. P.*

——A COLLECTION will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese of Newark on the first Sunday in October for ecclesiastical students. The collection has been diminishing for several years. Bishop Corrigan makes an appeal to his diocesans to be generous, as the need is pressing.

——RT. REV. JOHN VERTIN, the newly-appointed Bishop of Marquette, was consecrated on the 14th inst., at Negaunee, Mich., by Rt. Rev. Bishop Heiss, assisted by Rt. Rev. Bishops Borgess and Spalding. Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, preached. Several other Bishops and a large number of priests were present.

——A MIRACULOUS CURE by the application of a relic of St. Paul of the Cross is reported to have been effected lately at the Passionist Monastery at West Hoboken, N. J. It is vouched for by a respectable physician who says the case is "a complete puzzle to him—that he cannot account for, or understand it." Father Victor of the Monastery says that such cures have frequently taken place there.

——EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.—A special cable despatch to the *Freeman's Journal* announces that Rt. Rev. Bishop Leray, of Nachitoches, has been made administrator of New Orleans, with right of succession; that Rev. Mark S. Gross, of Wilmington, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; and, finally, that Rev. John Brondel, of Washington Ter., has been named for Van Couver's Island *vice* Archbishop Seghers.

——We learn that instructions in book-keeping are given in the diocesan Seminary at Cleveland. This is a good idea. The same Seminary is not without a course of ascetic theology, which is very popular with the students. *Hæc facere, et illa non omittere.* Cleveland has reason to be proud of its Seminary, parochial schools (that of the Cathedral is one of the very best in the country) and diocesan paper, the circulation of which is zealously promoted in every parish by the reverend clergy.

——We hear that at a recent mission in St. Stephen's Church, New York, of which Dr. McGlynn is the zealous and beloved pastor, there were upwards of 40,000 communions. Dr. McGlynn is assisted in his extensive parochial work by several other estimable and efficient priests. The Association of the Sacred Heart in this parish has 4,700 members, with a monthly communion numbering from 8 to 900. Assuredly this is grand work and speaks volumes for the devotedness of Dr. McGlynn and his co-laborers.

——FREEMASONRY.—The publication is announced in France of a pamphlet by Mgr. Tourinaz, in which he intends to prove that Freemasonry is destructive of religion, morality, social order, liberty, equality, fraternity, and true progress; that it is the enemy of the country, and at once an insult to human dignity and simple good sense. He intends to refute all objections, and to demonstrate the truth of his assertions on the authority of the late Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII.

——WESTWARD.—A letter was received by a gentleman in this city recently from a friend who lately went West with his family and settled on 160 acres of Government land, urging him to follow his example, and saying that if the Irish in the East would pay less attention to the politicians and more to their own interests and the interests of their children, they would all move West. The gentleman thinks of forming a party to emigrate with him.—*Providence Weekly Visitor.*

——A SAD END.—What a sad end was that of the unfortunate Franciscan Monk, Giovanni Pantaleo, who died lately in Rome! In the spring of 1860 he apostatized to join Garibaldi whom he saluted as the "Messiah of Liberty." His life was a scandal and his death was in keeping with it. The cross, once his standard, was removed from the hearse, and instead of the holy habit of St. Francis, his body was enveloped in the red shirt. No prayer was said; no tears shed. The impious associates of the unfortunate man were the only witneses of the interment.

——THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL, in the midst of many political crimes and private sins, had a remnant of faith. An order that he had given shortly before his death has just been completed. He had destined two colossal silver lamps for the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord at Jerusalem. These, now finished, have just been sent to their destination. They were made at Turin, and are described as splendid specimens of fine artistic work. The *Unita Cattolica* remarks: "This is a most splendid gift, and not unworthy of the place for which it is destined."

——The widow of the late Henry M. Dixon, of Mississippi, resents the insinuation that her husband died an infidel. She says that a few hours before his death he was baptized into the Church, and the Sisters of Nazareth assisted at the bedside of him who a year before, nursed the fever-stricken Catholic priest and assisted in burying those who died with the epidemic. Verily, the Lord will not be outdone in generosity; these noble acts of Mr. Dixon's, and the prayers they called forth, brought him the light of faith and the grace of baptism before his sudden and unlooked for death.

——PÈRE MONSABRÉ, the renowned Dominican preacher, of Paris, has addressed a letter on the study of philosphy, to M. Xavier Roux, editor of the *Annales de la Philosophie Chrétienne.* Christian philosophy,

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Père Monsabre says, ought not to content itself with exploring the summits of metaphysics, there searching for principles to regulate knowledge and conduct, and studying the constitution and the faculties of man, the history of his intellectual efforts and of his errors: it ought also follow the movement of the natural sciences, and keep *au courant* with the labors of experimental philosphers.

——The Galveston *Daily News* of the 9th publishes the following telegram from Corsicana, Texas: "The corner-stone of the Convent of the Sacred Heart was laid here yesterday (Sept. 7th) with solemn and imposing ceremonies. Right Rev. Bishop Dufal, of Galveston, was present and officiated, assisted by our Rev. P. Chandy. The ceremonial oration was delivered by Rev. Father Spillard, C. S. C., of Austin, who held his large audience spellbound for more than one hour. Col. R. Q. Mills delivered the closing address in his usual happy and eloquent style. Seats had been reserved by Father Chandy for a few special guests, noticeable among whom were Hon. C. M. Winkler, Marion Martin and Sam R. Frost, together with our mayor and board of aldermen."

——Common Schools Irreligious and Godless.—Unfortunately, there are indications cropping out here and there that the charge that our common schools are irreligious and godless, in a much wider sense than intended originally in the objection by the Roman Catholic Church, is in danger of being supported, at least to some extent. The absence of direct religious instruction has been so construed in practice, at least in some, probably in many places, as to admit bald secularism, and even materialism and atheism. The evidences are such as should lead to examination on the part of all the friends of the common schools and a deep anxiety for their future.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

——New Causes of Beatification in Rome.—It is consoling to see, that in spite of the many hindrances laid in the way of the Church in our age, we may still point to the numerous saints it produces. Even at the present time an imposing process of beatification has been introduced. It includes 56 persons, who belonged to the Parisian Society of Foreign Missions, and died in the odor of sanctity in various missions, most of them as martyrs. Every condition of life is represented among the number. It consists of 4 Bishops, 9 European priests, 19 native priests of the mission country, 1 burgomaster, 1 soldier. 1 physician, several catechists, 1 widow, etc., etc. How wonderful is the fruitfulness of the Church, which, in all ages, and in all classes of society, produces saints and martyrs!

——Lady Day in France.—At Saint Malo and the surrounding districts the processions which took place to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption were impressive, by the splendor and pomp which they displayed, and touching, by the unaffected piety of the thousands who took part in them. The most picturesque of these processions was one at St. Servan, where were an old dismantled fishing boat with tattered sails and boys clinging to its spars hoisted upon imitation rocks, to simulate a wreck below; a statue of the Blessed Virgin, whom all the sea-board population regard with special veneration, and beneath the statue a scroll bearing the words *Ave Maris Stella.* It was a touching sight to see the stalwart, weather-beaten seamen as they knelt at this simple shrine, whilst the women and girls devoutly prayed at it for the safety of those far away at the Iceland or Newfoundland fisheries. At St. Malo the military authorities refused to allow the band of the regiment quartered there to head the ceremony, but the local firemen turned out in military uniform, and their band played the processions through the streets of the picturesque old town.—*London Universe.*

——The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes closed magnificently. There were brought to the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes pilgrims from Cazeres, Bordeaux, Niort, Poitiers, Dragingnant and Carcasonne. After the ceremonies at the Grotto, the procession marched to the parochial church and there laid aside its glorious banners. The last Mass was celebrated by Abbé Tournanille, the religious director of the pilgrimage, the pilgrims receiving Holy Communion before departing. The Abbé Barrere, Curé of Lourdes, received them with truly apostolic kindness, expressing regret for the poor condition of his church, but hoping soon to be able to receive pilgrims in a temple more worthy of God and our Blessed Lady. The day of the arrival of the pilgrimage, the Grotto presented an unusual spectacle. Between the grate and the Gave, hundreds of sick, some on litters, others on mattresses resting upon the earth, others again in chairs, awaited the coming of the grace of God. Whilst those in health received Communion at the grate, two priests went through the ranks of the sick and the infirm bearing to each the Bread of Life. When the Masses were ended, fourteen of the sick arose cured: some of dangerous wounds, others of weakness of sight, and others of total or partial paralysis. A soldier, twenty-seven years old, who had been terribly wounded in the late war, by the bursting of a shell, lay upon a litter, totally paralyzed. He had been for a long time at the hospital of Neckers, and was at last brought to Lourdes. But the Blessed Virgin on that happy day cast a look of pity upon him; his frightful wounds suddenly disappeared, and strength returned to his members. He arose quickly and from that moment and during the whole time the pilgrimage lasted, employed himself *in carrying the sick to the miraculous fountain upon the same litter upon which he himself had lain.* Fourteen persons who were first cured went in procession to the Basilica, accompanying the Blessed Sacrament amid indescribable enthusiasm. On the following days, the miracles continued. It would be impossible to enumerate them in detail; they would fill a volume. Some were complete, and these were very numerous; others were partial, and are reckoned by hundreds. The national pilgrimage, upon its return to Paris, heard a last Mass at the Convent of the Assumption. After the Holy Sacrifice, the Fathers of the Assumption threw open the gates of their convent garden, where refreshments were generously distributed to all the pilgrims. The solemn closing of the pilgrimage took place at Our Lady of Victories.

——A Rosary Procession in China.—The Rev. Father Royér, S. J., missionary at Kiang-nan, China, writes from Tchang-tcheou-fou, under date of May 25th, to Rev. Father Pierson, Prior of the convent of Dominicans at Lyons: "Our old missionaries have not waited for their successors to establish the devotion to Mary among the Christians here. The best proof I can give of this is their annual pilgrimage to Our Lady Help of Zose, which we have just completed. What sweet consolation to see, in a country entirely pagan, almost 12,000 Christians united at the foot of the altar of Mary, and hear them praising the Queen of Heaven! On all sides thousands of voices sing the Rosary; on all the roads leading to the sanctuary of our Lady, innumberable pilgrims recite the mysteries as they wend their way. Our missionaries and our secular priests are proud to mingle their voices. The pilgrimage of the Christians of Tchang-tcheou-fou ended this morning,

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May 25th. The pilgrims, to the number of more than two thousand, were obliged to travel twelve days in order to accomplish it, and consequently to sacrifice twelve days of labor. Besides the common offerings, each one presented, in thanksgiving to Mary, his particular offering of flowers, golden hearts, etc. The procession was led by the cross-bearer, with two acolytes in surplice. Next came the banner of the Holy Childhood, followed by two hundred little boys, each carrying a taper and singing the Rosary. Then came the eight congregations which represented Christianity in Ousi, each with its banner; first that of St. Peter, with the Society of the Holy Angels of Tantsin; then those of St. Andrew, St. James, St. John, St. Paul, St. Joseph and St. Ignatius. Each banner was followed by about two hundred Chinese, candle in hand, who joined in the singing. Next in order were the banners of St. Francis Xavier, St. Matthew, our Angel Guardian, St. Michael, and the Sacred Heart. After the clergy came two hundred more Christians, one hundred and fifty young girls of the Holy Childhood with their banner, and one hundred and twenty young girls of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; then about fifty Apostolic Christian virgins, as they are called, and finally one hundred and fifty mothers of families carrying their children in their arms. All sang or recited the Rosary. Beautiful weather favored the procession. There were very nearly 2,000 Communions among the pilgrims of Tchang-tcheon-fou. The Rev. Father Ponplard preached on devotion to Mary through the Rosary. During the whole procession no other prayers were recited than the Rosary. It is not without reason, then, that I call our Christians of Tchang-tcheou-fou devout servants of Mary."

New Publications.

WONDERS OF FLORA. The Preservation of Flowers in their Natural State and Colors. Also containing a Treatise on Ornamental Grasses and Mosses, their Uses, and how to Color them, etc. By H. Acosta Kresken, Practical Florist. Illustrated. Dayton, Ohio: Philip A. Kemper, Publisher. 1879.

The author of this handsome volume has become famous in this country and in Europe for his skill in preserving flowers, having received first premiums for best preserved floral work at no less than eighteen world's fairs. The exquisite beauty of flowers is equalled only by their frailty; but the ingenuity of art has come to the aid of nature, and the delicate colors and fragile forms, and even the sweet perfumes, have been preserved to give pleasure to the senses and to the imagination, long after the dewy springtime and fervid summer have passed away. The imitations of natural flowers has attracted the attention of the beauty-loving artist for generations, but the preserving of flowers in their own natural beauty is a more recent and we believe a more fascinating art; an art destined to attract great attention in the future, and perhaps to become the foundation of an important industry. The work before us gives full and detailed, but exceedingly simple, directions for preserving all varieties of flowers, leaves, grasses, etc. We have chapters on the various methods of drying flowers, on waxing flowers; on preserving autumn leaves, green leaves, ferns, etc.; on forming skeleton leaves, on coloring everlasting flowers and grasses, on bronzing and crystallizing grasses; on mosses, their various uses, and how to dye them; on making preserved and artificial flowers fragrant; on making bouquets, wreaths, etc., also coral flower-baskets, stands, Rose of Jericho beads, etc.; on spatter or spray work; on making pictures of preserved flowers, ferns and mosses; on collecting and preserving butterflies and other beautiful insects; on making wax flowers, fruit-modelling in wax; on paper flowers. It is a book to set a lover of flowers wild with delight. A lady of taste could have no greater treasure from which to ornament her household. With it the beauties of the garden, the glen, and the forest might be with us all the year round, constantly reminding us of the bounty of our Creator and of the gracious sweetness of the world which He has formed even for our earthly habitation.

The publisher, Mr. Kemper, has been known to the public for many years as a dealer in works of art. The fact that he has engaged in the publication of such a work as this, and that he has produced it in so beautiful a style, would, however, have been sufficient to show his superior taste in such matters. In paper, print, illustration, and binding, the book is worthy of the subject, and does credit to the publisher, as the matter does credit to the author. The work is sent postpaid by Mr. Kemper for one dollar and fifty cents.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, for the Use of Colleges. Chiefly from the Works of Frederic Spiess, Professor in the Gymnasium of Wiesbaden, and Dr. Maurice Seiffert, Professor in the Goachimsthal Gymnasium, Berlin. By G. M. A. Schultheis. F. Pustet, Publisher, New York and Cincinnati.

In the publication of this volume there is not merely the addition of another book to the many already existing on the subject in our language, but much is done towards facilitating the study of Greek. Most of the grammars now in use, however systematic they may be in their way, are so full of matter that is irrelevant that although intended to teach the Greek language they seem to suppose a familiarity with it. Text-books ought to be simplified, and something ought to be left for the teacher to do besides listening to recitation. We must say of the Grammar before us that it is the best elementary work on the subject that we have met with. The author has rendered a great service to students of Greek, and will receive the thanks, we think, of every Professor that gives the work a thorough examination.

But a book whose necessity was still more felt, and which comes nearer to our ideal of a work of this kind than any other, is the "Greek and English Exercises," arranged according to the plan of the above, by Dr. T. Breitter, with a supplement containing Greek and English Exercises by Rev. G. Rainer. It is to be regretted, however, that the vocabularies preceding the exercises are not continued throughout.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Thomas W. Harvey, A. M. Revised Edition. Published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The publishers have certainly spared no pains in presenting the new edition of this excellent text-book in an attractive form. A clear page, distinctness in paragraphing, and good-sized type have a healthful influence, we think, on the minds of students. In regard to the book itself, we have found in it much to commend. We are especially pleased with its treatises on Sentences and the elements thereof, and Analysis and Synthesis. Any student who diligently studies the models of Analysis given, cannot fail to become proficient.

——We are in receipt of Number Three of the Eclectic Series of Geographies, and find it to be all that pupils of higher schools can need. In every respect it is

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an excellent book. The illustrations are very good, as also the maps; the print is clear, and the binding substantial.

RECEIVED: "The King's Highway; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation," by Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, C. S. P. Second Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society; *Donahoe's Magazine* for October; *Periodische Blätter;* etc., etc.

Obituary.

On the 9th of September another noble priest died a victim of yellow fever in ill-fated Memphis, REV. CHRYSOSTOM BEINEKE, O. S. F. The remains of twenty devoted priests now await the morning of the Resurrection under Calvary mound.

During his short illness of five days, Father Beineke suffered greatly, bearing all with heroic patience, and wishing only to die as he had lived, in obedience to God's holy will. A few hours before he expired he sent for two Dominican Sisters to remain with him during his last moments. He passed away without a struggle a few minutes before midnight. His funeral was attended by the four remaining priests next day. He had come to Memphis from the North a few days before the fever broke out, and although a natural fear of the dreaded enemy seemed at times to come over him, he bravely overcame it and faithfully performed his mission of charity day and night, among the stricken people. His post of duty in St. Mary's parish was refilled at once by Rev. Father Aloysius, who comes from Minnesota. *Requiescat in pace.*

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 17TH.

The following intentions are recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity: Recovery of health for 78 persons and 8 families,—change of life for 37 persons and 6 families,—conversion to the Faith for 56 persons and 8 families,—grace of perseverance for 16, and that of a happy death for 12 persons,—special graces for 5 priests, 9 religious, 3 clerical students, and 4 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 83 persons and 8 families,—spiritual favors for 71 persons and 7 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 9 communities, 4 congregations, and 11 schools. Also 46 particular intentions and 15 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: A particular intention of a religious in Ireland,—a protectory for boys,—success in business,—profitable sales and purchase of real estate,—several young women in great temporal and spiritual danger, whose conduct is a cause of anxiety to their parents,—success of an application for pension,—several indifferent Catholics,—happy settlement in life for several parties,—some Catholic children sent to Protestant Sunday-schools,—settlement or withdrawal of an unjust claim,—a gentleman deprived of his reason who has been a bad Catholic,—the conversion of an estimable Protestant lady,—means to build a small church,—that a family in distress may remain together and be more successful,—return to their parents of several wayward children,—success of a journey,—success in studies,—the cure of a little boy afflicted with a wasting disease,—some particular intentions of a lady contributor of THE AVE MARIA,—the recovery of three suffering ones.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious lady writes: "I again wish to return thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for favors obtained through the prayers of the Confraternity. A year ago last May, I asked for the conversion of my husband's mother. Since then the entire family, husband, wife and three children, have been received into the Church; one died happily, receiving the last Sacraments. I also asked prayers for our prosperity, and, thanks be to God, we had a splendid harvest." . . . Another correspondent says: "I procured some water of Lourdes about four months ago for a friend of mine, who had been ailing for years with rheumatism and also from a tumor. She was given up by the doctors as incurable and was anointed. We resolved to make a novena, at the same time applying the water to the parts affected, and having her drink a little of the heavenly remedy. She improved rapidly, and I am happy to inform you that she is now cured, and able to attend to her domestic duties and to go out of doors." . . . "Of the water of Lourdes you sent me," writes another person, "I applied some to a young man, the only son of his mother, who was shot, and whose life was despaired of. Thanks to Our Lady, he began to recover immediately after applying the holy water. Thanks are returned also for the following favors: the reformation of the father of a family; improvement in health of a lady; and the conversion, relief and happy death of a young Protestant girl."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. WILLIAM DUNNE, deceased last May. Mrs. SOPHIA MELROSE, of Newport, R. I., who departed this life on the 19th ult. Miss BRIDGET O'NEILL, who died recently at New Orleans, La. For many years she had endured great suffering with exemplary Christian fortitude. A pilgrimage to Lourdes, made a few years ago gave her great consolation and courage. Mrs. ANN NOLAN, of Ottawa, Ill., whose exemplary life was crowned by a precious death on the 16th of July. Mrs. JULIA COLE, of Philadelphia, Pa., for whom the prayers of the Confraternity obtained the grace of a happy death on the 3d of Sept. Mrs. MARY A. HIGGINS, who passed out of this world on the 28th of August at San Francisco, Cal. Mr. HENRY DERWIN, of Chicago, Ill. Miss MAGGIE KENNEDY, Cohoes, N. Y. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Michael Redden, $1; Mrs. Heffernan, $1; John F. McEvoy, $1; Kate McDonough, $1; F. J. Stader, $1; A Friend, 75 cts.; Miss M. Sullivan, $5; For Joseph Sullivan, $5; Mrs. James Biggins, $1; Mrs. Apollonia Pecher, $1; Miss Susan McDermott, 50 cts.; Mr. T. J. Broderick, $2.50; Mrs. C. A. McDonnell, 50 cts.; Robert Schetty, $2; Ellen Burke, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; Owen Cunningham, $1; Charles Mullen, 25 cts.; George Mullen, 25 cts.; Mary Donnelly, $1; Agnes O'Shaughnessy, $1; George Gold, $1; Mrs. Julia Livernois, $1; Mrs. F. Lorraien, 50 cts.; Miss Mary Lorraien, 50 cts.; M. B., $1; Mary N. Cranston, $1.50; Miss Mary Downing, $5.

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Children's Department.

The Story of St. Nazarius and Little St. Celsus.

BY MRS. HOPE.

St. Nazarius, one of the converts whom St. Peter made at Rome, was a Roman noble, and his father and mother were very rich. At that time the whole civilized world had been conquered by the Romans, and the Roman nobles were a very proud set of people. They had thousands of slaves who had nothing to do but wait on them; and if any of these slaves disobeyed them, they punished them very cruelly, and sometimes even killed them. Besides this, numbers of persons, who were not so well born as themselves, used to enter their service and call themselves their clients; and these clients made it their business to please them, in hopes of gaining their favor, and getting in return whatever they wanted for themselves. And so a Roman noble was always surrounded by flatterers, who praised whatever he did, and helped him to do whatever he liked, however wicked it might be.

This was the way in which Nazarius was brought up; and so, before he became a Christian, it was scarcely possible for him to be otherwise than proud and selfish; and no doubt he lived a very wicked life, as the rest of the heathens did, thinking only of eating and drinking and all sorts of sinful pleasures. But at last he happened to hear St. Peter preach, and, moved by the grace of God, he was filled with sorrow for the sins of his past life, and longed to become a Christian. So he went to St. Peter and asked to be baptized; and when he had been baptized, he gave up all that he had, and took up his cross and followed Jesus.

Nazarius had more to give up than most people, and so it must have cost him more to leave it all for Jesus' sake. He was very rich and clever, and as he was not obliged to work for his livelihood, he was accustomed to think that his time was his own, to do as he liked every hour and all day long. But now that he had given up all that he had—his time, his talents, and his wealth, to Jesus—he spent the whole day in praying, or visiting the sick, or preaching to the heathen; and he gave all his money to be shared with the poor Christians, so that he had no longer anything which he could call his own. He had formerly been too proud to associate with any one who was below him in rank; but now he spent his life with poor and common people, such as many of the Christians were, loving them as his brothers, because they loved Jesus. It also cost him a great deal to leave his parents and his gay friends. The Romans had mixed up the worship of their false gods with every action of their daily life, so that Nazarius could not live with his parents as he had formerly done. He could not eat at their table, because all the meat had been offered to idols; he could not go with them to any party of pleasure, because there were sacrifices to the false gods; nor could he walk with them in shady groves, or sit beside the fountains in their gardens, because these, too, were dedicated to their gods. It almost broke their hearts to hear that their son had become a Christian, and was about to leave them; and they besought him with tears and caresses not to disgrace them and bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It was a dreadful trial to Nazarius to make them so unhappy, and to appear so ungrateful to them for all their love and the care they had taken of him from his birth. When he saw his parents' grief, his heart would sometimes almost fail him, but he would strengthen himself by thinking that he saw Jesus bleeding on the cross for his sins, and he would remember our Lord's words—"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." And then he would make up his mind that it was better to grieve his parents than to grieve Jesus, who had loved him and done so much more for him than even his parents had done.

After this great trial was over, it seemed a little one to separate from his friends; but often little trials are harder to bear than great ones. For some time the young Roman nobles wondered why Nazarius dressed so shabbily, and lived so meanly, and spent all his time in out-of-the-way parts of the town, where poor people lived; but at last they came to know that he was a Christian, and then they were very angry with him for taking up such strange notions about a Jew who had been crucified, instead of worshipping the gods, as they supposed all respectable people did. So, when they met him in the street, they would pass him as a low fellow who was a disgrace to his rank, or they would speak to him in a contemptuous, sneering way, which was even more trying to a proud young nobleman.

But Nazarius bore all these trials nobly, and he gave up generously all he had to Jesus, and Jesus repaid him with His grace a hundredfold even in this life. He now increased in virtue from year to year, and his fame spread all over Italy, so that Christians from distant places used to come to ask his advice and receive instructions from him. He was so holy that he was said to shine among the Christians at Rome like a star in the sky.

After Nazarius had been several years a Christian, our Lord told him to leave Rome and go to preach the Gospel in other places. He obeyed, and set off to travel through various parts of Italy, teaching the people and making converts wherever he went. When he left Rome he took with him a large sum of money; but he soon gave it all away to the poor in the places through which he passed, while he allowed himself only the coarsest food and most ragged clothing, and depended even for these on the alms that he picked up from day to day.

At last he arrived at Milan, which was then the second town in Italy. Here his preaching made such a stir that he was seized and taken before Anolinus, the governor of the city. Anolinus asked him his name and station.

"I am a Roman noble," answered Nazarius; "my name is Nazarius, and the name of my family is known to all who have been in Rome."

"A Roman noble, indeed!" cried Anolinus, with a laugh; "a pretty fellow you are to be a Roman noble! Do Roman nobles wear such ragged old clothes as those?"

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And then Anolinus and his officers began to make sport of him as a fool and a madman.

When they were tired of their joke, Anolinus asked him how he dared to make such a disturbance in the town, and to say such wicked things against the gods.

"Because," answered Nazarius, boldly, "Jesus, the only true God, has ordered me to come here, and to tell you that the gods you worship are not gods, but devils."

Anolinus asked who Jesus was, for he had never heard of a god of that name. But when he learned that Jesus was a Jew who had been crucified by Pontius Pilate he was more convinced than ever that Nazarius was a madman and an impostor. He ordered him, therefore, to be cruelly beaten in the face, till the blood flowed down in streams, and he was driven out of the town amid the shouts and jeers of a mob who thought it fine sport to mock and pelt him.

It was contrary to the laws to strike a Roman noble, and once upon a time Nazarius could not have submitted for an instant to such an insult. But now he thought it a great honor to be insulted and buffeted as Jesus had been, and he therefore only prayed to God to forgive his persecutors, and shaking the dust off his feet, he set off to preach in some other place.

God now sent him into France. He travelled through different parts of that country, and wherever he went great numbers of people were converted. At one time, when he was in a town in France, a lady of high rank, whose name was Marianilla, came to see him. She brought with her a beautiful child, who was her son, and she said that she had come to give him to Nazarius. What made her do so, we do not know. It might have been that her husband was a pagan, and she knew that he would not let her bring up her son as a Christian. Or it might have been that she was afraid that when the boy came to be a man, he would be proud of his high rank and his riches, and would not have the courage to give them up and follow Jesus. Or it might have been the pure and simple love of Jesus which moved her to do it. But at all events, we know one thing very certainly, which is, that this dear boy was the most precious thing she had in the world, and she wished to give him to Jesus. So she took him up to Nazarius, and putting his little hand within that of the Saint, she said:—"My Father, I give you this child in charge for Jesus. He shall always go with you wherever you go, until you come to present him to the Divine Majesty." Then she said a short prayer, asking Mary to be his mother, and bidding all the saints and angels take care of him, and she kissed him and went away alone. St. Nazarius took the dear little child, and baptized him by the name of Celsus.

From this time little Celsus never left Nazarius, but always travelled about with him, and shared all his dangers and hardships.

Before this, Celsus had always lived in warm rooms; he had slept in a soft bed; he had eaten nothing but the best food; and he had been taken care of and petted by a kind nurse and a fond mother. But now he led a very different life. Sometimes he lodged in the house of some kind Christian, but more frequently he was with pagans, and then he was ordered off to the barn or stable, as being the place most fit for poor ragged people like himself and Nazarius. There were times when he would have been most thankful even for a stable to sleep in, for occasionally they would be turned out of doors, and would have to sleep under a hedge, or at the foot of a clump of trees. He very seldom got a comfortable meal, for he and Nazarius depended entirely on the alms received, and they lived chiefly on the cold scraps from the tables of the rich, and too often they had scarcely enough even of these to satisfy their hunger. The warm clothes he had on when his mother gave him to Nazarius soon wore out, and no one gave him new ones. His sandals soon became full of holes, and at last dropped off his feet, and then he had to walk barefoot over stones, and through thorns and brambles, which cut and tore his feet and made them bleed. In winter, he was drenched with rain and frozen with cold, and in summer he was scorched by the burning rays of the sun.

This was a sad life for a delicate creature like Celsus to lead, and it would have been no wonder if he had sometimes longed to be back in his father's comfortable house, with his dear mother to take care of him. But the little saint never for one moment thought of such a thing. When his mother gave him to Nazarius, he had offered himself up to Jesus; and though he was so very young, he had determined to take up his cross and follow Him. He did not seem to feel cold or hunger, nakedness or fatigue; he did not care for the winter's cold, or the summer's heat; he did not notice that his food was bad; that his lodging in a stable was cold and dirty; that his clothes were tattered; or that his poor little feet were cut and bleeding. A bright smile was always on his face, and as he walked along by the side of Nazarius, or ran joyfully before him, he was always singing hymns of love and praise. But though he was so happy and cheerful, he did not care for playing like other children. He appeared to be always talking with God, and the holy angels and saints; and the greatest treat he could have was to collect round him little pagan children of his own age, and tell them about the Heavenly Babe who was born at Bethlehem, and had no other home than a stable, and no better bed than a manger. Then it seemed as if he could never stop talking, and he would go on to tell them how this sweet Babe loved little children, and all about His Mother Mary's happiness in nursing Him, and St. Joseph's care of Him, and about the glorious choirs of angels who sang the hymns of triumph at His birth, and about the shepherds and the kings of the East, who came to worship Him in His lowly shed. As he spoke about other things, those who were listening would become so interested that they could not go away without hearing more about our Lord; and so it came to pass that many a soul was converted and saved by the preaching of this holy little child.

But besides the hardships of his every day life, Celsus went through many other trials with Nazarius. Sometimes he was roughly handled by mobs, who attacked them and pelted them with stones and dirt. At others he was thrown with him into cold and damp prisons; and on one occasion he was taken before one of the Roman governors of France, who ordered him to be whipped till he would offer sacrifice to the heathen

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gods. When the governor gave this cruel order, he thought that a few sharp strokes would bring the boy to his senses, and make him give up all the nonsense that the Saint had taught him. But he soon discovered his mistake. Little Celsus did not cry, or wince, as the rods fell on him, but he kept his eyes fixed on heaven, as if he saw beyond the blue sky sights which those around him could not see; and the only words he said, were, "You wicked man! the God whom I serve will judge you." The savage governor was very much enraged at the boy's obstinacy, as he called it, and he would not let the executioners stop whipping him till they were quite tired, and the blood was streaming from his wounds.

It was not long after this that the first great persecution of the Christians broke out. The Emperor Nero, having heard that Nazarius was a Christian, ordered him to be brought prisoner to Rome; and as Celsus could not be persuaded to leave him, he, too, was brought with him. The emperor knew Nazarius's rank, and was acquainted with many persons of his family, and he, therefore, determined to speak to him himself, thinking that he should easily persuade him to give up his folly. But Nazarius did not care for all the gold and silver, and all the honors with which the emperor tried to tempt him, because nothing less than the bright crown of martyrdom, and the high honor of serving the King of kings, could satisfy him. The only answer he gave to all the emperor's offers was, "*What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?*"

Nero was a cruel tyrant, and very few people dared to contradict him, so he was the more angry with Nazarius; and finding that his words had no effect on him, he flew into a great rage, and ordered him and Celsus to be thrown into the sea.

There is something very dreadful in being drowned, in being plunged into the deep sea, and in fighting and struggling hopelessly for breath; but Nazarius and Celsus did not think about the cold dark waves, or the deadly struggle of suffocation, but only about the bright heaven to which they would go. The emperor's officers took them out to sea in a boat, and when they were at some distance from the land, they threw them overboard. There was a great splash, and Nazarius and Celsus disappeared for a minute; then they rose, straining for breath, but no one tried to help them, and they quickly sank again. In another minute they rose a second time, and their breathing was hard, and there was a gurgling noise as if the water was choking them; but the cruel boatmen only laughed at their death struggle, and they sank a third time to rise no more. Then the men rowed towards the shore, and kept up their spirits by joking, or counting how much money they would get for their bloody day's work.

In this thoughtless mood they went along, and had almost reached the land, when, suddenly looking up, they saw Nazarius and Celsus, the very persons whom they had just drowned, walking on the sea, and coming towards them. They thought they must be their spirits, come to punish them for their sins; and so throwing down their oars, and falling on their knees, they called on the gods to have mercy on them, and begged those who were risen from the dead to forgive them what they had done against them. Nazarius ordered them not to make such impious prayers to devils, for that it was the Lord Jesus who had saved him and Celsus from drowning, and that He would forgive them all their sins, if they would repent and be baptized. It was some time before they could listen to Nazarius, or be comforted by what he was saying; but at last they became more calm, and rowed to shore. And when they were landed, they threw themselves at Nazarius's feet, and begged him to tell them who was this mighty Jesus, whose name they had never heard before. Then Nazarius instructed them in the Christian Faith, and, by the grace of God, they were converted and baptized.

Nazarius and Celsus being now at liberty, set off again to travel through Italy, preaching the Gospel wherever they went. They came at last to Milan, where they were seized by Anolinus, the same governor who had formerly treated Nazarius so roughly. As Anolinus now knew that Nazarius had spoken the truth in calling himself a Roman noble, he did not dare on his own authority to punish him; he therefore threw him and Celsus into prison, and wrote to inform the emperor of what he had done, and to ask what more he was to do to them. Nero was very much enraged to hear that the persons whom he believed to have been drowned were alive, and he desired that they should be beheaded. His order was immediately obeyed, and St. Nazarius and St. Celsus were beheaded together, on the 28th of July, A. D. 68, on which day their feast is kept by the Church. More than three hundred years after their death, their bodies were found at Milan by St. Ambrose.

An Anecdote of Haydn.

The great musical composer Joseph Haydn, whose masterpieces can hardly be equalled by our modern artistic world, was the son of a poor wheelwright of Rohran, in lower Austria. His father played the harp, and his mother usually accompanied his playing with her voice. This it was that first awakened the great musical talent in young Haydn. In later times, when he once found himself making one of a company in which were several other renowned musical composers, one of them started the question, what would be the quickest means of restoring the inward strength when it was exhausted by continual labor? One of the composers present said that in such a case his best resource was a bottle of champagne; another asserted that when he needed relaxation from overwork he sought it in cheerful company. Then Haydn being asked what means he was in the habit of using, who was so constantly at work, the pious *artiste* modestly replied: "I have in my dwelling a little domestic chapel, and when I am tired I go in there and pray: and this means has never failed to bring me renewed strength."

Would that everyone did like the pious Haydn! How richly would they experience power and strength, consolation and alleviation in every suffering. But, alas! these are sought everywhere save in God; and if found elsewhere at all, they prove but of scant value in the end.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 4, 1879. No. 40.

[For the Ave Maria.]

Salve Regina.

Hail, Heaven's great Queen, of mercies Mother mild,
Our cries lamenting and repenting hear,
Life, Sweetness, Hope of Eve's forlornest child,
Loud weeping in this vale of many a tear.

Wherefore, in pity, advocate benign,
Turn thou on us those meek, compassionate eyes;
Grant that thy Jesus, thy womb's fruit divine,
Life's exile closed, to raptured sight may rise.

Clement and pious in thy virgin state,
Mary, sweet Mother, Maid Immaculate!

CHARLES KENT.

The Mysteries of the Rosary.

MEDITATIONS UPON THESE MYSTERIES AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY AGAINST THE EVILS OF THE SOUL.

The holy Rosary, in its mysteries, presents, for our meditation, subjects simple and varied, easy and sublime, within the reach of all intelligences, proper to all states, as well as to all the wants of the soul. This it is that constitutes the great advantage of this cherished devotion, and endows it with an excellence that renders it superior to many others. For, amongst all the practices of piety in honor of the Blessed Virgin performed by the faithful, there is none that possesses such an intrinsic abundance of spiritual resources and riches. Take the various scapulars, associations of prayer, the little offices, even sodalities and confraternities; all these, though excellent indeed, offer us nothing like the Rosary. This devotion alone has the privilege of uniting, with its prayers, a series of meditations, which, in its entirety, presents all that is most beautiful, most fruitful, and most perfect in our holy religion.

We cannot speak of the infinite good that will result from the conscientious and frequent practice of these meditations, joined with the prayers, it is so great and so much above our appreciation. If the mysteries of the Rosary, when meditated upon, are for Jesus and Mary a source of glory, they are for us, in the same proportion, an inexhaustible source of benefits. We shall consider some of them—we shall be moved to pluck the delicious fruits produced by the tree of the Rosary when they are presented before our sight.

I.

Meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary is a preservative and remedy against a multitude of evils. This, certainly, is an advantage of no small importance. Whence comes it, in fact, that the earth, in a spiritual point of view, presents a sad spectacle of desolation? The Prophet Jeremias tells us in these words: *Desolatione desolata est terra, quia nullus est qui recogitet corda.* "With desolation is the whole world made desolate, because there is no one that thinketh in his heart" (Jeremias, xii, 14). In this age, styled as it is the age of progress and enlightenment, is it not the case that a great number of souls are in the grossest ignorance in matters of religion? And how many others are buried in the darkness of error, doubt, prejudice, who call good that which is evil, and true, that which is false! Faith is weakened and lost, in the same proportion that ignorance and error lead away souls. Blasphemy, sin, spiritual misery, increase and develop in turn, as faith diminishes, and is lost. Amongst Christians themselves, many live in forgetfulness of God and their duty; indifferent in regard to their salvation: *Multi infirmi et imbecilles, et dormiunt multi.* Many languish in the path of good, are sterile in virtue, overburdened with misery, lie torpid in sin or their bad habits. Terrified, indeed, should we be were we able to contemplate in all its details this desolation with which the earth is made desolate. God alone can measure its extent and sound its depths. It is but too easy to verify the words of the Prophet. The cause, or at least one of the causes, of this evil is, that no one reflects in his heart. If the sinner permits himself to be drawn into evil, it is because he does not think of God and loses sight of what concerns

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his salvation. When the Christian wearies and loses courage, it is because he does not give his soul the bread of celestial truth—because he does not meditate, in his heart, on the great mysteries of faith and the wonderful examples of Jesus Christ, from which he might derive the light and strength of which he is in need.

II.

Meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary prevents these, evils and brings a remedy against them. It prevents them, because the one who faithfully recites his Rosary and meditates upon its mysteries cannot forget God nor lose sight of the fundamental truths of faith; therefore he cannot fall into the abyss of ignorance and error, nor remain indifferent to the great affair of salvation. If the poison of evil comes to insinuate itself into the heart, the thought of a God made man, crucified, glorified for him, will cause him to reject it with horror. Such a soul will preserve his faith; he will nourish it with these pious meditations, as the flame of a lamp is fed by the oil. Like that of the valiant woman, his lamp shall not be put out in the night of temptation and adversity of the present life. This soft light of the Rosary will protect him against the perils of darkness, the seductions of the world, and the allurements of the passions.

But if, unfortunately, faith is extinguished in such a soul, if sin reigns therein as in its own kingdom, because it has lost the thought of God its Saviour, and the memory of all that He has done for it; this very thought, this remembrance, brought back to its mind by meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary, will touch it and cause it to return from its wanderings. Oh! if those poor souls that are separated from God, could sometimes reflect seriously on the great truths recalled by the Rosary, it would suffice to cause a vivifying ray to penetrate them, which would renew them and banish falsehood, vanity, sin, and all its consequences. This is the effect of reflection—that internal and serious meditation of our heart. It makes us understand the horror of sin, and the infinite goodness of God; it establishes truth within us in place of falsehood, and the more we taste and appreciate it, the more does it make itself felt in the soul. We are moved by it, and stirred up sometimes even to the depths of the heart. Then we enter upon a change of life and take efficacious resolutions for our conversion and return to God.

III.

Now, meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary is more particularly adapted than anything else to produce in us these happy effects. Serious reflection upon any one of the truths of faith, made fruitful by the grace of God, is always salutary, and bears living fruits: meditation upon the grand truths of our last end is capable of inspiring us with that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and of turning us away from sin. The Holy Spirit Himself assures us of this. It is not less true that the consideration of the infinite mercy of God, as presented to us in the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary, is capable of inspiring us with greater confidence and of attracting our hearts more sweetly. In these mysteries, Jesus shows Himself as the divine Physician who comes to cure our ills; as the Saviour who has done all, suffered all, even unto death, to deliver us from slavery, darkness, the death of sin, and to give us life. It is not a judge that we consider in the Word Incarnate, in Jesus crucified, in Jesus risen again: we there find a friend, a father, a benefactor, a model, a Saviour, a God who vivifies and rewards. What can be better adapted to touch the heart, to preserve it from the contagion of sin, to heal the wounds of the soul? How can anyone think without fruit on all that the Son of God has undertaken for us; the humiliations of His Infancy, the dolors of His Passion, the splendors of His Resurrection? Is it not from these mysteries that directly flows every salutary grace and reconciliation with God? The children of Israel having been the victims of the bite of the venomous serpents which attacked them in the desert, God ordered Moses to make a brazen serpent and raise it up as a sign of salvation, that those who looked upon it might be cured of the contagion. This brazen serpent was a figure of Jesus Christ crucified; for as Moses raised up the serpent in the desert, so also the Son of man was lifted up, that those who believed in Him might not perish but might possess eternal life. Can not the consideration of Jesus crucified heal our wounds much more effectually than the sight of the brazen serpent cured the Hebrews? The virtue that directly proceeds from Jesus and His cross gives to our own reflections greater efficacy in delivering us from sin. We look to Jesus, and He, in turn, looks upon us: we move Him by the consideration of His mysteries, and we ourselves are touched and cured of our internal wounds. A pious woman said in the Gospel: "If I can but touch the hem of his garment I shall be healed." We, too, shall be healed, if we meditate with confidence on these mysteries from which proceeds a virtue more efficacious than that of His garments.

Add, too, that the thought of Mary, the refuge, the advocate of sinners, mingles with the thought of Jesus incarnate, suffering and glorified: and this sweet thought serves to inspire us with still greater confidence. When the sight of the evils with which our souls are covered inspires us with distrust and fear, Mary is there as a Mother, to reassure us. Thus our meditation will be more useful and more efficacious in healing our wounds, and renewing the strength of our soul,

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when Mary comes to aid us in dissipating the darkness, awakening us from our sleep, leading us from sin, inspiring us with feelings of repentance, firm purpose of amendment, and sincere conversion. How many souls that have wandered away desolate and lost, have felt the happy effects of the meditation of the Rosary! May it please God, through the merits of Jesus Christ and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that all those who are yet in this sad state may have the sweet experience of this powerful remedy for the evils of their soul!

The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "OUR LADY'S JASMINE," ETC., ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER XII.

The London season came round, and Miss Stoneleigh of Stoneleigh made her *début.* She was presented at court, and pointed at as the greatest heiress of the day; or, in *fashionable* slang, "the greatest 'catch' going."

"And so handsome into the bargain!" said the Duchess of Berwick to her son.

The Duke languidly replied he would look at her and think about it. To the intense joy of his mother, after his first inspection, he actually roused himself to pay Olive some attention, and, naturally considering that a Duke of Berwick was not to be bound by any of the rules that beset ordinary mortals, and that no woman living, unless of royal blood, could do aught but jump for joy at becoming his choice, his grace, on the third occasion of his meeting with Miss Stoneleigh at a garden party, graciously offered her his hand.

On the morning of the following day, the Duchess called upon Lady Lorraine to speak to her in confidence.

"There must be some mistake, dear Lady Lorraine!" she said. "Is Miss Stoneleigh shy, or is there any attachment? I cannot think she can really mean to refuse the Duke."

"My dear Duchess," rejoined Lady Lorraine, "she is quite impracticable; she is capable of anything. I don't think she cares to marry. Probably she wishes to reign as her predecessor did."

The Duchess sighed, and evidently regretted that there could not be a *lettre du cachet* to compel any lady honored by her son's notice to marry him.

So passed the year, and the story was always the same about Olive. People said they could not make her out. She was in perfect health and bright spirits. She enjoyed a fair amount of amusements with zest, but so steadfastly resisted Lady Lorraine's efforts to turn pleasure into toil, that her chaperone had to yield.

She went frequently into society, but would never stay very late. Her happiest hours were spent in the little cottage where Mrs. Stoneleigh lived. Fain would Olive have had her aunt stay with her; but she knew by so doing she would be unable to see Charles, and so when Aunt Adrian hesitated, Olive did not press the offer. But Beatrice often came to see her, and went with her to sights and parties.

The sorrows and cares of the last few years had toned down Beatrice's overwhelming spirits. She had grown into a very charming young woman, full of fun and life. She was an ardent Catholic, and her warm affection for Olive was very delightful to the latter.

Olive had dreaded an encounter with Lord Osterly; but this she was spared. His father was in a dying state at his house in Scotland, and Edgar in constant attendance on him.

But Edgar kept up a frequent correspondence with Mrs. Stoneleigh, and thus Olive heard of his doings, and gathered that he had still not lost hopes of winning her. She smiled to herself; his power over her was gone. She had passed through deep waters, but now she was landed on the other side. She frequently saw the Warburtons, and thought Herbert looking somewhat pale and worn. She had no suspicion of the cause. He could see no hope of winning her affection, and her very position as heiress of Stoneleigh made him draw back from efforts in that direction. Olive thought him rather too much engrossed in his profession, and occasionally gave a sigh as she remembered the pleasant days at Hastings.

Colonel and Mrs. Laxwell were in London; the latter one of the beauties of the day. They had a grand house in Belgravia, and Adelaide enjoyed to the full all that wealth and fashion could do for her, and as she lived in a perpetual whirl of excitement it was not easy to tell whether she was really contented with her lot.

Olive ventured to question Beatrice about Charles. She found he was much changed for the better since his young wife's death. He lived quietly at Ashley, doing his best to pay off the heavy debts caused by his extravagance and folly. The only complaint against him was that he seldom went to church. He could not stand Benson's absurdities, he said, and other churches were too far off. He spent a good deal of time in reading, particularly on Sundays, and, in short, was no longer the gay, selfish, frivolous young man of the past.

Another year went by, chiefly spent abroad, for nothing could induce Olive to visit Stoneleigh Chase, and Mr. Andrews consoled himself with the thought of a grand demonstration on her coming of age. He believed she had thoroughly accepted her position as a great lady, and

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liked it, and month by month he put more power into her hands.

Olive's birthday was the 31st of May, and early in the preceding April she returned to town. One day, soon after her arrival, she received a visit from a lady she both loved and honored, for Miss Graham was one of those who had devoted her time, and talents of a high order, entirely to the cause of the poor.

"My dear Miss Stoneleigh," said her visitor, "I have come to you on business. I think you know the terrible wants in St. Cyprian's parish."

"Indeed I do," said Olive. "My cousin and I often go there. The wants are perfectly appalling, and ladies can do so little."

"That is just what I think," returned Miss Graham. "What would you say to having a convent there of Sisters of Charity, with a hospital, a *crêche*, and a night school?"

Olive's eyes shone with delight. "If only we could find the money, it would be the very thing we want."

"Dear Miss Stoneleigh," said her visitor, "you are on the eve of your majority. Could you not make this the first offering of your wealth to God?"

Olive colored. "No, dear Miss Graham, I could not," she said, gently.

A look of deep disappointment gathered on the kind, good face; tears came into her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" said Olive.

"Oh, my dear, never mind; it is like my folly, in making plans. It has been in my mind for a long time, but I did not like to speak before. You will do what is right, I know"; and after a few words she took her leave.

A day or two after a card, bearing the name,

REV. WM. PARR,
Ladywell, Shorbury,

was brought to Olive. She greeted this visitor warmly. "So you are the successor to dear Father Boughton," she said. "I have felt his death so much! When I heard from Mrs. Chester of his illness I was going to see him, when there came the news of his death."

"Yes, he was a good, holy man," said Fr. Parr. "I must try to follow in his footsteps, and my Bishop says I am not to let the grass grow under my feet. I must build a new church in the centre of the town. You know how the population has increased, and is increasing every year, and especially the Catholic poor. So I want to build a church and turn Ladywell into a convent. What do you say to that ambitious scheme, Miss Stoneleigh? Mrs. Chester encourages me."

"I say, Godspeed you," answered Olive, smiling.

"Then I think my cause is won," said the young priest, eagerly. "You will help me, Miss Stoneleigh, won't you? Your own land is in the town."

"But you know, Father, the terms of the will."

"Yes, yes. I am not asking you to give a site. I do not think there is a foot of your land unbuilt upon, but I want you to help me with the church. I have a site in my mind. I can get it now, and it will soon be gone. You know the town, Miss Stoneleigh. Well, it is in Mary Street. Could there be a better place?"

"No," said Olive, calmly. "It is a good place; but, Father, you must not count on me; I cannot help you."

"Miss Stoneleigh!" ejaculated the young man; "you are not misunderstanding the will, surely."

"No," she replied. "I know I should have the power, but I *cannot*."

"I fear it is *will not*," said the priest.

Olive made no answer.

The priest rose. "Well, Miss Stoneleigh, I have no authority to say more. I hope you will reflect. It is not my own cause I am pleading, but that of the poor; and I plead not only for their temporal relief but for their souls. Oh, my dear young lady," and here the young priest cast a hasty glance round the elegant room, with its many signs of luxury, "are you not afraid those souls will meet you and accuse you before the Judgment-seat?"

Olive's eyes were closed, and she was very pale.

"Do reflect!" said the priest; "I am sure you will. You will write to me, I know. I shall not stay, now," and he advanced towards the door.

"Stop, Father!" said Olive, rising, and looking full at him; "don't go away with false hopes. I *cannot* do what you ask me."

The priest bowed and withdrew, saying to himself, as he passed through the hall filled with rare exotics: "*How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!*"

After he was gone, Olive went to her oratory and remained there some time. Then she went out, and after passing through a few streets, knocked at the door of a large house and asked to speak to Father Temple.

"Well, my child," said that good counsellor, after she had spoken for a few minutes, "you are not *obliged* to do this thing, and it is well for you to count the cost before you act."

"Father," she replied, "besides these two visits that I tell you of, I have heaps of letters on my table. Some ask me to save orphans, some to rescue outcasts, others to adorn some poor sanctuary, others to help foreign missions; and the knowledge that I could do all this perplexes me."

"Well," he replied, "you have six weeks before you yet. Why not make a retreat, and there, in silence and solitude, decide what you would have wished to have done at the hour of death and the day of judgment?"

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CHAPTER XIII.

On a bright, sunny morning, the closing day of May, Mrs. Stoneleigh and Beatrice had come at Olive's earnest request to spend the day with her. Olive remarked something peculiarly bright and joyous in Beatrice's face, while her mother looked a little sad, but yet very peaceful.

"I know Bee has some news for me," said Olive, looking keenly at her. "Perhaps I shall now find out why I was kept so long waiting at Father Temple's confessional, yesterday."

"Well, Olive," said her aunt's gentle voice, "God has been good enough to accept an offering from me. Beatrice is going to be a nun of the Good Shepherd."

"Dearest Aunt Adrian!" said Olive, clasping her in her arms; "then you must come and live with me."

"No, darling," said Mrs. Stoneleigh; "this grand life of yours would not suit me. I wish either to live with Mrs. Chester, if she will let me, or board in a convent. I have so much lost time to make up, you know, and I should like, if I may, to live as close to my Lord as I can."

"But not with Madeline, auntie," answered Olive. "I have had a letter from her this morning; she has gone home."

"Home!—to her husband do you mean?" exclaimed her aunt and cousin.

"Yes; and rumor has it that Mr. Chester has resigned his living and is to be received into the Church. Dear Madeline! her long years of prayer and patience have been rewarded."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a servant who came to say Mr. Andrews was in the library; and scarcely had Olive said she would come to him immediately, when another servant brought a card:

"CHARLES STONELEIGH,
Ashley Lodge."

"Ask that gentleman to go into the library," said Olive, in a clear, firm voice.

"She showed the card to Aunt Adrian and Beatrice, and before they could reply she drew them with her to the library.

Mr. Andrews, with a mass of papers before him, was sitting at a table; Charles Stoneleigh, looking pale and agitated, was standing near him.

"Thank you, Charles," said Olive, extending her hand, "for obeying my summons. Please sit down. Now, Mr. Andrews," she continued, "let us lose no time. I, Olive Mary Stoneleigh, am of age to-day, and can act freely—can I not?"

"Yes," murmured the old man," "and I hope you will do nothing rash."

"I shall do that," replied Olive, "which has been my fixed resolve for over two years. I renounce this inheritance of Stoneleigh Chase in favor of my cousin Charles. I will at once build a Catholic Church at Barnham, on Stoneleigh land, and thus break the the condition of the will. I know I should not be allowed to lay the first stone; but it is my fixed determination to renounce all."

"Very well," said Mr. Andrews, crossly, "have your own way, and repent at your leisure. You have enjoyed your riches, and you will see how you will miss them. Mr. Charles Stoneleigh, I congratulate you, and shall be happy to take the neccesary steps to put you in possesion of one of the finest positions in the country."

Charles Stoneleigh went forward to Olive and took both her hands in his. He was deeply moved. "Can you forgive me, Olive, for my cruel injustice?"

"Yes, Charles, with all my heart; that was done long ago. I am sure you will be a good master at Stoneleigh."

"And, Olive," continued he, "when I received your letter, yesterday, I knew pretty well what it meant. I came to town and showed a copy of the will to a competent judge. Olive, there is no bar to my building a church at Barnham."

Olive's eyes filled with tears—tears of joy. Her answer was short. "Charles, God is very good to us."

.

Some three years have passed away since the scene we have last described, when one day the Earl of Duntocher, ascending the steps of the Madeline, in Paris, came suddenly face to face with a lady and gentleman who were leaving the church. For the first time since the day of Aunt Dorothea's funeral, Edgar and Olive met each other. A sudden start of surprise, and then Olive put out her hand: "How do you do, Lord Duntocher? I am glad to meet you. I think you know my husband, Mr. Warburton?"

A few commonplace remarks followed. The Warburtons were leaving Paris the next day, after a long tour in Italy and the East. They soon took leave of Edgar, and descended the steps. Edgar looked after them. "She is perfectly happy," he said. "One can read it in every line of her face. An architect's wife, instead of the mistress of Stoneleigh Chase! Well, I could never have understood her—it is as well we parted, though I shall never care for any one again. What a bore it is to have to drag Lady Duntocher about to all these places! Her vulgarity attracts notice. One makes an awful sacrifice in giving these rich tradesmen's daughters the rank they set their hearts on attaining; they don't know how to use it.

.

But we must not take leave of Olive in Paris. We must follow her to Stoneleigh, whither, on her return home, she went.

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Charles had married Eva Pevensey, the daughter of the friends she had so esteemed in Rome. He had become a Catholic, and a noble pile of buildings at Shorbury attested his liberality. He had erected a large church, presbytery, and schools. Ladywell House had become a convent. All these, Olive Warburton and her husband visited with thankful hearts on their way to Stoneleigh.

The next day, Charles and Eva drove them to hear Mass in the church at Barnham. It was small, for the needs of the place did not require a larger church; but it was very beautiful. Stained glass shed a ruddy light over the fair pillars and groined ceiling. Eva touched Olive's arm, and made her look at the sanctuary. It was painted. Branches of olive twined with lilies, while in the midst there rose a celestial form with a jewelled crown—"Olive of the fields, Lily of the valley"—the image of the Heavenly Mother who had so fondly watched over the child, who through the strain of fiery trial has been faithful to her.

L'Immaculee Conception.

The following sonnet was composed by Henri Rochefort in 1854, on the occasion of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady:

Toi que n'osa frapper le premier anathème,
Toi qui naquis dans l'ombre et nous fis voir le jour:
Plus reine par ton cœur que par ton diadème,
Mère avec innocence et Vierge avec amour;

Je t'implore là-haut, comme ici-bas je t'aime;
Car tu conquis ta place au céleste séjour,
Car le sang de ton Fils fut ton divin baptême,
Et tu pleuras assez pour règner à ton tour.

Te voilà maintenant près du Dieu de lumière;
Le genre humain courbé t'invoque la première;
Ton sceptre est de rayons, ta couronne de fleurs!

Tout s'incline à ton nom, tout s'épure à ta flamme;
Tout te chante, ô Marie! ... Et pourtant, quelle femme,
Même au prix de ta gloire, eut bravé tes douleurs.

OVER the triple doorway of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

Padua.

BY THE ABBÉ ROLLAND.

Padua is one of the oldest cities in Italy, and, I may say, one of the most interesting. It has a population of about forty-five thousand. It was founded by Antenor, after the taking of Troy.* The Romans, who were the masters of the whole Italian peninsula, always treated Padua with the greatest consideration; so much so, as to allow the people to have their own senate. Padua was destroyed by the devastating army of Attila; rebuilt, and again destroyed by the Lombards. But it again arose from its ashes after the triumph of Charlemagne over these barbarians. Though the mother of Venice, "the City of the Sea," it yielded to it the sceptre of power, but to-day both are under the iron heel of King Humbert.

Padua lies in an agreeable and fertile plain; the surrounding hills produce the sweetest oil and the most delicious wine in Italy. Constantine Paleologus used to say, "I would willingly believe that Padua was the scene of the Terrestrial Paradise if I did not know the contrary."

The day of my arrival was a charming one; the sun shone in all its wonted splendor; I could hardly have realized that it was the end of January, so bright and beautiful did everything appear. Remembering that this was the city of the great St. Anthony, my first visit was to the beautiful church dedicated to his memory. While on the way, some of the charming episodes of his saintly life occurred to my mind. He was the friend and father of Padua, which he loved with a love akin to that of our Blessed Lord for Bethany, and merited to become its beloved patron.

This admirable Saint, who was the spiritual son and contemporary of the great St. Francis, recalls, by more than one trait of his amiable character, the sanctity and grace of his seraphic father. Born at Lisbon, he was brought to Italy by a chain of circumstances visibly providential. Altogether intent upon concealing his virtues and talents, which were of a high order, no one in his convent suspected the great gifts which nature and grace had endowed him with. He kept silence and prayed. One day, however, obedience obliged him to speak before his brethren. It was a revelation. The holy Spirit spoke by his lips, and St. Francis, taken by his marvellous eloquence, ordered him to devote himself to the office of preaching. His success was beyond all expectation; and whenever he preached, delighted throngs hung on his words; and more than once God showed in a sensible manner that He was with His servant. On one occasion he preached before the Pope and Cardinals in solemn consis-

* *Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit.*—ÆN.

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tory, when eminent men from different nations, Greeks, Latins, French, German, Sclaves, English, and others, were present. He spoke as one inspired, and announced the word of God in a manner so efficacious, so devout, so penetrating, so unctuous that all present, understanding every word, were amazed. It seemed as if they saw renewed the miracle of Pentecost, and the Pope, in admiration, exclaimed, "Truly this is the ark of the covenant, and the treasure of the Holy Scriptures."

More than once God made use of irrational animals to show how men should listen to his words. St. Anthony was at Rimini on one occasion when a great number of heretics had assembled there, and, burning with a desire to win them back to the way of virtue and truth, preached to them for several days, and argued with them on the truths of our holy Faith. But they not only would not yield to his arguments, but even shut their ears to his discourses. St. Anthony, by divine inspiration, walked one day by the seashore, and, saddened by the obstinacy of the heretics, which he besought God to soften, he commanded the fishes of the sea to listen to the praises of their Creator. "Hearken," he said, "to the word of God, O fishes! since the unhappy heretics do not deign to listen to it." As soon as he had spoken these words, a multitude of fishes appeared on the surface of the water, holding up their heads and arranging themselves in the greatest order according to their size, the smallest in front. It was described by the witnesses as "a spectacle most fair to see." The sermon was as follows:

"My brothers, the fishes, who are, as well as we, the creatures of our common Creator, you are much bound to praise your Creator, because from His hand you have received your being and life. And for your home He has given you this noble element of water, fresh or salt, according to the needs of your nature and support, and therein secret places in which to hide; He has willed it to be clear and transparent, so that you may see what to seek, and what to avoid; He has also given you fins, and strength to go whither you will. But most of all, you should thank Him because you alone, of all creatures, were saved in the universal deluge, so that you have increased in number beyond all others blessed by God. You were chosen, that in the belly of one of you the Prophet Jonas should be safe for three days, and then that you should replace him alive on dry land: you paid the tax and tribute for our Lord Jesus Christ, and His chief Apostle Peter. You were His food, both before He died and after His Resurrection. For these reasons, and many more which do not now occur to me, you are much bound to thank God."

At these words, and the other instructions which St. Anthony added, the fishes began to open their mouths, bow their heads, and by other signs gave praise to God. Then St. Anthony, seeing the respect of the fishes, and their reverence for their Creator, rejoiced, and exclaimed: "Blessed be the Eternal God, whom the fishes of the sea honor more than heretical men!" The longer St. Anthony preached the greater became the number of fishes, each of which retaining his place, the most perfect order was preserved. An immense number of people from the city, among whom were the heretics that St. Anthony had been trying to convert, flocked to the shore to witness the miracle. The heretics, seeing so astounding a spectacle, were touched to the heart, and threw themselves at the feet of St. Anthony in humble submission. Then the Saint with great joy began to preach to the assembled multitude, and with such power that the heretics were convinced and converted, and the faithful were edified and consoled. Having finished his discourse, St. Anthony dismissed the fishes with the blessing of God. They took leave, manifesting extraordinary marks of joy. Our Saint remained several days at Rimini, making many converts by his preaching, the fame of the miracle of the fishes having attracted large audiences.

Whilst recalling these events, I arrived at the shrine of the great patron of Padua. I cast a rapid glance at the famous equestrian statue of Gattamelata, then full of emotion passed into the church. First of all, I prostrated myself before the tomb of the Saint in the beautiful chapel dedicated to his memory. The church was begun in 1255 by Nicholas of Pisa, and completed in 1307. It is of Gothic architecture, but its six lofty domes give the exterior a Byzantine appearance which is not without grandeur. The façade is entirely of marble, ornamented with four columns in composite order, of Carrara marble, with beautiful statues. Many works of art, and at least three chapels, attract the observation of the artist as well as the devout Christian. First of all place the chapel of St. Anthony: *Divo Antonio Confessori sacrum.* The most precious marbles, the finest bronzes, the richest carving, the most remarkable bass-reliefs adorn the altar. It is one of the most splendid chapels I have seen in all my travels. It is the work of the Florentine architect Sansovino. The façade is of white marble relieved with colored panels; the whole, set off with black marble, resembles an arch of triumph. The marble columns, covered with bass-reliefs and surmounted with arcades, form a monumental entrance. The vault was sculptured by Titian Minio. The tomb of the Saint is enclosed by four beautiful large stones of green marble, very costly and very rare. The three statues of St. Anthony, St. Bonaventure and St. Louis of Toulouse in bronze, as also the four angels that support the candelabra, are *chefs-d'œuvre* of the cele-

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brated Titian Aspetti. Around the chapel are nine other bass-reliefs representing scenes in the life of St. Anthony.

This chapel is indeed a marvel, and in admiring it, the words of Frederick Ozanam recurred to me: "It would seem to suffice to inter a saint in any spot to cause all the arts to flourish there."

Pious and fervent pilgrims constantly surround the tomb of the Saint, who is one of the most popular in Italy and throughout the whole Christian world. He is especially invoked to recover things that have been lost, and almost always the effects of his watchful protection are experienced. Numerous *ex-votos* bear witness alike to the confidence of the faithful and the power of the Saint with God.

Let us ascend the steps of the choir and admire the bass-reliefs, in bronze, of the balustrade, representing two miracles in the life of St. Anthony. The chisel of Donatello has depicted the Saint exposing the breast of a miser to show that he has no heart; Anthony finds a stone in place of a heart. He could not more eloquently prove how avarice deadens all noble and generous feelings. This scene is portrayed by a master hand. It would be difficult to find more variety and grace in pose, more accuracy in form, more life and animation in so small a space.

The candlestick intended to receive the Paschal candle is a remarkable work of the celebrated Riccio, and cost him years of labor. "One cannot imagine greater richness of invention," says a modern writer, "so many and so different, such lavishness of ornamentation, an entire world, Christian and pagan, so wonderfully brought together, and yet distributed with so much tact that in each there is not the slightest appearance of crowding. On the square sides are represented various scenes from the Gospel."

Pagan figures are scattered here and there at the cornices, to set off these carvings, together with numerous smaller figures. The beholder is lost in admiration of the skill and ingenuity of the artist. Everything in the church is admirable; the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, with the bass-relief of Donatello; the Chapel of St. Felix, with its paintings, the finest that Southern Italy produced in the XIVth century; the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, with its grand marble statues; the nave, with its rich and elegant tombs; the chapter-hall and the treasury, with their works of art, Gothic censer and its numerous paintings: all this makes St. Anthony's one of the most splendid sanctuaries of Italy; but the most treasured of this church will ever be the relics of the Saint, which there repose.

On the 7th of April, 1263, St. Bonaventure, another glory of the Franciscan Order, came to Padua to preside over the solemn translation of the relics of St. Anthony. The great Doctor, on seeing the tongue of the Saint miraculously preserved incorrupt, exclaimed: "O blessed tongue, which didst always bless God, and cause others to bless Him—now appears how much glory thou hast acquired!" A reliquary brilliantly adorned contains this precious relic. The sermons of the Saint, written with his own hand, are carefully preserved in a case.

Here, too, is preserved the cup of the heretic Alleardino, a soldier whom curiosity had led to Padua. Whilst at table, towards the end of a repast, heated by copious libations, he gave utterance to horrible blasphemies against the Catholic Faith. Suddenly he arose, and taking up his glass, cried out: "If your Anthony is as powerful as you say, let him prevent this glass from being broken when I throw it to the ground." Then going to one of the windows of the banquet hall, he threw the glass with all his force to the pavement below. The glass was not broken, and Alleardino, in astonishment at its preservation, swore to become a Catholic. He immediately arose, went to the Sanctuary of the Saint, bringing with him the glass, and praying him to preserve it by his power in the treasury of the church as a standing witness of his power, and as a proof of his own repentence.

I left the dear Church of St. Anthony with regret, after kneeling once more before his tomb and imploring his protection.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A Victim of the Falk Laws.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Not many years ago, I was passing through the third and second classes at the lycée of Treves, and translating into my mother-tongue the adventures of Æneas and the wanderings of Ulysses. My master endeavored to drum the verses into my ear by beating the measure on his silver snuff-box, and gave himself a world of trouble to create in my not sufficiently appreciative mind a feeling for the beauties of the Greek and Latin tongues. All the same, when I had to explain an unusually difficult construction, I mentally sent my heroes to that convenient city whose walls apparently fell down to make room for all the disagreeables of the universe. At that time I was far indeed from divining that I also was to have my Æneid, and earn a right to appropriate the fair-sounding name of *Polutropos;* but my adventures during the past few years have, in reality, no inconsiderable analogy with those of my classic heroes, and therefore, as I do not hope for a Homer or a

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Virgil to sing them, I undertake to do so myself.

In the war of which these personages were the victims, the combat was carried on with swords and spears around the walls of Troy: I have had to fight and suffer in a struggle for principles, the objective of which is Rome. They were tossed upon the seas, and made acquaintance with Scylla and Charybdis, with Circe the sorceress, and with Cyclopæan monsters; I have had frequent relations with gendarmes, soldiers, May-law functionaries, the fortress, the prison, and other products of civilization,—having for their object to make of me a man *parfaitement comme il faut*,—and have finally been carried away on the unchained winds, and borne by a Prussian Eolus into a corner of Pomerania. My predecessors suffered hunger and thirst, heat and cold; I have done the same, with this difference, that I had no chance, like them, to roast lambs and drink the milk of goats. Even in the varieties of my toilet I was fated to resemble them. They were compelled to quit their armor for the skins of beasts, and I, to exchange my long black robe for elegant little garments of a modern cut, which gave me immediately an air of *culture*.

It is from no vain spirit of boastfulness that I consign my adventures to paper. I would fain forget all I have suffered, and hope that my peregrinations are those of the last martyr of progress. People do not jest with suffering. Besides, I have merely done my duty, and have thousands of companions in misfortune, who have suffered the same things as myself, and more also; nor should I have even thought of putting my Odyssey into prose, had I not been earnestly entreated to do so. But as my story is, as exactly as possible, that of my brethern in the priesthood, I shall, by simply and faithfully relating what has happened to myself, present, though but in the form of a sketch, a *tableau vivant* of the progress of the day, with its lights and shadows,—that progress which is as unbecoming to an age of professed toleration as a bruise from a heavy blow would be upon a fair and smiling face.

In writing these lines, my heart is painfully divided between joy and sadness, satisfaction and affliction. The firmness and devotedness of the Catholics to their Church and their priests fill me with gladness. Of this devotedness I have had proofs so many and so touching, that the mere remembrance of them brings tears to my eyes. But when I think of all the sufferings which the Church is enduring, and which I have witnessed, even in the smallest villages, as well as in places of greater numerical importance, my sorrow is profound; as it must be of all who have seen for themselves the fatal consequences of the struggle between the State and the Church, the inevitable result of the aggression of the civil upon the spiritual power.

Gentlemen are nowadays much in the habit of sitting round a green table, reading concocted "reports" through colored glasses, and feeling the wiser for the proceeding.

I have wandered from village to village, I have seen with my own eyes, and felt with my heart, and have at the same time rejoiced and wept. I rejoiced to see the courageous faith and deep religious conviction of the people, and wept to hear the lamentations of these famishing and unfortunate ones who asked in vain for the food of their souls. Sad and strange are the scenes which present themselves to my memory, and which I will endeavor to describe one by one as they passed before me, or rather as I passed before them. So far as my humble personality is mingled with these grand scenes of progress, I beg the reader to consider me solely as the representative of a principle, and merely an individual personification of the sufferings I have only shared in common with so many banished and imprisoned priests.

For this reason, as well as for others, I shall avoid mentioning names, except in cases in which it shall appear indispensable to give them, and will endeavor to carry on my narrative in such a manner that particular persons and events shall not in any way interfere with the general view of a picture which aims at faithfully representing the religious troubles and political blunders of our time.

I reckon, beforehand, upon sympathy; not for myself personally, for I do not intend to be known, but for the cause to which I am devoted. I have, besides, the more right to this sympathy, because I address myself to Catholic readers, not to men who wear liberal colors. These champions of progress have neither heart nor understanding for the sufferings of the Church, and may leave unopened these pages, which are not worthy their enlightened gaze, nor of value to any but a brave "Ultramontane," since it is by the heart of a thorough "Obscurantist" that they are inspired.

Should this narrative help to strengthen the faith and courage of a few good Catholics, and kindle yet more brightly their love for Holy Church, my object will be attained.

After this lengthy preface, I pass to the question, promising to spare the reader any superfluous observations, and to confine myself to the relation of facts.

CHAPTER II.

What is my name, age, appearance, etc., it matters little to know. The reader will find all the information necessary on this subject in the course of the narrative. When, for instance, he learns that, one fine day, when on board a steamer on the Moselle, I donned the red jacket of a sailor, to elude the pursuit of a gendarme, the said

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jacket split in all its seams as soon as it was on my back, he will know that I have tolerably broad shoulders, which need not shrink from a weighty burden. Let him imagine, for a moment, that he sees before him a young parish priest in a long black cassock (as a matter of course) a round, broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of spectacles, which allow him to see further than is becoming in an Obscurantist, or than is pleasing to the gendarmes.

It was no fault of mine, if later on, I exchanged the uniform of a black gladiator for that of a traveller in wines. I am then—and this is the important part of the matter—a young *curé*, installed as such in the year of grace 1873, after the promulgation of the celebrated May Laws.

In October of the same year, I arrived, light of heart, to take possession of my place, that is to say, of my curé, not of my presbytery; for the doors of the latter had been duly closed and locked before my arrival, and the keys had wandered into the pocket of the mayor. Nothing remained for me but to effect an entrance by the back door. This fashion of installation from its novelty, did not fail to draw to the spot a goodly number of my parishioners, who declared themselves ready to introduce my furniture by the same way. In this manner, I had soon comfortably arranged my little affairs, and patiently awaited the issue of the proceeding; meanwhile accommodating myself to my singular position, as owner and master of the house, without the keys.

My happiness, alas! was not to be of long duration. Next morning the mayor honored me with a visit, and cut short my thanks for his very early attention, by roughly bidding me remember that I had forced my entrance into a closed house. Such, however, was not the case, for I had found the garden gate unlocked; and, far from breaking into the house with felonious intentions (particularly as it was empty), I had brought into it several articles of furniture. Upon my representations to this effect, he found himself obliged to abandon his *procè-verbal*, and consoled himself by ordering me immediately to vacate the place.

This was no business of mine; for, in the first place, I was there by command of my Bishop, and had a canonical right to the curé; in the second, I liked my personal tranquillity too well, so soon to set about seeking a new social position. The rigid dignitary stamped, stormed, and gesticulated, threatened to *have me* thrown into the street, and at last decamped without deigning to accept the glass of wine and the cigar which I had the amiability to offer him.

The execution of his threat presented certain difficulties. In vain he took the trouble to run all over the village, and beat the *rappel*. To his anger and amazement, not one of my parishioners would stir a finger to haul my furniture into the open air. Even the golden bait he offered did not produce the slightest effect upon one of the hundreds of people who had gathered round the presbytery. At last the police agents drew the hands of justice out of their pockets, and prepared to put me and my small possessions into the streets. A gendarme laid one hand on my shoulder, drew out a pistol with the other, and thus conducted me out of my house.

I left the stove red-hot; and as it was thus still more recalcitrant than myself, no one ventured to touch it, neither the gendarmes nor the mayor wishing to burn their fingers, even on behalf of the new laws. It remained, therefore, in possession of the house, and, I suppose remains there still.

My good parishioners looked on with grief in their hearts, tears in their eyes, and fists clinched in their pockets. One worthy man insisted on lodging me in his house. On my asking, "Who will give me a hand?" every one hastened to assist in lifting my furniture into a wagon. In less than an hour I was installed in my new abode. "The beginning is not bad," I thought. I made myself quite at home, and, in the press of occupation, forgot to return the visit of the mayor. But I was soon to hear of him. He was charged, "by order from above,"—or below,—to inform me, that by default of any preliminary announcement to the first president, on the part of the Bishop, the Government regarded my nomination as curé as null and void, and ordered me to abstain from all and every ecclesiastical function, under pain of incurring, in all their rigor, the penalties of the new laws. The zealous magistrate addressed an analogous monition to the president of the churchwardens and his counsellors, with explicit orders to make known the same to all the parishioners. I was thus, in the most complete manner, put under the ban of the Commune. The schoolmaster of the place, a liberal sapling, watered by municipal wine, and basking in the sunshine of civil administration, received, for his part also, the following prefectoral communication:

"By decree of the Royal Government at —— of —— it is resolved that every ecclesiastic named as having acted in contravention of the law of the 11th of May, 1873, is excluded from all right of giving religious instruction in the school. The curé of —— is in this case. Should the said curé advance any pretensions on this matter, you are requested to communicate to him in due form the tenor of the administrative decree; and in the event that, notwithstanding your opposition, he shall persist in attempting to impart the said instruction, you are desired to furnish me with immediate information of the same. This portion of instruction, also, being confided to your charge."

Thus, then, both church and school were closed against me. I asked myself, what, in the eyes of the Government, could be the part left for me to play? If I had not scrupled to act upon certain insinuations made to me, and prefixed the

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adjective *old* to my title of Catholic, and so signed myself a traitor, benefices and emoluments, honors and prefectorial favors, were ready to rain upon me. But as I have a conscience as well as a heart, as I am mindful of the oath I made to my Bishop, as I prefer the sufferings of this life to those of the next, as I do not wear a chameleon's skin, and as I refuse to hang up my cassock to serve as a weathercock, I persisted in my obstinacy; and, as the inevitable consequence, felt the iron grasp of the god Progress close more tightly upon me.

A short time afterwards, I received a monition to appear before the municipal forum, to answer for my legal transgressions in the exercise of ecclesiastical functions unauthorized by the civil authorities. I had baptized children; there were godparents and midwives who could swear to the fact. I had celebrated Holy Mass; a police agent on duty had been present at it. I had preached; the schoolmaster had heard me, and prepared a report of my sermon. I had buried the dead; the sacristan and grave-digger could not deny it. In short, I had laid to my charge so lengthy a catalogue of crimes that the paper on which the heinous list was written might have served for the register of Don Juan's Leporello.

It is needless to say that I paid no attention to this amiable invitation. I then received a second, on the part of the *huissier*, or constable, to appear before the Tribunal of Correction at Treves. I was condemned for contumacy to pay a fine of three thalers, or submit to one day's imprisonment. I did not pay the fine. To the despair of my good mother, my furniture was seized, and carried into the street to be sold. Having, in the times we live in, learnt some little tricks of trade, it occurred to me to sell all my furniture to my host, to hinder its being sacrificed beneath the hammer of the town-crier. Thus there was nothing to be seized but myself. I had not long to wait. The first condemnation was quickly followed by a second, imposing on me a fine of one hundred thalers, or a month of prison. Being in no hurry to find myself in the *Priests' Hotel*, or the Hotel *Bulles*, behind the Cathedral of Treves, and having no intention of repairing thither of my own accord, I left the public force to take whatever trouble it thought proper. It presented itself one fine morning, in the spring of 1874, in the form of a well-known gendarme.

CHAPTER III.

The news of my arrest spread in the village, like the wind. Hundreds of persons came, weeping and sobbing, to grasp my hand before I was marched off. It was a moving and heart-rending scene, which I shall never forget, and which I cannot describe. The sobs pierced my heart. Overcome by these manifestations of the affection, devotedness, and fidelity of my dear parishioners, I could, for the most part, only give them my hand in silence. At last I forced myself to articulate a few words, to encourage them in their firm attachment, come what might, to the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, our Holy Father the Pope, the Bishops and faithful priests, and ask them to pray for me. It was with difficulty that we made our way through the crowd. Many of my flock accompanied me to the railway station. Then, with tears in their eyes, they were beginning to hurrah, and it was only at my entreaty that they retired quietly to their homes. A priest, witnessing a spectacle like this,—a demonstration, not got up to order, but spontaneous, and from the heart,—a priest who sees the tears of so many earnest Catholics, fears nothing; and may, with a lofty resignation, march to meet the sufferings, persecutions, and darkness of the future.

Even the gendarme was not without emotion.

"This is a painful service," he said, as we went along. "I would rather take a hundred murderers to prison than one priest!"

"Is it because we do not follow willingly?"

"Assuredly you do! It is because I have the look of being more guilty than *you*. I would sooner break stones on the road than go on with this trade much longer!"

"You only do your duty. The responsibility rests with your superiors."

"All very well: but I repeat that this is no pleasant trade. My family suffer from it. My wife cannot get a drop of milk in the village. The people will give her nothing, simply because she is my wife."

"This is unjust. As soon as I am out of prison it shall be altered."

We pursued our journey without further incident to Treves. My guardian angel took care to deposit me safe and sound in the old Roman city. The ancient cloister of the Dominicans would, doubtless, never have dreamed that, after the expulsion of the sons of St. Dominic, the Bishop and priests of the diocese of Treves would be sent by order of the royal Government, and in the interests of progress, to make their meditations and spiritual exercise within its walls.

Without going so far as J. J. Rousseau, and wishing to be shut up alone with pen, ink, and paper (the unfortunate man afterwards had the realization of his wish, and found it very bitter), I nevertheless consoled myself by reflecting with the poet, *non minus solus quam solus; non minus otiosus quam otiosus*. A Catholic editor, one of my companions in misfortune, said to me that it would not be disagreeable to relegate, for a time, to the chamber of oblivion, our cares, anxieties, politics, and other dangerous occupations, and give ourselves up to the *dolce far niente*. Did not this pleasing idleness present itself hemmed

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in by high walls, and amid the clanking of sabres and the rattling of keys? As far as he was concerned, he may have been partly in the right; but, for me, a priest, whose parish was left without a pastor; for me, whose thoughts flew to my sick and dying; for me, whose ministry was paralyzed, no solace could be found in thoughts like these. In my case, the words of the crooked and cross-eyed Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, were not justified; for a true priest finds in the labors of his profession and the fulfilment of its duties his greatest happiness and his best reward. Thus, nothing, in the midst of my prolonged trials, affected me so painfully as the impossibility of daily celebrating Holy Mass, and accomplishing the other duties of my parochial ministry. Loss of liberty, long months of imprisonment, hunger, physical pain of many kinds, fatigue, exile from my country, none of all these things equalled in pain this anguish of my heart.

It was all the more difficult to regard myself as a criminal, from the fact that I was certain of finding most honorable society in prison; nor could I feel either humiliated or contrite as I crossed the threshold of my cell, for I did not recognize in myself a traitor to my country. A secret impulse of the heart had led me to choose the ecclesiastical state, and the love and enthusiasm which had filled my whole being on the day of my ordination were still fresh and vigorous within my soul. What! because a liberal majority had decreed laws which the Pope and Bishop declared incompatible with the constitution of the Church, was I to become a traitor and apostate to her, and a perjurer of my oath? And why? Because I was threatened with imprisonment? No, a thousand times no! No, I would *not* be one of the priests of Döllinger. I would *not* be one of the "thousands" of priests who, he falsely asserts, "think with him." I would *not* help to complete his dozen of apostates, nor would I draw back in the face of a prison-cell and thin gruel.

Have not thousands of Catholic priests been our models in the early ages of the Church? It is I who can say, fearlessly and truly, that thousands of priests "think," act, and suffer with me. An unbelieving adversary may persecute, insult, and calumniate us, but there is one fact, clear as daylight, before which he must bow, and this is, that the whole body of the Catholic clergy stands firmly, as one man, in the face of imprisonment, hunger, exile, and the want of all things. The Catholic priesthood is faithful to the Catholic Church, and refuses to trample under foot its convictions and its conscience. This is the strength and unity of the Church. The roots of this unity and strength have not their origin in the depths of human nature; they do not lessen and increase with the weaknesses of man, but are a manifestation of the Divine essence of the Church of God.

If the Church were the work of men, and if the conviction of her divinity were not a living power in the heart of her priests, how easy would it have been to bend the weak human nature of these hundreds of the victims of progress, by showing them terrible sufferings on the one hand, and attractive rewards on the other! But this has not been the case; and since the advantages to the government are *nil*, and the Church continues to make her moral conquests, the state cannot hope to find in the continuance of the struggle the realization of its subjects. On the one hand is physical force, and on the other strength of conviction and conscience. The latter will not bend to the former, and in the end its victory is certain. Faith is not to be famished by fasting on prison fare, nor consciences carved into compliance by the sabres of gendarmes.

With thoughts like these I crossed the threshold of the "*Priests' Hotel*," and entered the inner court. For the first time in my life I was a prisoner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Neglect of Mass.

RT. REV. BISHOP VAUGHAN.

We know to our shame and grief that hundreds, and if we speak of the whole Catholic population we must say thousands, live in neglect of holy Mass. Various reasons are assigned for this neglect. Some say that they are too poor to hear Mass; but they must know that poverty can be no excuse. Our churches are the homes of Jesus Christ and the poor. Although the people must contribute to the maintenance of the church, the poor who cannot do so are never refused free admittance on account of their poverty. Should such a scandal ever occur at a church door, it would be remedied at once on being made known to the rector. Many excuse themselves on account of their clothing; but if they only thought of the poor clothing worn by our Lord and His Apostles they would come. And again, if they reflect that the frivolities and vanities of fashion, which so often display themselves in church, are but the insolence of the flesh and of a worldly spirit, and, as such, an abomination to the Lord, they would not hesitate to go to Mass, though ever so poorly clad. No trains of silk, no cloth of gold, no precious gems are equal in value, in beauty and splendor, to the humility of heart found in a poor man who is clothed in the poverty of the Gospel. They may be assured that their presence at Mass in their poverty, so far from being an offence, is most pleasing to our divine Lord, "who being rich, became poor for

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our sake." Every good Catholic honors the man who says, "My poverty, my temporary misfortune, is no sin. I will go to my God, who invites me, whether I am well or ill-dressed. He knows me; He calls me; I hear His voice. I will go and worship before His holy altar." Lastly, let the poor consider how greatly they need the assistance of God in their poverty. Let them know with certainty that our Lord will receive and bless them as He received and blessed the poor shepherds, who hastened to Him just as they were in the fields, approaching Him with faith and devotion. But, alas! the thousands who neglect Mass are made up chiefly of those who have become victims of sloth or indifference, or have become fairly poisoned by the pagan atmosphere in which they live. What remedy can be applied to so grave a malady? First, to answer this question, did every Catholic understand what Mass really is—who is He that offers it, and who He is that is offered; what are its unspeakable benefits, what its strength, its riches, its blessings, spiritual and temporal, during life; what its consolation in death; what its power over purgatory; what its joy and glory for eternity—would it be treated with neglect and indifference, would many fail willingly to assist at it? Certainly they would not.

The Persecution in Germany.

Contrary to all the hopes entertained on the removal of Falk, of May Law notoriety, the chief agent in the persecution of the German Catholics, there is, absolutely, not the least sign of a favorable change in the policy of persecution. The confirmands of several dioceses deprived of their chief pastors have either no opportunity to receive the Sacrament from the hands of a Bishop, or have, as in the dioceses of Treves, Breslau and Posen, to cross the boundaries of the Fatherland, to be confirmed either in Holland, Belgium, or Luxemburg, bordering on the southwestern provinces, or in Bavaria and Austria, on the south and east. Others, remaining within the German dominions, have to go into neighboring dioceses, as the few Bishops that still remain are prohibited from administering the Sacrament of Confirmation outside of their own districts. By the express order of the new minister of public worship, aged and infirm Sisters still remaining in their former convent at Breslau have been compelled to leave their home, where they expected to die in peace, and go into exile. Even such religious as have been kept in private houses by benevolent Catholics, or who remained in their former establishments when purchased by their benefactors, have received the decrees of exile and are leaving. A petition signed by 800 priests of the dioceses of Münster and Paderborn, requesting the minister of public worship and instruction to remove the obstacles to the religious education of youth, has not been acceded to, under the plea that no essential change could not be expected as long as the Catholic Church did not formally recognize the right of the State to make its own laws.

After the death of Rev. Father Koch, pastor of Mackenrode and Eichstruth in Upper Saxony, the magistrates of these villages were informed by the Landrath that until the legal appointment (by the state) of a successor to the deceased pastor, no pastoral functions could be performed there by any other priest, and that any violation of this mandate should be reported to the civil authorities. To crown all, a "cablegram" informs us that his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski has been fined 2,000 marks (about $400) with the alternative of seventy days in the state prison, for excommunicating an apostate priest of his diocese.

From all these facts we may conclude that the same grave misunderstanding—shall we call it thick-headedness?—that first caused the persecution, is still entertained, namely an erroneous impression among Protestant rulers that the Church desires absolute supremacy in temporal matters over the State. On the other hand, neither the Emperor nor his son, nor Bismark seem to understand that a restriction that might be exercised over the Protestant Church cannot be exercised over the Catholic Church without doing it the gravest injury and injustice. As long as the leading men of the German Government entertain the Protestant notion that the Church should submit to the State, even in spiritual jurisdiction, all hopes of a lasting peace must be abandoned.

St. Winefred's Well (North Wales).

We give below a letter from our esteemed contributor, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which for two reasons we are glad to publish, although regretting the necessity that calls it forth. Many years ago, before the Life of St. Winefred by another esteemed contributor, the author of "Tyborne," had appeared—when the gentle patroness of Wales was as yet but little known even to the bulk of Catholics in England—the memory of her saintly life obliterated by the miscalled Reformation not having yet been revived—a sketch of her life and some of the miracles performed through her intercession, at the holy well and elsewhere, was written for THE AVE MARIA. Owing to seemingly fortuitious circumstances the sketch had not yet been published, when Lady Fullerton's letter came as a reminder that it may now do a double good work, by inspiring devotion to the gentle St. Winefred

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and assisting in the decent keeping of her miraculous well.

Being so near England's great commercial mart, Liverpool, St. Winefred's Well is easy of access to tourists and travellers touching at that port, and we hope those of our readers who go to Liverpool will not fail to visit Holywell. It is, we believe, but a couple of hours' travel by railway from Birkenhead (just across the Mersey from Liverpool), between which and Liverpool a steam ferry constantly plies. Birkenhead is the great centre of attraction for outdoor parties from Liverpool, the beautiful rural scenery in its neighborhood inviting thither the denizens of the smoky metropolis. From Birkenhead to the ancient city of Chester, on the route to Holywell, is but a distance of about eighteen miles perhaps; here the tourist, and especially the lover of quaint antiquities, can spend an hour or two agreeably in examining the old monastic buildings and taking a stroll along the thoroughfare that tops the old city wall. From Chester, by rail, to the town of Holywell, is but a short distance. So that one starting early in the morning from Liverpool can make the trip and return the same day.

The following is Lady Fullerton's letter addressed to the editors of several of our esteemed contemporaries. Next week we hope to begin the history of the holy well to which we have alluded.

SIR:—When we read of the efforts made abroad to honor and to beautify renowned sanctuaries and to pay homage to the spots where God's power manifests itself in a miraculous manner, does it not seem unaccountable that English Catholics can suffer St. Winefred's Well to be neglected and to run the danger of falling once more into Protestant hands? Countless miracles have been wrought there, and still frequently occur. They are by no means limited to Catholics. The Well, its healing waters and its moss, are sought after by persons of all creeds. If these miracles had taken place in France—if such memories were associated with any shrine in Italy—if such a source of blessings were to be found elsewhere than in our own country, a beautiful church would by this time have risen over it, and pilgrims of every rank and nation knelt around it in crowds. But in England this zeal seems lacking. The poor, indeed, travel there in great numbers from the neighboring counties and from Ireland, and obtain through St. Winefred's intercession bodily cures and spiritual graces. But scarcely a report of them is heard, and what is said is little attended to. Meanwhile, the hospice built and founded by a late holy priest in charge of the mission, can hardly be supported for want of alms. The present missioner finds himself without the means of paying the rent for the possession of the Well and the expenses it entails. And yet there the blind receive their sight, the deaf and dumb regain hearing and speech, the lame walk, and the sick recover health. Few of the upper classes, and of those living at a distance, think of resorting to St. Winefred's Well, and help is not forthcoming to save it from falling again under Protestant management. Would that this appeal might avert so great a sorrow and disgrace! Would also that next June, when the anniversary of the Saint's martyrdom occurs, a large pilgrimage might be organized which would assemble round the feet of the Virgin-Saint of Holywell a numerous concourse of persons of all classes, and enable the poor to join it with little expense. Might we not hope that from such a crowd would rise the blessed cry, which has so often of late years resounded at Lourdes: "A miracle! a miracle!" that glad *Magnificats* would burst from grateful hearts, and spiritual graces flow in abundance on all the pilgrims! The writer of these lines would deem it one of the greatest blessings that could be granted to her advanced years to be permitted to witness such a sight. In the mean time she prays that this letter may be the means of bringing prompt assistance to the anxious missioner on whom rests the burden of keeping St. Winefred's Well in Catholic hands.

I remain, sir, faithfully yours,

GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to the Very Rev. Father Gallwey, 111, Mount-Street, London; the Rev. G. Kammerlocher, Holywell; the Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 27 Chapel Street, Parle-lane; and Mrs. Healy Thompson, Pery Lodge, Cheltenham.

A Noble Girl.

From the Buffalo "Catholic Union."

We have often had occasion to speak in these columns of the untold wealth of devotedness and generosity of our poor, hard-working, virtuous Irish girls, who with a share of their scant earnings always respond with cheerful readiness to the almost daily calls of manifold charity. But we were quite unprepared for the latest manifestation of it, which has just come within our personal knowledge. In the Cathedral pulpit, last Sunday, we incidentally mentioned the subscription list, opened in the columns of this journal, for the Memphis sufferers, and briefly urged contributions to this most appealing charity. After Mass, a poor girl, who had saved up two or three hundred dollars from the earnings of years, which she had deposited at the Cathedral, called and drew one hundred dollars. This amount she wanted to give us for the destitute of Memphis. *A hundred dollars from a poor servant-girl working for a few dollars a week!* Surely, surely here is noble, heroic charity, worthy the most fervid ages of Faith. Think of it, you grasping, greedy possessors of thousands, whose miser fingers can scarce let the merest mite fall from their clutch for any charity, and tremble at the thought that one day your niggardliness will be placed in the balance with the profuse generosity of this poor Irish servant girl.

We refused the amount; told her it was entirely beyond her means, and that she owed justice to herself before charity to others. The generous girl sought to insist, but finding it useless, begged that at least she should be permitted to contribute twenty-five dollars. This we accepted, with some reluctance, for we felt it was too much for her.

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She forbade the use of her name, and so it is only known to a few besides the all-seeing God and His recording angels.

Catholic Notes.

——His Holiness the Pope has appointed Very Rev. Canon Foschi his successor in the See of Perugia.

——It is stated that within eleven years Rev. Father White, of Raleigh, N. C., has received 320 converts into the Church.

——The prize of excellence offered to the common schools in France by Mr. Gobbet, has been won by a pupil of the Christian Brothers at Amiens.

——The Archbishop of Rheims lately blessed the first stone of the monument about to be raised to the memory of Pope Urban II at Châtillon-sur-Marne, where the Pontiff was born.

——The Duke of Norfolk is erecting a new church, school, and rectory at Handsworth, near Sheffield, which will cost £7,000. The church has been placed under the patronage of St. Joseph.

——The General Council of Nevers has, by a vote of nineteen to five, made a grant of five thousand francs to the religious free schools of the city. This sum will be placed in the hands of the Bishop of Nevers.

——Among the six hundred sick who made the pilgrimage to Lourdes, mention is made of one who, after having been for several years deprived of sight, was suddenly cured on the way, whilst reciting the Rosary.

——Mr. Wm. H. Dwyer, an Episcopalian, abjured the errors of Protestantism and was received into the Church by Rev. Aloysius A. Lambert, S. J., at the of Church the Holy Family, Chicago, on Sunday, August 17th.

——A beautiful new church under the patronage of St. Patrick, at St. José, Cal., was solemnly dedicated to divine service by Archbishop Alemany, on the 14th ult. Rev. Father Rooney, of the Dominican Order, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

——It is with deep regret we record the death by yellow fever at Memphis, Tenn., on the 26th ult., of Rev. Father Revillé, O. P. He has gone, bearing with him to the tomb the best of eulogies, that of having been a faithful religious and a devoted priest. *R. I. P.*

——St. Simeon's Church, Dewitt, Iowa, was recently destroyed by fire. Rev. Father McCormack, the zealous pastor, has our sympathy, and will meet, we hope, with all the encouragement he could wish for in his efforts to replace the burned edifice with a new one.

——We are pained to announce the death of Brother Matthew, C. S. C., which occurred at Notre Dame on the 22d ult. He was an exemplary religious, and the memory of his devoted life will long be remembered in the Congregation of which he was a member. *R. I. P.*

——The subscription towards the erection of a monument to Mgr. Dupanloup has reached the sum of 62,125 francs. For the memorial windows of Joan of Arc in the Cathedral of Orleans and the restoration of the old expiatory monument, 126,585 francs have been collected.

——The annual pilgrimage of St. Joseph's congregation, Mishawaka, Ind., to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Notre Dame, will take place tomorrow, if the weather prove favorable. Rev. Father Oechtering, the estimable pastor of Mishawaka, will conduct the pilgrimage.

——The Congregation of Rites has issued a decree favorable to the cause of the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Joseph Bartholomew Merochius, of the Order of Monks of St. Augustine, Bishop of Porphyry. The petition was made by the dioceses of Rome and Turin.

——*The Catholic Sentinel*, the excellent paper published at Portland, Oregon, comes to us now in a new form and greatly enlarged. We heartily rejoice at this evidence of prosperity on the part of our valued contemporary, which is highly deserving of it. The *Sentinel* is now in its tenth volume. It is a power for good on the Pacific coast.

——The Sultan has replied to the last letter of the Holy Father. He declares that he holds the same views as the Holy Father in regard to the pacification of the Armenian Catholics. The Sultan thanks the Pope for the sentiments expressed in reference to Turkey, and assures him that he will do all in his power to allow freedom of action in the Catholic Church.

——The Pope lately received, in special audience, M. Gioia, the famous engineer, who explained to His Holiness the project of the canal at Panama. After the audience, M. Gioia sent the following dispatch to M. De Lesseps, chief superintendent of the enterprise: "The Pope's blessing to yourself and your family. We have his best wishes for the success of the interoceanic canal."

——An English Banner for Lourdes.—In order that, amongst other nations represented by banners floating within the sanctuary walls of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, England should take a place, a magnificent banner has been subscribed for by English Catholics. With regard to its transmission to the church, it is proposed that it should be brought thither by way of pilgrimage.

——Religious Reception.—On the 30th of August the following young ladies received the religious habit at the Franciscan Convent of Our Lady of the Angels at Shelbyville, Ky.: Miss Lucetta Cushing (in religion Sister Mary Catharine), Miss Mary O'Brien (in religion Sister Mary de Sales), Miss Bridget McElin (in religion Sister Mary Josephine). In the absence of the Right Reverend Bishop, Rev. Father Reed officiated.

——A Miracle at La Salette.—A man who had his leg broken, and whose heel in consequence was completely deformed, is reported to have been suddenly cured whilst his daughter was receiving Holy Communion at La Salette. The fact is certified, and is narrated in detail by many persons. This is a new prodigy to be added to the great number performed on the mountain of the apparition during the past thirty years.

——The *Moniteur Universelle* pays homage to the wisdom of which the head of the Church has given a new proof in his Encyclical on philosophical teachings He says: "Leo XIII judged that the hour had come to oppose to the novelties of pretended science, which distinguishes itself by its temerity, the approved doctrines of that philosophy which, united to a spirit of religion and of faith, has been the true torch of civilization and has produced the grandest minds with which humanity is honored."

——A fine photograph of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, arrived a few days ago from Rome. It was sent to one of the Sisters by a student of the American College, who had once been an orphan boy under her charge.

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The picture was touchingly directed "To one of my greatest debtors, and one whose debt shall never be forgotten." This former orphan boy had just won three medals in an examination made by the Holy Father. —*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

——It seems the agents for the sale of Johnson's so-called Encyclopedia are beginning to feel the pressure exerted on them by the recent denunciations of the Catholic press. They still think their work is "all right," and wonder why Catholics and fair-minded non-Catholics will not subscribe for it. If these agents would sit down and examine its contents they would soon see the reason for its condemnation, and would acknowledge the justice of it too, if they have any education and a spark of manliness.

——FAITH.—"Never was there a time," said the Bishop of Salford, in a recent sermon, "when it was so needful to protect faith as in the present day, because never was there a time when faith was so directly assailed. It might be said, in a sense, that although past centuries were times of great danger to the faithful, the present century is a time of greater danger to them, because the special attack made upon them now, is one upon their faith, which is the root of all the virtues they can produce for eternal life."

——A REFUTATION.—In order to show that the Romish Church is an upholder of that system of human slavery stigmatized by John Wesley as "the sum of all human villainies," we may refer to the fact that African slavery was first established by a Spanish Roman bishop.—*Cleveland Leader.*

African slavery was not "first established" either by a Spanish Roman Bishop, or by a Roman Spanish Bishop, or by any kind of a Bishop at all. Neither was it "first established" by a Spanish layman, or by cleric or layman under the Spanish flag. Try again.—*Catholic Universe.*

——A Protestant young man of this city, by inquiry and study satisfied himself that he must become a Catholic. That he had found the true Faith, he was convinced, but how so many Catholic young men could manifest so little concern about their Faith, he failed to understand. The conduct of these persons was so much in contradiction with their religion, that he was completely mystified, and asked an explanation of the person from whom he sought religious instruction. This is an instance of the immense influence of example in leading men to the true Faith. The sin of scandal will be a terrible one at the Day of Universal Reckoning. Catholic young men should heed this warning.—*Catholic Columbian.*

——CHURCH ATTENDANCE.—Another noticeable revelation is, that attendance in Roman Catholic churches is much larger, in proportion to membership, than Protestant churches. In Indianapolis the five Roman Catholic churches had at the services at which Mass is celebrated, a total of 7,532 worshippers. The seventy-four Protestant churches of all kinds, including Sunday schools, had scarcely 18,000—not twice and a half as many as attended Roman Catholic services; yet, the Protestant population is, probably, four or five times as large as the Roman Catholics. In this city the Roman Catholics stand at the head in their regard for religious worship and church services. No doubt the same thing is true of that community throughout the country.—*Rev. Dr. Hyde, Protestant Minister of Indianapolis.*

——THE CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.—This excellent temperance and benevolent association now numbers 73 branches and 2,800 members. The Catholic Knights are highly commended by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell and Right Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes. From these recommendations, and from what we have learned of the objects of the Catholic Knighthood and their mode of procedure, we have no hesitancy in saying that the formation of branches will prove highly beneficial to every community and parish. Benefits are paid by a light tax *per capita*, and as the membership is numerous the amount accruing to the widow, or other relative, of a deceased member reaches quite a handsome sum. Above all, perhaps, should the association be commended for the beneficial influence it exerts on its members. Many who, previous to joining it, were thriftless and dissipated have become sober, economical, and self-reliant, spurred on to a noble effort by the example and advice of their fellow-members. And, besides this, the temptation to join forbidden societies, using benevolence as a bait, is entirely removed. We hope to see the Catholic Knights of America established everywhere throughout the country. The clergy, we hear, are greatly in favor of the organization.

——CATHOLIC ORPHANS PROVIDED FOR.—Four hundred and fifty foundling children have lately obtained a home among Catholic families in Maryland. These children, boys and girls, whose age is between eight and nine years, have been reared in the New York Foundling Asylum, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity and the able direction of Sister Irene, their Superior. The idea of procuring a home for these little waifs among the Catholic families of other States originated with Mr. James O'Sullivan, one of the rare and noble souls who, rich in the goods of this world, yet poor in spirit, know how to make friends in heaven with the mammon of iniquity. Mr. O'Sullivan, having retired two years ago from active business, has devoted the remainder of his life entirely to works of mercy in behalf of poor foundlings and orphans. As soon as he had ascertained through his agents that Catholic families in Maryland, chiefly in the southern part of the State, were not only willing to give shelter to the poor children, but also to adopt them as their own, he opened a correspondence with the parish priests of these districts. For every family a child was selected, and it took all winter to complete the work of transfer, superintended by Mr. O'Sullivan in person. More than once, he has been noticed to bring the children in a carriage ten, twelve, or more miles from the railroad depot into the country, providing shelter at night for his poor little waifs,—mindful, perhaps, of our Saviour's words: "He that shall receive one such little child in My Name, receiveth Me." (St. Matthew, xviii, 5).

——DEVOTION TO ST. BLASIUS.—Diphtheria, which proved such a terrible scourge in Cleveland last winter, has made an abnormally early appearance this fall. Parents, with the experience of the past before them, when medical science seemed of no avail, are necessarily in a state of renewed dread. Last winter, entire households of little ones were swept away by this fatal disease. There is always left us, under these calamities, recourse to prayer. But as a special act of faith and petition against this disease, there is already a particular devotion in the Church, that to St. Blasius, Bishop and Martyr. There are two versions we have met why he has become, in a special manner, the patron of those suffering from sore throats. The one, and probably the more authentic story, is a cure he effected while in prison, for a widow's son, whom she brought to him, suffering from a fishbone that had lodged in his throat. However, the Feast of the Saint is held on the 3d of February, and the Roman Ritual, and other cere-

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monies, prescribe the prayer to be said by the priest over those seeking relief from diseases of the throat. The devotion is fully practiced, we understand, on the Feast of St. Blasius, at St. Peter's Church in this city. It seems to us all Catholic parents would be rejoiced if the Feast were more generally celebrated, that we might bring our little ones, and in these days of fatal throat diseases, place them under the powerful protection of the Martyr-Bishop of Sebaste.—*Catholic Universe.* The devotion to St. Blasius according to the illustrious Benedictine Dom Gueranger, is even to this day fervently kept up in the East, especially in Armenia. He calls him "one of the most popular of our Saints."

——THE "CORONA CATHOLICA."—Benziger Brothers' literary announcements for the current quarter refer in the following terms to a remarkable work, which was mentioned some little time back both by the *Athenæum* and *Academy* as in preparation. Mr. Charles Kent has succeeded in completing a polyglot collection in honor of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, of which the title will be *Corona Catholica.* It has sprung out of an epigram after St. Malachy, recently written by Mr. Charles Kent, and which has already been translated into fifty languages by some of the most illustrious scholars in Christendom. This last fact is, indeed, its speciality. There have, of course, been many other polyglot collections, but not one in fifty languages, each rendered by a scholar who is an admitted adept in that language. For example, as to fourteen of the versions in this collection, they have been contributed by the following distinguished scholars: Latin, Count Ferrero; Greek, Professor Paley; Assyrian, Professor Sayce; Zend, Professor Darmesteter; Mandshu, Professor Gabelentz; Persian, Professor Mir Aulad Ali; Icelandic, Professor Magnússon; Sanskrit, Professor Max Müller; Egyptian, Professor Le Page Renouf; Chaldaic, Professor Nöldeke; Ethiopic, Professor Dillmann; Romaic, Professor Psaras; Irish, Canon Bourke; Basque, Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The other thirty-six languages are French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Gaelic, Hindustani, Japanese, Polish, Welsh, Hebrew, Portuguese, Manx, Chinese, Lappish, Maltese, Turkish, Coptic, Zulu, Danish, Syriac, Romonsch, Arabic, Samaritan, Bohemian, Dutch, Flemish, Hungarian, Walloon, Moldavian, Finnish, Armenian, Lasatian, Swedish, Amharic, Provençal. Mr. Charles Kent has received, in addition to these, more than thirty-six extra versions; but it seemed better to give one specimen alone in each of the fifty languages. A good deal of the type has had to be expressly cast for the work, and the paper on which it is to be printed will be handmade. The publishers of the forthcoming quarto volume, which will be exquisitely got up, and the price of which to subscribers will be half-a-guinea, are the Messrs. C. Kegan, Paul & Company, of 1, Paternoster Square, London, E. C.

Obituary.

THE LATE FATHER CHASSE.

"The Rev. John Baptiste Chasse, late Chaplain of the Sisters of Providence, is no more. He died on the morning of the 12th ult.

"The deceased was born at Rennes, France, January 6th, A. D. 1816. At a very tender age he entered upon his academic course, at the Seminary attached to the university of his native city, where he completed the full curriculum of classical, mathematical and philosophical studies, in preparation for the Holy Orders he longed to espouse.

"He came to the United States in 1839, then only in deacon's orders, and was here raised to the priesthood, in Vincennes, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Celestine de la Hailandière. He was soon afterward appointed assistant priest at the Vincennes Cathedral, which station he filled most acceptably, for a considerable period of time. He was for some years professor of the Greek and Latin languages at the University of Vincennes. While there, he was active and efficient in the establishment and development of the St. Vincent Orphan Boys' Asylum, which was founded at Highland, three miles east of Vincennes.

"About 1855 he was sent as pastor to St. Simon's parish, at Washington, Ind., where he discharged his good, benevolent, faithful ministerial offices for twelve years, and where scores of Christian people will now say of him, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' When Rev. P. B. O'Connor was called to fill the station of Chancellor and Vicar-General of Vincennes, in 1866, Father Chasse was installed in his place as pastor of St. Joseph's parish, in this city. He remained here until June 2d, 1872, when, after the death of Father Corbe, he was sent to St. Mary's of the Woods, as chaplain of the Sisters of Providence. There he meekly and patiently labored in the service of his Divine Master to the hour of his peaceful death. After a lingering indisposition, his coveted rest came at last, in that beautiful place of flowers and love, dedicated, as his whole life had been, to the aims and uses of moral and Christian culture. A fit death for the place, and a place suitable for such a death."—*Terre Haute Daily Express.*

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24TH.

The following petitions have been presented since our last report: Recovery of health for 128 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 671 persons and 18 families,—change of life for 26 persons and 5 families,—grace of perseverance for 12, and that of a happy death for 8 persons,—special graces for 5 priests, 9 religious, 2 clerical students, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 13 persons and 13 families,—spiritual favors for 35 persons and 8 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 10 communities, 3 congregations, 6 schools, 6 sodalities, and a number of confraternities. Also 20 particular intentions, and 11 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Special blessings for several persons about to marry,—protection for several young ladies left alone in the world: their perseverance in virtue,—peace and happiness for several families,—some parents and adult children dangerously ill, whose assistance is much needed for the support of their families,—the return of missing relatives,—the success of several religious establishments lately opened,—several persons gone to the far West,—protection for several children,—success of a number of missions,—reformation of some young men and young women influenced by bad companions,—several parties married to non-Catholics, who do not care to bring up their children in the true religion,—a person suffering from the yellow fever,—grace for several Catholics to attend missions,—conversion to the Faith of the former pupils

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of a college and an academy,—increase of postulants in several novitiates,—recovery of health for several priests and religious,—removal of the source of discord in a certain family, and deliverance from an impending calamity for another,—comfort and a happy death for a sufferer.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A Sister of a well-known religious community writes to a friend: "You will be pleased to hear that our dear Sister L —— has been miraculously cured by a novena and the water of Lourdes. After my return from ——, I felt quite despondent in her regard. She had been confined to her bed nine weeks, and could not sit up ten minutes without fainting. Having exhausted medical treatment, I resolved to have recourse to our sweet Mother. On the 21st of August I asked the Sisters and orphans to join with us in making a novena, which they did. But Sister did not seem to improve; on the contrary, she was much worse the two last days; but on the 30th, the day of the novena, she arose, went to the chapel, assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion, after which she walked down-stairs as strong and well as she had ever been in her life. She continues in perfect health, and now has charge of a school, teaching six hours a day without the least fatigue. I beg of you to assist me in thanking our Lord and His Blessed Mother for so great a favor." We reserve for another week notices of other favors more or less remarkable.

OBITUARY.

The members of the Confraternity are requested to pray for the following deceased persons: VERY REV. CHARLES CARTER, V. G., of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, who departed this life on the 17th ult. Mrs. CHARLOTTE O'NEILL, whose death occurred at Norfolk, Va., last year. Mr. FRANCIS MCDERMOTT, Sr., of Co. Louth, Ireland, who slept in the Lord on the 18th of July. Mr. JAMES DONNELLY, of Plymouth, Mass., deceased last November. SISTER MARGARET MARY, of the Sisters of Mercy, who was called to her reward on the 2d of September. Mrs. MARY A. JAMES, a devout member of the Confraternity, whom death relieved of long sufferings on the 16th ult. at Waterloo, Ill. Mrs. MARY A. WOODS, of Philadelphia, Pa., an excellent wife and mother, who died on the 8th of September, after a short illness. Mr. THOMAS BULGER, who breathed his last on the 24th of July. Mr. SYLVESTER KUHN, of Baltimore, Md., who departed for heaven on the 17th of August, in the 18th year of his age. Mr. EDWARD CAREY, of Lagro, Ind., whose demise took place on the 21st of September. MARGARET FITZGERALD, and MICHAEL KENNY, of Frampton, Ont.; D. R. O'BRIEN, PATRICK HAGERTY, Master WILLIE GARRITY, and JOHN MAHONY, of Malden, Mass., recently deceased. JOHN DURACK, OPHELIA DURACK, Mrs. ANNIE POWER, Mrs. MARGARET DOYLE, Mr. JAMES TIMMONDS, Mrs. ANN TIMMONDS and children; Mrs. ANN MCDERMOTT and FRANCIS MCDERMOTT, both of Co. Louth, Ireland, and Mr. JOHN WALSH, of Brooklyn, N. Y., all of whom died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

MARY is the way to Jesus, just as Jesus is the way to the Father.

TAKE away our Christian hope, and there is not a word in human language sad enough to express the thought of death.—*Father Gallwey.*

Children's Department.

The Hail Mary.

I.

Hail! unspotted Heavenly Queen,
Who hast ever virgin been,
Full of grace, and charity,
God most Blessed is with thee;
Blessed among women, pray
For us sinners, every day.

II.

Mother of thy God and Lord,
Jesus, God's Eternal Word,
Virgin Mother, meek and mild,
Blessed is thy gracious Child;
Mary, for thy children pray
Now, and at our dying day.

—*Bishop Bagshawe.*

Anecdote of a Heroic Priest.

Translated for the "Ave Maria."

The following beautiful trait is taken from a sketch of the life of the Abbé Capella, which a French paper has dedicated to his memory.

A Spaniard by birth, Capella had formerly served as a cavalry officer in the army of Don Carlos. As in course of time this army had to be disbanded, he came to France, where he entered the service of a more powerful sovereign, for he became a priest.

For many years Father Capella's life was that of a priest very zealous for souls. In the course of time a small parish not far from Paris was intrusted to his care. There he was almost worshipped by his good, homely parishioners, who almost exclusively got their living by tilling the soil. His real goodness of heart, his upright, honest character, and his soldierlike, joyous temperament had vanquished all prejudices against his Spanish extraction, and the good he effected during his too short residence was immense.

His banishment from his native land was in many ways sweetened for the poor pastor: when he felt he had gained all hearts, his own overflowed with contentment; he believed himself at home again; and this foreign land became dear to him, for it afforded him joys as pure as ever fell to the lot of a priest. But after a while, violent sufferings from his old wounds admonished him that his life which had brought him so much contentment must shortly come to an end. In fact, he was soon in such a state that he could no longer leave his couch; and having often before this stood as a soldier face to face with death without trembling, so now he could truly say that under the banners of his God he feared the grim scytheman even less than before.

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With the faith of an apostle, he prepared himself for his journey to his true Fatherland.

It was on the evening before his death; the Holy Sacrament of the dying had been already administered to him; in deep recollection and devout thanksgiving, he offered to his Saviour his excruciating sufferings and his agony, which had already commenced. Suddenly a person entered the death chamber in all haste, and went to the couch of the dying man.

"Your Reverence," said this person, "Mr. ——, whom you know well, is dangerously ill, and about to die. We are in great trouble about him, for he will not suffer a priest to come near him. When Rev. Father N—— came to him he turned his back on him; he will not even hear of receiving the last Sacraments."

"What a pity, for he is such a good priest!" said the sufferer, sorrowfully. "If I did not already feel death in my own limbs, I should go; perhaps he would not receive me so badly?"

"Oh, you, your Reverence! He loves and honors you too much for that. But, alas!——" Sobs stopped her further utterance.

A sublime idea now came into this priestly heart. He raised himself up in bed, folded his hands and prayed:

"My God, grant me a little strength for the last time in this life!" And after a few moments of interior recollection he said, suddenly, to those surrounding him: "Dress me."

Everyone was astounded at the words: no one moved. Alarmed, they heard the voice so lately trembling reassume the tone of command, in order to carry out an affair that at the moment seemed utterly impossible. They thought him delirious.

"Dress me!" he repeated, with great decision.

An exclamation of amazement escaped from every lip. But the dying man, whose last life-forces seemed to concentrate themselves in an iron will, held out to them his wasted arms, and as if impelled thereto by an irresistible power, they obeyed him. In the most profound silence they put the clothes on this body which desired once more to cling to life in order to save an immortal soul.

"Now carry me to the dying man," said the priest.

"Ah, God! he will die on the way!" said the assistants, quite discouraged.

But he did not trouble himself about what took place around him; being completely absorbed in his lofty resolution, he gave directions for everything to be brought that was necessary for his ministrations. When all was ready, he gave the word of command:

"Forward! Make haste!"

With inexpressible emotion, the men raised this body which, during this last "way of the cross," trembled at each movement, as an aspen leaf in the breeze. The unbound soul alone lived in him and repressed every sound, every complaint, even every sigh for the suffering he was now undergoing. With his head sunk on his breast, the dying shepherd of souls was in prayer. At length they arrived at the sick bed of the wicked man.

"My friend," said the priest to him, in a voice frequently interrupted, "we, both of us, must now appear before the judgment-seat of the living God. . . . Shall we not make the journey together? . . . I I am come to help you. . . . and at this our last hour to bring you the consolations of our holy religion."

A heart-touching cry burst from the sick man. Without being able to speak a word, he seized the hand of this true pastor of souls, and with emotion pressed it to his lips.

"My friend," continued the priest, "the time is short. . . . confide in me. . . . You will make your confession, won't you?"

Carried away by this heroism of faith, the sick man burst into tears. "Oh, certainly, I will make my confession," he said.

A bright smile lit up the pale countenence of the priest; he gave a sign, and the two dying men were left alone.

When he had heard his penitent's confession, the faithful servant of God made a last effort to raise his hand over the head of a repentant sinner, and the words of absolution fell like a heavenly dew on this soul newly awakened to life.

"Now, Extreme Unction!" said the priest. The holy oils were brought to him.

"Lift up my arm, and guide my hand," he said to his assistant.

And his arm was raised, and the dying hand was guided. The sick man seemed to live again at the touch of that light, cold hand, and to gain strength from the anointing with the holy oils. The thrillingly earnest action was ended. The priest bowed his tired head towards that of the penitent and said, in faltering tones: "Till we meet again, my friend!"

"Now take me home; and, 'Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word,'" were the words which feebly fell from his lips. His head lay heavily on his breast; his weary arms hung listless by his side; his eyes closed. If his lips had not been seen moving in continual prayer, they would have thought him dead during the mournful journey home. But they brought him back to his dwelling and laid him, already stiffened, on his last couch; a few hours later he slept sweetly in the Lord.

This was the remarkable conclusion of the life of Father Capella. In truth a priestly death, and worthy of eternal remembrance!

These circumstantial details were given at a later period, by the penitent himself, who, enthu-

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siastic over the heroic service of love, wished to preserve the remembrance of it. He, more fortunate than his parish priest, says the writer, was restored to health.

When the remark was made to him that after such an occurrence he must necessarily be thoroughly devoted to religion, he said, earnestly: "Thoroughly devoted! O yes! I cannot but be devoted to religion. I would give my life for it. I must one day rejoin my dear friend, Father Capella."

The Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua.

The fame of St. Anthony's preaching used to draw the people for miles round to hear him, and we read that the roads presented the spectacle of a continual procession of persons of every age and condition; soldiers, merchants, noblemen, ladies of every rank, and poor laboring people, all anxious to share the blessings which attended the ministrations of the holy friar. It was a common thing for many to rise at midnight and walk a long distance with lighted torches to secure a place in the church. Corrado, the good Bishop of Padua, went himself, and encouraged his clergy to go, to hear St. Anthony, and very soon it was found necessary to abandon the churches and to erect a pulpit in some open space outside the walls—for what church could hold thirty thousand persons? It was his practice to organize a religious procession, or "Stazione," from the cathedral to the place where he was to preach, and as soon as the time came for forming it, the market was deserted, the shops were closed, the squares and houses left empty; all Padua was on its way to the cathedral. As soon as he mounted the pulpit there was dead silence throughout his vast audience, a silence which could hardly be said to be broken by the sighs and tears which, as he went on, were drawn forth by his burning words; for it was one of the habitual miracles attending on Anthony's preaching that none of these demonstrations of feeling were ever known either to disturb the preacher or to hinder his being heard with perfect ease by every person present. It was found necessary to station guards round the pulpit, who attended him to Sta. Maria Maggiore when the sermon was over, to protect him from the numbers who pressed round to kiss his hand or touch his habit. Little indeed would have been left of the latter but for these precautions, so eagerly did the women try to cut pieces from it, to be kept as precious relics.

From the very beginning, St. Anthony's preaching was confirmed by miracles: nay, his preaching was itself a wonderful miracle. Whether we suppose him to have preached in Latin or Portuguese, it was nothing short of miraculous that he was understood with perfect ease by the most ignorant audience; and if, as is expressly stated by several authors, he was in the habit of preaching in Italian in Italy, and in French in France, his perfect mastery of these two languages is at least equally marvellous, for he had never learnt the latter in any way, and, with regard to the former, the only knowledge he had of it was from the brief intercourse with six uneducated lay-brothers, which broke in upon the long silence and solitude of Montepaolo. The only explanation is that he had the gift of tongues. We shall find him, later on, at Rome, not only perfectly understood by men of different nationalities, but heard by each speaking in his own language, even as were the Apostles at Pentecost. Moreover, another wonderful circumstance attended St. Anthony's preaching. This is, that however vast the numbers to whom he was speaking, there was not a single person, however distant from him, to whom his voice did not sound perfectly clear and distinct.

St. Bonaventure quotes the following prayer composed by St. Anthony, which he used before preaching.

"O Light of the world, infinite God, Father of eternity, Giver of wisdom and knowledge, and ineffable Dispenser of every spiritual grace, who knowest all things before they are made, who makest the darkness and the light, put forth Thy Hand and touch my mouth, and make it a sharp sword to utter eloquently Thy words. Make my tongue, O Lord, as a chosen arrow, to declare faithfully Thy wonders; put Thy Spirit, O Lord, in my heart that I may perceive, in my soul that I may retain, and in my conscience that I may meditate; do Thou lovingly, holily, mercifully, clemently, and gently inspire me with Thy grace; do Thou teach, guide, and strengthen the comings in and the goings out of my senses and my thoughts, and let Thy discipline instruct me even to the end, and the counsel of the Most High help me through Thine infinite wisdom and mercy. Amen."

A person visiting the late Pope Pius IX, of glorious memory, exclaimed, on seeing him look so well: "Why, Holy Father, you are growing young again!"

"I believe it truly," replied the Pope, "for they have just admitted me into the Association of the Young Catholics of Italy."

Once when the same Pope went to see a new bridge thrown over the Teverene, he said to the engineer, after expressing his gratification: "Let us not forget that we must also build a bridge to carry us to heaven: and this must be a bridge of charity."

MARIAN.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 11, 1879. No. 41.

[For the Ave Maria.]

The Vision of Charity.

A LEGEND.

From desert-heat with venom fraught,
A weary pilgrim, wan and faint,
With slowly toiling footsteps sought
The grotto of a hermit-saint.
And in that cool, secluded cave,
The wand'rer found his needed rest,
For there the Lord's true servant gave
Glad welcome to each pilgrim-guest.
"For *me*," he cried, "not thee, the boon,
Love's kindly task is pleasure sweet."
Then stooped to loose the sandal-shoon,
And lave the travel-wearied feet.
What vision meets his startled sight?
The heavy sandals fall—and, lo!
On each bared Foot, the blood-drops bright
From cruel wounds, like rubies glow!
With trembling glance of love and awe,
E'en higher still the hermit gazed—
And ah! two nail-rent Hands he saw
In benediction o'er him raised.
Then, while his inmost spirit shook,
Up to the thorn-encircled Brow
He lifted *one swift, dazzled look*,
And murmured, "Master! is it *Thou*?"
"Aye!" spake that Master's Voice Divine,
"The poor their imaged Lord shall be;
And whoso serves the least of Mine,
Behold! he also serveth Me!"

MARIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

St. Winefred's Well.

From a letter of Lord Denbigh we were rejoiced to learn that the celebrated Well of St. Winefred, in Flintshire, North Wales, was once more in Catholic hands,—probably the first time since the days of the so-called "Reformation" in England,—and that it will continue under Catholic management for the next three years. This desirable event was brought about through the zealous exertions of the Rev. J. B. di Pietro, S. J., of Holywell, who incurred a considerable liability in securing it from the Corporation. We trust that an increased accession of pilgrims to this much renowned place of Catholic devotion will more than recompense the zeal of the devoted Father. St. Winefred's is, we believe, one of the oldest and most frequented pilgrimages of its kind in Europe, dating its origin as far back as the close of the 7th century, since which time it has ever retained its claim to the devout veneration of Catholics. The well itself is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the United Kingdom, and is even more remarkable than the celebrated Fountain of Vaucluse, five leagues from Avignon, or that of La Source, near Orleans, in France. The springhead of St. Winefred's is a splendid octagon basin twenty-nine feet two inches in length and twenty-seven feet four in breadth. It is six feet deep, but the water is so clear that a pin can be seen at the bottom. There is a fine Gothic chapel erected over it, built by Henry VII and his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby. An arched area eighteen feet two inches high incloses the well. The ceilings are curiously carved, and ornamented with coats of arms, the figures of Henry VII, his mother, and the Earl of Derby. On a pendent projection over the fountain is traced the legend of the life of St. Winefred, with the arms of England at the foot. A number of fine ribs secure the arch, the intersections of which are coupled with sculpture. The east end of the chapel building is pentagonal in shape, and lighted by five windows adorned with elegant tracery.

The accommodations for bathing are excellent; and as no one can bathe in the fountain itself on account of the impetuosity with which the water gushes forth, a great basin has been provided for this purpose. It is forty-two feet long, by fourteen feet seven inches in width, and has a handsome flagged walk around it, reached by two circular staircases descending twenty steps into the area under the chapel. Those who bathe need be under no apprehension of contracting the diseases of those who preceded them, as the waters are speedily replaced by the constant gush from the fountain. This basin is said to contain

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about two hundred and forty tuns, and if emptied will refill in less than two minutes—giving an average supply of more than one hundred tuns a minute.* This quantity is said to vary little either in drought or rainy weather.

Although only a mile from the Dee, the waters of the well form quite a river before reaching it, and serve to propel the machinery of several mills on the way. The town of Holywell—which in population, wealth, commerce, and manufactures, has risen to be one of the first in North Wales, takes its name from St. Winefred's; and at the time the pamphlet memoir which is our principal guide in the present sketch was written—in 1817—it had a population of about 9,000. The inhabitants in general seemed both wealthy and public-spirited; and the place, even then, bore an air of considerable opulence. The town is beautifully situated amid encircling hills. Numerous works of lead, calamine, copper, brass, and several cotton manufactories, are in the town and immediate neighborhood; and the waters of the Dee, close at hand, give a ready avenue of export to the industry of the place. With such means at command it would not be surprising if Holywell had steadily advanced in wealth and prosperity. The scenery in the neighborhood is said to be very fine, especially in the celebrated Vale of Llangollen, skirting the banks of the Dee a few miles farther up, much visited by tourists; so that St. Winefred's affords a double object of interest to those who seek either health or pleasure. Of late, too, when the mania for visiting springs and watering-places has become so great that the overcrowded hotels and lodging-houses at those places offer but a poor respite from the heat and bustle of city life, we think our Catholic countrymen who can spare time and means for a summer trip across the Atlantic will find an agreeable and withal a beneficial alternative by visiting some of the renowned pilgrimages now attracting so much attention in Europe. This is one of the motives that actuates us in giving the present sketch of St. Winefred's, heretofore so little known on this side of the Atlantic, and yet so convenient to the great port of Liverpool—being only some 30 or 40 miles from it by way of the ancient city of Chester—that it lies within easy scope of the most limited tour. When recommending it to our Catholic countrymen we do so advisedly, for obvious reasons, but with no intention of being at all exclusive. Non-Catholics may derive equal, and even more benefit therefrom, if they can but lay aside any preconceived false notions and prejudices, and visit such places in a disinterested spirit, with a view of seeing for themselves before passing judgment upon them. Lourdes, La Salette, Chartres, Paray le Monial, Fourvières, and other pilgrimages, are already well known to our readers, and we would add this other one to the list, for the reasons above stated. Perhaps no pilgrimage was for ages more famous than that of Holy Well, where the Divine mercy was so successfully implored through the intercession of the gentle Saint who had there glorified God's holy Name and sanctified her soul.* Even non-Catholic testimony is not wanting in favor of St. Winefred's, though those who gave this testimony viewed things from a wrong standpoint and erred in ascribing the cause to the natural properties of the waters or the influence of a cold bath.† As well might people nowadays attempt the same assertion with regard to the celebrated Water of Lourdes, which though restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and health to the sick, is found by repeated analyses to contain no curative properties.

Scientific men may, if they will (as they did), attribute the wonderful cures obtained at St. Winefred's to the effects of a *cold bath* and the natural properties of the water, but to establish this theory they should first have explained away the fact, which in more than one instance occurred, of persons being cured through the agency of St. Winefred and the Holy Well at a distance from the well, and with no opportunity whatever of bathing in the water, or drinking of it even at a distance. The following is an instance in point, and one well authenticated. A poor woman in Kidderminster, England, had been bed-ridden with disease for six or seven years, and was maintained by the parish in the house of one Anthony Cooke, a linen-weaver of that place. It so happened that a cousin of Mr. Cooke's, who passed through the town on her way to visit St. Winefred's Well, stopped at his house to see the family and in the course of conversation explained the object of her journey. The poor sick woman in the room adjoining, hearing her remark concerning St. Winefred's, called to her and begged that she would take for her a penny to the holy

* The experiment was once tried for a wager, on Thursday, July 12, 1731; Mr. Price, the Rector of Holywell, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wynne, Dr. Taylor, and several other gentlemen, being present. To the great surprise of many the basin was replenished in less than two minutes.

* Note in Butler's Lives, Nov. 3.

† Dr. Linden, an able physician, who made a considerable stay at St. Winefred's Well, speaks of it in his work "On Chalybeate Waters and Natural Hot Baths," which was printed in London in 1748 (Chap. iv, p. 126,) and says the green sweet-scented moss found in the well is frequently applied to ulcerated wounds with signal success, in the way of contracting and healing them. Its powerful medicinal efficacy he supposes may be ascribed to a vegetating spirit drawn from the water. The water is clear of all gross earth and mineral contents. He recommends Holywell as a cold bath of the first rank, saying (and truly) that it has in its favor the experience of ages and a series of innumerable authentic cures worked upon the most subborn and malignant diseases, such as leprosy, weakness of the nerves, and other inveterate chronic disorders.—*Butler's Notes.*

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well, and give it to the first poor person she should meet there, asking that person to bathe in the well for her and pray that she might recover the use of her limbs. She did as the poor woman desired; and on her return to Kidderminster, some days after, she was much surprised to find her perfectly cured—and, furthermore, it was ascertained that the cure had taken place exactly at the time the penny was given for her at Holywell. This extraordinary affair created such a sensation that the facts were examined and juridically attested to by Mr. James Brydges, who afterwards became sheriff of Worcester in 1651. It took place in the year 1647, and is one among many instances of miraculous cures happening at a distance from the holy well, going clearly to prove the supernatural nature of these cures, and also of those obtained by bathing in the water or drinking of it. Another instance may be cited, in which the suddenness and perfection of the cure obtained could hardly be ascribed to any natural effect. It is that of a Quaker, Roger Whetstone or Whiston by name, a resident of Sidmore, Worcestershire, who at the age of sixty was afflicted with a palsy which disabled him to such a degree that he had to be fed by the hand of another, being himself unable to convey the food to his mouth. He had been confined to his bed for four months, but improved sufficiently to be able to move about on crutches. He had continued in this crippled state for three years, when he was informed by a neighbor from Flintshire of a place there called "St. Winefred's Well," where a great number of lame and diseased persons were restored to health in a miraculous manner. Notwithstanding the skepticism engendered by his peculiar form of religious belief, the poor Quaker seemed to feel that Almighty God would vouchsafe him a cure at the same holy fountain. So thither he went, on crutches, accompanied by his daughter, a young girl, and after several days' journey arrived there on the 28th of August (1667). He could not, however, be induced to bathe in the water, fearing that by doing so he would be giving way too much to what he considered the superstition of Roman Catholics. He sat himself down beside the well and drank a cupful of the water, after which he fell into a kind of trance. On regaining consciousness he asked for another cupful, which he drank, and had no sooner done so than he found himself so strangely, suddenly and perfectly cured that he threw away his crutches and walked round the well, shedding tears of joy. Quakers, as a sect, do not even believe in the efficacy or necessity of the regenerating waters of baptism, and are perhaps the least likely of any to believe in supernatural agencies of any kind; but the hand of God was so evident to Whetstone in this cure that conviction forced itself upon him, and he soon embraced the Catholic faith. The facts of this miracle were so palpable that another rigid Quaker, Robert Hill, of Broomsgrove, who was conversant with it, did not hesitate to give his testimony in its favor, and signed his testimonial on the 2d of October, 1667.

The well became so famous that tender mothers went to place their delicate and sickly children in the water, hoping that they would thereby obtain for them a speedy cure: the blind, the lepers, and other diseased persons were perfectly cured by bathing in or drinking of the water, and many at a distance were cured by putting the blood-red stones obtained from the well in other water and drinking of it. This latter expedient, it is said, was recommended by St. Winefred herself to some devout clients to whom she appeared, and who had invoked her intercession for relief from dangerous or painful diseases. It is not within the compass of our narrow space to give in detail all the numerous miracles recorded, but we cannot forego giving a few of them, for the edification of the reader. When the "Deformation" had gained a footing in England, the accounts of miracles previous to that epoch were scouted with real or assumed contempt as monkish legends, and the traces of them destroyed. Accounts of some have been preserved, however, but we will at present content ourselves with taking a few of those subsequent to that period, beginning with the cure of Sir Roger Bodenham, an English Protestant nobleman and a Knight of the Bath, which took place in 1606. After suffering from a tedious quartan ague, a gross humor settled in his legs which soon broke out in the form of a leprosy. Having consulted many able physicians concerning it, he finally placed himself under the care of one in whom he reposed the highest confidence, one of the most distinguished physicians of his day, Dr. John David Rhes, a Cambro-Briton, who obtained his diploma at Sienna, was professor of physic at Padua, and practised in different parts of Italy and England. He was about sixty years of age when Sir Roger consulted him. After running without avail through all the various remedies that science could suggest or art devise, he advised the knight to lay his case before the College of Physicians at London. This he accordingly did; and the College being convened and the matter debated upon, they coincided exactly with the diagnosis of Dr. Rhes and approved of his treatment, and furthermore stated as their opinion that if the remedies applied by him were ineffectual there was no cure in nature for him. The doctor had been teacher to many of those in the college, and they acknowledged his superiority to most of them in a polite and merited compliment. On receiving their decision, Dr. Rhes (being a Catholic) advised his patient to visit St.

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Winefred's Well and try whether he could not obtain through the Saint's intercession the cure denied him by art. He told him of the sanctity of the place and the wonders performed there; and Sir Roger, being extremely desirous of health, resolved to undertake the painful journey, of seventy-eight British miles, with such lumbering mode of conveyance as was used in those days. Arrived at St. Winefred's, he bathed in the well, and became as sound and clean from all leprosy as a new-born babe, and ever afterwards continued so. He subsequently became a Catholic, and returned thanks to Almighty God for the double cure of soul and body. Besides the testimony he gave of it himself to some of the members of his family, there were several among his friends and attendants to bear witness to the cure.

Another remarkable instance is the cure of Mrs. Mary Newman, whose husband was clerk to Sir Jeremy Smith, a Commander in the English Navy. This lady was reduced to such a weak state by protracted disease that for eighteen years she was unable to stand upon her feet. Having numerous friends at the English court, they interested themselves in her behalf and obtained the opinion of the king's physicians on her case, which they declared beyond the reach of their skill and deemed incurable. She then spent two summers and a winter at the bath in Somersetshire and other noted places in England, visited Scotland and France, Sichem and other places of devotion in Flanders, spent eighteen weeks in Holland, had the advice of an Italian prince noted for his skill, and visited the baths in Portugal—all to no purpose, however,—her disease remained as before. These journeys were for the most part taken at the expense of the King of England, but all the wealth of the English monarch could not obtain her cure. She had twice visited St. Winefred's Well, it is true, but having heard of the prediction said to be given by St. Beuno to Winefred, that whoever should thrice pay his devotions at the Holy Well would obtain his lawful request—or, if not granted, would in lieu thereof obtain still greater benefits—she became anxious to go there a third time, and visited the Holy Well accordingly in the Whitsunweek of 1666. On Wednesday of the same week she went into the water, when she immediately felt her bones move, drawing to their proper position, but causing her great pain for the time. With the assistance of some of her kinsfolk who were present, she stood upon her feet in the water and walked a little, a thing which she had not been able to do for eighteen years previously. On Trinity Sunday she went for the fifth time into the water, and was able to walk without assistance from others; and on the Wednesday following she undertook a journey to Ireland. This miracle, with all its particulars, was attested by herself, in the presence of witnesses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Padua.

BY THE ABBÉ ROLLAND.

(CONCLUSION.)

After that of St. Anthony, the Church of St. Justina is without doubt the most magnificent in Padua.

About the year 46 of the Christian era, St. Peter was at Rome and sent Prodoscimus to announce the glad tidings of the Gospel to the city of Padua. The saintly Bishop soon saw the number of his disciples increase, and had the happiness of baptizing the prefect of Padua himself. Vitalia, already distinguished by his fortune and rank, was yet more so by his fidelity to the grace of God. To his great joy, his wife gave birth to a child, whom he had baptized by St. Prodoscimus. Justina—this was the child's name—increased in grace before God, and was under the guidance of the holy Bishop. She was sixteen years of age when Nero began the frightful persecution which was to give so much strength and glory to the Church of Christ. Arrested as a Christian, she was brought before the new prefect of Padua, who, enamored by her beauty, made use of every means in his power to overcome her constancy and seduce her virtue. Firm and generous, Justina would not prove unfaithful to her Divine Spouse, and preferred death to apostasy and dishonor. She was pierced through the heart by the sword of the executioner, and her pure soul took flight to heaven, there to enjoy forever that happiness promised to virgins and martyrs. St. Prodoscimus buried her near her parents in a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Thus she slept till the end of the last century.

The place of her sepulture was for a long time unknown; but Gerard, Bishop of Padua, having discovered it, made a solemn translation of her relics to the church which now bears her name. During this translation, say the historians of the time, all the bells of the city, of their own accord, rang out glad peals to honor her who during life was the glory of the city, and by her death became its protectress.

To-day, her body lies under the main altar, over which is to be seen the beautiful painting of Paul Veronese depicting the scene of her martyrdom.

The Church of St. Justina is worthy of the heroine to whom it is dedicated. Byzantine in form, with its eight aerial cupolas, the highest of which serves as a pedestal to a statue of the Saint, its altars and its marble statues, its splendid stalls of walnut, carved by a French artist of note, with its bass-reliefs representing scenes in

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the Old and New Testaments, its numerous paintings, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of gifted pencils, the Church of St. Justina is long pictured in the memory of the beholder.

One of the chapels of the transept contains a large portion of the bodies of SS. Mathias and Luke. The guide who accompanied me led me into a subterranean crypt, the primitive sanctuary and cradle of Christianity in Padua. It was here that St. Prodoscimus celebrated the Holy Mysteries, on the very stone of the altar which to-day covers his relics.

Here, too, is the Well of the Holy Innocents. It is filled with the bones of the numerous Christians who were martyred in the square called Prato, of which I shall soon speak. This is a holy place, and prayer naturally flows from Christian hearts while kneeling before a beautiful marble statue of Our Lady of Pity, so appropriately placed beside the remains of these courageous martyrs.

On leaving the church, I cast a rapid glance at the Prato della Valle. It is ornamented with beautiful trees and fountains, and here and there are seen statues of celebrated Paduans and Italians. This magnificent promenade is on the site of the ancient amphitheatre, which was the scene of the martyrdom of many Christians in the early time. At the season of the year in which I visited Padua, it is little frequented; but in the spring and summer it affords the genial Paduans delightful pastime.

Padua is a gay city; its long, narrow streets, with their antique arcades, resemble cloisters. They could never have been more animated than when the great University of Padua numbered 6,000 students. Galileo was professor of mathematics there. Two illustrious women, Helena Piscopia and Cassandra Fideli, were doctors of the same famous seat of learning. Among the students we found the honored name of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. As late as 1847, 1,600 students attended the University; but a little before the Italian war it was unhappily closed by the Austrian Government.

We passed by this University, once so glorious, to reach the Palace della Ragione, or Salone. How great were our regrets in its regard! The Church is the only true educator; where she is free, education flourishes and is conducted in safe channels; when she is oppressed, as now, it languishes and becomes vitiated.

The grand hall of this palace, begun in 1172, is one of the most magnificent in all Europe. It is reached by four flights of stairs, and above each stands the bust of some illustrious child of Padua: there is Livy, the prince of historians; Brother Albert, of the Order of Hermits, a renowned theologian; Paul, a jurist of celebrity; Peter d'Albano, the great physician. Imagine a hall about three hundred feet long and forty in width and height, without columns or support, beautifully painted. The paintings are the work of Giotto; they were retouched in 1762 by Francis Zanoni. The subjects are allegorical, representing the different phases of human life, the influence of the stars and the seasons. The twelve signs of the zodiac are also represented, and the twelve Apostles, each near the sign under which his feast falls.

The *salon* is built parallel to the equator, so that the rays of the rising sun entering by the eastern windows cross the room and pass through those at the west. In the same manner at the time of the equinoxes the rays entering by the southern windows pass through those at the north. Thus the solar rays, successively changing direction each month, reflect upon the corresponding sign of the zodiac.

Below the painting of St. Mark is a monument in honor of Livy. In a corner of the *salon* is the Rock of Scandal, a kind of granite stone on which debtors used to sit to proclaim publicly their insolvency. When after having sat three times on this stone a man swore that he had not a farthing, he was left in peace by his creditors. A singular custom indeed. He must have been a bad citizen whom this ignominy could not correct.

The place *dell' Erbe*, in which the vegetable market is situated, is at the foot of the *salon*. Its aspect is picturesque in the extreme. We made our way with some difficulty through the busy throng of housewives and eager merchants to reach the Dome.

The Cathedral of Padua was in course of erection from 1542 to 1570 according, it is said, to designs furnished by Michael Angelo. The cupola is spacious and lofty. The church contains nothing remarkable. The tomb of Sperone Speroni, a celebrated poet, the master of Tasso; a madonna ascribed to Giotto, which belonged to Petrarch, who was a canon of this Cathedral: these are the objects of greatest interest in the Dome. We must not forget to mention, however, the chapel of Blessed Gregory Barborigo, Cardinal Bishop of Padua. This holy prelate by his charity, watchfulness, and pastoral zeal, was the Borromeo of his province.

Petrarch, as we have already said, was a canon of Padua; and the people still preserve the memory of his regularity in his old age. His youth was not without reproach; but he did exemplary penance, and the laurels of the capital which adorn his brow do him less honor than the last years of his penitential life. His tomb is at Acqua, a village some distance from Padua.

The sacristy contains some beautiful articles of gold workmanship, a bust of Petrarch, several paintings of merit, and two manuscripts on parchment, adorned with vignettes and beautifully illuminated. A crypt contains the body of St.

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Daniel, Levite and martyr, which rests in a magnificent shrine ornamented with bass-reliefs in bronze, the work of Titian Aspetti.

One of the curiosities of Padua which no traveller omits to see, is the *Café Prodocchi:* the walls, the columns, the pavement are also marble of an extremely fine quality and elegantly wrought.

Before leaving Padua we saw a schoolmaster presiding over the military exercises of his pupils in a street near the railroad. The oldest of the children was not more than thirteen years of age. With ludicrously grave countenances they were preparing themselves for the stern profession of war. Poor Europe! we said to ourselves, if it is thus thou formest the rising generation, I fear for thy future. Our first endeavor should be to form Christians; then we shall have invincible soldiers.

From the Ladies' Bazaar Journal.

The Widow of Nain.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

The dust on their sandals lay heavy and white,
Their garments were damp with the tears of the night,
Their hot feet aweary, and throbbing with pain,
As they entered the gates of the city of Nain.

But lo! on the pathway a sorrowing throng
Pressed, mournfully chanting the funeral song,
And like a sad monotone, ceaseless and slow,
The voice of a woman came laden with woe.

What need, stricken mothers, to tell how she wept?
Ye read by the vigils that sorrow hath kept,
Ye know, by the travail of anguish and pain,
The desolate grief of the widow of Nain.

As He who was first of the wayfaring men
Advanced, the mute burden was lowered, and then
As He touched the white grave-clothes that covered the bier
The bearers shrank back, but the mother drew near.

Her snow-sprinkled tresses had loosened their strands,
Great tears fell unchecked on the tightly-clasped hands;
But hushed the wild sobbing and stifled her cries,
As Jesus of Nazareth lifted His eyes.

Eyes wet with compassion, as slowly they fell—
Eyes potent to soften grief's tremulous swell,
As, sweetly and tenderly, "Weep not," He said,
And turned to the passionless face of the dead.

White, white gleamed his forehead, loose rippled the hair,
Bronze-tinted, o'er temples transparently fair;
And a glory stole up from the earth to the skies,
As He called to the voiceless one, "Young man, arise!"

The hard, rigid outlines grew fervid with breath,
The dull eyes unclosed from the midnight of death;
Weep, weep, happy mother, and fall at His feet:
Life's dull, blighted promise grown hopeful and sweet.

The morning had passed, and the midday heats burned:
Once more to the pathway the wayfarers turned.
The conqueror of kings had been conquered again:
There was joy in the house of the widow of Nain.

A Victim of the Falk Laws.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes, for the first time in my life I was a prisoner!

The house of detention consists of several blocks of buildings, all of one story high. The windows are furnished with solid gratings, some with planks. In short, the interior of the place is as melancholy and monotonous as befits its destination. The sole decoration of the walls is a large placard to warn the inmates that "no smoking is allowed," a precautionary measure not calculated to diminish the tedium of the abode.

The principal block is in the shape of a horse-shoe, and comprises three portions, which enclose a space of cultivated ground. This is the men's prison. A few hundred feet from it is that of the women, and between the two is the chapel and kitchen. Each building is isolated from the rest, and surrounded by high walls covered with whitewash. The whole occupies a surface of about fifteen *morgen*, including the courts and gardens, and is surrounded by a wall which completely separates the prison from the adjacent houses. Patrols of jailers make their rounds between the inner and outer walls.

This is the safety-asylum for persons who have got into difficulties with the various paragraphs of the Penal Code,—from the robber, who, penetrated with the maxim that "property is theft." has turned thief without becoming a proprietor, to the noble Bishop Mathias, who, in the month of May, 1873, fell into the claws of the Falcon (*Falk*). This *refugium peccatorum* is so low that even the sparrows perching on the chimney-tops cannot enjoy a wide horizon. The first glance showed me that a lover of fair nature, like myself, would here find no chance of indulging his taste, and I felt it all the more painful that my first leisure time for meditating deeply on the May laws should be spent in a solitary cell, during the sweetest month of the year.

The inherent melancholy of the place is enhanced by the proximity of the widowed Cathedral. The silence of the gloomy streets, between it and the prison, is broken by no human foot-fall. Isolated from all the sounds of life, the dwellers in this abode are enabled to reflect on the dangers of their country, if willing to devote their leisure to the study of the *Correspondance*

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Provinciale. Nevertheless, this isolation certainly fails to inspire any enthusiasm for national liberal civilization.

As the adversaries of Bismarck and Falk had said, before my entry into prison life, those cells were much honored in being made the abode of so many estimable persons. It is no longer the faces only of gallows-birds, house-breakers, and rascals by profession or practice, which are to be met with there; but men who need not blush to look their judges in the face, men whose consciences are free from any burden and any sting, and whose hearts are full of courage, in the conviction that they suffer in a noble cause, and possess the sympathy of all true and faithful Catholics.

If it be true that it is not the place which makes the men, but the men who make the place, the Dominican cloister, in the year of grace 1874, was, again, less a prison than a monastery, and ennobled by the presence of a prince of the Church, had lost its sombre character.

Besides, the cell may imprison the body, but not the mind, which no paragraph of the law, however rigid, can hinder from traversing space, and not only lifting up its eyes to the hills from whence cometh help, but passing over them, and taking its rest in Rome. Perhaps some determined liberal, by way of proving his right to the title, will one day propose a law to gag the conscience, clip the wings of thought and aspiration, and extinguish prayer.

This cloister, recalled into existence by the state, and designated by the popular voice, "The Priests' Hotel," is undeniably the most dangerous abode in the diocese of Treves, and shelters the most hardened partisans of the "Black International." It might be well, if only for consistency's sake, to post a few forty-eight pounders in its vicinity, lest the state should find itself unawares taken off its hinges.

The inspector is a man with more heart than would at first be supposed, from his regulation face. Though receiving me like one who is fulfilling his service, it was nevertheless with some approach to the terms in use among civilized people. He briefly asked my name, place and date of birth, and then put me into the hands of the superintendent who proceeded to take an inventory of all the superfluous articles I had about me. To him I gave up my watch, money, a knife, pencil, and cigars.

This ballast being thrown overboard and my pockets empty, I was given into the care of a red-bearded guard, who led me through long corridors and bolted doors, to take me a few steps higher and deposit me in the wing of the preventive prison. The enormous keys, iron doors, and inscriptions on the cells, led me to conclude that I was in a part of the world allotted to individuals addicted to annexation irrespective of *meum et tuum*. I soon learnt also that this delectable population included a few cut-throats, assassins, and other specimens of the lowest dungeon vermin.

It was, however, with satisfaction that I perceived that order and cleanliness reigned throughout the place. The staircases, doors, passages, and chambers are washed over, half with oil, half with whitewash. Still, even a cage of gold is still a cage.

The cell provisionally allotted to me was six or seven feet long by four wide, and just high enough to allow my head not to strike against the ceiling unless I went too near the window. The front wall, in which this window, strongly barred, was constructed, is formed by the roof, which descends with a steep inclination. The window can be opened a hand's breadth, not more. A table, two stools (without backs, of course), a pan, a water-pot, earthen pitcher, and a kind of cupboard, formed by curtains originally green, completed the furniture. I took in the whole at a glance, and the next moment, with a strange emotion, heard the key turn in the lock, and felt that I was a prisoner.

Through the iron bars of my narrow window I contrived to pass my head and neck, and could, in this fashion, enjoy the panorama unfolded before me. This consisted of a corner of the sky, a little peep of the mountains, a barrack, the weathercock on the church of St. Paul, the prison buildings, that is to say, a series of monotonous walls, the little chapel of the establishment, the women's prison, in which the Lord Bishop was incarcerated, the kitchen, above which were confined two of my brethren in the priesthood, who had already spent three months there, to enable them the better to appreciate the May Laws. On the left was the cloister of the Belgian nuns. The flowering trees and green shrubs of their garden contrasted agreeably with the whitened walls of the prison. I often watched the religious, in their white or black veils, as they walked in their garden.

CHAPTER V.

The order of the day, during the time of my captivity, was this: At five o'clock we were roused by the ringing of a heavy bell, followed by the rattling of keys, grating of doors, and the orders of the guardians. The prisoners made their toilet and said their prayers, swept and dusted their cells, made their beds, and worked till seven. This was the hour for breakfast, which consisted of thin broth, served in a dog-skillet, accompanied by a wooden spoon. Knives and forks being objects of luxury, are proscribed articles in the Hotel de Bulles. At half-past eleven, dinner; which consisted of a *squash* (I can use no other word) of boiled peas or pota-

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toes, served in large buckets. Each prisoner, plate in hand, attacked this indistinct mass as best he could. A prayer was always said before and after the repast. Supper was at six, when we were regaled upon a watery decoction which went by the name of *schlicht*. Daily after dinner we performed the exercise called the *goose march*, when we had to walk slowly round the court at a distance of five feet from each other. If we had but little to digest, we could at least breathe fresh air. At seven in the evening (six on Sunday), everybody went to bed. This piece of furniture merited rather the name of an easel. It consisted of trestles, on which was laid a sack, tightly stuffed with straw. The whole apparatus resembled the trunk of a tree, and was so short that the would-be sleeper was obliged to double himself into an S, to lie upon it at all, and without any possibility of stretching his limbs. The bag was as hardened as the prisoner, and gave no sign of softening. The miniature pillow, two rags also stuffed with straw, formed a whole which in size and thickness resembled one of the Jewish cakes of unleavened bread. With my towels and handkerchiefs, however, I contrived to make a bundle which served at least as some support.

The first night, there was no question of sleeping. Every time that I began to doze, I rolled on to the plaster floor, and by five o'clock in the morning was bruised and battered as if I had been fighting all night. In this condition I went among my companions, who were already hurrying about in business-like manner.

All at once, one of them accosted me.

"What! *You* here, Monsieur le Curé?"

It was an old classmate, who had never been remarkable for application to work.

"And what," I asked, "has brought *you* here?"

"Oh! I am innocent, perfectly innocent. And you, also, Monsieur le Curé, you are the same, I am sure."

I smiled, and he continued—

"All whom you see here are innocent! One day I lent my cart to a neighbor: the simpleton must needs go straight to the forest, steal wood, and—here I am! Here *I* am just because *he* chose to load my cart with stolen wood! Is it not unheard of?"

"Are you here, then, for the first time?"

"Well, no, Monsieur le Curé, not exactly; but since *you* are here too, I think no more of it."

Let me be allowed to observe, in passing, that I succeeded in bringing my poor comrade to better principles. He was not either wicked or corrupt at heart, but idle and inconsiderate. He promised me, with tears in his eyes, that he would amend his ways, and I think he will keep his word when let out of prison.

To an educated man, accustomed to regular occupations, nothing is more frightful than the cellular life. If I had been able to study and write, I might (had I not been a priest) have come to think, as did J. J. Rousseau, of its charms; but I had to renounce everything of the kind, and for reading, nothing was provided but the mighty feats of arms of the Prussians, "Old Dessauer," "Old Fritz," "The Great Prince Palatine," etc., etc. This mental diet was not likely to restore comfort to a digestion sorely tried by garlic soup, and I was half dead with *ennui*. From five in the morning until seven in the evening I used to traverse my tiny cell from the door to the window, and from the window to the door; counted every minute, every stroke of the bell which struck from the cathedral tower; watched, one by one, the flies which travelled over the walls; prayed, and in short, forgot one thing only, namely, to take a resolution to correct myself.

To remain for long months under bars and bolts, guarded at night by jailers; to see high walls incessantly before one; to hear only the sounds of bolt and keys and the orders of the patrol; to meet, at every step, faces fit for the galleys, is a situation which, after a time, becomes insupportable. How many times have I thrust my head through my window-bars (a diversion which was not formerly permitted), felt in the pocket once occupied by my watch, and searched every corner of that which had contained the cigars! It is as well to confess that I am a vigorous smoker, and that the sudden deprivation of tobacco gave to me for some days a disagreeable inflammation of the mouth. With longing regret I thought of this noble plant, and I think that in some cases the thought of a privation is more painful than the privation itself.

In a fortnight, however, I had become accustomed to mine, and it was well that I had, for whoever is surprised in the possession of a leaf of tobacco, is punished with fifteen days of arrest; that is, he is shut in a dark dungeon, and fed on bread and water.

Our "liberal" gentlemen ridicule all idea of either confessorship or martyrdom for the imprisoned Bishops and priests. Be it so, if, to be martyred, it is necessary to be tortured, torn to pieces, or burnt alive. This kind of martyrdom is out of fashion in Europe (unless, indeed, in Russia), in our time; but nevertheless, when one is condemned to be alone day after day, bolted in a small cell, with the spectre of *ennui* one's sole companion; when the stomach is clamorous for food, and a potato would be a delicacy and a feast; when at night the hard straw prints red marks upon the aching body, when by day a corner of the sky looks down upon one through iron bars; when all the little habits of life must be renounced, and one is isolated from all rela-

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tions with the outer world; when no letter, unless submitted to inspection, may be written or received; when even a newspaper article would be hailed with welcome,—in short, when one is deprived of liberty, and compulsion is substituted for free-will, one suffers a kind of martyrdom, and one which is felt the more painfully in relation to the prisoner's place in the scale of intellectual culture. If the Bishops, priests, and Catholic editors are not martyrs in the same way as were those of the first centuries, they nevertheless suffer cruelly, and one who has himself shared it can alone appreciate their situation. As the *Gazette de Moselle* lately observed, "A man condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment for some editorial misdemeanor remarked to us, 'I am not an Ultramontane, but I admire the firmness, courage, and strong convictions of the imprisoned Catholic priests.'"

We are often told by papers which call themselves liberal, but which know as little of true liberality as the cells of a prison know of sofas and oil-paintings, that our Bishops are "martyrs at a very cheap rate." While fabricating their articles, these paid scribblers are, I am convinced, softly lounging in an easy-chair, with long pipes in their mouths, and a good glass of wine close at hand; and that they are moralizers after the pattern of Horace, who, stretched upon a divan and eating figs, wrote: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" These gentlemen would change their ideas very quickly if they found themselves, for a sufficient space of time, locked up in the place of the "martyrs at an easy rate." Even if the execution of the May Laws should appear to them necessary, they might at least have some respect for the sufferings of the Bishops, and not be so "liberal" in the insults they lavish upon them.

I have mentioned *ennui* as one of the especial torments of prison life. It is just, however, to say that later on the prisoners were allowed to study. We were principally occupied in learning French, English, and Italian, and also history and stenography. It was then that I made acquaintance with the excellent work by Silvio Pellico, "My Prisons," a little book which no prison cell should be without. It describes the terrible sufferings of the prisoner-poet from 1820 to 1830, first at Milan and Venice, and afterwards at the Spielberg. He often speaks of God and religion, consoles and elevates the prisoner, and almost reconciles him to his sad lot. Making involuntary comparisons, I derived from these pages not only courage, but even a certain content with my position.

CHAPTER VI.

Morning and afternoon, the ecclesiastics were allowed an hour's walk in the inner court, one hundred feet long by eighty wide, and surrounded by high whitewashed walls. Part of this court is paved; the rest is sown with parsley and other pot-herbs. In the centre rises a majestic monument, a wooden pump, round and round which we walked like horses in a thrashing-machine, These promenades were our only recreation, and we were then allowed to talk and laugh. Here I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Franz Schneider, priest of the Church of St. Laurence. He was not then so celebrated as he afterwards became, when his name and the shattered fragments of his altar received hospitality in the columns of the *Times*. He was twenty-six years of age, of an inoffensive disposition, and by no means inclined to be aggressive—a good priest and a cheerful and animated companion. His complexion was at that time fresh and ruddy, but a residence of seventeen months at the Hotel de Bulles, with prison diet, have made a lamentable change in his appearance.

Another companion in misfortune was the venerable Curé of Oberweiss, who had been seriously out of health for twenty years. He was a very holy priest, and his patience and courage under incessant physical sufferings were an example to us all. Never did he breathe a complaint, but was invariably cheerful and full of trust in God, who will not forsake His own. I also became acquainted with the Vicaires of Prumm, Berncastle, and Wittlich. This last named is satire personified, an inexhaustible spring of wit, gayety, and good-humor. Each of his words was either an arrow or a bomb. No matter how much his frame might be tried by hunger, his mind and heart were always fresh and vigorous, as he scattered among us a shower of *bons mots*. He put some life into the prison; and his indomitable courage cheered and reanimated others in the moments of depression. Thus, at times at least, we were gay, in spite of *schlicht* and our sausage-beds of straw.

Nor were we altogether without other occasional causes of amusement.

I was one day walking with my companions between the parsley beds, when the superintendent of the preventive prison stiffly advanced with a solemn air. Rigid as a soldier on the boards of a theatre, and penetrated with a sense of his own dignity, he put himself in position before us, letting it be seen that he felt himself born for some higher sphere. We were conversing on some historical subject, and this *Fier-a-bras* let us understand that *he* also knew history. We found, in fact, that he knew Napoleon had died at St. Helena, and that the Seven Years' War had lasted seven years. One of the party said that he would dictate an historical study, leaving to him the honor of the composition. I had returned to my cell about half an hour, when the rival of Rotteck and Mommsen entered

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with an important air, and presented me with a sheet of paper.

"Read that, Monsieur le Curé! It is an historical study."

"Your own composition?"

"Of course."

"What books have you made use of?"

"A little of all."

I then began the perusal of

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

"Cæsar had passed the Rubicon. On one side stood Leonidas, with ten elephants, and six batteries of four; on the other, Caius Julius Cæsar, at the foot of Pompey's column. The battle raged for hours, amid clouds of smoke from the guns. At last Leonidas, leaping on one of the elephants in the front, threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, and telegraphed to Rome, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

After fourteen days of cellular imprisonment, I was transferred to the large detention-room. This is on a lower story, and bears the inscription, "For young criminals." There were not, at that time, printed placards for the offenders against the laws of May. Six prisoners were lodged in this room, which was divided in two by a green curtain hung from the ceiling, and joined another chamber, in which, from morning to night, resounded the looms of weavers. A thin partition only separated us from this fearful and incessant noise. In the same corridor were MM. Krumer and Schneider; also the editor of a journal, who for six weeks had been making the place echo with his complaints.

"*Solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum*" is as true to-day as when first sung by the poet. We had wooden stools to sit upon, slimy soup to eat, we shivered with cold or melted with heat; but were as happy as Daniel in the den of lions. As I have said, the hardest of our deprivations was that of not being allowed to say Holy Mass.

Mass was said in the chapel at six o'clock on Sundays and Thursdays by the chaplain of the prison. The venerable Bishop Mathias celebrated it at seven, with closed doors. The chapel is small, but pretty. There is a crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, one of St. Joseph, and an altar (adorned with flowers), a present from the ladies of Treves to their imprisoned Bishop. On the right is the pulpit, on the left the organ; on the walls and ceiling a captive artist has exercised his talent with a fair amount of skill. A space is separated off by wooden trellis-work for the prisoners of the preventive part of the building, and another in the nave for the women. Before six o'clock, the benches and passages were filled by prisoners of every age and condition, from children scarcely out of school to old men with white hair and trembling knees. Priests, inspector, treasurer, and superintendent, all were present.

Behind the organ, on the left of the altar, was the Bishop's confessional. When the aged Prelate entered the chapel, all present made a movement of respect. It pierced my heart to see him there, with his violet biretta and episcopal cross,—a prisoner in the midst of prisoners; but his calm and resigned countenance showed plainly that he suffered joyfully in a holy cause. His private secretary was a brave old turnkey, who always carried his breviary to the chapel, and, in every way he could, put himself at his service. The worthy man still had much of the soldier about him. One day when the Bishop was waiting for a priest to accompany him in his walk round the court, we heard the old functionary call out, "A man for the Bishop! Forward! March!"

During Mass we alternately prayed and sang. After the Gospel there was a sermon,—short, but which went to the heart. The Bishop was always present at Vespers, and often also at the religious instruction, which took place on Wednesdays, from three to four o'clock. Thus it will be seen that the religious needs of the prisoners were suitably provided for. I ought also to add, that, every morning and evening, all were summoned into the corridor for prayers. One man recited the *Angelus*, and the rest answered.

I had often wondered at the contrivances of the prisoners. Although, on their entering, everything was carefully taken away from them, and their clothing changed (they wore cotton in summer, and woolen in winter), although paper and other writing materials were rigorously prohibited, I believe there was not a prisoner who had not, at all times, the means of writing a letter. How they procured the materials is an enigma to me, as it must certainly be to the *surveillants*.

The condition of the imprisoned priests, especially of those who returned for the second or third time, became worse as time went on. At first those who went voluntarily had permission to say Mass, and have cooking at their own expense; but soon these privileges disappeared, and all were put under the common *régime* of the place. We scarcely remembered the taste of meat, soup, beer, wine, or vegetables, but we were contented and gay; and at noon, when with an Ultramontane appetite we fished in our thin broth hoping to catch some solid morsel, we thought of St. Peter fishing all night in vain, until our Lord came to his assistance.

When, one day, I expressed to my *confrère* K—— my sorrow at seeing him grow paler and thinner every day, he answered smilingly, "When thousands of men hasten with enthusiasm to fields of battle, and suffer fatigue, privations, and death, for an idea, or for the love of their coun-

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try, why should I not gladly sacrifice everything for the noble cause in which we are now struggling?"

And he was right. A Catholic, if worthy of the name, does not abandon his convictions for the sake of personal comfort.

The turnkeys, among whom are to be found not a few worthy and even excellent men, have often said to us, "We are ashamed to bring you this wretched and disgusting food: but we are helpless; we can do nothing for you." They treated us with as much regard and respect as was permitted or possible; some more, some less. The least amiable were those who, every five minutes, were calling out, "Service!"

As far as I am aware, the other prisoners were treated in the same humane manner, and harshness was of rare occurrence. The jailers' hearts are more benevolent than their instructions; and it must be remembered, also, that among the prisoners themselves good elements are to be found. All are not criminals. Several had donned the uniform in consequence of an unlucky blow, in a moment of forgetfulness; others for having hurrahed at the return of their parish priest; and there are, loose in the world, an endless number of scoundrels in kid gloves who are a hundred times more deserving than they to be inside the doors of a prison.

I have given all these details of prison life not only because it is at the present time a school of *bon ton*, and, as Windhorst has said, makes a man *comme il faut*, but especially because I think that my readers might wish to visit in spirit these retreats.

As for myself, I remained five months and a half to meditate on the May Laws, the benignity of the government, and the "internal enemies," and, although I received a "good note" for my conduct in prison, I came out more hardened than ever.

On my return, I was received by my parishioners with such warm demonstrations of joy and sympathy that I had to entreat them to abstain in future from any public manifestation, lest the Government should see in it an act of rebellion against the law, and my worthy people should expose themselves to a collision with the tribunals. As it was, they came in thousands to meet their Curé; there was a procession of young girls in white, as on great festivals, the village was decorated with flags and garlands, and I found my room almost hidden by flowers. These proofs of affection were very precious, because I felt that they were intended far less for myself personally, than for the Church whose priest I have the honor and privilege to be. I nevertheless felt compelled to put my veto upon them, for I saw in the background the sinister figures of the mayor, the gendarmes, the spies, the night-watchers, and all that would follow.

Here ends the first part of my narrative, the story of my captivity. The second will be much more interesting and romantic, for now begins the veritable Odyssey,—the story of my wanderings as an exile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fernando.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

From "The Catholic World."

It was a beautiful evening on the Lagunes. The sun had sunk behind one of the small islands dotting the Adriatic, in a sea of purple and yellow and gold. The fishermen were spreading and drying their nets on the shore, while their wives were sitting outside their doors, chatting and laughing and showing off the charms of their respective babies, and the older children built imaginary villages of sand and peopled them with shells. Suddenly a deep bell was heard, and instantly the voices were hushed, and all knelt and repeated the "*Angelus*" with the simple faith of the Italian race, whose evening would be incomplete without that touching tribute to our Lady. But among the women was one who had sat apart sadly from the rest, and down whose furrowed cheeks a few tears were coursing when she rose from her knees and found herself suddenly facing a venerable priest, with silver hair, who had just come from the neighboring village. "What ails you, my good Caterina?" he asked, seeing the marks of distress on her face. "Is it the old sorrow always, or something fresh?" The woman bent forward to kiss his hand, and replied: "The old grief is ever fresh, my Father; and widows cannot forget. It is a weary long waiting for the meeting up there," she added, pointing to heaven. "But it was not that which made me cry just now. It was Fernando. Ah! people tried to console me when my husband died, by telling me I had the children to comfort me. The children! It is they who make my cross intolerable to me. To be left alone to bring them up; to have no one to help me to guide them, or to consult with about them, or to speak to about their faults or their virtues—it is that which sometimes drives me to despair! Lotta is all very well—she is a good child on the whole—but Fernando is always headstrong and wilful. I cannot manage him. He will not listen to me, but goes off for days together, I don't know where, and I fear with bad companions. Now he is gone again. I waited up half the night last night to let him in, but he never came, although he promised me he would return yesterday evening and bring me some things I wanted from the town. It was only an excuse to get away, and I am fairly broken-

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hearted about him." And the poor woman covered her face with her apron and began to sob bitterly.

The good old priest did his best to comfort her, and reminded her of the efficacy of a mother's prayers; but he knew well how great were the difficulties of the case. The boy was bright, handsome and clever; he had learned quickly at school, and, as long as his father lived, had been checked and controlled and made to obey. But with the father's death this wholesome authority mingled with fear had ceased. He loved his mother, but she was too soft and gentle to influence so headstrong and rebellious a character. He began to deceive her in a thousand little ways in order to compass his own ends; he neglected his religious duties, and though compelled to go to Mass with her on Sundays, and outwardly to behave as usual, the priest, who knew his heart, found him entirely changed. In vain he reasoned with him and represented to him the solemn charge his father had left him on his deathbed to obey his mother and care for her and his little sister. The boy was stubborn and sullen, and at last determined to run away from home and "earn a living independently," as he said. But, like the prodigal son, after a week or two's absence he had repented of his folly. He had suffered a great deal in his vagabond life, and at last determined to come back to his mother and own his fault. Her joy was so great at his return that perhaps she did not make him feel sufficiently the full extent of his sin. She thought that by showering love and tender offices on him his heart would be touched, and that he would spare her a repetition of such conduct. But there was no earnest purpose of amendment or true repentance in the boy's heart. Very soon he got tired of the monotony and slight control of his home life, and the result was that, at the moment our story opens, he had again deserted her, and ever after led a wild, unsatisfactory life; sometimes coming home, but always refusing to give any account of himself or to confess how he spent the intervening time. No wonder that the poor mother's heart was riven, and that the place where she knelt in the church was generally wet with her tears.

At last, affairs came to a crisis. Fernando had returned one evening more out of temper than usual, and had flatly refused to obey some trifling order his mother had given him. His words and manner roused even so gentle a nature as hers, and, speaking to him for the first time with real sternness, she warned him "that if he continued in his wilful and disobedient career, indifferent to the bitter pain he caused her, God would signally punish him, and that he would surely die on the scaffold." Her words startled him, at the time, and he promised to behave better. But the impression was a transitory one, and a few days later he again left her—this time forever. The teachings of his childhood were forgotten, the whisperings of conscience and of his good angel were stifled; the devil entered into his heart and blinded him with visions of liberty and independence. And God never permitted him to see his poor mother again on earth.

We will pass lightly over the intervening years of the boy's life till he became a man. He was first engaged as a cabin-boy on board a merchant brig sailing from Trieste. Then, finding him clever and intelligent, the ship's carpenter took a fancy to him and taught him his trade, which he quickly learned, and soon was able to command higher wages. All this time, though growing in knowledge and strength, he was far from growing in grace or in the love of God. Now and then he would turn into a church and say an occasional prayer. But his companions were bad, and jeered at anything like religion; so that he soon became ashamed of even so scanty a practice of his faith. After a year or two he was taken on board a Neapolitan vessel bound for South America. But the crew were Carbonari, socialists, and infidels, enlisted in a secret society to overthrow both the altar and the throne. Finding Fernando a likely subject, they quickly won him over by bribes and promises, and finally enrolled him as a member of their detestable sect, and initiated him into every species of iniquity. Unhappily, they found in him a ready pupil, and his gigantic strength made him a formidable instrument when any deed of unusual daring and villainy was required. But low as he had fallen, and rapid as had been his descent from good to evil, yet God did not altogether forsake him or overlook his mother's prayers and tears on his behalf. He sent him a dangerous illness, and his heartless companions, finding him, in consequence, only a burden upon them, sailed away, leaving him to seek a hospital in a strange port of South America. The sufferings he there endured, the desertion of his wicked companions, and the kind and tender care he received from his nurses awoke in his breast feelings of remorse and compunction for his past life, and a wish to turn over a new leaf, if God should once more spare him. The fear of eternal punishment and the recollection of the teachings of his childhood strengthened these good dispositions in his heart, and an apparently trifling circumstance helped to confirm them. Among the nurses was a young girl, the daughter of the matron, to whom he became deeply and passionately attached. She was good and pious, and a devout Catholic; so that before encouraging his addresses in any way she wished to ascertain if he were of her faith. He assured her he was a Catholic, and born of Catholic parents; but when she ques-

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tioned him as to his mother and his home, and especially as to his religious practices, she found he had nothing to say, and that he could give her no proof of his sincerity. Fernando became almost desperate, and poured out to her the story of his love and his repentance in a way which could not fail to touch the girl's heart. Finally, on his recovery, she gave him a conditional promise that she would marry him at the end of a certain time of probation, when she would see if he had been faithful to his new and good resolutions; and tying a small bag round his neck, she made him swear, for her sake, never to take it off. This was the only gleam of sunshine in Fernando's sad and checkered career. It was a pure and honest love, which, with the grace of God, might have brought about his salvation. But, unhappily, he did not seek for that grace; his repentance and his good resolutions melted away as his health became restored; he trusted in his own strength; and so "the last state of that man was worse than the first."

No sooner was his health re-established than Fernando was anxious to be afloat again, partly to hasten the time of his probation, partly to earn more money wherewith to enable him to marry the pure, good child whose heart he had won. His skill in carpentry was well known, so that in a short time he obtained an excellent situation in an Italian ship bearing the English flag, in which he hoped to make only a short cruise and then return to claim his bride. They parted with much love on both sides, but with a growing anxiety on hers which their late intercourse had only strengthened. She could not satisfy herself that his heart was really changed, and dreaded his being again led away by evil companions. The result justified her fears but too well.

The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad character; but he took a great fancy to his new carpenter, and even admitted him on terms of equality to his table. He had on board a handsome Italian woman who passed for his wife, but who was not so in reality. This woman had no sooner seen Fernando than she conceived for him a strong and guilty passion, which she at first endeavored to conceal, and only showed by increased kindness and attention to Fernando on the plea of his having lately recovered from a serious illness. Fernando was pleased and flattered by her manner, and so began an intimacy which was destined to have the most fatal consequences. In spite of his genuine love for his affianced bride, the passionate nature of this bad woman worked upon all that was worst and lowest in himself, degrading him in his own eyes, yet blinding him to the inevitable consequences. She became his evil genius, a siren dragging him slowly but surely down to perdition. We need not enter into the sad story of passion and ambition on the one hand, leading to jealousy and fury on the other, and ending in the commission of a fearful crime. Suffice it to say that, under the impulse of a sudden and terrible temptation, Fernando mortally stabbed the captain in his own cabin, and the woman shared the same fate. The mate, hearing the murderous cries, rushed in to the assistance of his master and was killed also. The captain and the mate died instantaneously; but the woman lived long enough for her Neapolitan faith to revive, and, calling Fernando to her, she exclaimed, "See what you have done!"

"Yes," he replied sullenly, "I see; but you know well it is all through you!"

Then the wretched woman appealed to him to do her at least one last favor, and that was to light six candles before a picture of our Lady which hung in the cabin, and to promise her that when he came ashore he would have six Masses offered for the repose of her soul. This he did, and promised mechanically, for, his furious passion being over, he was, as it were, stunned at his own acts. His miserable victim expired a few minutes later on the couch where he had laid her. It was then for the first time that he realized what he had done, and without stopping to consider, he instinctively opened the little bag which hung round his neck, and saw that it contained a scapular with an image of our Lady. At the sight he was softened, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! what have I done!" But the voice of grace was soon hushed in the tumult of fear and remorse which had taken possession of him. He realized also the excessive danger of his position, and his one idea was how to save himself. At last he made up his mind to take possession of the ship, and effacing as far as possible the evidence of the struggle, and locking the cabin-door, he quietly went on deck, and, taking the helm, determined to alter the ship's course. But the sailors, who had liked their captain and suspected there had been foul play, would not obey him. Finally they rose against him in a body and tried to seize him. Being a man of herculean strength, ten of his opponents lay at his feet in his struggle for liberty. At last he was overpowered by numbers and safely secured; after which the sailors ran the ship into the port of Montevideo, and delivered him over to the English authorities there on a charge of treble murder. Thence he was sent to England on board a man-of-war, bound with chains. But in a fit of frenzy he burst his bonds and threw himself into the sea to put an end to his miserable life. He was rescued, but again and again attempted the same desperate act. God had, however, other and more merciful designs as regarded this poor sinner, and he was safely landed at

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Southampton, and from thence sent to Winchester, where he was tried; and the evidence against him being overwhelming, he was finally condemned to death.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Catholic Pilgrimages—A Beginning.

How often, when reading or writing of those extraordinary manifestations of faith and fervor which have become so frequent in the old country, have we hoped that the Catholics of the United States would some day follow the example of their brethren across the water, and give to the world such outward expressions of the faith that is in them!

We are not sufficiently demonstrative, and we seem not to appreciate as we should the freedom which we enjoy. What country under the sun affords the Church greater liberty of action to-day than this? where else is she spreading so widely and deeply, and what people have greater reason to rejoice and be glad? The blessings which we here enjoy we owe to God, and to Him be honor and glory. We are no aliens. The light of our faith was the first to gild with its glory the land which we love. The ground we tread under our feet is holy, it is Catholic. Catholic missionaries first explored it. It has been watered with their tears, fertilized by their sweat, and sanctified by their blood. We are at home here, and we are free. What hinders us from proclaiming our faith and expressing our joy?

What a magnificent spectacle it would be to see the Catholic faithful wending their way processionally through the streets of our beautiful cities, filling our thousand valleys and covering the hilltops, the cross of the crucified, the emblem of our faith, our only consolation and our only hope, gleaming aloft, banners floating in the breeze, and multitudinous voices singing the praises of the most High, and invoking her whom all generations shall call blessed. What a rebuke would such a manifestation be to this wicked and adulterous generation! How many a Catholic heart grown cold, because iniquity hath abounded, would catch a glimpse of the higher life and begin to serve God with perhaps saint-like devotedness! Never was there a time when it was so needful to protect and strengthen faith as now, for never has faith been so much assailed. Never was there a time when it was so incumbent upon the children of God to proclaim their allegiance to Him, and to profess with the psalmist: "We are His people and the sheep of His flock."

Our hope has been realized in at least one favored spot. As we write, the melody of a thousand voices singing a soul-stirring *Te Deum* is wafted from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and ascends to heaven. It is a pilgrimage from the neighboring town of Mishawaka, six miles away. A more lovely day was never dreamed of, and never did the church bells ring with a merrier sound. It is the Feast of the Holy Rosary. Early this morning, after hearing Mass, at which the sick received Holy Communion, the pilgrims formed in procession, and headed by their zealous pastor, Rev. Father Oechtering, directed their steps to Notre Dame, reciting the Rosary betimes. It was an impressive scene. Arriving at Notre Dame, where numerous other pilgrims from Lowell, South Bend and Elkhart had already assembled, High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Oechtering, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kelly and Collins, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. After the Gospel, Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., preached a sermon which was worthy of the occasion. The beautiful church was crowded; never before perhaps were representatives of so many different nations assembled within its hallowed walls. There were Germans, Poles, Irish, French, and Americans. Where else save in Catholic churches can such sights be seen?

High Mass over, the pilgrims retired to the adjacent groves and refreshed themselves with a frugal repast. The time after dinner was spent in visiting the different shrines, and other objects of interest about the premises. The new college buildings attracted much attention, and were viewed with evident admiration and pleasure by the visitors. At half after two o'clock the mammoth bell recalled the pilgrims to the church for the recitation of the rosary, after which a short sermon was delivered by Father Oechtering in his usual happy manner. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament then followed, at the conclusion of which the *Te Deum* was sung in full chorus. Thus ended the pilgrimage, and the happy people returned to their homes feeling how glorious a thing it is to be a Catholic.

Saved by a Scapular.

A correspondent of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, writing from Fort Assinaboine, Montana, under date of the 18th of August, relates the following edifying incident:

"I have always been convinced from my childhood that every form of devotion which the Church institutes ought never be, and in fact never is, thought little of by any practical Catholic. I am inclined to think I know my religion, and I am well aware that there are many devotions in the Church by no means necessary or essential. But I know that there are none that are not most useful for the end the Church proposes by them, elevating men's thoughts to God and eternity at times when otherwise they would never think of doing so. Even on the mind and heart of the savage they produce the most wonderful effects, as an incident

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which I am going to relate will clearly show. About one week ago to-day, not having much to do, I went a fishing in a river about six miles from camp. The day being oppressively hot, I resolved to have a bath. Scarcely had I got into the water, when I saw about twenty-five or thirty young Indian warriors of the Sioux tribe on the bank of the river where my clothes lay. Terror immediately seized my soul, and my terror grew the greater as the thought flashed across my mind that on the previous day three woodchoppers were scalped by these very same Indians. I gave myself up for lost. About one year ago I was a patient in the St. Joseph Hospital, St. Paul. While there, Sister Baptist gave me a Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I was invested with it, and ever since have worn it. Whether sleeping or waking, or whatever else I did, I never left it off. Seeing that I was completely in the power of these Indians, and that there was no possible means of escape left for me, I formed the sign of the cross on my person, recommended myself to the protection of the Mother of God, and approached them. As I came near, they gathered around me, gave a terrific yell, threw down their guns, and fell on their knees. After kneeling for a few moments, they arose, took hold of the scapular on my breast, and showed it to one another, making signs. Each one kissed it most reverently; and then all sat down and smoked their long pipes. They gave me one to smoke: I took it, and smoked it. When we had sat for about one hour, they got up to go away. But before doing so, they unbottoned my blue flannel shirt, and again each of them kissed the scapular, this time making signs to me to give it to them. But this I refused to do. Rather would I part with my life at that moment. However, as a compromise, I took a little medal that was attached to the scapular, gave it to them, and all kneeled down again, kissed the scapular for the third time, and went their way, seemingly well pleased and satisfied with me; but not more so than I was grateful to God, and to His Blessed Mother, by whose intercession, I am sure, I was saved from a sudden death and the deprival of a Christian burial."

Catholic Notes.

——Mr. John Anderson, a generous-hearted Protestant gentleman, has contributed two hundred and fifty dollars to the Purcell fund.

——We are indebted to *Donahoe's Magazine* for the interesting sketch "A Victim of the Falk Laws" now publishing in THE AVE MARIA.

——Monseigneur Terris, in his beautiful discourse at the coronation of Our Lady of La Salette, took occasion to glorify the supernatural, revealed on all sides. "Since they boldly deny, let us boldly affirm," he exclaimed.

——Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, has sent us copies of a new colored print of the Sacred Heart, card-size, having the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary printed on the reverse side in French, German, and English.

——IRELAND.—The sad news from Ireland in reference to the crops is confirmed by a private letter from Galway. Our correspondent says: "This season promises famine of food and fuel. The rain scarcely ceases. The harvest is not coming to maturity, and the turf is not in a condition for use." Let the faithful here unite in prayer with their afflicted brethren across the Atlantic for the cessation of the rains and the prosperity of the suffering districts.

——DEATH OF RT. REV. BISHOP MACKINNON.—The death is announced of Rt. Rev. Dr. MacKinnon at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, on the 27th ult., of paralysis. The venerated Prelate was 69 years of age, and was consecarted Bishop of Antigonish by the late Archbishop Walsh, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, in 1852. His Lordship had been in failing health for some time, and in consideration thereof, the Pope relieved him from episcopal duty in March, 1877. *R. I. P.*

——PRIZES FOR VIRTUE.—The Academy of France has been awarding prizes for virtue. Gold medals have been adjudged to two ladies who have devoted themselves, the one for twenty-eight and the other for thirty years, to the care of epileptic girls, idiots, and destitute orphans. Bravo, says the Paris *Figaro;* but the same good work, performed as a matter of course by hundreds of the humble daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, has never excited the enthusiasm of the Academy of France.

——DEATH OF REV. DR. PABISCH.—It is with great regret that we announce the death of this learned and holy priest, which melancholy event took place on the morning of the 2d inst., at Mount Hope Retreat, near Baltimore, where he had been staying for some time, his numerous friends hoping that his shattered health might soon be restored by quiet, and change of scene. But God has willed otherwise, and after a life of incessant labor in the service of the Church he has gone to his rest. *R. I. P.*

——GENERAL CHAPTER OF THE SCHOOL-SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.—Rev. P. M. Abbelen, chaplain to the School-Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., has departed for Europe to be present at the General Chapter of the Sisters, which is to assemble on the 15th of October for the election of a general superior, and the regulation of affairs between the American branch and the mother-house. Two Sisters from the province of Baltimore and two from that of Milwaukee have been appointed deputies from the United States to the General Chapter, which will meet at Munich, Bavaria, at the time above mentioned.

——A BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL attached to the convent of the Sacred Heart on W. Taylor Street, Chicago, was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Pellicer on the 29th ult. Very Rev. Dr. McMullen, V. G., and a number of other priests of the city, took part in the ceremony. After the dedication there was solemn high Mass, sung by Rev. P. M. Butler, assisted by Rev. Father Van Loco, S. J., as deacon, and Rev. Father Vandeline as subdeacon, Rev. D. J. Riordan acting as master of ceremonies. At the Gospel, an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Patrick Riordan, of St. James's Church.

——The *Catholic Times*, for the sake of distinction called in this country the Liverpool *Catholic Times* (although published simultaneously in Liverpool, Manchester, and London), is a most welcome visitor to our table. The Catholics of England may well feel proud of their papers, for, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which everything Catholic has had to labor in that country, their newspapers are the peers of those of any or of all other denominations. The *Catholic Times* is a proof of this; so also is the *Weekly Register*, published in London, and edited by that ripe scholar, Mr. Charles W. Kent; so also is the *Tablet;* and the many quotations made from the columns of these papers on this side of the Atlantic show that the interest attaching to their articles and correspondence is not exclusively of a local interest, although home affairs receive particular attention.

——We gladly hasten to acknowledge the receipt of,

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and give our meed of praise to, *The Bazaar Journal*,—a large 8-page quarto paper, edited and published by a committee of *litterateurs* from the Archbishop's Aid Society of Cincinnati, in connection with the Bazaar lately opened in that city. The Bazaar is announced to continue for two weeks, during which time the *Journal* will be issued daily. The first No. opens with a poem from Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, whose name and fame guarantee a treat; the second piece is a prose article, from the pen of Miss Mary E. Mannix, of Cincinnati, who should be better known to the Catholic reading public; the third, a sketch, "The Church Militant Upon the Mac-a-Cheek," from Don Piatt, of Washington. The reader becomes acquainted with Miss Abigail Scrope through the "Scrope Papers." A couple of columns of "Wit and Wisdom" brings us to the Editorial Department, which want of time and space prevents our sketching, for the *Journal* comes as we are preparing for press. The price of subscription for the series is only $1, so we hope all who can will send for the *Journal*, and thus help a good work. Subscriptions may be sent in care of Mr. T. F. Galwey, *Catholic Telegraph* Office, Cincinnati, Ohio.

——Pictures of the Sacred Heart.—A recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences concerning pictures of the Sacred Heart, we find in the current number of the excellent *Messenger*. It reads as follows: "It is stated in the acts of the Beatification of the Blessed Margaret Mary, as well as in her writings, that the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be *sensibly* represented to the faithful, and in the picture, appear exteriorly upon the breast of the Divine Saviour. Blessed Margaret Mary declares that the Divine Heart was shown to her resplendent with the rays of light which came forth from it on all sides. She saw the wound which opened the heart, the crown of thorns which environed it, and the cross which surmounted it. She says that our Lord expressed to her the desire to see the image of His natural heart presented to the sight of the faithful, that it might soften the hardness of their hearts, declaring that it would be extremely agreeable to Him to be honored under this image, and that he would repay such homage with the most abundant graces. However, there have been artists who have protested against this manner of representation, pretending that it is not conformable to the rules of art; they insinuate that our Lord should be presented in the act of indicating the wound in His side, by His hand being placed upon the breast. But however it may be with the rules of art, those images of our Saviour in which His most holy Heart is not seen exteriorly, although they may be pious, are not and cannot be called pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Such is *not* the image enriched with those indulgences which the Roman Pontiffs have accorded to those who pray before a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

——The Late Bishop of Paderborn in Exile.—The following interesting gleanings are from a private letter written from Mount St. Guibert, in Belgium, the last refuge on earth of the exiled Bishop of Paderborn, who is now, we may hope, enjoying the reward of those persecuted for justice' sake: "In our village, where there is an excellent young ladies' academy under the direction of Rev. Mother Paulina von Mallinkrodt, the curate had become acquainted with our beloved Bishop, whom, unaware of his exalted dignity, he ranked only among the simple priests exiled from their native home. One day the parish priest said to his new friend: 'The Bishop of Paderborn must be a profound scholar and a holy man. What fine books he has written! Permit me to lend one to your reverence; and, if it please you, the entire series is at your service.' The Bishop received the book, and returning it at the next visit, merely said: 'It contains exactly my own ideas.' Not long after, the Bishop died. The lady Superior of the convent informed the curate that the strange clergyman was dead, requesting at the same time a certificate. 'But,' replied the priest, 'I must know his name and birthplace.' 'If so, please, your reverence, put down Dr. Conrad Martin, Bishop of Paderborn.' These words struck the priest like a thunderbolt. He broke out into weeping and crying alternately; for half an hour or more he would not listen to the words of consolation and apology spoken by the good Sisters, whom he reproached for having deprived him of what would have been the greatest happiness of his life, the recognizing in his unknown friend the saintly and heroic Bishop of Paderborn. For three years the deceased Prelate was confessor and religious instructor to the Sisters' academy, and was universally beloved by the pupils of the institution, who idolized him. One of them, shortly after his death wrote to her parents: 'The good Bishop was always so pleasant and funny, and often he made us laugh heartily at his jokes.' Every one of the pupils knew him, but not one ever betrayed his secret even to her nearest friends."

——Catholic Education.—The following extract from an article in *The Western Home Journal*, of Detroit, condenses much matter for thought into a very brief space. The greatest need of our day is a sound Catholic Christian education for our children, in order to secure them against the spread of materialism and corruption:

"We have abundance of talent and a very praiseworthy self-sacrificing spirit among our Catholic teachers, both lay and religious, and if they met with one half the encouragement they so well merit, they would joyfully devote their time and energy to the work for a great deal less salary than we could offer a good mechanic or clerk. Yet, *for want of proper support, many excellent lay teachers are forced to enter professions and occupations from which they can get a decent return for their time and labor*, while the religious orders have to struggle on and deny themselves much that they really need in order to make up the loss they sustain. On the other hand, many of our schools are compelled to close altogether, or else continue at a great disadvantage, for want of the proper pecuniary support which would enable them to retain those teachers. We know that it is very hard for many parents in these times to give anything towards even so worthy and necessary an object as the education of their children, and therefore feel it our duty to urgently appeal to those whom God has favored with a larger share of the good things of this life to remember that they are but the custodians of His bounty, and that among many excellent ways of dispensing a portion of it, that of aiding the reverend clergy to educate the souls as well as the intellects of the young, would be most timely, and productive of more good than can be possibly estimated in dollars and cents. The godly and proper education of our children should not be left solely to the reverend clergy. It should be enough that they control and direct it, and have a general supervision, without being compelled, as happens in too many instances, to spend their own means to support the school, or else for the want of sufficient resources of their own, have to reluctantly abandon a department, if not entirely close the school. Let the laity who can afford it, *heartily and generously co-operate and build up a school system* that will send forth noble Christian men and women fortified in faith, and educated in soul as well as intellect, ready to take any honorable position in life, and able to resist the immoral, infidel influences with which they will certainly come in contact, and which can only be successfully resisted and overcome by those whose happiness it will be to have received a Christian education."

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New Publications.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation, as Revealed in the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, C. S. P. Second Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

We are pleased to see that the demand for this excellent book has been sufficiently great to call for a second edition; but we cannot help thinking that if the learned author had not restricted it so exclusively to a particular class, its sale would have been larger and its circle of influence widened.

The work is suited for all non-Catholics of whatever shade of belief, who hold that the Bible is the word of God, and its teaching divinely authoritative. The number of such believers, though rapidly diminishing, as the author remarks in his Preface, is still very large, and it is certainly worth while to continue addressing arguments to them.

Of the merits of "The King's Highway" we have no need to speak, the name of the respected author being sufficient recommendation for anything he may write. No one could be better qualified than he for the task of preparing such a work, having himself passed over the road which he now seeks to make clear to his readers. There are few books we could so unhesitatingly recommend to inquiring non-Catholics who believe in the Holy Scripture as "The King's Highway." The concluding paragraph of the Preface, in which the author makes the dedication of his volume to the Sacred Heart, is so beautiful, and so characteristic of the writer, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

Its concluding pages and preface have been written amid the charming silence and solitude of the shores of that beautiful lake* whose original and Christian name was given to it on the day of its discovery, the eve of Corpus Christi, by the heroic martyr, Father Isaac Jogues. I have had the happiness of laying the corner-stone of the first Catholic church on the borders of the lake, the site of which is in the midst of scenes of historic interest, where formerly the sounds of bloody warfare were loud and frequent. On a still and bright Sunday afternoon, the magic panorama of nature wearing its softest and most attractive aspect, the air laden with the fragrance of sweet-fern, the psalms and litanies of the Roman Ritual were chanted, and the foundations of the Church of Caldwell, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, were blessed. A crowd of Catholics and Protestants, including the offspring of various races and nations, white, colored, and Indian, picturesquely mingled together, devoutly partook in or listened with respectful and curious interest to the solemn prayers and psalmody, and gave attentive ears to the eloquent voice of the preacher, whose discourse closed the services of that auspicious day. In memory of this event, I dedicate this book to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, with the prayer that it may become the corner-stone of many new sanctuaries consecrated to His glory in the hearts of my readers.

* Lake George.

Obituary.

MRS. E. DEANE.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of this estimable lady, which sad event took place at her home in East Oakland, Cal., on the morning of the 8th ult., the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady, to whom she had a tender devotion. Her last illness was of short duration, and seemingly without much pain. Every possible assistance was rendered by her affectionate relatives and the good Sisters of Mercy from the neighboring convent, but without effect; she became unconscious on the evening of the 7th ult., and continued to sink until the following morning, when she calmly expired, having received all the consolations of our holy religion.

Of the virtues of this venerable lady we have not room to speak at length; her life, devoted to prayer and good works, was in keeping with her edifying death. Many friends and acquaintances attended her funeral, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to her memory;—young and old, rich and poor, Catholics and Protestants, seemed equally to feel her loss. Rev. Father Gleeson in his funeral sermon paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the deceased; his heart was in his words. A Protestant minister, speaking of Mrs. Deane, was heard to say: "Surely she must reach heaven." The prayers of the readers of THE AVE MARIA are requested for the repose of her soul.

Requiescat in pace.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 1ST.

The following petitions have been presented to us: Recovery of health for 53 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 25 persons and three families,—conversion to the Faith for 26 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 5, and that of a happy death for 12 persons,—special graces for 6 priests, 5 religious, 2 clerical students, and 6 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 93 persons and 5 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 4 congregations, 6 schools, and 1 sodality. Also 80 particular intentions, and 3 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: The particular intentions of a Catholic gentleman engaged in various good works,—change of life for a husband threatening to leave his family,—several workmen, chiefly miners, who have generously contributed to a religious work,—amicable settlement of some law contests,—that some money, justly due, be recovered without recourse to law,—a young man desirous of making a general confession,—change of life and conversion to the Faith for several negligent Catholics and well-meaning Protestants,—conversion of a disconsolate woman,—a situation for a person long without employment,—several people suffering in body and mind,—success in business,—employment and resources for a certain individual,—an unfortunate young man about to undergo a final trial.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Several spiritual favors are reported to have been obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin since our last report. Thus a man long addicted to strong drink and negligent in attending his duties, has received the Sacraments and taken the pledge. A husband and father, who through bad association and extravagance had given much sorrow and trouble, has been reclaimed from his evil ways, and has approached the Holy Table, which he had not done for several years. A mother who was in great distress about her lost son was advised to join in a novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception, and the last day she received a letter from him stating that he was on his way home.

The cures ascribed to the Water of Lourdes are very numerous; we select the following for publication this week: A grateful husband writes: "My wife was

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taken about two years ago with a pain in her side and had general ill-health. After having employed several doctors in vain, she had recourse to the water of Lourdes; during the nine days previous to the Feast of the Seven Dolors. At the end of the novena the pain was gone, and has not returned." . . . A mother of a family was very low, and was thought to be dying. After having received Extreme Unction, and being perfectly unconscious, her husband gave her some of the water of Lourdes, and prayed. She gradually recovered, and was soon able to go about the house. She feels that the water of Lourdes saved her life. A poor woman, the mother of a large family, was prepared for death; but after a novena and the use of the water of Lourdes, she began to recover and is now as well as ever. Another woman gave a few drops of the blessed water to her little child that was in a fit, and it almost immediately recovered.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: Mr. PETER FITZMAURICE, who died on the 23rd of August at Janesville, Wis. Miss SUSAN DE GRATTERY, only and beloved daughter of Mr. James and Mrs. Anne De Grattery, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who was taken away in the springtime of life, on the 22d of Sept. Mrs. E. MAXWELL, of Brantford, Ont., whose death occurred on the 20th of August. Mr. JOHN M. LYNCH, who rested in peace on the 23d of Sep. at Verona, Pa., aged 81. Mrs. CATHARINE BROWN, of Evansville, Ind., who departed this life on the 10th ult. Mr. JAMES RODGERS, of the same place, deceased November 1st, 1874. REV. FATHER REVILLÉ, O.S.D. JOHANNA WALSH, THOMAS and MARY WALSH, of Carthage, N. Y. Mr. KERNAN, of Martinez, Cal., deceased some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.—Donations Received through the Ave Maria.

Daniel Paul, $1; Mr. and Mrs. M. Nally, $2.50; Peter F. Haverty, $1; Mrs. J. D. Mitchell, $1; James Radley, $1; Mary Tierney, 75 cts.; Mrs. J. Lee, $2; M. T. Dunn, $1; Mrs. T. Reagan, $1; John McDonald, $1; Mrs. Sanborn, $1; Mrs. Scannel, $1; Miss Donovan, $2; For James Plunkett, $1; Mrs. Edward, $1.50; Mrs. M. Donahoe, $1; C. O'Neil, $1; E. R. Brennan, $1; Mrs. J. Rodgers, $1; Mrs. E. Dryden, $1; Mrs. Mary Coleman, $2; Mrs. Catharine Kernan, $1; Mrs. A. Laine, $1; Mrs. E. Mahoney, $2; Mrs. C. A. Bradford, $2; Mrs. W. Hüber, $1; Mrs. W. Gibbons, $1; Miss A. J. Chambers, $1; Miss M. Boilin, 50 cts.; Leonard Mitchell, $1; Miss Sarah Reilly, $5; Mr. John McNally, $1; E. L. Bennet, 50 cts.; W. P. Bennet, 50 cts.; Mr. Thomas Wills, $1; Mrs. Mary Wills, $1; Mrs. Magdalene Wills, $1; Mrs. Elizabeth Wills, $1; Frank Tracy, $1; John Tracy, $1; Joseph Tracy, $1; Philip Enright, $1; Wm. Platt, $1; Frank Pye, $2; John Roonan, 25 cts.; George Kent, 25 cts.; William Kent, 25 cts.; Edward Brown, 75 cts.; Alfred Berte, 25 cts.; A. Turner, 25 cts.; Peter Smyth and family, $1; Peter Enright, $1; Mr. John E. Kennedy, $2.50; Mrs. C. Lyon, $2.50; Miss Sarah Hart, $1; William Reedy, $1; Mrs. John Delato, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; Patrick Keenan, $1; Joanna Driscoll, $1; Thomas O'Connor, $1.

Children's Department.

A Legend of Our Lady.

With the same perseverance and skill by which the enemy of mankind tempted our first mother in the blissful bowers of Paradise, he has in every succeeding age adapted his temptations to the reigning tastes and inclinations of men. But his masterpiece was reserved for these latter times, in which, by persuading men to disbelieve in his existence, he has prostrated them at his feet.

To believe in satanic agency is considered by many a proof of weakness of mind; yet no Catholic can refuse his belief in such agency, while the Church recognizes it in the different forms of exorcism.

Whether the circumstances related in the following story were supernatural or otherwise, we cannot say; the reader may judge for himself; one thing, however, is certain, that such things have happened.

In a quiet and secluded valley at the foot of the Apeninnes there lived, some years ago, a small farmer called Luigi Massani. He had been married several years, and his wife had brought him three daughters, who died successively as they attained the age of six or seven months. When their fourth little girl was born, the parents determined to place her solemnly under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time vowed that, if she were spared to them, when the proper age arrived they would consecrate her to the service of God in the neighboring convent of St. Mary of the Angels. That their child had attained the age of seven years at the time my story commences they attributed to the Virgin Mother having graciously heard and accepted their vow. Indeed, other proofs were not wanting to show that the little girl was the favorite of Heaven. The extreme sweetness of her disposition, the unruffled composure with which she encountered all the little annoyances of every-day existence, spoke of a grace not usually given. The child loved the solitude of nature, and spent great part of the summer day frolicking with the lambs on the mountain side. On her return home she would sometimes speak of a Lady of transcendant beauty, whose mantle was made of the blue heavens, spangled with stars, who brought a little Boy to play with her, and this Boy was so beautiful and so good that the lambs forgot to gambol, and came bending before Him, while the most exquisite flowers sprung up under His feet. The mother of the little Mary listened with thrilling interest to the recitals of the child, and remarked that it was on the feast-days of the Blessed Virgin, or of

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those saints peculiarly devoted to her, that she told of having been with the beautiful Lady and her infant Son. The father, however, paid little attention to the stories of his child—he was occupied with his farm, and the cares of the world had begun to deaden his devotion.

There is in Italy a species of grain, the name of which I have forgotten, that is exceedingly productive, provided rain falls within a given time after it is committed to the earth; but in the event of no rain falling the crop is spoiled. To realize greater profits, Luigi, for three successive years, had sown his land with this species of grain; the two first years he had been disappointed, and suffered great pecuniary loss, but notwithstanding this he would venture a third time, and now that the seed was in the ground he watched the appearance of the heavens with the most intense anxiety, and as the sun continued to shine with dazzling splendor he was tempted to curse God in his heart. Ruin stared him in the face—he had risked his all in this last speculation; his eye-balls seemed ready to burst from their sockets as he looked for the least appearance of a cloud, and nothing was to be seen but the bright blue sky and the blazing sun, which seemed to dart fire into his brain.

The time was past—the seed was again destroyed—and Luigi, tossing his arms in wild despair, ran madly over the field, blaspheming and cursing God aloud. Suddenly he was interrupted by a voice, saying, "Hallo, my friend! what is the meaning of all this? the weather is rather too warm far such violent exercise I should think!"

"Curse the weather!" cried Luigi, "and curse ——," he would have continued in the same horrible strain, only the strange glee in the expression of the man's eye arrested him, and he began to wonder where he could have come from, for he had never seen any one dressed in the same style in that part of the country.

"Go on, my friend, go on," said the stranger; "it relieves the heart to give expression to the thoughts, and you have been shamefully treated, no doubt of it."

"I have been ruined," cried Luigi, wringing his hands despairingly, "and there is no hope for me, neither in heaven nor in hell."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said the other; "help may be nearer than you think; what if I should take a fancy to help you myself?"

"You!" said Luigi, staring in the stranger's face; "who are you, and what are you, that would offer help to a beggared man?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "there is no use in asking such particular questions; I have taken a great fancy to you; I like you; that's enough; and I will lend you gold on very easy conditions."

"I shall be *eternally* obliged to you," said Luigi, almost doubting the evidence of his senses.

"I rather think you will," coolly replied the stranger, with something like a sneer.

At this moment Luigi felt a little hand grasp his, and a sweet infantine voice said, "Father, send away that bad man."

He looked down at his little daughter; the child drew herself up with a sort of calm majesty, and again said, "Father, send away that bad man."

Luigi looked at the stranger, who had seemed to recoil from the child; the brow of latter was contracted, as if he suffered intense pain, but recovering himself by a strong effort, he cried, "Send away that child, you fool; we cannot talk of business with a babbling child interrupting us, and I have no time to spare—now or *never*."

He pronounced the word "never" with such fearful emphasis that the unfortunate man at once recalled the position in which he stood, and angrily ordered the child to be gone; he shook her off, and approached the stranger.

"My Mother Mary is more powerful than you," said the child, as she slowly and reluctantly moved away, and the strange man for a moment writhed as if in anguish.

"Come, come," said Luigi, in tones of despair, "I begin to understand this; what am I to do in order to have the gold."

"Simply to sign a little paper," said the stranger, recovering his original manner as the child disappeared.

"And what is to be written in this paper?" inquired Luigi, with resolute despair.

"An acknowledgment that you give yourself to me, body and soul—a mere matter of form," sneered the strange man, "and as by certain chemical processes ink may be obliterated, I prefer that you should write it in your own blood."

"It shall be done," said Luigi.

"Make haste, then," said the other—but at that moment the *Angelus* bell sounded from the neighboring convent. "I can stay no longer," cried the stranger, in terrible agitation; "but meet me at midnight at the blasted oak in yonder wood, and bring the paper with you, written and signed as I have directed, and a bag of gold as heavy as you can carry shall be yours."

"I will be there," said Luigi; and turning away he saw the stranger no more.

On that evening the calm and placid brow of little Mary seemed for the first time to be overshadowed by a cloud of sorrow. Luigi maintained a sullen silence, and his wife was totally at a loss to account for the change that appeared to have come over both of them. Before going to bed the child approached and knelt before her father to receive his blessing; but how could he bestow a blessing when meditating on the committal of so dreadful a crime! He was standing be-

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fore a small image of the Virgin, and as he moved away with a start of horror as the child knelt down, she continued kneeling with her large lustrous eyes fixed on the Virgin Mother, with such earnestness of entreaty in their expression, that one might almost have imagined she saw the original whom the image was designed to represent. At that moment—it might have been a moonbeam darting through the latticed window—a glory seemed to play around the head of the child, the look of sorrow disappeared, and was succeeded by a radiant joy which communicated peace to the bosom of her poor anxious mother; but Luigi —he had disappeared—was in another apartment writing out the fatal bond.

Midnight was approaching—dark, heavy clouds began to gather in the firmament. The wind whistled through the trees, sometimes with a low moaning noise, intermingled with sounds that recalled to the troubled mind of Luigi the yells of demons celebrating a jubilee, and sometimes with a fierce rush, as if conveying guests on its wings who had come to witness a human soul purchased by the blood of God voluntarily giving itself back to the devouring fiend. As he quitted the house, his wife ran after him. "Luigi," she said, "our child has just awoke in great agitation, and bid me run after you and give you this little flower which she gathered this morning on the mountain side." Mechanically he seized the flower; it looked like a pure transparent lily, but a dark red spot tinged each leaf—a change came over him—he felt as if his angel guardian, having deserted him, had once more returned to his side. A struggle ensued, but still he went on towards the appointed rendezvous. Never did man more powerfully resist grace—the flower dropped from his hands—the struggle ceased—he walked forward to meet his fate.

My story now leads me to the monastery of a religious order in Rome. In the church of the community the Fathers sit in the confessionals from an early hour in the morning until nearly mid-day; but in case any poor sinner has been hindered from seeking the Sacrament of Penance in the early part of the day, there is in the entrance hall a confessional to which men are admitted, and every evening a Father sits there to be ready to listen to any that may come. One evening in the spring of the year 18— Father T. took his seat in this confessional, and as no one had yet arrived he began to meditate on a favorite subject with him: the blessings that are showered on those who devoutly honor and love the Virgin Mother of God. The tears were rolling down the cheeks of the good old man as he recommended his country to her protection, when the bell sounded, and a countryman staggered in, and dropped exhausted on the steps of the confessional. He had travelled far, that poor sinner; fifty miles had he trod on foot without stopping a moment to rest, without tasting food, or even a drop of water to cool his parched and burning throat. At first he could not speak, but he thrust a paper into the hands of Father T. who by the glimmering of a distant lamp saw it to be written with what he thought to be red ink. My readers will easily imagine who this man was. We had left him on his way to the blasted oak, steadily resolved on making the fearful sacrifice to become the possessor of a little yellow dust of earth—but at the corner of the road stood a small chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Victory, and involuntarily, as was his wont from childhood, he bent his knee and said, "*Ave Maria!*" In a moment a light from heaven pierced the darkness of his soul, he saw the unfathomable gulf yawning beneath his feet, he felt himself falling into it without power to resist, when the voice of his child sounded in his ears, and the words she had that day spoken gave him strength—"My Mother Mary is more powerful than you." He walked straight on, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, until he walked into the confessional in Rome. His penitence was deep and sincere, he returned home an altered man, his worldly circumstances improved, and his daughter, Mary, found her home in the Convent of St. Mary of the Angels.

"But The Marks Are There."

It is an old story, but it is a good one for all that. A father told his son that whenever he did wrong, he should drive a nail into the door of the wood-shed. The door began to fill up pretty fast, and a great many nails were being used—heaps of them, in fact. The boy did not like the appearance of that nail-studded door, and told his father so.

"Well," said his father, "now, every time you are obedient, or speak a kind word, I'll draw one of the nails out."

So it went on for some time, till at last the son, with a glad heart, called his father to draw the last nail. Out it came. "Oh, I am so glad, father!" said the boy; and then, the pitted-looking door catching his eye, he added, a little sadly, "*but the marks are there.*"

"Yes," said his father, "and so it is with our evil deeds; they leave marks that linger long upon our characters and lives. We ought to try to escape not only the wounds, but the scars that are left after the wounds have healed; and the only way to do this is to avoid the wounds." —*The Young Catholic.*

NEVER be idle. Laziness grows on people; it begins in cob-webs, and ends in chains of iron.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 18, 1879. No. 42.

The Divine Maternity of the Virgin Mary.

BY THE REV. RAPHAEL MELIA, D. D.

The first who impiously began to preach publicly against Mary's divine maternity was Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople. His heresy consisted principally in saying that the union of both the divine and human natures in Jesus Christ was not accomplished in His divine person, but that Jesus Christ was a created person, to whom the divine person was united, not by a *substantial*, but only by a *moral* or *accidental* union. From that heretical principle, among other abominable errors the following was also derived, viz.: that the Blessed Virgin Mary was not, and could not be called, *Theotokos*, that is, *Mother of God*, but only *Christotokos*, that is, *Mother of Christ*. The Catholic doctrine, therefore, on so vital an article of faith, is this: that in Jesus Christ there cannot be admitted two persons, the one divine, the other human; but only one person, a divine person subsisting in two natures; viz., the divine and the human, by the former of which He is God, equal to His Father, whilst by the latter, which he took from the substance of the Blessed Virgin Mary, He is inferior to his Father. However, the terminus of the human generation of Jesus Christ being the divine Person, Mary, who is the Mother of Jesus Christ, is truly and properly the Mother of God. As soon as the Holy Virgin gave her consent to the angel to be the Mother of the Son of God, the Holy Ghost from her pure virginal blood formed in her womb a perfect body, which was endowed with a perfect soul, and both His soul and body were at the same instant assumed by the divine Word, and from that very moment the Son of God became also man, like the rest of men, as is evident from the Scriptures. St. John says (i), "The Word was made flesh"; St. Luke (i, 31) relates that the angel said to Mary, "Thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son." St. Paul, writing to the Christians of Galatia, says (iv, 4): "When the fulness of time was come, God sent His Son made of a woman."

From these texts it appears that the Son of God was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary. But as it is correlative to say the Son of God is born of Mary, and Mary is the Mother of the Son of God, it follows that as the Son of God is acknowledged to be the Son of Mary, in like manner Mary must be acknowledged to be the Mother of the Son of God, and, consequently, Mother of God. Indeed, that Jesus Christ had a true human body, appears from His growing, His being subject to hunger and thirst, His eating and drinking, His walking, laboring, sleeping, suffering, shedding His blood, and dying like other men. Likewise that Jesus Christ had a human soul created and infused into His body by an act of divine power, appears, 1st, because the soul, and not the body is the principal part of man; 2dly, because a human body without a soul is not a human being; 3dly, if Christ had not a human soul, but was merely God dwelling in a human body, He would not have been a true man; and 4thly, because from the Scriptures it is evident that He had a soul like ours, as He said, "My soul is troubled" (John, xii, 27). And the same Evangelist (xiii, 21) adds: "When Jesus Christ had thus said, He was troubled in spirit." And St. Matthew (xxvi, 38) says: "Then He saith to them, My soul is sorrowful even unto death." Therefore, Jesus Christ was in all respects a perfect human being, possessing both a human soul and body, having all the attributes of a perfect man, like any other man, except in respect to sin, and what may be termed the degradation of a man. Consequently, the ever-Virgin Mary was the Mother of a true and perfect man, who at the same time was true and perfect God. The assumption, then, of the human nature, body and soul, by the Second Person of the Holy Trinity in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, constitutes the mystery of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, as well as the divine maternity of the Virgin Mary.

Since the holy Fathers are the witnesses of the biblical and traditional doctrine, let us consult them as evidence of the maternity of Mary.

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St. Justin the martyr, in the second century, in his Dialogue with Tryphon (100), says: "We know that He, before all creatures, proceeded from the Father by His power and will and by means of the Virgin became man"; by which words it is clear that Justin taught as certain, that the same Christ, who from eternity was the Son of God, was born in time of the Virgin Mary, who, in consequence, is the Mother of God.

Tertullian (de Præscrip. adv. Hæret. § xiii,) says: "The rule of faith, which teaches us what we are to defend and maintain, is that the Word spake by the prophets, and was afterwards carried by the Spirit and power of God the Father into the Virgin Mary; was in her womb made flesh, and was born of her in the person of Jesus Christ."

St. Dionysius of Alexandria, who lived in the third century, in his letter to Paul of Samosata, questions him, saying: "Since one sole Virgin, daughter of life, generated the living Word out of her *substance*, how can you say that Christ is a chosen man, and not really God adored by all creatures with the Father and the Holy Ghost, and born of the Holy Virgin and God-bearing Mary?"

St. Ephrem (Select Works, Morris, Oxford, 1847, p. 36) says: "Rachel cried to her husband and said: Give me sons. Blessed be Mary, in whose womb, though she asked not, Thou didst dwell holily as a Gift, that poured itself upon them that received it. Hannah with bitter tears asked a child; Sarah and Rebecca with vows, Elizabeth also with her prayer, after having harassed themselves for a long time obtained comfort. Blessed be Mary, who without vows and without prayer, in her virginity conceived and brought forth the Lord."

To the above Fathers, who were anterior to Nestorius, we will add the Fathers who were contemporary with him.

St. Gregory Nazianzen (Orat., li,) says: "Anyone who does not believe that Mary is the Mother of God, is out of divinity"; that is, he is a heretic.

Theodoret (lib. iv, de Hær., c. xii, t. iv, p. 245) says: "The most ancient preachers of the Catholic faith by apostolical tradition thought that the Mother of the Saviour ought to be called and venerated as Mother of God."

St. Cyril (Ep. ad Successum) says: "As the Blessed Virgin brought forth God made man and incarnate, so we call her Mother of God; because the Word of God the Father was not a different God from the Son born of the Holy Virgin, but the same who is before all centuries born of the woman according to the flesh." And the same holy Father (Ep. ad Acacium) says: "I think there is not one among all the orthodox who hesitates to call Mary by the name of Mother of God, as it is certain that Immanuel is God." And again (Lib. de Fide ad Vig.) he adds: "I thought it right to show that this word *Deipara* (Mother of God) was familiar to all the ancient Fathers; I mean throughout the world." And after saying so, he brings forward the testimonies of the aforesaid Fathers, and among them that of Bishop Theophilus, who says: "This one fact I will not omit to mention: viz., that all good and learned Fathers, who have existed before us, called the Virgin *Deipara*." Now, if none of the orthodox denied to Mary the title of Mother of God, if all the Fathers without exception, anterior to the time of Nestorius, styled Mary Mother of God, it follows that a perpetual tradition had existed, coming down from the time of the Apostles, with regard to Mary's divine maternity. This was so true, that impious Julian the Apostate, knowing that the Christians acknowledged the Virgin as the true Mother of God, derided them, saying, "You do not cease to call Mary *Theotokos*, Mother of God." (Cyril, Op., t. vi, p. 262.)

But in order that more light may be added to the truth we defend, we now proceed to examine what is said in the Symbols of Faith, as well as in the œcumenical councils, regarding Mary's maternity. Because, if the Symbols of Faith teach that Mary is the Mother of God, this will show that such she was believed to be always and by all persons. Besides, the Symbols of Faith showing what all Catholics believe in their hearts, and profess by their mouths, it follows that things comprised in the Symbols have been retained and professed as matters of faith by all the faithful. In like manner the Councils, laying their foundations both on the authority of Holy Writ and on the tradition of the holy Fathers, by quoting the testimonies of the Œcumenical Councils, the sense of the Holy Scripture, as well as the mind of the Fathers upon the matter in question, is also shown. Now, in the Symbols of the Apostles it is said: "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Hence, according to this symbol, the same Christ Jesus, Son of God, was born of the Virgin Mary, and consequently all the faithful, from the time of the Apostles, professed that Mary was the Mother of God. In the Symbol composed in the First General Council of Nice, in the year 325, after saying that Jesus Christ is God of God, Light of light, and consubstantial with His Father, it is added: "Who for us men, and for our salvation, descended from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and became man." Hence, the same divine Person is the Son of God, and the Son of Mary. The same truth is proved by the First Council of Constantinople, in which the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin was maintained, and in which was declared "an anathema to all

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who would not confess that there are two nativities in the Divine Word: one before all centuries, from the Eternal Father, the other in time, of the glorious Mother of God and ever-Virgin Mary." Lastly, we give the testimony of the Council of Ephesus, in which this dogma has been defined, against the impiety of Nestorius, and in which the anathemas of St. Cyril were approved, the first of which is as follows: "Whoever does not confess Immanuel to be true God, and consequently Mary to be the Mother of God (as she brought forth the Incarnate Word of God according to the flesh), let him be anathema." And the same was also defined by the Council of Chalcedon, and by the Second Council of Constantinople.

Indeed, that until the time of Nestorius this truth had been acknowledged and professed by all Christians of Constantinople, appears from the fact that as soon as the people of that metropolis heard it stated in a public sermon that the Blessed Virgin Mary was not the Mother of God, they immediately arose against it, hastened out, and, leaving the church profaned by such a blasphemy, unanimously exclaimed that such a doctrine was *quite new*, and had never been heard before. From this fact it is clear that a constant tradition must have taught them Mary's divine maternity. Besides, as the Church of Constantinople at that time was united with all the other churches of Christianity, it appears that the belief of the Catholic Church in reference to Mary's divine maternity was the same throughout the world. It is not our intention in the present work to make any allusion to the miracles wrought by God in support of the dignity of Mary (except the one wrought at the nuptial feast in Cana), yet we cannot help observing with ecclesiastical historians of the time of Nestorius, that the tongue of the heretic, which had uttered such blasphemy against the Mother of God, actually rotted in his mouth. How consoling is it, then, for a Catholic of the nineteenth century to see that the veneration and confidence he professes towards the Mother of God is not a new conception of some pious souls, or a fabrication of any particular school of the last centuries, but, on the contrary, is as old as the Catholic Church, and is of the same school as that of the Apostles of Jesus Christ, from which both the Latin and the Greek Churches, both the people of Rome and the people of Constantinople, had learnt it! For this reason the creed of England, of Germany, of America, of the entire world, ought to be the same as the creed of the Catholics of Rome, and of those of Constantinople in the fifth century of Christianity. If the present creed of a nation is different from the old creed of Constantinople and the present creed of Rome, the creed of such a nation is not a Catholic creed. For it is always to be remembered, that in theology there is an axiom of the holy Fathers, which cannot be disregarded without falling into error. This axiom says, "*Id verius quod prius, id falsum quod posterius immissum*"; viz., "What is anterior is true, what is posterior is false." It was according to this axiom that Pope St. Stephen, having before his eyes the ancient tradition of the Church with regard to the validity of the baptism conferred by those who are outside the Church, wrote to St. Cyprian, "*Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est.*" Tradition is to be kept, and therefore no novelty is to be admitted. This is an infallible rule, to be invariably observed, in order to be able to distinguish truth from falsehood. Since, then, there is nothing said at present by the Catholic Church to honor and venerate the glorious Virgin Mary that is not substantially justified by the immemorial usages of the Church of Christ, so the Christians of the present age must also have the same veneration and confidence in the Mother of God, as the Christians of Constantinople, and the rest of the Catholic Church had at that time. Consequently any nation, or part of a nation, which at this present time does not acknowledge in Mary her divine maternity and all other inherent qualifications, but brings her down to the level of an ordinary woman, can no longer be called Catholic, having miserably departed from venerable antiquity.

But from the tradition of the Fathers, the Symbols of Faith, and the authority of the œcumenical synods, let us pass to the practice of the universal Church with regard to honoring Mary as the Mother of God; and first, let us consult the Liturgy of the Mass, both in the Eastern and Western Churches. With regard to the former, in the liturgies called that of St. James, of St. Basil, of the Copts-Jacobites, of St. John Chrysostome, and of the Armenian Church, we find the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin equally professed; nay, in a very ancient fragment of the Gospel of St. John, in Coptic, published by Father Giorgi as belonging to the fourth century, our Blessed Lady is called *Deipara*. Therefore the title of Mother of God was given to Mary, in Christianity, long before such an appellation had been sanctioned by the Council of Ephesus. The same glorious title to Mary is also frequently found in St. Athanasius, in Eusebius, in St. Alexander, predecessor of St. Athanasius; in St. Methodius, in Denis of Alexandria, and St. Hyppolitus. Origen also spoke of it, and ascribed its origin to the inspired word of St. Elizabeth. In reference to the western liturgies, the same commemoration of Mary as the Mother of God is found. So it is in the sacramentaries of St. Leo, St. Gelasius, and St. Gregory. The same title is given to Mary in the liturgy called that of St. Ambrose, and in the liturgies of France, Germany, and the English churches.

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In addition to the title of Mother of God, Holy Church has ever used from antiquity, and given to the Blessed Virgin, other honorable and distinguished titles. Hence, according to tradition, Mary being acknowledged far more innocent and unspotted than all other virgins, is called Queen of Virgins (*Regina Virginum*). She being also judged to have a faith more shining and perfect than that of the patriarchs and prophets, is called Queen of Patriarchs (*Regina Patriarcharum*) and Queen of Prophets (*Regina Prophetarum*). The zeal of Mary being more ardent than that of the Apostles, she is called Queen of the Apostles (*Regina Apostolorum*). The fortitude of Mary in her sufferings being superior to that of the martyrs, she is styled Queen of Martyrs (*Regina Martyrum*). The purity and love of Mary being found distinguished and privileged above that of the angels, she is called Queen of Angels (*Regina Angelorum*). All forms of sanctity being comprised in Mary, she is, as it were, the ocean of all created sanctity, and is therefore called Queen of all Saints (*Regina Sanctorum omnium*). Besides, the Church, on account of the grace communicated to Mary by the Holy Trinity, venerates her as *Mother of Divine Grace, Mother most pure, most chaste, undefiled, untouched, admirable; Mother the most renowned, most perfect, most powerful, most merciful, most faithful.* Moreover, she is styled, *Mirror of Justice, the Seat of Wisdom, the Cause of our Joy, the Spiritual Vessel, Vessel of Honor, the Illustrious Vessel of Devotion, the Mystical Rose, the Tower of David, the Tower of Ivory, the House of Gold, the Ark of the Covenant, the Gate of Heaven, the Morning Star, the Health of the Weak, the Refuge of Sinners, the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians.* All these different forms of addressing the Blessed Virgin Mary are found in the Litany which is generally sung by the faithful in all the Catholic churches. Bishop Bull, "Of the Invocation" (Catholic Safeguards, t. ii, p. 273), says that the "Litany of our Lady . . . is too big for any creature." We ask him respectfully to tell us which is bigger—all the Litany, or the few words of the angel, "Hail, full of grace"? All the Litany, or the name of "Mother of God"? We think that if all the Litany were put in one side of the balance, and in the other side the just-mentioned words, they would be found much heavier than all the Litany. The same adds (*loc. cit.*): "We dare not call her Queen of Heaven, Queen of Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles," etc. But we ask, What is greater, to be called Queen of Heaven, of Angels, of Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, etc., or to be called, and be really Mother of God, full of grace? Had Bishop Bull better considered the qualifications inherent to the dignity of Mother of God, we think he would have said that the Litany, far from being too big, is rather insufficient to express the meaning of *full of grace* and *Mother of God.*

A prayer also of more general use in the Church is the *Ave Maria.* The grandeur of it is evident when the elements of which it is composed are considered, being, as regards the first part, composed of the words of the Angel Gabriel; next, of the words of St. Elizabeth; the remainder being added by the Church. By this prayer the faithful address themselves to Mary in the following terms: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Next to it come the antiphons proper for the different seasons of the year; which are as follows. From the first Sunday of advent till the Purification:—

Mother of Jesus, Heaven's open gate,
Star of the Sea, support the falling state
Of mortals; thou whose womb thy Maker bore,
And yet, strange thing, a virgin as before:
Who didst from Gabriel's *Hail* this news receive,
Repenting sinners by thy prayers relieve.

From the Purification till Maundy Thursday:—

Hail, Mary, Queen of heavenly spheres;
Hail, whom the angelic host reveres;
Hail, fruitful root; hail, sacred gate,
Whence the world's Light derives its date.

O glorious maid, with beauty blest,
May joys eternal fill thy breast!
Thus crowned with glory and with joy,
Thy prayers with Christ for us employ.

From Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve:—

Triumph, O Queen of Heaven, to see—Alleluia
The sacred Infant born of thee—Alleluia
Return in glory from the tomb—Alleluia;
And with thy prayers prevent our doom—Alleluia.

From Trinity Eve till Advent:—

Hail, happy Queen, thou mercy's parent, hail!
Life, hope and comfort of this earthly vale,
To thee do we, Eve's wretched children, cry;
In sighs and tears to thee we suppliants fly.
Rise, glorious advocate, exert thy love and mother's care,
And let our vows those eyes of pity move.
O sweet, O pious maid! for us obtain,
For us who long have in our exile lain,
To see thy Infant Jesus, and with Him to reign.

Lastly is used in the Church the hymn—

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,
Guide of the wanderer here below;
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O pious, chaste, and spotless maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity:
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

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Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead one, in Persons three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee.
Queen of Heaven, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

How beautiful are all these prayers! how they show the veneration, love, and confidence of the Christians towards their spiritual mother. We see in them a daughter who speaks with her beloved mother, one heart bent to another.

[For the Ave Maria.]

St. Teresa.

Bright lady with the stately grace,
That proved thee of Hispania's race,
The courtly and the grand;
And far more beautiful and rare
The grace divine beyond compare,
That shone through all thy life so fair,
That few might understand.

Thy soul so far in heavenly lore,
Above material things did soar,
Unto the heights sublime;
That few could follow thee, and none
Save those whose steps like thine did shun
All paths but that straight, narrow one
Marked through the realm of time.

We scan the record of thy life,
Its high emprise, and constant strife,
Illumed with fervor's fire;
Thy wondrous trust in God alone,
To do the work His will made known:
No shrinking fear, no doubting tone,
But all intense desire.

But oh! of thee I cannot write,—
No fitting words can I indite,—
Presumptuous task indeed!
I should but words of pleading trace,
Bent low before thy radiant face,
Implore thy aid for Christian grace,
And thy "mementoes" heed.

Then hear, O hear me, glorious Saint!
My soul is troubled, weak and faint,—
Hear me in peril's strait;
On earth, sweet aid thou didst impart,
Now, sure more pitiful thou art,
Dwelling so near the loving Heart
Of the Immaculate.

A. M. G.

CROMPTON, October 15th.

FROM thinking always of it, time seems to be so long, and from never thinking of it, eternity seems to be so short, that we make time eternity and eternity time.—*Pascal.*

St. Winefred's Well.

(CONTINUED.)

Many other cures of a similar nature might be mentioned did space permit, but we must limit ourselves to a brief account of one that took place still nearer our own day, on the 28th of June, 1805, on the person of Winefred White, of Wolverhampton. The particulars of this cure being examined by an eminent divine of the same place, Right Rev. John Milner, D. D., Bishop of Castaballa, and author of the well-known "End of Controversy" and other works, they were fully endorsed by him, and published, together with authentic documents which he obtained from the professional gentleman who attended her and others acquainted with the facts. Winefred White was about twenty-six years old, and for several years had been in a very infirm state of health. For three years previous to her going to the holy well she had been utterly incapable of attending to her ordinary duties. She experienced violent pains in the side, hip, and spine, to such a degree that at times she was afraid of losing her senses, which calamity she prayed God to avert. "In this helpless and hopeless condition," says the Rt. Rev. Prelate, "having frequently heard Dr. Underhill and Mr. Stubbs declare that medicines could do her no good, and that her disease was incurable, she thought of applying to Almighty God for supernatural relief. As she had read and heard of many miraculous cures that had been performed by His power and goodness at Holywell, in Flintshire, through the prayers of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Winefred, she felt a strong inclination to have herself conveyed thither. But, on the other hand, being apprehensive of getting rid of a cross which might be intended for her sanctification and salvation, she says she determined not to do or even to wish for anything regarding this matter but in conformity with the advice of her spiritual director. She therefore first applied for counsel to the Rev. Mr. Walsh, and afterwards, at his desire, to the Rev. Mr. Blount, who having inquired into the motives that induced her to wish for a cure for her malady, approved of them, and consented to her undertaking the journey. She therefore set off from Wolverhampton as soon afterwards as she could get herself ready, and with a humble confidence that God was both able and willing to work a miracle in her behalf, as He had done in favor of so many others. This confidence, she says, she expressed to her friends before she set out. She left Wolverhampton on the 25th of June, by the stage coach, and reached Chester on the evening of the 26th, whence she got a conveyance the same night by post-chaise to Holywell, where she arrived very early the following morning. She said she suffered extremely during the journey

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and after her arrival at Holywell, and began to apprehend that the fears expressed of her not returning home would prove true. The next morning, June 28th, about seven o'clock, having performed those daily acts of devotion which she had continued ever since she had resolved to visit Holywell, she crawled down with great difficulty to St. Winefred's Well, in company with some ladies who had just arrived from Liverpool, one of whom kindly assisted her at the bath. She says she was so completely surprised and overpowered by the effects of the water on being immersed in it, that she was unable to recollect herself or pay any attention to the state of her health, until she commenced to change her bathing dress, when she found herself able to stand upon her left leg (which she had hitherto been unable to use, and the left hip seeming to have fallen completely out of joint) as firmly as upon the right, and that the excruciating pains in her back, and her other pains and maladies, had quite left her—in a word, that she was perfectly well in every respect. She says she remained a fortnight longer at Holywell, and bathed two or three times, in compliance with custom and to satisfy the importunity of her friends, but without any additional sensible benefit to her health, as in fact she had been perfectly cured at her first bathing, and was able to walk, run, or work as well as ever she had been in her life. After leaving Holywell she remained some time with friends and acquaintances in Chester and elsewhere, so that it was about a month before she returned home."

Such is the substance of Dr. Milner's remarks regarding the cure of Winefred White, to the truth of which she certified by affixing her signature. From the time of her cure on the 28th of June, 1805, to that in which the memoir was written from which we take the account, Winefred White had continued in a state of perfect health, and superintended a Catholic charity-school in Wolverhampton, which place was also the residence of Dr. Milner. The witnesses to her cure were numerous, and of different religious denominations, nationalities, and stations in life—Catholics and Protestants, English and Welsh, residents of Wolverhampton, Liverpool and Holywell—and who could not possibly combine for the purpose of inventing a series of falsehoods. Hence this miracle is beyond dispute or cavil. It is one more in addition to the many evidences of the goodness and power of God, one more evidence that He "hath not left Himself without testimony" (Acts xiv, 16), and one which calls for a renewal of our faith, our love, our entire homage, and of our confidence in His power and mercy amid the accidents and vicissitudes of life. Each new miracle is also a sanction of the religious worship in which it takes place, as well as of the devout practices by means of, or for the sake of, which it was vouchsafed. Hence this cure, obtained within the pale of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Winefred, at a place specially consecrated to the memory of the latter more than a thousand years ago, should not only reanimate our faith in general, but especially that article of it which declares that "the saints reigning with Christ offer up their prayers for mankind"; it should excite us to fervor in invoking the intercession of our Blessed Lady and the saints, being assured that the blessed in heaven have not lost either the will or the power to assist us when they enter the heavenly Jerusalem; but, as a holy father assures us, being "secure of their own happiness, they are solicitous for ours."

Such, in brief, are some of the miracles that have taken place at St. Winefred's within the last two hundred years of the twelve hundred that the holy well has existed; and we may conceive what space it would require to give anything like a succinct account of the whole of them, when we are told that its miraculous power has never ceased, and seemed, in fact, only limited by the faith of the petitioners. We have contented ourselves with giving a brief account of these few, hoping that their force and clearness would go far to reawaken slumbering faith in this age of gross materialism, as well as to show things in their proper light to such as discredit miracles through ignorance or misconception, and who, did they but know the weight of authority that could be adduced in their favor, would be strenuous advocates of those same manifestations. It is not to be wondered at that many well-meaning people nowadays, outside the pale of the Catholic Church, show their disbelief in anything miraculous, as for centuries the minds of generation after generation have been carefully schooled against the belief in miracles of any kind. People seem to forget that God never changes—seem to forget the fact that the same God can work miracles now as of old, when He wrought such wonders through His chosen servants the prophets, and manifested His power and goodness in favor of His chosen people, notwithstanding their hardness of heart and their continued ingratitude. And these manifestations have never wholly ceased: from the days of the Apostles down to the present time, during century after century, miracles have been shown within the pale of the Holy Catholic Church; her doctrine has ever been set with the seal of miracles, and she has borne in measure according to circumstances the fruits of the promise of her Divine Founder, as recorded in the 12th verse of the 14th chapter of the holy Gospel according to St. John. The fact that no miracles exist outside of her pale, and that the thousand-and-one sects built either on private

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fancy or factious principles do not possess them, and consequently seek to ignore their existence, tells not the least against their actual existence, of which abundant and conclusive proofs can be given from various sources. Among the many published works particularly relating to miracles, we may mention that written by St. John Chrysostom, wholly devoted to this subject; St. Augustine's "Mystical City of God," the works of St. Jerome, St. Gregory the Great, and Venerable Bede; and among those of our own day, perhaps the most remarkable are the works of M. Henri Lasserre regarding the miraculous apparitions of Our Lady at the Grotto of Lourdes and the miracles worked there,* and the "Life of the Curé of Ars" by M. Monnin. In fact, the life of every saint in the calendar is a record of miracles.

Having said so much about St. Winefred's Well, it is but natural to suppose that a sketch of the Saint's life would also be acceptable. Many biographies of St. Winefred have been written, at various times, but that by Robert of Salop, Prior of Shrewsbury, seems to obtain the preference. This was based upon one formerly written by St. Elerius, a contemporary of our Saint, and also her spiritual director for a considerable time previous to her death. It appears to have been customary in Wales in the days of St. Elerius to chronicle dates by referring them to particular reigns or epochs, which in time gave rise to considerable ambiguity, as many of the national chronicles were lost or destroyed in the many wars which ravaged that country. When therefore he tells us that St. Winefred lived in the troublesome reign of King Cadwallon or Cadwallawn, we can only be sure that it was towards the close of the seventh century, somewhere between the year 600 and 660; for the successions and acts of the princes of Wales, which down to the twelfth century were carefully preserved in the Abbey of Conwey, Caernarvonshire, for North Wales, and in that of Stratfleur, in Cardiganshire, for South Wales, are not now to be found. The Cadwallon he refers to may be the same who joined with Penda, Prince of the Mercians, in his revolt against St. Edwin, king of England, in 632 or 633, for his reign might justly be termed a troubled and troublesome one. He was, nominally, a Christian, but an ignorant or unprincipled one, we should imagine, from the fact of his aiding such a violent abettor of idolatry and such an implacable, enemy of the Christian name as Penda, and that too against the good king Edwin. We have, however, no knowledge of his interfering with religious matters in his own dominions, but we are told that in his rage against the English and all that belonged to them he spared neither age nor sex, and respected neither churches nor religion in his efforts to conquer them. Be this as it may we can safely presume that there were any but amicable relations existing between Wales and her powerful neighbor in those times, and this accounts for the fact that St. Winefred obtained no mention from the English chroniclers.

We are told she was at first called Brewa, but this name afterwards gave place to that of Winefred, given her, it is said, as a title of affectionate endearment on account of her great personal beauty and the graces of soul and body with which Heaven had favored her. She is said to have been matchlessly beautiful in face and figure, and that this beauty was only equalled by her modesty. The name Winefred in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, signifies winner or procurer of peace; but the British Winefred, Guenfride or Guenvera means "Fair countenance," synonymous with Blanche in French, for St. Guen, a Welsh saint or of Welsh parentage, is in Brittany much known and honored under the name of St. Blanche. An ancient manuscript copy of St. Winefred's life is still preserved in the Cottonian Library, and in alluding to her name it styles her "Candida Winefreda"—the Fair Winefred—which goes to show that we are to take the British form of the word in her regard. The literal changing of the British name of the illustrious Apostle of Germany, Winfred, into the Latin Bonifacius, also tends to confirm this, if not to place it beyond a doubt.

With regard to her biographer, the prior of Shrewsbury, he possessed in an eminent degree the necessary qualifications for his task. He wrote in Latin, and in his dedication of the work to one Guarinus he states that what he presents is from ancient and undoubted monuments and records of the Saint's life, which were obtained from the churches and convents which the Saint was known to have been connected with, together with the depositions of priests whose sanctity and learning entitled them to implicit confidence. To these he added an account of the miracles, to which he was himself an eye-witness, that took place at the translation of the Saint's relics from Guthurin to Shrewsbury, in 1138, in which translation he personally took an important part, being in charge of the commission sent into Wales for the relics. His sincerity is much commended by Cardinal Baronius, and by Surius, Pitts, and Possevinus. After the prior of Shrewsbury, the Rev. Michael Alford, S. J., speaks at some length on the life of St. Winefred in his second tome, published in 1663, as does also Rev. Serenus Cressy, of the Order of St. Benedict, in his Church History, published in 1668. Both of these seem to have taken St. Elerius as their principal authority.

* Translated at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and published by the Sadliers, New York. Mr. Lasserre's latest work, "BERNADETTE—SISTER MARY BERNARD," is now translating, and will be issued in a few weeks.

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St. Winefred, then, according to all accounts, lived about the close of the seventh century Her father, Lord Tyvid, was a wealthy nobleman in that part of Wales where now the Holy Well is; and her mother, Lady Wenlo, was also of a noble British family, her father Binsi being lineally descended from Cadell, Prince of Gleiswig, and her mother from a sister of the renowned Prince Arthur, who is far-famed in story and in song. Lady Wenlo's family had also given many distinguished saints to the Church, among whom may be enumerated her grandfather, St. Gundelcius, St. Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow, who, forced from Scotland, founded the Bishopric of St. Asaph's, which was named after a disciple of his whom he left to govern the Church there; and last, but by no means least, her brother St. Beuno, who under God was the chief means of the sanctification of her daughter, Winefred. Lady Wenlo's parents lived in Montgomeryshire, where the Rhyw falls into the Severn, and thence called Aberrhyw. Her brother, Beuno, had been educated by St. Dangesius, and advanced so rapidly in the way of pefection that his whole mind seemed occupied with the things of heaven, so much so that he is said to have spent two or three days at a time in prayer, being reluctantly withdrawn therefrom in order to refresh exhausted nature. With such correspondence with grace on the part of young Beuno, it is not surprising that he was early in life delivered from the enchantments of earthly pomp and glory. He exchanged an opulent fortune and its glittering grandeur for the poor habit of a monk, resolved to spend his life in the practice of the evangelical counsels—of voluntary poverty, chastity, and obedience. With a burning zeal for the glory of God, and an ardent desire to see Him loved and honored, he went about building churches and monasteries, and establishing regular discipline in them, so that in a few years he found himself the head of a numerous body of religious, who in turn held their holy founder in high esteem for his learning and sanctity. Beuno having finished his monastery of Clynoc Vaws, in Caernarvonshire, conceived the design of visiting his relatives in Flintshire—not so much, however, for personal motives, as to do for their neighborhood what he had already done for so many other places—namely to build there a church and monastery. Arrived there, he unfolded his design to Lord Tyvid, who warmly seconded it, and gave him a portion of his estate whereon to build the church and monastery. This nobleman was not like those who, though in the enjoyment of ample wealth, frown at any suggestion to part with some small portion of it for the building or decoration of houses of worship of the living God, or for the succor of the poor and afflicted. He looked at things differently; and when the Saint proposed the building of a church he gave him his own manor, with all right and title thereto on the part of himself and his successors. He then made choice of a dwelling place for himself on an adjoining eminence, where he would be in sight of the church, the holy house of God, where His chosen servants would offer sacrifice and continual praise to the omnipotent Giver of all good. When the church was building, he carried twelve baskets of material for the foundation, assisting with his own hands in furthering the good work, thus giving a noble example of humility to those around him, and of zeal for God's house.

Lord Tyvid begged the favor of having his daughter instructed by St. Beuno in the science of heavenly things, in order that her life and conversation might be holy, pleasing to God, and a joy to her parents, which task he fulfilled to the honor and glory of God and the sanctification of her soul, as the sequel testifies. Thus did the Almighty weave the web of His love around this dear soul so precious in His sight, one which was to be a means of joy to heaven and consolation to earth for ages to come.

When the church was completed, Lord Tyvid, his wife and daughter daily assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in it; and on Sundays and festivals, when the Saint gave the customary exhortations to the people, Winefred was placed at his feet and instructed by her parents to pay particular attention to his holy counsels. The latter advice was hardly neccessary, for Winefred naturally took great pleasure in her uncle's discourses, and often visited him privately in order to converse with and be instructed in spiritual matters; so much was she unlike the majority of the ladies of her day, as well as those of the present, who feel it irksome when anything pertaining to God, the soul, or the next life is introduced in conversation, and who, frequently, assist at Holy Mass on Sundays and holydays only because a commandment obliges them to do so under pain of mortal sin. But love quickened the sense and perceptive faculties of the soul of Winefred, and neither earthly cares, earthly joys, earthly conversations nor companionships were allowed to crowd out the love of God from her affectionate and devoted heart. She loved God for His own sake, on account of His infinite and adorable perfections, and her purity of soul gave this love deep root in her heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do people speak continuously about what has no existence? Why, then, does the whole world speak of God?

"I tell you," says a rabid free-thinker, "the idea that there is a God has never come into my head!" "Ah! precisely like my dog. But there is this difference—*he* doesn't go around howling about it."

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Fernando.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

(CONCLUSION.)

We must now leave the criminal for a short time, and give our readers the graphic description of his conversion from the pen of the holy Capuchin father who was God's instrument on this occasion. He writes:

"I had been but a short time in England, and spoke the language very imperfectly, when I was one day sent for by Dr. Grant, the late saintly Bishop of Southwark, who, to my great astonishment, asked me if I would go down as soon as possible to Winchester jail, to attend an Italian youth who had been condemned to death for three murders committed by him on the high seas. The Bishop added that the unfortunate man, who was only eight-and-twenty, had refused the ministrations of more than one priest who had been sent to try and influence him; that he (the Bishop) had himself endeavored to get at him, but had failed in the attempt, the prisoner having declared that as he had lived so he would die, and that he would have nothing to say to any priest whatsoever. It had then come into the Bishop's head that he would send me, as I, being an Italian, might probably have some effect upon him, and possibly soften that hard heart. I pleaded my inability to speak English, and the difficulty I should have, not only in finding my way to Winchester, but in explaining my wants and wishes to the prison authorities, who were not likely to be favorable to the poor monk's brown habit. But the Bishop replied that as a son of St. Francis my duty was to obey, and bade me go in God's name, and not doubt that our Lady would assist me, and that, through my means, this poor guilty soul might be saved from eternal damnation. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and so, trusting in our Lady's all-powerful aid, I accepted the Bishop's commission and started. I borrowed a dictionary at the monastery and studied it diligently during my journey down, so that I might know what words to use on my first arrival and how to enquire my way to the jail. I was very courteously received by the governor of the prison, to whom I announced myself and explained my mission. He insisted on my taking some refreshment at his own table, and then conducted me himself to the cell of the condemned man. He warned me not to approach too near him, for he was so very violent that it had been found necessary to chain him, and no one dared go within his reach. When I entered the cell I understood at once the meaning of the governor's warning. The prisoner, in truth, looked more like a tiger than a human being. He chafed and glared at me like a maniac; but, remembering under whose protection I had placed myself, I went straight up to him and spoke to him gently and lovingly, saying I was his fellow-countryman and had come a long way on purpose to see him. I requested the governor to leave me alone with him; and then, taking his hand, I told him how grieved I was so see him chained like that, and that I would ask to have the manacles removed, so that we might sit down comfortably together like brothers, as we truly were. He asked me 'if I should not be afraid of him?' I assured him I had no fear whatever; and at my earnest request the chains were removed, though the warders were evidently alarmed at my being left thus alone with him when his limbs were freed. I reassured them, and the moment we were left by ourselves the poor fellow fell at my feet and burst into tears. I knelt down and prayed with him, and consoled him in every way in my power; and he then and there poured out to me the whole history of his past life, as it has been partly related above, tracing back all his misfortunes to his first act of rebellion as a boy, and to the pain and trouble he had given his widowed mother. He said that her voice still rang in his ears when she had told him that 'if he continued in his disobedience he would surely die on a scaffold.' 'And her words have come true,' sobbed the poor fellow, as he knelt in the deepest penitence before me, crying, in fact, like a little child, and begging and imploring God's forgiveness for his sins; so that the heartiness of his contrition moved me likewise, and we mingled our tears together. I saw that he was evidently not fit to be alone. I did not know what he might do to himself in his despair; so that I went and obtained from the governor permission to remain with him every day from early morning till late at night. I kept the Bishop informed of every particular regarding his state; and when he heard that Fernando had shown such contrition and made so open a confession, he exclaimed with joy: 'This is, indeed, a miracle of the Immaculate Conception!" Only a few months before, two other Italian Carbonari had been executed for murder at Winchester, without having consented to see a priest. The poor Bishop, standing among the crowd, could only give them conditional absolution when the drop fell; and he had always feared that Fernando's end would be as sad as theirs had been. When, then, Dr. Grant heard of the wonderful change which the grace of God had wrought in this poor young fellow's heart, he gave me leave to celebrate Mass in his cell. And there, on a little temporary altar, I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice, Fernando himself serving my Mass with the greatest devotion and reverence, and frequently receiving his Lord in

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Holy Communion. The rest of the day we spent in prayer, saying the Rosary, making the Stations of the Cross, or reading the Gospel narrative of the Passion of our Lord, or the lives of the saints. Thus, we spent the greater part of the month of December. I became intensely interested in and attached to him: and the wardens and governor of the prison never ceased expressing their astonishment at the total change which had come over their once refractory prisoner. I would I could describe more minutely the strange events of his checkered life, and the interior conflicts he had gone through on several occasions before his last entire conversion. But up to the very end, he dreaded lest I should reveal any circumstance connected with the wretched secret society he had so unhappily joined, seeming always to fear the vengeance of the Carbonari, so terrible is the terrorism exercised by those men over their victims, lest their infamous practices should be revealed!

"Only a week before his execution I had a specimen of the influence these men still had over him. Christmas day had dawned. I had said my first Mass, as usual, in his cell, and had gone to the church to celebrate the other two. During my absence, three Italians of the worst possible sort asked for and obtained permission from the governor to see the prisoner. Of course he had no idea who or what they were, and only thought they were friends and countrymen of Fernando's; and his conduct had been so exemplary since his conversion that everyone was anxious to show him some kindness and sympathy. When I returned, which I did the moment my Masses were over, I found, to my dismay, that Fernando was an altered man. He was no longer my humble penitent, anxious to do everything he could to atone for the past. There were again passion and vengeance in his eye. He walked restlessly up and down his cell, eyeing me askance from time to time. I saluted him as I entered, and said a few loving words to him on the feast; but he never answered a word, and looked sullenly down on the floor. I own that for the first time I was frightened, but I determined not to show it. I said nothing more, but knelt down before our little altar with the picture of Our Lady of Dolors upon it, and began to pray, keeping an eye on him all the time. Suddenly he came up behind me and seized me by the back of the neck so as almost to strangle me. I felt sure that he meant to murder me, and that my last hour was come. I made a fervent act of contrition, and called, as I thought for the last time, on Mary, invoking her aid. She did not fail me; in another second Fernando had relaxed his hold and fell again sobbing and powerless at my feet. Grace had once more conquered. He knelt and implored me to forgive him for what he called his base ingratitude. He then confessed that the three Italians who had been with him in my absence were members of this same secret society, and pretended that, as I, an Italian priest, was attending him, all the evil secrets of their wretched lives would be revealed to the world; that the only way to save them would be for him to take my life. They urged that it would make no difference to him; that he was, anyhow, to die on the scaffold, and that he could die but once; but that if he would only follow their advice and rid them of me, they would make the most desperate efforts to release him, and that they thought they should succeed, even if they had to wait till he was on his way to the place of execution. All this poor Fernando poured out to me with many tears, ending by beseeching me to request the governor not to allow anyone in future to be admitted to see him except myself.

"After this terrible internal struggle he was, if possible, more contrite and more fervent than before. But the days passed only too quickly, and then the last night came. I dreaded lest the devil should make a final effort to gain the soul so lately snatched from his grasp, and so went again to the governor and besought him, as a great favor, for leave to pass that last night with the prisoner. He said at first it was a thing that was never allowed; but I was so urgent that at last he said he could not refuse me. He likewise ordered a second bed to be placed in the cell, so that I might, at any rate, have some rest during the night. But I had no inclination to lie down, and still less to sleep. Fernando wanted to watch with me; but I insisted on his making use of the bed prepared for me, and told him to try and get some sleep, that he might be braver on the morrow. He obeyed me; and I sat with my Breviary in my hand, but my eyes fixed upon him, thanking God in my heart for the great grace of repentance He had vouchsafed to him, and with a yearning, yet (as I well knew) fruitless desire that his life might be spared. I can never describe all I felt during those last hours. Soon after midnight, Fernando suddenly started up in a paroxysm of despair. He screamed out in a loud voice that he saw the blood of the victims he had murdered before him; he dashed himself in a frenzy against the wall, tearing the bedclothes from him and trying to destroy himself. I took up my crucifix, and, putting my arms tenderly around him, began to preach of God's mercy and forgiveness, and of the all-sufficient atonement offered for us all on the Cross. God only knows what I said; I was almost beside myself with grief and compassion. But He deigned to bless my poor words, and again His grace triumphed. Once more poor Fernando came back to himself, penitent, strengthened, and consoled. But he would not lie down again, lest another frightful nightmare should come upon him. At two o'-

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clock in the morning, for the last time, I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in his cell, and he made his last Communion with such penitence and fervor as would have moved a heart of stone. When it was over he asked me to sing with him the '*Stabat Mater*,' the hymn his mother had taught him as a child, and which he had never forgotten. I could hardly join in it, for my voice was choked with tears. Then he remained on his knees in prayer, renewing his confession, his acts of contrition, and also of thanksgiving for the singular mercy God had shown him in calling him to repentance. So he went on till eight o'clock in the morning, when I heard a knock at the door of the cell, and shuddered, for I knew but too well what it meant. The governor, entering, said to me:

"'Mr. Pacificus, it is time.'

"'All right,' I answered; 'leave him to me.'

"And then I turned to Fernando, and told him simply 'it was time to go.'

"'To go where?' he asked, as if bewildered.

"'To Calvary,' I replied. 'Do not fear; I will go with you, and One mightier than I will be with you to the end.'

"And then, for the last time, we knelt together before the little altar where the Holy Sacrifice had so lately been offered, and before the image of Our Lady of Sorrows which hung above it, and we said one more 'Hail Mary' to her whose loving aid had wrought such marvels of grace; and then we rose and left together that cell which had indeed become a sanctuary. The warders desisted from taking hold of him when I assured them that he would be as quiet as a lamb; and he walked firmly, leaning on my arm, to the place of execution. I wore my Franciscan habit, and we repeated together the litany of the dying in a loud voice as we walked along. When we had got a little way, Fernando stopped me and begged that he might take off his shoes and his coat.

"'I have been a great sinner,' he said, 'and I wish to go to the scaffold as a humble penitent.'

"A little further on he stopped me again, and said that when I went about preaching to others I must mention the example of his life, and warn all children to be dutiful and obedient to their parents, and especially to their mothers, lest they should end as he had done. He added that ever since he had run away from his mother, and caused her such sorrow and anxiety, he had always felt miserable and unhappy.*

"At last we arrived at the scaffold, and he quietly mounted the steps, I and the executioner being by his side. He embraced me, and then meekly submitted to have his hands tied. But when the cap was put over his face he complained to me that he could not again see or kiss the crucifix. I lifted the covering from his mouth, and held the sacred image to his lips while he joined with me in fervent ejaculations, and implored the mercy of God to the last instant, when he was launched into eternity.

"It was an awful moment; even now, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot think of the terrible details without a thrill of horror. Fernando was in the full vigor of youth, and, as I have said, of enormous strength, and the consequence was that his death was very, very hard. It seemed to me an eternity before the doctor, with his finger on his pulse, pronounced that he was quite dead. There was a great crowd around the prison doors and around the scaffold; but, contrary to what is usually the case on such occasions, their demeanor was quiet and even respectful, and many were moved to tears. Two of the officers of the jail were so impressed by what they had seen that they came to me the following day, asked to be put under instruction, and became Catholics."

The local Protestant papers, when describing the execution, all said that "if ever there was a true penitent, it was Fernando, and if ever there was a priest worthy of the name it was the poor Franciscan monk."

"If you wish for more details," writes Father Pacificus, "I will try and give them to you; but I think the foregoing narrative is correct in every particular. I have tried to read it over again, but I have never succeeded. It brings me back to Winchester, to the cell, to the scaffold, to all those terrible moments. It makes me cry! I had become so fond of him, there was so much that was so grand and beautiful in his character; and I had loved him as a son, for many reasons, but especially because, through the intercession of Mary, I had been permitted to deliver him from the hands of the devil and his instruments, the Carbonari, and to bring him back, as a loving and penitent child, to the feet of our dear Lord, who had suffered and died for him on the cross."

We feel we can add little or nothing to this beautiful narrative of the first missionary work in England of this holy and devoted Capuchin Father. Many as may be the souls whom he has

* I had forgotten to mention that the day previous to his execution he tried to write to his mother (who he fancied was still living) to express his love and sorrow for having grieved her; but he was so affected when he began to think of her he could not write a word. After his death I wrote for him, but in such a way that she should, if possible, be spared the knowledge of his execution. I said: "DEAR MADAM: I am sorry to inform you that your dear son, Fernando, died the other day. But it will be a comfort to you in your sorrow to know that he died penitent. I have assisted him in his last moments, and given him the Sacraments of the Church; and I was present at his death. The day before he died he begged of me to write to you, and implore your motherly forgiveness for having been the cause of so much grief to you, and for having run away from you. He never ceased deploring his conduct towards you, and besought your pardon and blessing.

"I remain, dear madam, your faithful servant,

"FATHER PACIFICUS."

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saved since these events took place, we think that in the last day, when he will receive his reward, none will give him greater joy than that of this poor Italian youth, whom his wonderful charity and courageous faith rescued from so terrible a condition, and brought, as he so touchingly writes, to the "feet of our dear Lord." *

* The profits of this article will be devoted to the building of a school chapel in a very neglected district with a large Catholic population, which has been set on foot by the untiring charity and energy of this same Capuchin Father whose first missionary work in England has been here related. Any contributions for this work from those who have the means of grace within daily reach will be gratefully received by

The LADY HERBERT,
Herbert House,
Belgrave Square, London.

Pilgrims' Vesper Prayer to Mary.

Dark the way, and dreary,
Our feet have trod;
Sad are we, and weary,
Mother of God!

So at thy mercy-seat
Bow we the knee;
Safe are they, Mary sweet,
Who trust in thee.

Have we done aught this day
Thy love to grieve?
Oh, let our souls, we pray,
Pardon receive.

O'er us thy pure hands spread,
Sweet peace impart;
And be thy blessing shed
Into each heart.

For us in all our strife
In earth's rough way;
For us in all our life,
Dear Mother, pray.

In Heav'n our souls await,
Purged from all sin;
Stand at the golden gate,
Welcome us in!

R. O. in "The Lamp."

LET us continue to write, not for glory, but for Jesus Christ. Let us crucify ourselves to our pen. If nobody should read us in a hundred years hence, what does it signify? The drop of water that falls into the sea has gone to swell the flood, and the flood never dies. "He who has been of his time," says Schiller, "has been of all time." He has done his work. How many books are now forgotten on the shelves of our libraries that contributed three hundred years ago to bring about the revolution we are now witnessing! Our forefathers themselves are unknown to us, but we live by them. I advise you strongly to go on working, and if I were the director of your conscience I would lay it on you as an obligation. —*Father Lacordaire to Ozanam.*

A Victim of the Falk Laws.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"Et hæc olim meminisse juvat."

About the end of October, 1874, the royal government began to perceive that I was impenetrable to its lofty ideas of civilization, and that to prolong its endeavors to inculcate them upon my impervious mind was labor lost. In order, therefore, that my person might not longer encumber the tribunals and prisons, it was resolved that I should receive sentence of banishment from the district of Treves.

Before the arrival of my passport, having time to make a little visit in the country, to restore my somewhat shattered health, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that I was under the watchful eye of the police, and that a description of my appearance had been sent to the official gazette of the canton. This description was so perfectly in conformity with the truth, that from it a painter might have sketched my portrait. As I had neither any intention of evading penalties, nor any desire to exile myself of my own accord, I returned at once to my own parish. I found, fastened to the doors of my room, an administrative decree, informing me that I must quit the district within twenty-four hours. Much more than this space of time had already elapsed. I left the paper in its place, and, as far as I am concerned, it may remain there still, to give future generations an idea of the toleration of this enlightened century.

Next morning, while celebrating Holy Mass, I observed a certain agitation among the faithful who filled the church. The cause of it was a police agent, who had made his way through the congregation, and advanced to the altar itself, with other intentions than that of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.

Scarcely had I quitted the altar, when I felt the hand of the law laid heavily upon my shoulder. I was arrested. The cries and sobs which filled the church brought tears to my eyes. Even the police agent could not help observing, "I have often heard of scenes of this kind, but I could not have believed they were so heart-rending." Men and women, aged people and children, with tears streaming down their faces, pressed round to grasp my hand and bid me adieu. I did what I could to calm my faithful flock, and then at once followed my new guide to the *mairie*.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I do not know, Monsieur le Curé. I had only the order to arrest you."

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At the *mairie* I was informed that I should have to pay my own journey, and also that of the amiable policeman, as far as K——.

As I was still tolerably vigorous, and as it was pretty evident that my journey was to be no excursion of pleasure, I flatly declined the proposal. Whereupon I was told that I must go on foot.

We had before us a march of three days, through a difficult country. I declared that it would be impossible for me to walk so far. They left me, therefore, in a depot for fire-engines, while they went for "superior orders," and to consult the doctor of the canton. Upon receiving a certificate from him, attesting that my health was not in a state to support the fatigue, they decided upon demanding a conveyance. A gentleman of the place put one at my disposal. I was, then, to travel in a carriage, with an honest policeman for my companion; so, at least, I supposed. My illusion, alas! was not of long duration. We had scarcely reached the high road, when a mounted gendarme sprang at the reins, stopped the carriage, and roughly demanded of us a written permission from the prefect. As neither my companion nor I had anything of the kind to produce, the mayor having given only verbal instructions, the functionary ordered me to get down and walk, the police agent turning back with the carriage to fetch a commission from the prefect.

Then followed a scene which I shall never forget, and which I should have thought impossible or exaggerated if I had not witnessed, or rather *suffered*, it. The gendarme thrust his horse close upon my heels, and whenever I endeavored to avoid it, suddenly turning making it rear on its hind legs, and threatening to ride over me. On my request that he would hold back his horse, and promising not to attempt to escape, he made the consoling remark, "Oh, this is only what we do to everybody!"

Hundreds of persons, who were witnesses of this revolting treatment, cried, "Shame!" Happily the horse had more right feeling than his rider. He bounded on one side, and I escaped with a slight bruise. In an hour's time the police agent returned with the carriage. I got in, and we were allowed to pursue our way without further molestation.

I refrain from publishing the name of the man who thought that he deserved well of his country by passing over the body of a poor proscript. May he sleep peacefully upon his laurels! There is, however, but one conclusion to be drawn from this fact, and this is, if such excesses are permitted, whose is the fault? "*This is only how we treat everybody!*" We are, then, in full *melée*, and it is allowable to trample an enemy under foot.

For the honor of my parishioners I will add that, although sorely tempted, they did not let themselves be carried away, by the brutality they saw before them, to the committal of any act of violence. They looked on with indignant hearts, but refrained from strengthening their remonstrances by physical force.

At the end of my passport, the mayor had added a few words which merit attention:—

"The prisoner will always prove intractable, and will evidently never be subjugated by any amount of force."

Magistrates to whom I have shown this *testimonium aliunde* have laughed with me over the sagacity and prophetic gifts of their zealous colleague, and his knowledge of men.

The functionary who obligingly awarded to me this certificate of final impenitence, reserved for himself a diploma for high culture, and was wont to interlard his conversation with exotic words of which he did not half comprehend the sense. Before my departure, he had admonished me as follows:

"The *status quo* in which you find yourself is due to your recalcitratory conduct alone. Beware that you do not renovate your insubordination. The law must be executed, otherwise there could be no question of a state penitence (penalty?). Go; and let there be no re-apparition in this place!"

Who could fail to be touched by a farewell discourse so full of pathos and pretension?

The morning was cold, and we pursued our way in silence. I recited my breviary, and my guardian smoked a short pipe, the fumes of which may have served as a disinfectant to air poisoned by my Ultramontane presence. The sky was completely curtained over with gray clouds, through which there pierced no ray of sunshine. The weather was in perfect harmony with my feelings, and the scowling physiognomy of the policeman was like a reflection of the sombre firmament. When I had finished my prayer, no word was spoken, except that, from time to time, my companion gruffly muttered a few inarticulate sounds into his red beard.

As I have said, I was suffering from the effects of my hundred and seventy days' captivity. My stomach, especially, was by no means in its normal condition, and my sojourn in the country had been too short to allow time for improvement. The fatigue of a long and trying journey had brought my complaint to an acute state, aggravated by the fact that I was still fasting, for, after my arrest in the church, I had not been allowed to take any food, not even a cup of coffee, nor yet to put a little money in my pocket, so great was the haste to get rid of an enemy of the country.

Is it purposely that the legislators, who call themselves men of progress, allow the victims of

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their laws to be treated without mercy or pity by the subaltern agents of the government? That a gendarme should ride over you is nothing surprising; it is part of his trade, and no offence must be taken, especially as his instructions take into consideration no extenuating circumstances, and superfine kid gloves are not supposed to form any part of his uniform. But that a mayor, who ranks himself among men *comme il faut*, should send you out on the world fasting, and without a halfpenny, would be somewhat surprising, were we not living in full *Kulturkampf*.

CHAPTER II.

About noon we came to a village, and I asked permission to get down and take some refreshment. My guide accompanied me to an inn, where the kind-hearted people did all in their power to appease my tortured cravings. Not only did they energetically refuse any kind of payment, but the hostess insisted on furnishing me with a loaf, a bottle of wine, and a large piece of ham, which I accepted with gratitude.

Honor to our brave Catholics! These proofs of their love to the Church did my heart good. They show what the people think and feel, and how they respect their priests, even when without home and country, and under guard like criminals.

Towards evening, the cold became piercing. I could not protect myself from it, and was shivering in every limb. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that about nine o'clock I found that we had arrived at the end of our journey. We had first to go to the *mairie*. There I found an old schoolmate, whose Greek and Latin translations I had many a time done for him. I was about to salute him with the friendliness of an old acquaintance, when his severely repelling and magisterial air made me withdraw my outstretched hand. I saw at once that he intended to do me the civilities of the *service*, and nothing more. It was not amiable on his part thus to treat a pilgrim who had so often helped him to travel with credit through the wanderings of the Odyssey, and I must own that, at the first moment, I was greatly pained and irritated by the behavior of this man. Now, however, I have only pity and regret for one whose heart has been petrified by "progress." Besides, how could he, a Government employé, accost otherwise a black criminal whom that same Government had turned out upon the road? Several gendarmes were present, and an amicable word might easily have been turned into a sign of hostility against the legislation; and so, like a prudent man, he naturally took into consideration his place, wife, and family, rather than an unfortunate exile.

"You are the Curé of N——?"

"I am, sir."

"Müller, take the prisoner to the Thor. You will start with him to-morrow morning at five o'clock."

My new abode, the Thor, was an old gate-tower, mostly in ruins, assigned by the police as temporary quarters for marauders and highwaymen. The lower story of the sombre pile contained the inevitable fire-engine, amongst a quantity of articles of which it would not be possible to make the inventory with propriety or by daylight. A small chamber was assigned to me, in which the only article of furniture was an old bed. A plate of tepid soup with a piece of bread was brought to me. I had still half a bottle of wine, some remains of ham, and a good appetite. I made an excellent supper.

After commending myself to God, and entreating fresh courage for the struggle, I reposed tranquilly after the fatigues of the day. That night I felt within myself the mightiness of prayer. So long as the Government has nothing better than prisons and gendarmes with which to oppose this powerful weapon, it will not conquer.

Next morning, after a bowl of pallid broth, I was on the road again, but this time on foot, the carriage being at our disposal only so far as this place. By way of my next guardian angel, an herculean gendarme, with rifle and ammunition, etc., was appointed to conduct me. His martial countenance—from the mustaches of which nothing was visible but the glowing tip of his nose—gave me an impression that he was well accustomed to the chase of "black game." I found once more that appearances were misleading, for in spite of casaque and carabine, shaggy beard and brows, he was gentle-natured, and whiled away the time by telling anecdotes of his life as a soldier.

As a subaltern officer, he informed me, it was not mere "onions" that he had to command, but the finest men in the company. He was no bad hand at drawing, nor, for the matter of that, at verse-making either, etc. So here was another undiscovered genius.

As we had not more than a seven hours' march before us, I was not sorry to be on foot, for although the wind was cold and the snow-flakes danced about our heads, I preferred the exercise of walking to the jolting of the carriage, and the fresh air of the mountains to the mingled odors of which my previous companion and his habiliments had made me sensible.

On passing through a village, I proposed that we should halt for the refreshment of a light collation and a glass of wine. This somewhat irregular proceeding gave him food for serious reflection: at last, however, he thought the suggestion not a bad one. If we had to suffer in other ways, we had not the additional discomfort of hunger

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and thirst. Instead of seven, we found that we had a nine hours' march. The people whom we met stood still and wondered, as they gave me the beautiful Christian greeting, "*Praised be Jesus Christ!*" My gendarme was at first a little embarrassed, but he soon began to join me in answering, "*Forever and ever!*" The poor fellow even grew ashamed of having to guard me, and begged me not to be offended with him on that account.

It is impossible for me to relate all the incidents of this journey, or others of the same kind. I can only give a rapid sketch, which will nevertheless suffice, I hope, to let the reader see into what a position we are thrown by the religious war in Prussia. I therefore pass over the episodes, which would necessitate my entering into many details, to arrive at the last.

At nightfall we crossed the frontier of the district. The gendarme held out his hand.

"Now, Monsieur le Curé, I leave you. I am glad that my task is over. And now, where shall you go?"

"I know not, my friend. I hope to find some place or other where I may lay my head. If not, I shall, in this at least, only be like my Master and Lord."

He turned, and walked quickly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Veneration of Mary Rewarded.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

One Saturday, before the hour of midnight, a priest in a certain city was requested to convey the Holy Viaticum to a Frenchman at the earliest possible moment. The person, who gave a close description of the street and house to which the priest was to go, was an old woman, who then went on before, as if to act as guide. The priest followed her till she suddenly vanished from his sight. He then became aware that he was standing directly in front of the house indicated by the old woman. He rang the bell: nobody opened the door. After ringing a long time in vain, an old gentleman from the upper story put out his head and asked: "Who is it that wants to come in at this late hour?"

The priest answered: "I am come to a person dangerously ill, to whom I have been summoned to administer the consolations of religion."

"There is no one ill at all in the whole house," replied the old gentleman. "But it storms fearfully, and the rain is pouring down in torrents; if on this account you wish to step up to my room, and wait for better weather, you are most heartily welcome; the more so, that I am suffering from sleeplessness."

The priest, completely wet through from the cold shower of rain, was glad enough to find a sheltering place. At his entrance his eye fell on a large image of our Lady, before which a little lamp was burning. "So I am come among pious people!" he joyfully exclaimed.

The old gentlman answered dryly: "I am a man of the world, and, as such, have little to do with images; but, for the love of my departed mother, who (being a pious Catholic soul) held this particular image in high veneration, I have kept it by me, and every Saturday do as she used to do, light a little lamp before it."

During this conversation, they had passed through, into an inner apartment. In this room, over the old gentleman's writing table, hung the portrait of a woman in the costume of times long since passed away. As the old gentleman observed that the priest contemplated this picture with peculiar attention, he, full of emotion, pointed to it with his finger, as he said: "That is my never-to-be-forgotten mother. How often and how earnestly did she pray before that image of our Lady! As she was dying, she said in a faltering voice: 'Oh, my unfortunate son, when, through God's mercy, I enter heaven, I will pray continually for the intercession of our Blessed Lady with her Son, until you are converted!' Ah, she would have been so glad to have brought me back to the Good Shepherd!" he remarked, with a smile; "but I could not bear confession."

By degrees he began to speak of the occurrences of his life; with much open-heartedness he related his history, including the prevarications of youth and manhood, without apparently seeking to conceal or excuse his faults.

"You are so averse to confession," observed the clergyman, after a while, "and yet you have laid open your interior to me in such a way that your soul stands unveiled before me; I believe I know you so thoroughly that I might even now pronounce the holy absolution over you."

"Oh! if you could but do that!" replied the man, in an agitated manner. "It is more than thirty years since I received Holy Communion; last evening, thinking of my dear mother, I was even then on the point of wishing to make a true, contrite confession. Can you really administer absolution to me? Oh, if indeed you can, give me also, even now, Holy Communion at once!"

The now contrite man sank on his knees, made his confession, and received with holy fervor the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. And what a happy event did this not prove for him! On the next day, early in the morning, the death-bell announced his decease. An apoplectic fit had brought his life to an end. The priest felt a holy joy, for a soul was saved.

And the old lady? well, she was the mother of the old man; this the priest could confidently assert: for he saw that the portrait was just like

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the person who had summoned him to the sick man. In this manner was it that a pious votary of Mary obtained the grace of conversion for her strayed son, perhaps as a reward for her custom of honoring the Blessed Virgin and her image every Saturday.

The Catholic Congress in Germany.

The 26th General Congress of German Catholics assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle last month, beginning on the 8th and closing on the 11th inst. We glean the following interesting particulars from our German exchanges.

Nearly all the Bishops of Germany and Austria had sent in by letter their hearty approval and blessing. Among these communications, that of the Papal Nuncio at Munich, Monsignor Roncetti, was the most remarkable. Representatives of Catholic societies from all parts of the German dominions, also from Austria, Holland and Belgium, and even from France and Italy, honored the meeting with their presence. Other foreign societies sent letters of kind greeting and approval.

Count Droste Vischering, nephew of the Athanasius of our day, the late Archbishop Clement August of Cologne, was elected President by acclamation. He opened the first public session by a splendid eulogy of the glorious confessor Pius IX of happy memory, and drew the mind of his audience also to the present great Pope. Some of the eminent speakers predicted a triumph for Christianity to evolve from the persecution now raging everywhere against the faithful. Dr. Vanders, suffragan Bishop of Cologne, showed the admirable spirit of unity pervading the entire body of the Catholic Church, clearly manifested in the harmony between the pastors and their flocks, who are all unanimous in defending their sacred rights at any and every cost. The second session, on the 9th, was a private one, and chiefly devoted to business transactions. At this meeting subventions were assigned to several literary, benevolent and missionary associations, both at home and abroad. The third session, on the 10th, was open to the public. The President read an Apostolic Brief of the Holy Father, who called upon Heaven to bless the good work, and favored the assembly with his Apostolic Benediction.

A private meeting, held on the same day, was devoted to business affairs, and closed with a banquet. The most remarkable toast on this occasion was that of Professor Schaepman, of Utrecht, who reminded his German friends that his native land was now atoning for its persecution of two centuries ago, by showing hospitality to the German priests and religious sent into exile. We need not speak of the emotion created by this touching reminder which drew tears from the eyes of many who had dear friends and relatives among the exiled sons and daughters of the Church. On the last day, September 11th, a private meeting was held in the morning, and a second one, open to the public, in the evening.

Throughout all these meetings the greatest order, politeness and harmony prevailed. A counsellor-at-law from Paris and a Professor from Brussels delivered speeches in French, and this, combined with the presence of other foreign delegations, and the letters of salutation sent in from all parts of Europe, gave the assembly quite an international character.

Catholic Notes.

—The Empress of the French intends making a pilgrimage to Lourdes shortly.

—The Rev. M. J. O'Brien, of Belfast, is publishing, through Messrs. Gill, an historical and critical account of "The Prophecy of St. Malachy."

—The Presbyterian ministers lately assembled in Chicago had several animated discussions about "the Roman Catholic question." Prof. Elliot read a paper taking the ground that, with all her errors, the Catholic Church had true doctrine, a true ministry, and true sacraments, and was, therefore, a true Church of Christ.

—The death, after a short illness, is announced of Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne Lauraguais, Archbishop of Bourges, who was born in December, 1826. The deceased Prelate was nominated coadjutor, with right of succession, of the late Archbishop of Bourges in 1861; and at his death, in the same year, he succeeded to the see. *R. I. P.*

—Lord Bute has made a superb offering to the Chapel of the Oratory in memorial of his marriage. It consists of two bronze candelabra, covered with gilding, each having seven lights, in imitation of the seven-branched candlestick of the Tabernacle. They stand on two enormous blocks of marble, which alone cost £500, on which are carved the arms of the Pope and of the donor.

—Colonization—Missouri.—A correspondent in Cottonwood Point, Mo., writing to us, says: "While so much is being done to find homes for Catholic emigrants in the West, I think if a colony was sent here to South-East Missouri they would do as well as going farther. Land is cheap, and as good as any. Stock can be raised with but little feed, and I know of no place where a poor man can do better."

—Rev. Father Scanlan on his return to Salt Lake, after an absence of nearly one year during which he has been making a visitation of the vast territory under his charge, was tendered a grand ovation and presented with a beautiful gold watch by his affectionate parishioners, who were delighted to see him once more in their midst. Hon. Judge Dunn, made the presentation address, to which the Rev. Father responded in a feeling manner.

—Many of our weekly Catholic papers are publishing the series of brilliant lectures on Science and Revealed Religion lately delivered by Most Rev. Archbishop Vaughan of Sydney, New South Wales. We are shortly promised the work in pamphlet form by Hickey & Co., in the Vatican Library Series, and by Messrs. Kelly & Piet, of Baltimore. Such matter as that given in Archbishop Vaughan's lectures cannot be too widely circulated.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., writing from Lead City, Dakota, where he has been stationed for some time past, says that he is well pleased with the prospects there. There is plenty of work, he adds, but many of the miners have been for years without an opportunity to practise their religion, and it is only by degrees that they can be brought back to it. Once they do come, though, there is no further trouble, and matters are gradually improving. Father Toohey already feels the need of help, as he has several stations to attend.

—The extreme Church papers seem to be going mad. The *Church Times* objects to a monument in Westminster Abbey to Sir Rowland Hill because his father—mark the charity of this doctrine—was a member of Dr. Priestly's congregation; whilst the *Rock* as-

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cribes the encouragement given by Canon Basil Wilberforce to the "Sabbath desecration" movement, to the horrid fact that William Wilberforce was guilty of the sin and folly of voting for Catholic Emancipation, and not content with the "fearful retribution of perverting three of his sons to Popery," Providence now inspires his grandson to "head a revolt against the statutes and ordinance of God."—*London Truth.*

——The New Statue of Our Lady of La Salette.—The new statue, which has lately been crowned, is the work of a Roman sculptor. The *Semaine de Grenoble* gives the following description of it:—"The countenance bears an indefinable expression of sadness mingled with resignation and hope. The arms are crossed on the breast in a manner admirably representing dejection and grief. The instruments of the Passion are shown in the folds and on the border of the robe. The crown is magnificent, the base being formed of eighteen roses, with rubies, diamonds, and pearls. It is also adorned with leaves and stars formed of rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The total height of the crown is about six inches."

——*The Catholic Review* of last week had an excellent editorial on Catholic interests abroad, entitled "Unpractical Catholics." We heartily wish it might obtain a wide reading among Catholics, especially in France. There is an immense amount of nonsense talked about persecution in that country. The fact is irreligion triumphs there because it is allowed to do so. It is all well enough for Catholics in France to crowd the churches and go on pilgrimages, but why don't they vote also? There are certain duties that have to be performed at all times, and certain others that are just as incumbent at particular times. God helps those who help themselves, who work as if all depended on their exertions.

——Count Carlo Pecci, the Holy Father's brother, who recently died, was a cultured man, learned in many branches of science, and as a councilor at Velletri under the Pontifical Government, he had gained the reputation of a wise and honest magistrate. He was seventeen years the Pope's senior. Although of late he had been very infirm, yet he was present in the Vatican when Cardinal Newman received the beretta. The funeral was celebrated in Count Pecci's parochial church, and, after the manner of all funerals of Roman princes, the remains were laid humbly upon a bier upon the ground, with two lighted candles, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. The music of the Mass was performed under the directions of the master of the Cappella Giulia at the Vatican, and the choir was composed in part of singers from St. Peter's. A few days after the funeral, *Requiem* Masses were sung in honor of the dead Count in St. Peter's and in St. John Lateran.

——Church and Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.—A communication from the English Confessor at Lourdes, informs us that although the funds collected for the purpose are exhausted, the various buildings connected with the Church and Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes are far from being completed, viz., the Chapels of the Rosary, forming part of a monumental staircase to be erected in front of the Basilica, a bridge across the river Gave, a building to afford shelter for the pilgrims, a house for the missionary priests in charge of the church and grotto, to serve also as an establishment wherein visiting priests can be received, etc., etc. Any parish, confraternity, religious community, or individual, contributing $100, or upwards, for the completion of these works, receives the title of *Founder of the Church and Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.* Those contributing $4, receive the title of *Principal Benefactors.* The names of donors should be given in full in, order to have them enrolled in a commemorative register, and likewise inserted in an enamelled heart to be placed on the high altar of the Basilica. Every Wednesday, two Masses are said for the Founders and Principal Benefactors, who are also sharers in a perpetual daily Mass founded at the shrine by the Bishop of Tarbes. On Fridays Mass is said for all other donors. Offerings may be made in behalf of the souls in purgatory.

——New Cardinals, Bishops, and Nuncios.—The four new Cardinal Priests created in the Consistory held on the 19th ult. were: Mgr. Pierre Francesco Meglia, Archbishop of Damascus, *t. p. t.*, born in S. Stefano al Mare, diocese of Ventimiglia, 3d November, 1810; Mgr. Giacomo Cattani, Archbishop of Ancyra, *t. p. t.*, born in Brisighella, diocese of Faenza, 13th January, 1823; Mgr. Ludovico Jacobini, Archbishop of Thessalonica, *t. p. t.*, born in Genezzano, diocese of Albano, 6th January, 1830; Mgr. Dominico Sanguigni, Archbishop of Tarsus, *t. p. t.*, born in Terracina, 27th June, 1809. On the morning of the 22d the Pope held a secret Consistory for the purpose of closing and opening the mouths of, and conferring the hat and the ring upon, Cardinals Simor, Desprez, Haynald, Pie, and Alimonda. His Holiness subsequently nominated eighteen Bishops, the sees of seven being *in partibus infidelium.* The Pope has signed the following appointments:—Mgr. Bianchi to be Papal Nuncio at Madrid; Mgr. Masella to be Nuncio at Lisbon; and Mgr. Czacki at Paris. Mgr. Cretoni is appointed Pontifical Under-Secretary of State, and the Internuncio at the Hague is nominated Secretary to the Congregation of Studies. To Cardinal Desprez has been assigned the title of SS. Marcellinus and Peter; to Cardinal Haynald of St. Mary of the Angels; to Cardinal Pie that of St. Mary of Victory; and to Cardinal Alimonda that of St. Mary *in Traspontina.*

The Late Sister Mary Stanislaus Jones.

A SAINTLY AND GIFTED WOMAN.

How many hearts all over our Union must have throbbed with emotion when they saw the announcement of the death of this venerable religious, who went to her reward on the 11th of September at the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C., in the seventy-eighth year of her age, and the fifty-fourth of her religious profession! Great-grandmothers, grey-haired grandmothers, mothers and maidens, will testify how deep, how widespread, how lasting, has been the influence of their accomplished, high-born, angelic teacher, Sister Stanislaus.

Her marked abilities were discovered whilst she was still a young novice, and as soon as her novitiate was ended she was assigned a prominent position in the Academy at Georgetown, and there for fifty-four years her name has been a dear, familiar word. Sister Stanislaus was an accomplished musician, executing with great skill on harp and piano, an excellent Latin scholar, and spoke fluently the French, Spanish and Italian languages. All who ever knew her, recognized in her what worldlings call a "magnetic" influence over souls, but the Christian knows that this power is the fruit of faith and true piety. Sister Stanislaus' zeal corresponded to this gift. The slave found an instructor and friend in her; the poor and afflicted, a

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sympathizer; the rich, an adviser. Who can tell the immense good to outsiders she effected from behind her convent grate? It was Sister Stanislaus who first started the movement for penitentiary Catholic chaplains. She saw the letter of a despairing prisoner in the Albany Penitentiary to one of his friends; she wrote him a letter trying to teach him resignation. The letter was lent to another prisoner, then to another, and Sister Stanislaus found herself in correspondence with a number of convicts. She aroused the interest of an influential friend, and through this friend suggested to the Bishop of Albany to appoint a chaplain. To the late zealous Father Noethen was appointed the charge, and a great work of charity was thus inaugurated.

Sister Stanislaus was the daughter of Commodore Jones, U. S. N. She became a convert at an early age, and soon after her baptism entered religion. Her life was most saintlike. For thirty years previous to her death she was a daily communicant, and our Divine Lord, whom she loved so tenderly, alone knows the many hours of additional suffering she must have endured for years rather than break her fast and thus miss her Holy Communion. For a long period she suffered most patiently that dreadful disease insomnia. On one occasion, a Sister knowing how much she was suffering, begged her to take a drink after midnight; "Oh, Sister, I'd rather die!" quickly answered Sister Stanislaus.

Her devotion to the Blessed Virgin and confidence in her protection were unbounded. In her early religious life she was attacked by cancer. The day on which the doctors had declared an operation necessary as the only hope of her cure, all trace of cancer disappeared. In her humility she tried to keep it a secret, but being led to speak of it shortly before her death, she said: "Just before falling asleep, I believe I said a 'Hail Mary' to be cured; that is what I generally do when anything troubles me."

Sister Stanislaus's predominant virtues were conformity to the will of God, and union with and loving, childlike submission to superiors. Her last illness was of long duration, and marked by great suffering, which was borne with angelic cheerfulness and patience.

The memory of dear Sister Stanislaus will long live in many hearts, "and in the multitude of the elect she shall have praise; and among the blessed, she shall be blessed." (Ecclus., xxiv, 4.) A.

Obituary.

REV. JOHN A. MARSDEN, O. S. A.

The Augustinian Order has sustained a great loss in the death of Rev. Father Marsden, a devoted young priest, which took place at Lawrence, Mass., on the 2d inst. Father Marsden was born in Clithdore, England, on the 13th of September, 1851, and came to this country with his parents in 1856, residing in New York State until he arrived at the age of eighteen years, when he entered Villanova College, under the charge of the Augustinian Fathers, and after six years of hard study was ordained priest. Father Marsden began his labors in Lawrence in April, 1876, with his brother, the lamented Father Charles Marsden, O. S. A., but a severe hemorrhage obliged him to go to Florida. He returned to Lawrence three months ago, and about two weeks before his death he began to fail rapidly. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 7th inst., and the remains were deposited by the side of those of his brother and the clergymen of the order who died during their connection with St. Mary's. *Requiescat in pace.*

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 73 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 25 persons and 2 families,—grace of perseverance for 4, and that of a happy death for 8 persons,—special graces for 12 priests, 6 religious, 4 clerical students, and 3 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 86 persons and 14 families,—spiritual favors for 72 persons and 12 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 3 congregations, 6 schools, and one sodality. Also 39 particular intentions, and 10 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Change of life for some young men and women who will not listen to the advice of their distressed parents,—success in business,—the favorable settlement of a just claim,—the favorable issue of several lawsuits,—a situation for a young man who has become dissipated through idleness,—resources to pay debts,—consolation for several widows, mothers of wayward children,—conversion and cure of a Protestant physician much afflicted with epilepsy,—a Catholic son to whom a Protestant father refuses the consolation of the Sacraments during severe illness.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious correspondent writes: "I have been wishing for some time to write, to have you return thanks for the conversion of my dear father. It must have been thirty years since he was at his duties. I had him prayed for many times during the last five years. He has attended a mission and made his jubilee. He feels perfectly happy, and cannot be grateful enough." ... Another person writes: "Please ask the members of the Confraternity to return thanks for two favors. Prayers have been requested several times during the last four years for some young girls who were soliciting the consent of their parents, but in vain, to join the Church. Thanks to our Blessed Mother, the desired favor has been granted; on the 7th of September they were baptized, confirmed, and made their First Communion. The second favor was the amicable settlement of a pecuniary matter." To these favors we might add the conversion to the Faith of a person recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity for some time past; the reform of a father and son addicted to intemperance; the cure by the application of the Water of Lourdes of two persons, who, according to the opinion of skilful doctors, were sinking with lung disease.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the following deceased persons: Mrs. MARY MURRAY, of San Francisco, Cal., who was struck by a railroad engine on the 18th ult., and succumbed to her sufferings two days later. Mr. JOHN CORCORAN, superintendent of the cemetery at Mount Auburn, Mass., who died last August. He was widely known and highly esteemed. Miss ANN HART, of Montgomery, Ind., who departed this life on the 16th of September, after receiving the consolations of our holy religion. Miss ANN MALONEY, of Louisville, Ky., who breathed her last on the 15th ult. Mrs. MARY WELSH HEALY, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose death occurred last month. Mr. FRANCIS PLUNKETT, and PATRICK F. COFFEE, of Charlestown, Mass., lately deceased. Mr. TERENCE M. DONNELL, Philadelphia, Pa.; MICHAEL and MARY FERRALL, J. FERRALL, DOMINIC J. MAGUIRE, J. TOMEY, E. A. BAKER, Mrs. THOMAS MAGUIRE, Mrs. FRANCIS A. FREYMUTH, THOMAS RYAN, and ANNIE REED, all of whom died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

"A. B.," Hibernia.—Letter received and attended to.

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Children's Department.

To My Guardian Angel.

BY DR. (NOW CARDINAL) NEWMAN.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine
Unfailing, till my death.

Thou hast been ever at my side:
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might:

Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder, too,
Yet bear each deed of hell.

And then, in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick, soft breath was near, to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous, sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

WHEN any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened with great attention, and then interrupted him, by saying: "Is there not a fair side also to the character of the person you are speaking of? Come, tell me his good qualities!"

Two School-Boy Martyrs, St. Justus and St. Pastor.

BY MRS. HOPE.

It seems only natural that brave soldiers like St. George, St. Sebastian, and St. Maurice should not be afraid to die, and we are inclined to say that it is only what we should expect from them; but when we see that two little boys are just as brave, and act in the same heroic way, we must acknowledge that their supernatural courage was the fruit of God's grace in them, and we may well praise God in the words of the Psalmist—"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

These two little boys, Justus and Pastor, were Spaniards, and lived in a town called Complutum, now Alcala de Henares. Their parents, who were persons of rank, were Christians, and brought them up very carefully in the Christian Faith. They were also taught all the things that children of their age generally learn, and for this purpose went every day to school.

The Roman governor of Spain at that time was one Dacian. He was a very cruel man, and hated the Christians; and when the emperor ordered them to be persecuted, he went about from town to town seeking them out, and torturing most cruelly every one who would not sacrifice to the heathen gods. He came at length to Alcala de Henares, and immediately after his arrival he issued a proclamation commanding everyone, under pain of death, to offer sacrifice to the gods who were the protectors of the Roman empire.

This proclamation caused a great stir in the town. The pagans, who had long been fretted to see the number of Christians constantly increasing, and their own temples deserted, were greatly rejoiced; while the Christians were terrified, and made preparations for leaving the town, or hiding themselves in some way or other. Justus was now seven, and Pastor was nine years of age. They were both at school, when a person came running in and told the news to the master. Most of the boys were so busy trying to finish their lessons quickly, in order to get out the sooner to play, that they took no notice of what the man said. But it was not so with Justus and Pastor. As soon as they heard about the governor's proclamation, a supernatural love and courage sprung up within them, and they were seized with such a wonderful desire to die for Jesus, that, throwing down their books, they rushed out of school, and, running up to the tribunal of the wicked Dacian, they cried out that they were Christians, and that he must put them to death, because they would not sacrifice to the gods. At first Dacian would not listen to what they were saying. He thought they were

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foolish children, who were talking nonsense, and he ordered them to hold their tongues and not interrupt him, for he was very busy. But they would not be silent; they insisted on being heard; and they continued to speak so boldly that at last Dacian was obliged to attend to them. When he came to inquire who they were, and how they happened to have come to his tribunal, he was very much surprised. He could not understand how these two little boys, who had not been sought for, or brought up by any one, and had not been enticed by any promises or persuasion, could come freely, of their own accord, and offer resolutely to die for Christ. If he had not himself seen it, he could not have believed it. He persuaded himself, however, that it was some childish fancy which had got into their heads; and he, therefore, ordered them to be privately whipped, being convinced that this would soon bring them to their senses.

So the two little brothers were led away, like innocent lambs, to be whipped. It was beautiful to see how, as they went along, they encouraged each other to bear every kind of torment for the love of Jesus. As Justus was the younger of the two, he thought that perhaps his brother would think that such a little fellow as he was could not have courage to bear the tortures, so he said to him:

"I hope, dear Pastor, you are not afraid of dying, or of the pain of being whipped, or of that sharp sword, with which they may perhaps cut off our heads. I am not the least afraid of them."

"I am not afraid for myself," answered Pastor, "because I am getting on to be a big boy; but I am afraid for you, dear Justus. You know, brother, you are such a little fellow."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, brother," replied Justus, "for though I am such a little boy, yet, by the grace of God, I shall be as strong as the biggest man."

"Are you quite sure, Justus?" rejoined Pastor.

"Yes, quite sure," answered little Justus. "Though we are such little fellows, God, you see, has done us the honor to call us to die for Him, and do you think He will refuse to give us strength to bear our martyrdom?"

"Dear Justus," cried Pastor, "I am so happy to hear you speak so bravely, for I think God must have given you His grace to do so. So, now I am not at all afraid for you; and it will be quite easy for me to die with you, so that we may go together to live with our dearest Lord Jesus."

"God will be sure to carry us through, even though we are such weak little things," replied Justus; "and He will take us quickly to that happy paradise which mamma and papa have so often told us about, where we shall be with His angels and saints, and shall see our kind, good Lord Jesus in glory."

"Think, too, Justus," rejoined Pastor, "what a happiness it will be to shed our blood for that dear Jesus who shed His Precious Blood for us. Oh! how I hope we may deserve to see Him in heaven, and to be with Him forever and ever."

In this way these dear children talked to each other, as they went along, showing clearly that it was the grace of God that spoke in them. The officers who heard what they said were amazed, and wondered how little children could be so ready to die; and they thought there must be something more than common about them. So they went to Dacian, and told him what they had seen and heard, and begged him to think once more what was to be done with these children. But though the cruel tyrant also was very much amazed at the courage of these two little children, he was too selfish and hard-hearted to be touched even by their angelic virtue. He thought only what a disgrace it would be to himself, a great and powerful man, if he were overcome by two little boys, and he was afraid that their heroic example might encourage other people to suffer martyrdom. So he ordered that they should be secretly beheaded in a place where none of the people should see them. The dear little boys were accordingly led out into a field, where they were beheaded upon a great stone; and, as if to show that even a hard stone was less hard than the heart of the cruel tyrant, there remains to the present day on this stone the mark of the knees of these innocent and holy little brothers. The Christians of Alcala de Henares took up their precious relics, and buried them, with great reverence, on the spot which they had sanctified by their glorious death.

St. Justus and St. Pastor were martyred A. D. 304. There is a very beautiful and ancient hymn in the Breviary of Toledo, which was written in their honor, and which has preserved all the details of their martyrdom.

Representations of Our Lady in the Seventh Century.

In speaking of the representations of our Lady in the seventh century, Mrs. Jameson says: "She stands with arms raised and extended wide, the ancient attitude of prayer; or with hands merely stretched forth, expressing admiration, humility, and devout love. She is attired in an ample tunic of blue or white, with a white veil over her head, thrown a little back and displaying an oval face with regular features, mild, dignified—sometimes, in the figures of the ruder ages, rather stern and melancholy, from the inability of the artist to express beauty; but when least beautiful, and most formal and motionless, always retaining something of the original conception, and often inexpressibly striking and majestic."

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 25, 1879. No. 43.

A Batch of Translations.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL."

As to the principles on which these translations have been attempted, something was said in the *Irish Monthly* for May, 1878. Our translations are not paraphrases, but aim at a considerable degree of fidelity in reproducing the form and substance of the original; but this remark does not apply, as far as regards identity of form, to some pieces in the present instalment.

In the May of the present year a very charming little Latin hymn to the Blessed Virgin appeared in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The writer, who is quite unknown to us and whose initials are not given, deserves credit for the skill with which he hinders the extreme rhyminess of the stanzas from interfering with the correctness and simplicity of the Latin diction. Our version has sacrificed a great deal of the rhyme and preserves only faintly the allusion at the end to St. Paul's "Bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi, fidem servavi."

Adjuva filium,
O pia Parens!
Affer auxilium,
O culpâ carens!

Mater amabilis
Et sine labe,
Mei tam labilis
Tu curam habe.

Per Tot discrimina
Serva me purum;
Ad mortis limina
Perduc securum.

Quocumque gentium
Ire Jubetur,
Terram viventium
Ingredi detur!

Amabilissima,
Post mille dona
Mea novissima
Tu spe corona.

Mother most tender,
Help thy poor child!
Haste with thy succor,
Maid undefiled!

Amiable Mother,
Stainless and fair!
Take a frail creature
Into thy care.

'Mid countless perils
Still keep me pure;
O'er death's dark portal
Lead me secure.

Where'er my fortune
Here may be cast,
The land of the living
Mine be at last!

Thou, O most loving!
Dost thy gifts shower:
With hope unfailing
Crown my last hour.

Tu me, certato
Bono certamine,
Et consummato
(Tuo juvamine).

Vitæ curriculo,
Fide servatâ,
Duc e periculo,
Mater amata!'

When I the battle
Have fought and won,
And 'neath thy guidance
Life's course is run.

When, living, dying,
My faith I've proved,
Take me from danger,
Mother beloved!

The prayer so well so known and so dear to us all under the name of the *Memorare*, is not a hymn; but let us give a rhymed version of it which will, we trust, be found simple and earnest enough to be sometimes used as a prayer. It is a pity that there is not one authorized English version in prose, as there is of the *Salve Regina*, for instance:—

Remember, holy Mary, 'twas never heard or known
That any one who sought thee and made to thee his moan—
That any one who hastened for shelter to thy care,
Was ever yet abandoned and left to his despair.
No, never, Blessed Virgin, most merciful, most kind!
No sinner cries for pity who does not pity find—
None, none, O holy Mary!

And so to thee, my Mother, with filial faith I call,
For Jesus dying gave thee as mother to us all.
To thee, O Queen of virgins! O Mother meek! to thee
I run with trustful fondness, like child to mother's knee.
See at thy feet a sinner, groaning and weeping sore—
Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me, and let me stray no more
No more, O holy Mary!

Thy Son has died to save me, and from His throne on high
His Heart this moment yearneth for even such as I.
All, all His love remember, and oh! remember, too,
How prompt I am to purpose, how slow and frail to do.
Yet scorn not my petitions, but patiently give ear,
And help me, O my Mother, most loving and most dear.
Help, help, O holy Mary!

The foregoing prayer is often called the *Memorare* of St. Bernard.* In the mouth of the same mellifluous Doctor, Dante places the famous

* The following seems to be the best of the versions in use:—
Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it heard of in any age, that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin

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prayer of the Blessed Virgin which occurs in Canto 33 of the "Paradiso," and of which the Rev. Henry Carey's translation begins thus:—

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all.

The two last lines stand for a much simpler one of Dante's:—

Umile ed alta piú che creatura.

The following is the latest addition to the innumerable series of translations from Dante. It is, of course, original, like the rest of these *disjecta membra*:—

O Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son,
Of creatures all the lowliest, loftiest one,
Term of God's counsel, fixed ere time begun.

Our human race thou hast to such degree
Ennobled in thy Maker's eye, that He
His creature's child hath not disdained to be.

Kindled anew within thy womb's pure shrine
Did burn the love beneath whose glow benign
Bloomed in eternal peace this Flower divine.

Here unto us art thou the noonday light
Of charity—below in earth's dark night
Thou art of hope the living fountain bright.

Lady! so great thou art, thy power so high,
Who longs for grace nor breathes to thee his sigh
Would have his wishes without wings to fly.

Thy bounty succoreth not him alone
Who asks for it, but oftentimes is known
Freely to come ere the demand hath flown.

In thee all mercy, clemency we find,
In thee all splendor—all in thee combined,
Whatever is of good in humankind.

O Queen who canst whate'er thou wilt! I pray
That he who hath such wonders seen to-day
'Neath thy protection ever safe may stay.

Some who may like to see this in the original may not have their Dante at hand. It will occupy only a small fragment of space if we quote the Italian:—

Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,
Umile ed alta più che creatura
Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio.

Tu se' colei che l'umana natura
Nobilitasti si che il tuo fattore.
Non disdegnò di farsi sua fattura.

Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore
Per lo cui caldo nell' eterna pace
Così è germinato questo fiore.

Qui sei à noi meridiana face
Di caritade, e giuso intra i mortali
Se' di speranza fontana vivace.

Donna, se' tanto grande e tanto vali
Che qual vuol grazia ed ad te non ricorre
Sua disianza vuol volar senz' ali.

La tua benignità non pur soccorre
A chi dimanda ma molte fiate
Liberamente al dimandar precorre.

In te misericordia, in te pietade,
In te magnificenza, in te s'aduna
Quantumque in creatura è di bontade.

Ancor ti prego, regina, che puoi
Cioche tu vuoi, che tu conservi sani
Dopo tanto veder, gli affetti suoi;
Vinca tua guardia i movimenti vani.

We can only find room at present for three other hymns, which the printers, for economy's sake, will be so kind as to place side by side, if this be feasible. The first is the "Rhythmus ad Cor SS. Jesu":

Cor Jesu, cor purissimum,
Cor ara sanctitatis!
Cor meum purga sordidum,
Infectum tot peccatis.

Qui movet tibi vomitum
Auferto hinc teporem;
Infunde novum spiritum
Et spiritûs fervorem.

Cor mite, cor humillimum,
Cor plenum bonitatis,
Cor tuo da simillimum,
Da ignem caritatis.

Sed quid? si vel seraphico
Amore cor flagraret,
Non tamen hoc incendio,
Non satis te amaret.

Ut ergo te diligere,
Cor Jesu, possim satis,
Immensum da, quod amas me,
Ardorem caritatis.

Hoc, hoc amoris jaculo
Cor meum accendatur,
Et hujus ab incendio
In cinerés solvatur.

O mors exoptatissima
Sic mori vi amoris!
Amoris sit cor victima
Pro corde Redemptoris.

Amore tui moriar,
Cor Jesu, amor meus,
Ut novo corde ordiar
Amare te, O Deus!

(Translation.)

O Heart of Jesus, purest Heart!
Altar of holiness Thou art;
Cleanse my foul heart so hard and cold
And stained by sins so manifold.

Take from me, Lord, this tepid will,
Which doth Thy heart with loathing fill;
And then infuse a spirit new,
A fervent spirit, deep and true.

of virgins, my Mother. To thee I come; before thee I stand sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not our petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria, non esse auditum a sæculo, quenquam ad tua currentem præsidia, tua implorantem auxilia, tua petentem suffragia, esse derelictum. Ego, tali animatus confidentia, ad te, Virgo virginum, Mater, curro. Ad te venio; coram te gemens peccator assisto. Noli, Mater Verbi, verba mea despicere, sed audi propitia et exauid. Amen.

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Most humble Heart of all that beat,—
Heart full of goodness, meek and sweet!
Give me a heart more like to Thine,
And light the flame of love in mine.

But, ah! were e'en my heart on fire
With all the Seraphim's desire,
Till love a conflagration proved—
Not yet wouldst Thou enough be loved.

That therefore Thou may'st worthily
Be loved, O loving Lord, by me,
That love which in Thy Heart doth burn
Give me, to love Thee in return.

May this Thy love's most fiery dart
Strike deep and set on fire my heart,
And in that burning may it be
Dissolved and utterly consumed in Thee!

Death to be sought with yearnings high,
Thus from love's violence to die!
Ah! may my heart love's victim prove
For the Redeemer's heart of love!

So let me die for love of Thee,
O Heart, all full of love for me,
That with a new heart's virgin hoard
I may begin to love Thee, Lord!

I am unable to give the date or authorship of the foregoing hymn; but that which follows was written in our own day by Cardinal de Geissel, Archbishop of Cologne. It is one of the best tributes of devotion to the Immaculate Conception:—

Virgo virginum præclara,
Præter omnes Deo cara,
Dominatrix cœlitum,
Fac nos pie cantare,
Prædicare et amare,
Audi vota supplicum.

Quis est dignus laude digna
Te laudare, O benigna
Virgo, fons carismatum!
Gratiis es tota plena,
Tota pulchra et serena,
Dei tabernaculum.

O quam magna tibi fecit
Qui potens est et adjecit
Gratiam ad gratiam!
Qui cœlum terramque regit,
Matrem sibi te elegit,
Sponsum atque filiam.

Ante mundum te dilectam
Et præ omnibus electam,
Cœlorum delicias,
A peccato non redemit
Sed jam antea exemit
Emptorum primitias.

Virgo vere benedicta,
Culpa nunquam es obstricta
Hocce in exilio;
Sine labe es concepta,
Magno lapsui erepta
Summo privilegio.

Contendebat certatura
Tunc cum gratia natura,
Gratia prævaluit;
A peccato præservatam
Immunemque illibatam
Mire te constituit.

Eva nova novæ legis,
Præelecta summi regis,
Consors ejus gloriæ;
Tu draconem domuisti,
Forti pede contrivisti
Victrix caput Satanæ.

Semper fulgens munda stola,
Inter mundas munda sola,
Ascendisti sidera;
Super agmina sanctorum,
Super choros angelorum,
Sceptra geris domina.

Oras nunc a dextris Nati,
Jugo solvat ut peccati
Quos redemit sanguine;
Manus tuæ stillant dona,
Vitæ fac cœlestis bona
Et in nos defluere.

Esto nobis maris stella,
Ne nos fluctuum procella
Navigantes obruat;
Ex quâ salus est exorta,
Esto nobis cœli porta
Quæ ad vitam pateat.

Virgo clemens, virgo pia.
Duc secura nos in via
Vitæ per exilium;
Nos, O mater, hic tuere,
Olim istic fac videre
Te tuumque Filium.

Fac, te duce, nos orare,
Vigilare et certare,
Certos tuæ gratiæ;
Funde nobis pia dona,
Custos, mater, et patrona
Sanctæ sis Ecclesiæ.

Fac nos stare fide vera,
Caritate, spe sincera,
Absque culpæ macula;
Gregem tibi sic dicatum,
Jam a patribus sacratum
Protegas in sæcula.

(Translation.)

Virgin of virgins! thou who art
Of all the dearest to God's Heart,
Thou glorious Queen of all the blest!
To thee our fervent hymns we raise,
Salute thee, bless thee, love, and praise:
Ah! hear the prayers to thee addressed.

But who can worthy praises find
Wherewith to praise thee, Virgin kind,—
Of highest gifts thou fount and spring?
All full art thou of graces rare,
Serene and gentle and all fair,
The tabernacle of the King.

Oh! what great things the Mighty One
Hath unto thee His handmaid done,
Still adding richer grace to grace;
For He who ruleth earth and heaven,
To thee, below, above, hath given
All daughter's, spouse's, mother's, place.

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Belov'd ere yet the world was framed,
Thee before all God chose and claimed
And His delight in thee He made.
From sin not rescued as a prey,
But freed before in higher way—
First-fruits of those whose price was paid.

O Virgin, truly blessed! stain
Did never on thy soul remain,
While here thou didst our exile bear.
In thy conception sinless all,
Delivered from the mighty fall
By privilege which none may share.

While grace with nature strove for thee,
Grace claimed thee all its own to be,
And victory remained with grace;
It kept thee pure, without, within,
From ev'n the faintest trace of sin
And raised thee to thy wondrous place.

Of the new law of love restored
New Eve, forechosen of the Lord,
The consort of His glorious state;
Thou hast the furious dragon quelled
And with victorious foot hast held
Prostrate the fiend of hellish hate.

In purest white thou still hast shone,
Amid the pure thou pure alone
O'er all the stars hast sped thy way;
O'er all the saints of every clime,
O'er all the angel-choirs sublime
Extends the sceptre of thy sway.

Now at thy Son's right hand on high,
Thy prayer doth for His mercy cry
Towards all the ransomed of His Blood;
Gifts from thy hands pour down like rain—
Ah! for us, too, vouchsafe to gain
The heavenly life's eternal good.

Star of the sea to us be thou,
Lest, as this world's wild waves we plough,
We perish in the angry tide;
Through thee the Saviour has been given;
Be then for us the gate of heaven,
Which unto life may open wide.

Kind, clement Virgin! lead, we pray,
Lead us securely on our way,
Until life's banishment is o'er.
Defend and guard us to the last,
Bring us to see, when time is past,
Thee and thy Son for evermore.

Teach us to pray as thou hast prayed,
To watch, to combat undismayed,
Whilst thy approving smile is seen;
Thy bounteous gifts upon us shower,
And ever be in suppliant power
The Church's guardian, mother, queen!

Make us in faith to persevere,
In charity and hope sincere,
Unstained by sin's malignant stain;
And may the flock whose pastors now
To thee their fond allegiance vow,
Forever 'neath thy care remain.

Children, impatient to obtain possession of something or other, have sometimes been tantalized by having the alternative proposed to them; "Will you take it now or wait till you get it?" If the reader has not patience for yet another bit of translation, it is likely to be a very long time waited for; and so we shall venture to give it now. It is the hymn at matins in the *Officium Parvum* of the Blessed Virgin:—

Quem terra, pontus, sidera,
Colunt, adorant, prædicant,
Trinam regentem machinam
Claustrum Mariæ bajulat.

Cui luna, sol, et omnia
Deserviunt per tempora,
Perfusa cœli gratia,
Gestant puellæ viscera.

Beata Mater, munera
Cujus supernus artifex,
Mundum pugillo continens,
Ventris sub arca clausus est.

Beata cœli nuntio,
Fecunda sancto Spiritu,
Desideratus gentibus
Cujus per alvum fusus est

Jesu, tibi sit gloria
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.

(Translation.)

Whom earth, and sea, and skies
Obey, adore, declare—
Who rules the world with order wise
Doth Mary's bosom bear.

Whom sun, and moon, and all
Serve in their time and place—
While heavenly graces round her fall,
The Maiden doth embrace.

O Mother blest and fair!
The Lord supreme who holds
Within His hand the worlds of air
Thy Virgin womb enfolds.

Blest with God's message sweet,
Thou through the Spirit hast
That Fruit in whom the nations greet
Their Long-desired at last.

Glory, O Lord, to Thee,
The Virgin's virgin Son!
To Father and to Spirit be
Glory while ages run!

The first stanza of this hymn might be translated more literally thus:—

Whom earth, and sea, and star,
Obey, adore, declare,—
Who rules the triple frame afar,
Doth Mary's bosom bear.

But that expletive *afar* is added rather for rhyme's than for reason's sake; and what is the *triplex machina*? Does it refer to the first line, or to the elements which make up the earth? We have given the phrase a simpler turn; for we hope that some may wish to use as prayers this and the other pieces making up the present "Batch of Translations."

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The Legend of the Madonna's Veil.

I.

At the entrance of the mountain pass called Bocca San Antonio, through which the road runs from Bastia to San Fiorenzo, lies a straggling village called San Carlo. Its position is perhaps one of the most picturesque in Corsica. The mountain sides above it and below are clothed with oak, beech, chestnut, pine, and cork, mixed with the wild olive and the turpentine tree. The coloring of the foliage in spring and autumn is gorgeous beyond description, and the value of the timber is immense. From those woods, forgotten, it would seem, in the speculations of modern times, the Carthaginians drew the material strength which rendered their navy so terrible to Rome. Since their power passed away, many a master has borne rule over Corsica, whose blood has been mingled with the native race, but the mountains, round San Carlo are still unchanged, and clothed with beauty as of old.

The village is chiefly composed of poor dwellings inhabited by herdsmen, and some outlying farms, small and ill kept—rather worse, in fact, than those held by the so-called poor *statesmen* of Cumberland. The villagers in general are frugal, though indolent, and prefer the calling of herdsmen to harder work; and of such labor as there is, the chief burden is thrown upon the women. The spirit of jealousy and revenge, inherent in the Corsican, is stimulated by the minute subdivision of territorial patrimony, and there is hardly a village to be found where some family feud is not fostered and perpetuated. If the father die and leave a wrong unavenged, it becomes the inheritance of the son, who accepts it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled at any cost.

San Carlo was no exception to the general rule. It had its grudges and its smouldering wrongs, and out of one of these arose a dismal story.

Diego Hernandez had avenged an injury done to his father by killing the offender. Pursued for the crime, he fled to the woods, and there led the life of a brigand. His name became the terror of the country round, but for years he escaped the strong arm of the law. At last, a government officer having been killed in an affray with him, the authorities were roused, and an armed force was sent to watch every issue from the forest and cut off all possible means of escape. By extraordinary ability and address, Diego continued to elude their vigilance. One hour it was declared positively he was in such a spot; the next, as if by magic, he appeared in another; and then as suddenly left his pursuers at fault, and was nowhere to be found. The truth is, Diego had friends who played into his hands, and again and again misled the officials on the watch for him. But the Government was firm, and at last his capture became only a question of time. Stringent orders were sent to take him dead or alive. The police redoubled their vigilance, and finally ascertained beyond doubt the limits within which he was concealed. There was not a road nor a pathway he could traverse but at the peril of his life. He was hunted up and down like a beast of prey.

On the borders of the wood was a small farm, rather of a better class than the farms in general about San Carlo. The owner, whose name was Paolo Falconi, had been Diego's playfellow in childhood. He was a man of fierce and violent passions, and his household trembled before him when he was made angry. Since Diego took to the woods, Paolo had grown richer, and whispers were afloat that if not a brigand himself, he knew more about brigands than an honest man ought to know. He had not been to the Sacraments for several years, and held aloof from his neighbors, who, in their turn, seemed by tacit consent to shun his society.

It happened one morning, when the chase after Diego was at the hottest, that Paolo had to go to a fair some miles off, and chose to take his wife Giacinta with him. A small load of hay, the scanty produce of ill-cultivated land, had been put down by the dwelling the preceding evening. Giacinta, while she was fastening her white linen veil at the back of her head, in preparation for her expedition, told her little Giuseppe to stack up the hay in some better order during her absence, and then, giving him a sort of sweet cake made of chestnuts, she went away to get the mules ready for their share of the day's work. Paolo got his whip, and they were both just setting off when a thought seemed to strike him. He got off his mule and went back to Giuseppe.

"Giuseppe," said he in a low voice, "if Diego Hernandez should come here and ask for shelter, hide him; the bloodhounds are close upon his heels." Then he mounted his mule again, gave it a little stroke with his whip, and they rode off, Giacinta turning round and nodding to Giuseppe as long as she could see him.

When he was left alone, the child did what his mother had told him to do before she came back. He stacked up the hay as well as he could, but he was only eight years old, and it took him a long time. He was quite tired when he had finished, so he fetched the cat and her kittens to play with, got out the chestnut-cake, and sat down to enjoy himself. He had quite forgotten all about Hernandez the brigand, and was quietly finishing his feast, when suddenly the gate was burst open, and Diogo rushed through, exclaiming, "Hide me, hide me! They are upon me!"

"Get under that great heap of hay," said Giuseppe with ready intelligence, "and I'll cover you

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up. They'll be sure to find you if you go into the house."

Quick as lightning, Diego took the hint, and buried himself beneath the hay. Giuseppe smoothed it just enough to look as if it had never been disturbed, and then fetched the cat and her kittens and put them on the top of it. The cat liked the warm sun; and as she lay there dozing, with her eyes half shut, no one would have suspected she was keeping watch over Diego Hernandez, the brigand.

Five or six minutes afterwards, Giuseppe saw a party of gendarmes pass and repass the gate. They spoke together for a moment. Then their leader came in, followed by two of his men. He was a cousin of Paolo's, and his name was Antonio.

"Good morning, Giuseppe," said he. "Where is your father?"

"Gone to the fair, with my mother, and I am to take care of the farm till they come back," said Giuseppe, with a little air of importance.

"O, indeed!" said Antonio; "is there no one within? Has no one been calling on your father?"

"There's no one in the house," said Giuseppe, "and no one has asked for my father. Would you like to walk in, cousin Antonio?"

"I'm convinced he's on the farm," said Antonio, turning to his comrades. "Not a quarter of an hour ago he was on the road, and I know he can't have passed the bridge; they are keeping a sharp lookout for him there."

As he spoke, he went into the house, followed by the two gendarmes, with the air of a man who means to prove what he says. When he came out again, the search had been made, and made in vain. Antonio and his men stood looking at each other. The cat was sleeping on the hay, and Giuseppe was blowing soap-bubbles.

Antonio was perplexed. Still, *he must be here*, was the conclusion he came to internally.

"Giuseppe," said he, "I want to talk to you." Giuseppe came near.

"You have not seen any one go by the farm?"

"Go by the farm?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes; you haven't seen Diego Hernandez—the brigand, you know?"

"Diego Hernandez, the brigand," repeated Giuseppe. "I saw a man, and I saw a woman with a mule going along the road, and I saw Agnese carrying fagots."

"But Diego; didn't you see him?" persisted Antonio. "A tall man, with black eyes and a black beard?"

"Black eyes and a black beard?" said Giuseppe. "I saw a tall man driving a flock of sheep all with six horns, cousin Antonio. I wish father would buy some six-horns; ours have only four."

"Well, perhaps he will, some day," said Antonio. "I'll talk to him about it. But what was the man's name?"

"I don't know," said Giuseppe; and he blew another bubble.

"Diego is here," said Antonio to himself.

"Giuseppe," continued he aloud, "you haven't seen my new watch?"

"O, how pretty!" exclaimed the child; "how very pretty!"

"Yes, isn't it pretty?" said Antonio.

"It's beautiful, beautiful. I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Have you a watch, Giuseppe?"

"O no," said the child.

"Should you like to have one?" said Antonio.

"O, cousin Antonio, I should indeed! but a watch costs a great deal. Mother does not think she could save enough to buy me one even for my First Communion."

"Suppose I were to give you this," said Antonio; "should you like it?"

"O, cousin Antonio, you know you are only making game of me. It is much too beautiful."

"Yes, it's very beautiful," said Antonio; "take it in your own hands and look at it. I'll show you the inside. Hark! it strikes the hours."

Giuseppe was mute between astonishment, admiration, and hope.

"Giuseppe," said Antonio, lowering his voice, "if you will tell me where Diego is hidden, I will give you this watch for your own."

"For my own, cousin Antonio?"

"Yes, for your own. Now you know quite well Diego came in here a quarter of an hour ago. Where did you hide him?"

"Came in here?" said Giuseppe. "Cousin, would you like to go to see the two little kids?"

"Very much," said Antonio, his tone of voice not betraying a shadow of impatience; "but first tell me about Diego. He came in here, you know, and you hid him."

"Hid him?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes, you hid him. I know all about it. Isn't the watch a beauty? I'll show you how to wind it up, and then you'll know how to do it every night. There, turn the key gently till it stops. Why, you do it as well as if you had had a watch all your life! Now, where is Diego hid? You know I'm going to give you the watch when you've told me."

Giuseppe looked at the watch and then timidly at Antonio's musket.

"O, I don't wish to hurt him. I'll promise you to take the greatest care of him. What I want is to keep him safe. Only tell me where he is hid"; and he put the watch into Giuseppe's hands. "You would like it, wouldn't you?"

"O, yes," said Giuseppe.

"But you don't like to tell me about Diego. Well, then, if you would rather not, I won't ask

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you to say a word. Only just make me a little sign. No, I won't take the watch back again: it's your very own. Now, then, show me."

Alas, for poor Giuseppe! He looked up in Antonio's face, and then turned the watch slightly in the direction of the hay. In an instant Antonio had taken the hint, but before he could give the signal to his men, Diego, springing from his lair, with desperate energy ran for his life, dashed through the open gate, and made for the wood. His sudden apparition, and the almost superstitious terror which his name inspired, paralyzed his pursuers for an instant, and gave him a momentary advantage; but Antonio remarked, with a flushed face and vexed smile, that in ten minutes more they need only look a little sharper to be sure of him.

They went out, and Giuseppe was left alone with the gold watch in his hand. He did not understand the extent of mischief he had done Diego, but a vague misgiving of impending trouble took possession of his poor little heart. The cat and her kittens, scared from their resting-place, had slunk away, and he felt lonely and miserable.

Half an hour passed away. It seemed a much longer time to Giuseppe, and then he heard his father's voice.

"Has any one been here?" was his first inquiry.

"Yes, cousin Antonio has been here," said Giuseppe; "he gave me this gold watch."

"Antonio been here!" said Falconi. "He did not come here for nothing. He does not give away gold watches for nothing. Diego has been here, and you have betrayed him."

As he spoke, the sound of fire-arms was heard in the wood hard by. Giacinta turned pale. Paolo went to the gate, waited there a second, and then walked out into the road. Presently he saw four of the gendarmes bearing a man on a sort of bier made of branches. He was not dead, but wounded and a captive. It was Diego. They carried him into the court before Paolo's house and sprinkled him with water. He revived, and, raising himself up a little, slowly pronounced the words, "The son of Paolo Falconi has betrayed me"; and as they bore him past the dwelling on their way back to the town, he spat upon the door, exclaiming, "This is the house of a traitor!"

Falconi's brow grew dark. The devil of anger had taken possession of his heart. "The house of a traitor!" he repeated, compressing his lips; "that it shall never be." Giacinta looked at him, and shook from head to foot. He walked into the house and took down his gun. "Follow me," said he to Giuseppe.

Trembling with fear, the child instinctively obeyed. Giacinta drew near.

"Remain at home," said Paolo, fiercely. Giacinta knew her husband too well to dare to offer opposition to his will, but her heart died within her. He was terrible in his anger, and seemed to lose all reason. "Mother of God," said she, turning to her Madonna and falling on her knees, "pray for me, pray for my boy." A voice within her seemed to answer, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain."

Paolo walked quickly to the wood and through the trees. There were traces in the pathway of the late affray. Branches broken down and trampled under-foot, and earth torn up, told of a desperate struggle. Paolo took no heed, looked neither to the right nor left, but strode on till he came to an open space shut in by trees. There he set his gun against a tree, and made a grave. It was not a grave large enough to hold a man. Giuseppe was not nine years old, and slightly and delicately made. He stood by, white with undefined terror. Paolo took up his gun.

"Say your prayers," said he.

"Father!" said Giuseppe, in a choked voice.

"Say your prayers," repeated Paolo, in the same hoarse tone.

"Father!" sobbed the child, as his hand grasped something which he wore round his neck.

"Say your prayers," said Falconi, sternly.

"Father! father!" shrieked Giuseppe, falling on his knees.

Falconi paused one instant, pointed his gun, fired, and Giuseppe fell to the ground bathed in his own blood. As he lay, the little hand fell, bleeding and lacerated; and Paolo saw that it had loosely held a now sadly defaced medal which he had himself tied round his child's neck the day of his baptism. Paolo had not always been a wicked man. He had abused the gift of faith till his own bad passions had got the mastery in his soul, but it was not dead. A sudden revulsion of feeling, bringing with it a horrible sensation of sickness, came over him, and he swooned away.

When Paolo came to himself again the sun was going down, and he no longer saw Giuseppe. The grave had been filled up, and a rude wooden cross planted upon it. The gloom of the forest seemed intolerably oppressive, and he turned away to find the path that led towards the high road. He thought of Cain, and of Abel's blood crying from the ground to God. And then he had to face Giacinta! Her goodness and her griefs in contrast with his own wickedness and cruelty made his reflections unendurable. He could not stifle remorse, but he forced back repentance, and his heart grew proud and hard again.

Poor Giacinta! Giuseppe was her only child. The curé, at her prayer, had sought Falconi in the wood. He it was who had filled up the grave and planted the wooden cross, and then gone back to tell, as best he might, the direful tidings to Giacinta. Did she hear him? Did she

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understand his words? She hardly knew. She gave the gold watch into his hands, and told him to sell it for the poor; and then she tottered to the Calvary in the church, and lay before the bleeding image of the Crucified. There she made her sacrifice, and offered up her Giuseppe with Jesus on the Cross. She strove to say, Thy will be done; and again she seemed to hear the words, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain." A mighty strength seemed mingled with her misery and helplessness. As she lay there, stricken and stupefied, hours passed away unheeded, but at last she got up and mechanically went home. A dreadful stillness reigned over the place. Giacinta shed no tear. She fetched food, bread, and fruit, and the bitter honey of the country, and spread them on the table ready for the appointed hour. Then she sat down at the further end of the room, rocking herself to and fro, one thought chasing another through her mind without any power of the will to control them. Would her husband be brought up for judgment? Would it pass for an accident? Could it somehow be concealed? Common, hard pictures, trifling details of what might happen on the morrow, came and went before her—little imaginary incidents that she would not for worlds have spoken out loud. She seemed to have no power to grieve, and asked herself whether her heart were changed to stone.

Late in the evening Paolo came in. He had only to look towards Giacinta to see that she knew all. He took down a flask of spirits from a shelf, drank from it, and then threw himself on the bed in the inner room. No word was exchanged between them.

The next day it was all over the village that Giuseppe was missing. His father had left him in the wood, and no trace of him was to be found. Old Giovanni, the herdsman, was of opinion he had been kidnapped. "Diego's men," he said, "would be sure to be on the watch for revenge." "Of course they would," said the curé; and gradually it was the general impression that he had been carried off. Giacinta's face awed her neighbors into silence. They had never seen grief like hers. It was strange, they said, she shed no tear.

On the third day they fetched the curé. He found Giacinta in delirium. The Madonna, she said, had got the boy; but Paolo had fallen into a horrible pit, and broken a gold watch, and they were going to judge him. The good curé tried to soothe her, but in vain. The sound of Paolo's voice made her shake with terror; and once, when he discharged his gun as he came near the house, she fell into convulsions. The doctor gave but faint hopes of her recovery; but on the evening of the tenth day she slept, and, on awaking, knew the curé. He smiled, and said to her, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain." She looked at him with an expression of resignation indescribably sweet. The utter prostration of strength had only fortified her faith, and made her acquiescence in the will of God complete. The struggle of the body had purified the spirit, and given it undisputed victory.

When she was able to bear it, the curé told her there would be no proceedings against her husband. He had seen the préfect, who was his relation, and had much conversation, and they were satisfied Giuseppe's death could not be brought home to Falconi. Her child was safe out of the reach of wicked men, and now she must offer up her life-long sorrow for the conversion of her husband. Giacinta could weep now, and she listened with tearful eyes. By degrees she got better, but day by day she missed the sound of little footsteps, and caught herself listening for the childish voice that so lately was like music to her ear.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Apostle of the Irish, with a lofty view which embraced the future as well as the present, determined that the Church which, with God's grace, he was about to found, should be learned as well as holy. With that view, Colgan tells us, "Patrick sent Olcan, burning with zeal for knowledge, to pursue the higher studies in Gaul (*discendi aviditate ardentem Olcanum, altiorum studiorum causa, misit Patricius in Gallias*), where he made fruit in sacred letters and in all the best of literature, so that on his return to his country he might open public schools and become the teacher of many prelates and masters." This statesmanlike plan of forming a truly Christian normal school produced its results in a few generations. Ireland became enriched with monastic colleges, students from every European nation flocked to her shores in quest of knowledge, and all branches of learning were taught by her masters with such renown that for centuries she was looked upon as the university of Europe. The classics of Greece and Rome were cultivated in the cloisters of Bangor, of Armagh and of Lismore, and ascetic scholars dwelt with delight over the dialectics of Aristotle as well as over the poetry of Homer and the eloquence of Cicero. . . . On this point a testimony above suspicion is that of M. Hauréan, the brilliant and erudite free-thinker, in his history of scholastic philosophy. "If the history of the Irish schools be obscure, what we do know of it is all the more astonishing. In the sixth century there is a region of old Europe where the tradition of the Latin letters, of the Greek letters, has been preserved, where multitudes of young Christians sit at the feet of masters who teach them to understand not only Virgil but Homer; and this region is Ireland."—*Father Ronayne.*

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St. Winefred's Well.

(CONTINUED.)

It was the intention of Winefred's parents to have given their daughter a good education, and with her munificent fortune to marry her to some nobleman of the country, but her heart had become so completely absorbed with Divine love under the influence of her saintly uncle's instructions that the thought of an earthly spouse became distasteful to her. She would have preferred to be the last and least in the train of virgins following the Lamb, rather than the wife of the greatest monarch on earth. She knew how pleasing virginity was in the sight of God, and it is not surprising that she eventually formed a desire of consecrating herself to God, by vow, in that holy state, though she feared that the love of her parents for their only child would be an obstacle to the accomplishment of her wishes. Aware that she was the hope of their house, the centre of their affections, dearer to them than all else on earth, she might readily anticipate great difficulties in obtaining their consent.

In this dilemma she conceived the plan of gaining over her uncle to her views and inducing him to use his influence with her parents in her behalf. This influence was great, she knew, on account of his sanctity and the esteem in which he was consequently held by them. She accordingly informed him of the effect produced by his holy counsels, and the desire she entertained of consecrating herself to God if she could but obtain her parents' consent, begging of him, at the same time, to undertake the matter for her. St. Beuno was overjoyed at finding his niece in such holy dispositions, and readily acceded to her wish. He explained the matter to Lord Tyvid and Lady Wenlo, dwelling at some length on the nature of the sacrifice that was required of them—stating that it would be a sort of holocaust on their part to sacrifice their affections to the will of God in this instance, and under existing circumstances, by voluntarily offering to God their most precious earthly treasure—a treasure dearer to them than life itself. And those loving parents, how did they receive the overtures made by their kinsman on behalf of their daughter? Did they refuse at once, as parents often do, or indefinitely postpone their decision, in order, if possible, to defeat the work which grace had begun, and thus perhaps ultimately deprive their daughter of the particular crown and place in heaven allotted her by God? By no means. These good Christian parents were fully alive to a sense of the high honor conferred on themselves and their house by their daughter's choice, and they rejoiced exceedingly, and gave their immediate consent to the heavenly nuptials. They furthermore declared that as the heavenly Spouse had made choice of their daughter, they on their part would offer to Him what would otherwise have been her dowry, and would to this end devote it to pious and charitable purposes.

Winefred, free in her choice, privately made the vow of perpetual virginity under the direction of St. Beuno. She was so overjoyed that she thought she could never return sufficient thanks to God for the great happiness He had conferred on her. She spent whole nights in prayer and adoration before the altar in the church, and was so enraptured with the beauty of the divine Spouse that even the mention of the name of Jesus brought tears of joy to her eyes. Meantime the evil one, seeing the rapid advances towards perfection which our Saint was making, and no doubt fearing the effects likely to be produced on others by the edifying example of one so universally loved and esteemed, determined if possible to frustrate the effects of grace in this beautiful soul. Caradoc, son of King Alen, the ruling sovereign in that part of Wales, conceived a violent passion for Tyvid's daughter, and visited the house one Sunday when all except Winefred had gone to the church. Disliking the manner of the prince, and fearing a certain boldness on his part that was scarcely respectful to one of her sex, she left the room on some pretext and hurried towards the church. Shortly afterwards, the prince, finding she did not return, suspected her design and followed her with rapid steps. He soon overtook her. Dissembling his anger, he proposed that she should marry him, but she declined, on the plea that with her parents' consent she had taken Jesus Christ for her Spouse. Everything that wealth or power could bestow was promised the young maiden in order to induce her to give her consent, but she firmly refused all his offers. All the wealth of the kingdom could not make her false to her vow. Finding himself baffled, the young man's carnal love turned to anger, and he threatened that if she did not yield consent he would cleave her head from her body. The brave girl firmly answered that no menaces or terrors would induce her to violate her vow. No sooner had this decisive answer been given than the enraged prince drew his sword and clove Winefred's head from her body.

When St. Beuno, who was preparing for Mass, had heard of the murder, he went to the brow of the hill where it was committed, and found the young man coolly wiping his bloody sword on the green-sward. Seeing his hardened impenitence, the holy man begged the Almighty to avenge the outrage offered one of His chosen virgins, and on the day of all others consecrated to His holy service. Whereupon, says Robert of Shrewsbury and other of St. Winefred's biographers, the earth opened and swallowed alive the infamous Caradoc, who was never afterwards seen.

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It is related that previous to the murder the place where it occurred was called "the Dry Bottom," on account of its aridity, but that when Winefred's head struck the ground a copious fountain of clear water gushed from the earth—the same which constitutes the miraculous spring seen there to this day. The place then took the name of *Finhon*, which in ancient Welsh signified the Well, or Fountain. The congregation, on beholding the body of Winefred thus decapitated, were struck with horror at the fiendish act, and the feelings of the bereaved parents can be bettter imagined than described. But the holy man of God, St. Beuno, in the strength of his faith exhorted both the afflicted parents and the assembled multitude to turn aside from lamentation, and, instead, to address their petitions to the Master of life and death—to Him who in His goodness once brought Lazarus, crumbling in the tomb, back to life—that He might be pleased to restore Winefred to them, and thus to comfort the sorrowing parents who had so generously devoted their darling child to His holy service. He then joined the sacred head to the pallid body, covered both with his cloak, and proceeded to offer up the Holy Sacrifice.

After Mass, the holy man lifted his hands to Heaven in prayer, supplicating the Master of life and death that He might be pleased to restore Winefred, to which prayer the assembled congregation, amid sighs and sobs, fervently responded "Amen!" and lo! to the wonder of all, the virgin-martyr arose, as if just awakened from sleep. On seeing this miracle, all praised the goodness and mercy of God, and they resolved from that day to arise to a new life, a life of grace. It is said that a white, thread-like circle remained visible around the neck of the virgin ever after, where the head had been severed from the body; and even in the many apparitions made to her devout clients after her death this delicate white circle was seen, and seems to have attracted special attention. The feast of the decollation of St. Winefred was formerly celebrated on the 22d of June.

After her restoration to life, Winefred expressed her ardent wish to withdraw herself altogether from the world, in order that she might the more readily follow the regular course of a religious life, away from distractions, secure from the machinations of the evil one, and where with a heart disengaged from all earthly ties she could say to her heavenly Spouse: Behold, I have left all things and have followed Thee! (St. Matthew, xix, 27). St. Beuno joyfully acceded to the wish of his niece, and performed the ceremony of her solemn veiling in the presence of a numerous concourse of people. He then spent some time instructing her in what pertained to the monastic life, and found her so apt a pupil that she not only retained his lessons but soon had them reduced to practice. There were others who had followed her example, some of whom had received the veil with herself, and who lived with her in the small nunnery erected for her by her father; and St. Beuno, finding her so well qualified for the task of governing the little community, announced his intention of returning to his monastery at Clynog Vaur, about forty miles distant, from which he had felt compelled to absent himself to establish the nuns in their new abode.

The announcement of the departure of her saintly uncle greatly grieved Winefred, for he was truly a father to her in the spiritual life. She was almost inconsolable; but the Saint led her to the miraculous fountain and endeavored to console her by foretelling the wonders Almighty God would there work in her favor and through her merits and intercession. They seated themselves on a stone (which lies now in the outer well, and is called to this day "St. Beuno's Stone"), and the holy man called her attention to the stones purpled with her blood. He said that this memorial of her life-sacrifice would ever remain—should never be washed off—and that those who paid their devotions three times at the holy well would obtain any favor they asked of Almighty God through her intercession, provided the same was conducive to the honor and glory of God and the salvation of the petitioner's soul; or, if such petitions were good in themselves but not advantageous to the petitioners' eternal welfare, and consequently not granted, they would reap other and greater blessings in the life to come. He told her furthermore that although he himself should be absent from her, she could communicate with him through its medium, as anything committed to the stream for him would reach him, his monastery being located near the sea-shore. He then conducted her back to the church, and added: "Behold this church and the buildings around it, which have been erected by the munificence of your parents! these I leave in your care, to be converted into a convent of holy virgins who by your pious example and instructions may put in practice the lessons which I have often delivered to you—that is, contempt for the world, and entire abnegation of self, which are the foundation of religious perfection. Strive, therefore, dear child, in all things to exhibit in yourself a lively pattern of virtue. As to my poor self, I shall go whither the spirit of God directs me, and shall ever retain a most fatherly and loving regard for you." So saying, St. Beuno left his niece and hastened on his homeward journey.

The chief comfort the holy virgin found after the Saint's departure, was in the remembrance

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of his pious instructions and the fulfilling of his commands in the spirit of strict obedience. In a short time she had associated with her many other noble and devout young ladies, who observed such rules as she established for them. She ordered nothing but what she first practised herself, and miracles were not wanting to strengthen her authority. The members of her community, on their part, loved and respected their directress, and vied with each other as to who would best imitate her example. Observing the close union of her soul with God in prayer, her angelical purity, and withal her rigid mortification and self-denial, they received her declarations as if they were oracles from heaven. Her great discernment in spiritual matters also gave her disciples great consolation in the temptations and trials that inevitably beset the royal highway of the Holy Cross, and through which we can only arrive at the heavenly goal.

The fame of St. Winefred gradually spread throughout Wales, more particularly on account of the miraculous cures which she performed, and many came from distant places to see her and hear her instructions. These she sent away with an ardent love of God enkindled in their hearts, and a great desire to imitate the virtues which shone so brightly in the person of His holy servant. They extolled the happiness of those who enjoyed the privilege of being her constant companions, and who had the security of being directed by so tender a mother and so enlightened a directress.

St. Beuno, before his departure, had informed Winefred that she would not always reside at Finhon, but in course of time would be called to another part of the Lord's vineyard, which eventually proved the case. She always held her saintly uncle affectionately enshrined in her memory; for she honored him as an eminent servant of God, she loved him as her spiritual father, respected him as a master—and, under God, looked on him as the means of her enjoying the happiness of the religious state. The chronicles of her life state that in the simplicity of her obedience and affection, she every year committed some token for him to the miraculous stream, as he had directed when endeavoring to console her for his approaching departure. It would seem that the first of these was about a year after his departure, when, having with the assistance of her sisters finished a finely embroidered vestment for him, she wrapped it in a woolen covering, and went with her religious and others to the well-side, and cast it into the water, saying: "Holy Father, according to your command and my promise, I send you this small token of my love." To the great astonishment of numerous beholders, it passed down the stream, into the river, thence into the sea, and landed near the monastery where St. Beuno dwelt. The holy man was walking on the sea-shore when the package came. Wondering what it might be, he opened the parcel, and recollecting the charge he had given his niece, he understood that it came from her. It is said that it had not the least sign of wet or moisture. This event is traditional in Caernarvonshire, and a little creek running up from the sea, about eight miles from the town of Caernarvon, bears to this day the name of Porthy Casseg, or "Port of the Vestment," owing to the circumstance of St. Beuno's having here received the vestment sent him by his saintly niece. Near by is the parish church, called Clynog, where St. Beuno had founded his monastery of white monks,* and where his body reposed after his death, which occurred shortly after leaving Finhon. His tomb was famous in the 13th century, and was to be seen even in 1712. His name was, and is still, held in great veneration by the inhabitants. So great was his fame for sanctity that his festival is commemorated in the English martyrology.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Leland, "Itinerary," t. 5, p. 14, Ed. Hearnianæ.

A Victim of the Falk Laws.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

I was alone, proscribed, abandoned in the mountains. A keen wind drifted the snow into my face; the bare trees swung their branches over my way, like so many skeletons mockingly greeting me, until I began to feel myself a veritable Schinderhannes, haunting those lonely places, in the mist and darkness. When the defunct *Gazette du Peuple* of Treves, a reptile of the worst species, called the vicaire Schneiders a *Schinderhannes*, it was doubtless thinking of a priest wandering by night among the mountains. The comparison touched me closely. All around me was solitary and gloomy in the extreme, and the locality utterly unknown to me. I took a sudden resolution, retraced my steps, and reentered the district of Treves. After another two hours of walking, I found myself again with the good curé whose hospitable roof had last sheltered me. This excellent old man, who knew my name only from the *Gazette de Moselle*, was not a little surprised to see me again, after four hours of absence. It had just struck ten by the tower clock. Full of kindness and cordiality, he led me in, drew a chair to the fire, and mixed a reviving glass, to do for the inward what the glowing hearth was doing for the outward man. Had the

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mayor of my village, who had sent me off with such unctuous words the evening before, suspected me to be still upon forbidden ground, and under circumstances so comfortable, he might have renewed his declaration that it was "no question of a penitence of the state." But as he was far from dreaming anything of the kind, he would doubtless, according to his habit, every evening go to drink his *chope* of beer, laugh at the curés, and congratulate himself upon being rid of me. On this last point he was lamentably mistaken, for his troubles were not by any means at an end from the incurable impenitent.

"It is a hard sacrifice," said M. le Curé Doyen, "which you, and many other young priests like you, are making. Every man who has devoted long years, and also his means, towards the attainment of a particular object, must find it a painful trial, when, having reached the accomplishment of his desires, he finds himself marched about from prison to prison, ranked amongst criminals, and driven from his country. I admire your courage and firmness,—not because I am a priest myself, for, as such, I know that you could not do otherwise,—but as a man, who can appreciate the cost of your sacrifice and devotion. In the times in which we live, how many vile beings are there, always ready to spread their mantle to catch the last change of wind, and ready to sacrifice, ten times in an hour, their convictions and their conscience! How many who, from fear of temporal inconvenience, are cowardly enough to conceal their belief! You also, are you not men? Would *you* not prefer to live peacefully at home, in the tranquil fulfilment of the duties of your calling, instead of being tracked about the world like wild beasts?"

"We endure these things joyfully," I answered. "Why should we priests be less strong and courageous than our Bishops? Yes, we are joyful, because all the priests of Germany are united; because the Church has not, in her pastors, hirelings who flee in the hour of danger; and because we feel the Catholic people firm and steadfast at our back."

"The present time," resumed my host, after a pause, "strikingly recalls the fate of the French priests at the time of the Revolution. Those who took oath to it were caressed by the state and despised by the people, disgraced as they were by the sacrifice of their conscience to the Moloch in power, as Napoleon himself declared. History honors those who lost all they possessed in this world, who wandered about in disguise, to help and strengthen their brethren, and died at last upon the scaffold. It will also honor the Bishops and priests of Germany, who value their conscience above a rich benefice or a prebendal stall."

In spite of excessive fatigue, I remained conversing still for some time, and soon had shaken off all my troubles, and was able to look calmly into the sombre future which lay before me, knowing assuredly that our Father in heaven would not abandon me.

I remained in this hospitable presbytery for one day of rest, and the morning after, the Curé Doyen having furnished me with certain useful little leaves of paper, well known to the "friends of the Empire," I set out for the nearest railway station, and thence made directly for the jaws of the lion, that is, for the capital of the district I was fordidden to enter. My mayor might have consoled himself with the proverb, *Magnum voluisse sat est.*

At Treves, I immediately exchanged my cassock, with its long folds, for a fashionable little coat, a round hat, and a travelling bag. Thus metamorphosed, I strutted fearlessly in the streets by the side of the *sergeants de ville*, ruminating as to what trade or profession I should appropriate. On the advice of a friend, I decided upon that of a commercial traveller in wines, and this for two reasons: firstly, because the species is innumerable as the sands upon the seashore; and, secondly, because I wished to procure for my clients the advantage of the purest wine. I declared the razor under the same proscription as myself as long as the Kulturkampf should last, hoping that the police would not espy an enemy of the empire behind the shadows of a thick, black mustache, *à la* Doctor Falk.

Before quitting Treves, I took a turn round the exterior of the prison, still the abode of the noble Bishop Mathias, and was not sorry to be outside its walls.

It was six in the evening, and the bell of the establishment let me know that my former companions in misfortune were then seeking their tree-trunks, *vulgo*, their beds, there to suffer and freeze until morning. Then I went to the cathedral, and prayed fervently for my parishioners, for all the Catholics of Germany, and for myself.

Two days later, a post-chaise took me back to the place which, not a week previously, I was supposed to have quitted "forever." It was getting dark, and there was hardly a glimmer of light within the carriage. On arriving in the court-yard of the inn, a gendarme presented himself at the door of the cab, glanced at the trunks, and retired. It was the same who had ridden his horse at me. I was seated in a corner, and he did not notice me, little suspecting the precious head of game he was permitting to escape. In the street, I elbowed a gendarme, while humming, for greater security, "I am a Prussian: know you my colors?" This patriotic song, by the way, has been of great service to me on several occasions.

I went first to my own house, packed up the

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things that were indispensable, and retired immediately, suspecting, with reason, that I was less secure in this locality than in any other. I found a safe hidding-place in the house of a good and brave Catholic, who welcomed me with cordial hospitality, and took care to make my presence known to the rest of my flock by announcing that, at a very early hour next morning, I should celebrate Holy Mass.

When the morning came, not a place in the church was empty. While I exhorted my people to remain true to the Faith of their fathers, not to be dismayed or led astray by the troubles of these tempestuous times, but to hold firmly to the Church and her Bishops, a murmur of tears and sobs arose from the assembly.

Before I entered, one of the church-wardens had, unknown to me, organized a collection, and after Mass placed in my hands a well-filled purse, as provision for my coming peregrinations.

I then went into the confessional, administered Holy Communion, baptized two children, and visited a sick person. Naturally the public exercise of all these "illegal" functions could not remain hidden. At eight o'clock the police were on the alert, seeking to lay hands upon me. Had they guessed whose roof it was that sheltered me? Had I been betrayed? I know not. In any case, a gendarme and police agent came to the door, and demanded where I was to be found. The master of the house had quickly pushed me into a place of concealment not easy to be discovered. I crouched upon a wooden plank, under the boarding that made a little roof over the well, and behind the windlass. The position was not without danger, for deep water shimmered beneath me; but I was completely hidden, and my seekers would not have risked their precious lives in such a place. The whole house was searched, from garret to cellar, every corner, room, cupboard, and bed visited and overhauled, the granges and stables examined, barrels and water-butts knocked in, and even the door of my hiding-place opened, but I was not found; and the despairing gendarme quitted the premises with a threat, which I heard distinctly:

"When we can but lay our fists on this cursed fellow, we will wring his neck for him!"

My kind protector, at my request, informed the parishioners that at two o'clock in the morning of the following Sunday, I should say Mass in the church. Then, accompanied by a stalwart youth, and still in the garb of a commercial traveller in wines, I decamped at nightfall. We took a circuitous path, across gardens and meadows, until we came to the house of a neighboring curé, where I slept. Next morning found me gayly on my road again, towards the chief town of the canton, to make acquiantance with the prefect, who made it his boast to be one of the heroes of "progress."

CHAPTER IV.

I had ascertained that it was the prefect's custom every evening to repair to the Hotel de la Poste, the casino of the place. Thither I went punctually at eight o'clock, and found seated together at a table the mayor, the doctor, the *percepteur* (or tax-gatherer), the notary, and the prefect. In the same apartment were two other guests, who appeared to be strangers. I installed myself in the vicinity of the men of "progress," and was soon in conversation with these two. We touched at first upon indifferent topics, but presently fixed on the question of which all minds are full at the present moment,—the *Kulturkampf*.

"The excitement," I said, "which prevails in this part of the country appears to me extremely serious. A man who, like me, has to travel much, possesses abundant opportunities of ascertaining the feelings of the country people. The conduct of the employés does not seem to be free from blame. The employé, because he is a functionary, does not cease to be a man, and as a man he sides easily with one party or the other. In this question, the highest interests of humanity are at stake, and it is only too common in such cases to substitute the prejudices of party for personal duty, especially in a class lacking the culture of education, and whose very employment precludes refinement of manners. For instance, it seems to me that the proceedings of the gendarmes are not in accordance with the instructions of the legislators and the Government, and that they must be condemned by all right-minded men."

The prefect, who had not lost a word of what I was saying, quivered with impatience, and in an agitated manner sat twisting his thick mustache into two ferocious points.

"But what will become of us," asked my *vis-à-vis*, "if the laws of the state are to be violated with impunity? Unless means are employed to keep a sharp bit in the clerical mouth, the people will lose every sentiment of order and equity. I, for my part, say that the Government *ought* to interfere with a high hand; and as, in this matter, indulgence would be mere weakness, it ought *not* to be scrupulous in its choice of means. If the priests won't *understand*, they must be made to *feel!*"

"Do you then believe gendarmes and tribunals to be efficacious weapons against conscience? I am not an enemy of the Empire. I love my country, but it is precisely *because* I love it that I deplore the consequences of this unhappy war. It has made a chasm which will not quickly be closed, and struck a blow at the hearts of Catho-

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lics of which the mark will not be quickly effaced."

"Things will improve, my dear sir! I am a member of the Lodge, and pretty well *au courant* of the state of affairs. If imprisonment and dispossession will not correct the Bishops, their stipends will be confiscated, and a stop put to their relations with Rome. In the first place, the embassy to the *Curia* will be suppressed, and if the Pope puts himself into an attitude which will authorize the Government to take further measures, it will simply annul the Bull of 1821,—*De Salute Animarum*. Touch the purse of the curés, and they will become supple enough! Should the people make any pretence of disturbance, the district or province will be declared in a state of siege. The Ultramontane papers, the pest of the Empire, will be suppressed. We are at the end of the beginning."

"I believe you are right, and that the Government will shrink from *no* measures, however violent; but I believe also that the Bishops will *never* sacrifice their consciences to their pockets. For my part, I respect every man's convictions."

"*Paperlapapp!* The clergy will and must hold the people in obscurantism, in order to prolong their own existence, and not cut away the ground from under their feet. They are bent upon ruling the masses, and their heads, stupefied by clouds of incense, will take in no suggestions of accommodation or compromise with the law. It is the Government which desires to instruct, enlighten, emancipate, and in fact, give its majority to the people. This is the nucleus of the question. As for the curés, they intrench themselves behind the maxim that God must be obeyed rather than men. They cloak their obstinacy in this biblical sentence, and when they are alone together, laugh among themselves, as did the Roman augurs, at the silliness of the deluded people."

"The accusation is serious, and, it seems to me, somewhat hazardous. I should like to know how it can be proved? The Bishops and priests suffer for their principles: this is a fact. Religion must exist: this is another fact, for, without religion, social order is impossible. No amount of instruction will enable the people to do without a positive religion, nor can it ever be inoculated with so-called principles of public morality until it will do what is good and right, because it *is* right and good, or avoid evil simply because it *is* evil. Take away God and eternity from the masses, and they will fall beneath the brutes; their evil instincts and unbridled passions will burst all barriers, and social life will become impossible. What hope, for instance, and what motive for self-restraint, would you give the workingman, worn out with toil, if you rob him of his faith in another life, where he may find a reward for his labors, and a rest from his troubles and privations? That man who charges the Church and the Bishops, who are her representatives, with wilfully deceiving the people, is either a blind fanatic or a madman. You just now spoke of the Roman augurs. I could speak of the liberals of our own day. Well, then, was it not political hypocrisy on the part of men calling themselves liberals, to vote laws which in their hearts they reprobated? I will mention only the military law, with its formidable contingents; the law upon the *Landsturm*, and the rejection or indefinite adjournment of the proposition for universal suffrage. Is it liberalism, when the national representation, from love of the chancellor and the Government, accepts laws to which the people are utterly averse? And does not this render the constitutional *régime* ridiculous?"

"I confess," replied the Freemason, "that I do not approve in every particular the attitude of the national-liberal party, and nevertheless, I excuse it, because it is the only support of the Government, and without its assistance the state would be unable to pursue its mission of civilization against the Blacks and the Reds. That concessions, little worthy of true liberals, have been made, is a fact to be regretted, but it was inevitable. Believe me, time will change, and we shall then know very well how to shake the Government out of its too absolute position."

"Then from pure considerations of convenience, laws have been made which, it is decided, must be unmade by and by? Well, *mundus vult decipi*. Solely to aid the Government in its war against the Ultramontanes, *amen* is said to everything it demands, even when conscience condemns the vote! I also am a liberal, but, exactly because I flatter myself that I am a *true* liberal, I blame this manner of acting. Prejudice not having perverted my judgment, I condemn the measures against the refractory priests, and, placing myself in an objective point of view, and uninfluenced by party passion, I must confess that the governmental weapons do not seem to me to be efficacious, and only yesterday I witnessed something which confirmed me in my opinion. I was at N——: the expatriated priest of the place had returned, and illegally celebrated Holy Mass. The police were on his track. In vain, the people protected their curé. Is not this a *fiasco* for the Government? And do you suppose that things like this can tend to increase love of one's country?"

"You were yesterday at N——?" exclaimed the prefect, turning quickly towards me.

"I was, sir. You are perhaps interested in the place?"

"Assuredly I am. Until this moment I knew nothing of the return of the curé. It must be

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owned that this man plays too freely with the law!"

"And why, sir? Because he did not let himself be seized by the police? In his place I should not have acted otherwise myself, since, as far as I could ascertain, he felt bound to remain at the post assigned him by his Bishop, until compelled by force to relinquish it."

The doctor, sitting next the prefect, muttered in his beard something about "a Jesuit in disguise."

"You are signally mistaken," I answered, smiling. "I am a traveller in wines, a liberal, and a friend of the Empire. I have no secret at the inn; my business is to dispose of good wines."

"And so," continued the prefect, "the curé is not arrested?"

"He is not. But I am able to state that the police left no stone unturned to discover him. At least, he was not taken when I left the place."

"If those peasants do not choose to obey me," said the prefect, angrily, "I have but to say the word, and a company of soldiers will be billeted on them until they are tamed into submission!"

The company nodded approvingly.

"Since the matter touches you so closely," I said, in an unconcerned manner, "you have only to see that the church is guarded next Sunday morning from five to six o'clock. There is no doubt whatever that the curé will be somewhere about the place at that time."

Hereupon I paid my civilities, and left these gentlemen to puzzle their heads on the subject of my personality, and to laugh, to their heart's content, behind the back of the "Jesuit in disguise."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Catholic Workingmen's Associations in France.

From the first to the 7th of September a general convention of all the Catholic workingmen's associations in France was held at Angers, and presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop, Mgr. Freppel, one of the heroes raised up by Divine Providence for the defence of the Church in these times of danger and struggle. Whilst, ten years ago, the delegates of but 100 associations held their meeting at Paris, no less than 1,800 confraternities, since established in all parts of France, were represented in the Convention of 1879, at Angers. The headquarters of all these Catholic trades-unions is at Paris, under the direction of the renowned Monseigneur Segur, whose activity and zeal have not been blighted by his misfortune in becoming blind. The direction of Count Segur is, however, neither that of an administrator nor director, since it does not coerce in the least the action of the separate associations. It is, in fact, nothing more than a central or rallying point for all when a common end is to be reached or a threatening danger to be evaded. Paris, Versailles, Bordeaux, and other prominent cities, have within the last ten years seen these general conventions of the Catholic workingmen assembled in their midst. This year the three main points of deliberation were the Catholic press, the foundling and orphan asylums, and the Christian regeneration of the men and women employed in factories.

Motherless infants are to be taken care of by the associations, which will give them in charge to trustworthy nurses in the country. Orphans out of their first infancy are to be sent to orphan asylums, to industrial and farming schools, but only to such as are conducted by religious or priests.

The most interesting feature of the convention was a lecture by M. Harmel, a wealthy and truly pious manufacturer of Valle-de-Bois, in Champagne. The fact that M. Harmel has succeeded in solving a most important and difficult problem, that of establishing a spirit of mutual confidence and Christian charity between the proprietors and their employees, down to the lowest apprentice, will secure for him a name in history, and a more honorable and certainly a more deserving fame than that of the first Bourbon kings and the great men of their age. A short time ago we noted in THE AVE MARIA the fact that our Holy Father himself sent M. Harmel and his workmen the Apostolic Benediction, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims conveying in person the glad tidings to Valle-de-Bois.

On the day following M. Harmel's lecture, that gentleman had the satisfaction of seeing a meeting of several proprietors of industrial establishments held, with the avowed aim of introducing his system in their own workshops and factories. Thus it is that in France, the birth-place of godless socialism, originates the very remedy for counteracting its evil influences.

At the last session of the Convention, Rt. Rev. Bishop Freppel in an appropriate speech exhorted the delegates to continue their good work, and to co-operate in carrying out the excellent resolutions taken by the Convention.

INDEED, I have found among Catholics a higher tone of thought, morals, manners, and society, than I have ever found, with fair opportunities, among my non-Catholic countrymen; and taking the Catholic population of the country, even as it actually is, under all its disadvantages, there is nothing in it that need make the most cultivated and refined man of letters or of society blush to avow himself a Catholic.—*Dr. Brownson.*

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Catholic Notes.

—THE HOLY FATHER is reported to be engaged upon a new Encyclical, which will be published shortly.

—Like his glorious predecessor, Pope Pius IX, our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is deeply interested in the Christian education of youth, which he considers the greatest and most needed apostleship of our age.

—A year ago the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk undertook a pilgrimage to Lourdes, to pray that they might be blessed with an heir. As their petition has been granted they intend to make another pilgrimage to offer up their thanksgivings.

—We call the reader's particular attention to the "Batch of Translations" in this week's issue of THE AVE MARIA, taking occasion, at the same time, to thank the kind friend to whom we are indebted for the favor—Rev. Father Russell, S. J., Editor of the excellent *Irish Monthly*. The genius and poetic talent of the author of "Emmanuel" seem to be specially brilliant when he glorifies the Sacred Heart of Jesus and sings the praises of our Blessed Mother.

—The Honorable Margaret Mary Petre, who was last week professed a nun of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Petre, and is twenty-nine years of age. Her eldest sister is the Countess of Granard, and she has five sisters who are younger than she. Her eldest brother is the well-known Father Petre, who, by the way, will one day be the first Catholic priest for many generations entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. The motto of the Petres is, "Nothing without God," and it has received in the actions of members of the family a noble exemplification.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA lately granted an audience to a deputation of the Catholic Volksverein, headed by their worthy President, Count Brandis, in reply to whose address he said: "I am much pleased to receive this visit, by which the delegates of the Catholic Volksverein do me honor, as they did on the occasion of my silver wedding. You have placed a large army in the field, and I hope the Volksverein will continue their acts of patriotism in times to come." By the army the Emperor alluded to, is understood the Catholic delegates for the Austrian Reichsrath, elected by the active co-operation of the Katholische Volksverein.

—THE AFRICAN MISSIONS.—The missions in Africa are the source of as much solicitude to Leo XIII as they were to his predecessor. Pius IX had erected there several missionary centres, especially houses of study for the missions, and now a French seminary is being founded at Malta for native Africans destined to serve afterwards as priests and catechists, the climate of Africa proving too murderous for Europeans. The international association for the exploration of Africa, organized in 1878, having also requested the Holy See to erect an international college for the African propaganda, the island of Gozzi, next to Malta, has been chosen as the most suitable locality, its climate being most congenial to inhabitants of the tropics.

—THE PRESENT PERSECUTION IN GERMANY, far from destroying the faith of the brave Catholics, seems even to pave the way for a general conversion of Protestants. The blow intended for the Church has fallen upon the conservative Lutherans, and Protestantism, which is nothing more than a makeshift between the true Faith and infidelity, is gradually becoming a thing of the past. The recent utterance of a Protestant minister of high rank, Dr. Tauscher, in a speech at the August conferences, is *apropos:* "We are not going to Canossa, but Rome is coming to us. The more rationalism gains ground in destroying the Lutheran Church, the more the high road to Germany will be paved for a Roman advance."

—The New York *Catholic Herald* has for some time been publishing an able series of articles on Godless Education which cannot fail of having good effect. Its Boston correspondent, "Gerald," does not mince matters; he calls things by their right names, and makes the truth clear to the minds of his readers. Writing, as he does, from Boston, one might suppose that he could see little there to find fault with, but his letters show the contrary. Moreover, the elder Agassiz, a man whose disinterestedness cannot be doubted, has left it on record that, from personal observation, he found a great part of the prostitution in Boston attributable to godless education and the corrupt associations of the common schools.

—THE MEMPHIS SUFFERERS.—Rev. Father Walsh, of the Father Mathew Yellow-Fever Camp, makes another appeal in behalf of the 700 refugees under his charge, for whose maintenance he has already been obliged to incur a considerable debt. "The needy of Memphis are the more to be pitied," says the editor of the *Catholic Universe*, "that this is the second blow, in successive summer seasons, without even giving them a breathing-spell. It has been their great affliction; it may be ours one day in turn. It is well to mete out with a generous measure when all human futures are so insecure and uncertain." We shall be happy to forward to good Father Walsh any contributions that may be sent to us for the poor sufferers.

—CATHOLIC CONVENTIONS.—The month of September has been remarkable for Catholic conventions. From the 1st to the 7th inst., there was a general meeting of all the Catholic workingmen's associations in France, of which we have a notice elsewhere. Of the general convention held by the Catholic Germans, we gave an account last week. Now we have the news in detail of an assembly of Catholics in England at which Lord O'Hagan, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland, made a remarkable speech, pointing out the influence of Catholic societies in checking the pest of unbelief and vice. He deplored the prejudice still poisoning the minds of a great majority of the British nation against the Church. He stated that in England, Wales and Scotland not a single borough was represented in parliament by a Catholic. It was resolved at this meeting to supplicate the Holy See to consider the canonizations of the English martyrs who suffered and died for the Faith during the reformation. It is well known that his Eminence Cardinal Newman takes much interest in this affair, and has used all his influence at the Holy See to promote it.

—MR. AUBREY DE VERE.—The reception given by the Protestant press to Aubrey de Vere's last poetical work is a pleasant symptom, remarks the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, of the decline of that bigotry which formerly pervaded literary criticism. "There are many passages in this volume," says the *Scotsman*, "full of noble and elevated thought, others which are delightful instances of word-painting, and which satisfy and soothe the ear by the perfect music of their rhythm and form. The book contains some of the best work of the author; and to say this is to say a great deal in its favor." And the *Liverpool Albion* may be taken as a fair representative of the local press in its cordial welcome of the work. "As monographs," it says, "'The Bard Ethell' in 'Inis-

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fail' and 'Caedmon' in these 'Legends,' are not excelled in the language. Mr. de Vere has rendered a service to English literature, English history and English art, for which he deserves our hearty thanks." What Mr. de Vere would prefer to be credited with would be, we suspect, a service to English religion; and this is exactly what he has rendered by all his publications.

——PHARAOH'S ARMY IN THE RED SEA.—At a sitting of the French Academy upwards of five years ago, M. Lesseps stated, upon the authority of the reports made by his engineers, that "at the time the Israelites left Egypt under Moses's leadership the ebb and flow of the tides of the Red Sea reached up to the foot of the Saragaim, near Lake Timsah." If this be correct, it follows that the spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea was situated not to the south but to the north of the present extremity of its northern arm. In his paper *Les Mondes*, Abbé Moigne has traced the course of the children of Israel day by day, in accordance with these new data, and he asks the whole Christian world, since the spot is now known where the Egyptians were swallowed up, to subscribe the requisite funds to enable excavations to be made, and "the relics of the army overcome by the Almighty Himself to be brought to light. The finding of the remains of Pharaoh's army would be a powerful reason in favor of the truth of the Holy Scripture." Many will, no doubt, remember the Abbé Guenée's able vindication of the Scriptures against Voltaire's charge that the engulfing of Pharaoh's army, and other Scriptural events of a like nature, were mere myths, having no foundation in fact. The Abbé, writing under the *nom de plume* of "A Portuguese Jew," brought forward such incontrovertible testimony in favor of Scripture authority, showing that petrified remains of Pharaoh's host—chariot-wheels, etc.—had been discovered in the Red Sea, that Voltaire acknowledged his defeat to Father Guenée, who boarded at the same hotel, without knowing at the time, however, that he was the redoubtable "Portuguese Jew."

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER. Translated and Adapted from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. Benziger Bros., Publishers.

Parts 17 and 18 of this excellent history to which we have so often directed the attention of our readers, have just been published. They bring the History down to the public life of our Blessed Lord, the last pages continuing the Sermon on the Mount. It is needless for us to say anything further in praise of a work which has received such numerous testimonials of high approbation as this. We are pleased to learn from the publishers that it is having a good sale, for it cannot fail to promote the love of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

BIBLE HISTORY; To which is added A Short History of the Church. For the Use of Schools. By the Author of "Lessons in Bible History," etc. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent, 37 Barclay St.

This Bible and Church History goes forth with the approbation of Cardinal McCloskey, which is enough to entitle it to a warm reception in our schools. It is concise, and the language never above the level of the young understanding—two excellent features. We are pleased to learn that such is the high appreciation of this little book that the first edition has already been exhausted by the numerous orders received for it from all sides. A second edition is in press and will be issued shortly.

——We have received a new song from London, entitled, "The Birthday Garland, or May Lilies,"—words and music by F. Leslie, Author of "The Captive Bird-Song," "Arabella Stuart's Lament," "St. David's Day," etc. The melody of this piece, although simple, is far above that of the average songs which are now inflicted upon the musical public, and if it were not that popularity often depends more on chance than real merit, we would venture to predict a great success for "The Birthday Garland." Four sweet, innocent faces on the title-page are an additional attraction, and are in some sense an index to the character of the song. Published by J. McDowell & Co., 25 Warwick St., Regent St., W.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 15TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 73 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 28 persons and 2 families,—conversion to the Faith for 27 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 5, and that of a happy death for 12 persons,—special graces for 4 priests, 4 religious, 3 clerical students, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 34 persons and 8 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 7 communities, 2 congregations, and 6 schools. Also 36 particular intentions, and 6 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: A worthy convert and his family in great temporal and spiritual distress,—reconciliation of two brothers at variance,—the prevention of several mixed marriages,—recovery of health, or a happy death, for 3 insane persons,—grace for a number of persons to be satisfied with their state of life,—an intemperate son causing much trouble to his blind and feeble mother,—a young mother left in destitute circumstances, her husband being in the insane asylum,—conversion to the Faith for several Protestants using the water of Lourdes, and of others showing good dispositions,—success of several undertakings,—several Catholics who have neglected the Sacraments for a number of years,—employments and situations for several persons,—a very particular intention to be prayed for during the next four weeks,—information of a gentleman deceased a long time ago,—a mother asks for resignation to God's holy will in the loss of five children,—opportunity for a Catholic boy having a Protestant father to make his First Communion,—the conversion of a lady married to a Protestant: that she may return to her duties and bring up her children in the Faith,—the reformation of a married lady addicted to drink, and her conversion to the Faith,—the conversion of another lady, the victim of an ill assorted union,—the conversion of three Protestant ministers and their families,—restoration of health for a little girl afflicted with hemorrhage,—the reformation of a young man addicted to intemperance,—peace and harmony in a family, and the conversion of some of its members.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A grateful lady returns thanks to our Blessed Mother for having brought back to the Church an aunt of hers who had not been a practical Catholic, but who, happily, died fortified by the last Sacraments. Thanks also are offered for the conversion of a young man very bad for

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some time before he was recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity. A good lady ascribes to the water of Lourdes the cure of three of her grandchildren. She writes: "Thanks are returned for the recovery of three of my grandchildren from diphtheria; and, I may say, the miraculous preservation of my oldest grandchild, 5 years of age, who fell nearly eight feet on her head. Her teeth were clenched so tightly that it was only by force we succeeded in pouring some of the water of Lourdes into her mouth; that instant she screamed and came to her senses. Thanks be to God and our Blessed Lady, she sustained no injury whatever. Some time afterwards my youngest grandchild, a babe seven months old, took the diphtheria and became very low. But whenever her strangling spells came on we would immediately give her a few drops of the blessed water. She finally recovered." A grateful lady writes: "I feel so much better since I commenced wearing the medal and using the miraculous water that I do not know how to give expression to my sentiments of gratitude. I trust I shall soon be able to go to Mass in our church. It will be the first time in seven years. For fourteen years I have been ailing, and you may understand how thankful I am.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: SISTER MARY GABRIEL MCDERMOTT, of the Visitation Convent, at Frederick, Md., who went to her reward on the 6th of October. Mr. JOHN HANLY, a resident of Albany, N. Y., who breathed his last on the 24th of September. Miss MARY MCMACKIN, whose happy death occurred on the 7th ult., at Baltimore, Md. Mr. MICHAEL CRONICAN, of Westboro, Mass., who departed this life on the 10th inst. Miss MARGARET DAVIS, of Peoria, Ill., who fell asleep in the Lord on the 20th of September. Mr. JAMES GROGAN, of Waterbury, Conn., who rested in peace on the 28th ult., after receiving the consolations of our holy religion. Mr. ROMAN ERTH, of Chillicothe, Ohio, deceased on the 5th inst. SISTER MARY BENNETTA of Saint Joseph's Convent, Schenectady, N. Y. Miss MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, of Malden, Mass.; Miss MARY STINSON, of Medford, Mass.; Mrs. HANNAH GANNON, of Trenton, N. J.; DANIEL and MARY MORAN, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Miss BARBARA DURAN, Mr. JAMES MCDONOUGH, and PATRICK MCKAY; all of whom died recently. Mr. THOMAS KENNEDY, of Pacific City Mo.; Mrs. CATHARINE HEGENER of Lancaster, Pa.; Mr. JAMES NOLAN and wife, MICHAEL MORAN, Miss ELLEN CAMPBELL, Mrs. ELLEN CLARK, deceased some time ago. And several others whose names have not been furnished.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For Building Notre Dame University.

Miss Maggie Carroll, $3; A Friend, $1; Anne, Dennis and Mary McBride; Patrick, James and Michael McBride, $5; Thomas Bateman and family, $2; Los Angeles Infirmary, $5; Mary Boyle, $2.50; Miss Salome Audelle, $1; Mr. Olivier Bourassa, 50 cts.; Miss Josephine Bourassa, 50 cts.; Mrs. Flora Ryan, $1; James Cantillon, $1; Mrs. Henry Harrel, $10; W. Presler and family, $1.50; R. Shindler and family, $1; For Mrs. Kalin (deceased), $1; M. P. Ryan, $1; Mrs. Jas. Kirvin, $1; Mrs. W. Power, $1; Mary C. Power, 75 cts.; Mrs. Coyle, 75 cts.; Mary Blaney, $1; A Subscriber, $2; Mrs. Terry, $1; Mrs. Johanna Sullivan, $1; Catherine Herlihy, $1; Mrs. Burke, $2.50; Eliza McArdle, $3.

Children's Department.

To Our Blessed Lady.

BY EVA.

Hail, Virgin Mother of my God,
Pure, spotless Mary sweet,
Behold thy poor afflicted child
Now prostrate at thy feet.

Then turn thine holy eyes on me,
My Mother sweet and mild,
That I may feel, though poor I be,
That I am still thy child.

Grandma's Story.

"Tell us a story of long ago, grandma."

"I have been thinking this evening of an occurrence which made a strong impression on me at the time, and has never been forgotten. This storm of rain and wind reminds me of it. Shortly after I came to this part of the country, which was then but thinly settled, I went, in company with my mother-in-law and another neighboring woman, to visit a poor woman who was in the last stages of consumption. I have seen many whose patience and piety upon their death-bed filled my heart with admiration; but never, I think, was greater heroism manifested than by that humble woman. A long time the disease had been gaining upon her, but never did she interrupt or leave aside a single duty. Very poor, and, like the rest of her neighbors, exposed to much hardships, she strove bravely against the enemy that was undermining her life. But three months before she had taken her bed, and now it was regarded as almost miraculous that she lived so long. I had several times gone to visit her, and always came away feeling strengthened for my duties and braver to bear the daily trials of life. But when we arrived the evening I speak of, it was plain that the end was drawing near. The members of the family, who met us with deep sorrow written upon their faces, and with sobs and tears, told how she had been sinking rapidly since midnight; but nothing could convince her that such was the case. To all their attempts to turn her thoughts upon death, she returned the same answer: 'I will not die yet, dearies.'

"'She is just living—and that's all,' they said. As we entered, her countenance lighted up, and she made an effort to extend her hand. 'The dear children are afraid I'll die, but with God's help I'll be spared awhile yet.'

"As I sat by her side and noted the great change since I had last seen her, I said, 'Have you

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any cause for thinking that your time will be long here?'

"'Yes, dear,' she said; and her dim eyes brightened. 'God has said that anything we ask in His name shall be given, and He never forgets His word.' She paused, and I gave her a drink from a cup beside her.

"'I have always asked that a priest of God might stand at my dying bed. I know not how, but I feel certain that in some way my prayer will yet be heard.'

"I sat still and listened to her labored breathing, and in my heart I felt how utterly improbable it seemed that she could live through the night; and how, oh how! could her prayer be granted? Full fifty miles of wild forest lay between the only place that a priest was likely to be found; and then it was not certain that the priest would be at home; but, perhaps, on a long journey in attendance upon the few Catholics scattered through the wilderness. Our little settlement of about ten families was visited at rare intervals, and a church about twelve miles off was our nearest one.

"Dear children, the time I speak of was sixty years ago; and what was then one small congregation is now comprised in at least ten large congregations, each with a resident priest. Then one priest had charge of a district more than a hundred miles in circumference, and the only wonder is that so many settled here amid such hardships and such privation of religious succor, and that so few fell away from their religion as did, sorrowful as it is that any should have so fallen.

The evening had been sultry, with heavy clouds gathering as we went, and soon the thunder rolled and the rain fell in torrents. I think I never witnessed a greater storm. We hastened to close the cabin door, and as a protection to the fire, which was threatened with extinction, we turned a large kettle over it. Then, having lighted a blessed candle, we gathered together in the middle of the floor to which we had removed the bed of the sick woman, a necessary precaution, too, as the rain forced its way through the crevices between the logs, and streams of yellow water ran down the low walls.

"'Say the Rosary,' she said, as soon as we had secured ourselves as much as possible against the rain.

"At her request, I read from a well-worn prayer-book the mysteries. In the deep gloom, while the thunder shook the house, the Rosary was said; the sick woman answering in a voice much stronger than could be expected. I then read the prayer for the sick, and I think that each one of us, if standing upon the verge of the grave, could not have prayed more fervently.

"For, perhaps, an hour the terrible storm raged, and then the low rumble of the thunder betokened its ceasing. After a while the rain stopped; but it was still quite dark. We prepared for the night watch before us. The air, which had been sultry and oppressive, was quite cool and pleasant. As my mother-in-law and myself stood beside the door, we distinctly heard a shout coming, apparently, from the deep bottom, situated, perhaps, half a mile from the house. We listened, and again heard the shout; we could now distinguish the words, 'Help! help!'

"I stepped outside and beckoned one of the women to me. The shout was repeated louder and nearer, almost at the clearing made about the house. 'Help! help!'

"Women are quick to think; the frail old man seated by the fire could do nothing. The shout continuing, three of us procured a torch (made by tying long straw in small bunches and fastening it all along with bands), and started towards the place whence the sound came. Our torch flamed out and threw quite a light around us, and we made our way through the field, the voice still coming nearer. At length, the high fence stopped the progress of the wayfarer, and to his shout we answered, 'We are coming!' and soon came to where a horseman stood, his bridle reins thrown over his arm. As we drew up to the fence, he said: 'By some means I missed the bridle path which I had been directed to follow. The storm's coming on, further bewildered me. I did not fancy the notion of passing the night in this deep wood; so I tried my lungs, and am glad to see with what success.'

"He smiled pleasantly. Soon an opening was made in the fence, and leading his horse, he passed through, Mrs. H. and myself going before him, and Mrs. F. walking with him. When we had proceeded some distance, we heard Mrs. F. exclaim: 'Well, glory be to God this night!'

"We stopped and she said, 'Oh, Hannah! oh, Katie! God is always good! it's a priest that's here'; and with tears streaming down her face she told him of the sick woman and her undying faith.

"'God is good,' was all he said.

"We were now almost at the house, and the others came greeting us. A great awe had fallen upon us all; it seemed as if God had come and stood in the midst of us. But not an instant was lost; the priest was brought to the fire, and all the dry clothes the house afforded supplied him, while his own were strewn around the fire to dry. A large woolen shawl was spread over his shoulders. He immediately prepared the sick woman for her departure. The tears fell from his eyes as he administered the last Sacraments amid the hushed sobs of every one of us. He himself read the prayers for the dying; it was the most touching scene I ever witnessed. Very soon the poor woman died calmly.

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Not until she was gone did we think of the need of our dear visitor for refreshments. We learned, after awhile, that he was a missionary priest on his way to a distant field of labor. By a singular decree of Providence he had come full fifty miles out of his way to visit a friend; and thus, by getting lost in the wilderness, he was providentially brought to the death-bed of the humble servant of God whose life had been one of sacrifice and hardship, but whose death was that of one of His saints. Early next morning the entire settlement attended Mass in her humble home, and the priest waited until after her funeral, and administered the Sacraments to all of the colony.

Many years have passed since grandma told to her listening grandchildren the foregoing story, which is true in every particular. The grass grows over her dear remains, and I wish I could tell you the story as I heard it from her. Her many interesting reminiscences would fill quite a volume, for she was one who took note of all that passed, and could cull from out the troubles of life much to bless God and to be thankful for.

The Good Father.

Some important business had detained a good father in London, while his wife and children remained in the country. One day he sent the children a large box filled with beautiful toys, pictures, etc., and along with the box a letter, in which were these words: "My dear children, be always good and pious; I will allow you to join me very soon; be good, therefore, for I have in reserve for you far more beautiful presents than those I now send, in the house which I am preparing for your reception." "Oh, how good our dear papa is!" cried the children, transported with joy. "We will satisfy him by trying to be good, and doing everything he tells us in this letter. Oh, how happy we shall be when we see our good father once again!"

"My dear children," said the mother, "the good God acts towards men as your excellent father acts towards you. It is true we see Him not, yet we receive from Him a thousand favors, a thousand precious benefits. The sun, the moon, the stars, the flowers, the fruits, and all the productions of the earth come from Him. The Holy Scriptures are as a letter which He writes to us, to tell us what He wishes us to do, promising, if we obey His Church, to receive us one day into heaven, where He is keeping for us gifts far more magnificent than any He has yet bestowed, pleasures far more delightful than any this world can contain. Let us, then, my dear children, love God with all our heart, do His will, and feed on the hope of being one day admitted into heaven, where we shall see Him face to face, and our happiness will be eternal."

Anecdotes of St. Francis.

Once when St. Francis was preaching in a certain town, a family invited him to dinner. The family consisted of a lady and gentleman, who, on going to hear him preach, left their only child, a little boy, in charge of a servant at home. The servant wishing to hear the sermon also, left the child in the house alone, and the poor little innocent fell into a pot of boiling water and was scalded to death. The distress of the parents may be imagined: yet, knowing a saint was coming to the house, they controlled their grief and received him calmly, saying nothing of what had happened in consequence of his sermon. St. Francis having finished his dinner, expressed a desire to eat some apples, and his host apologized for having none in the house.

"Look in that chest; I think you will find some there," said St. Francis.

He pointed to a chest which stood in the room, and in which the parents had placed the dead body of their child! The mother's agony could no longer be restrained—"Yes, look into that chest!" she cried, rushing towards it; "look, and see what is there!"

She raised the lid—and, lo!—there lay her laughing, rosy-cheeked boy, holding two beautiful apples in his little hands!

St. Francis was walking one day with a companion along a road on which they saw a purse of gold. The companion would take it, but the Saint said: "That money does not belong to us."

His companion replied: "We might as well have had it; the next person that comes will take it."

"Go back, then," said St. Francis, "and take it."

The man returned; but when he stooped to lift the purse, a venomous serpent came out of it, and, seizing it in his mouth, ran into the wood.

LIFE can never be completely happy, for it is not heaven; nor completely wretched, for it is the road to heaven.—*Madame Craven.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON is said to have stopped his horse, as he was riding along a country road, to administer this rebuke to a profane ploughman: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me, but I have always found that it did no good to get angry, and that neither broken ploughs nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language."—*Catholic Universe.*

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 1, 1879. No. 44.

All Saints and All Souls.

I.

The institution of the festival of All Saints is commonly ascribed to Pope Boniface IV, who lived at the beginning of the 7th century. There was at Rome a temple called the Pantheon, built by Augustus some years before the birth of Christ. This building was considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, and its founder made it the centre of idolatry, by consecrating it to all the gods. The Roman Emperors, after becoming Christians, enacted laws prohibiting the worship of idols, and destroyed the temples dedicated to their honor. Some, however, were spared because of their magnificence, and among them was the Pantheon. When the Christian religion was firmly established, and the Church saw she had nothing more to fear from idolatry, the temples that had been spared were purified and consecrated to the worship of the true God. In 607, Boniface IV blessed the Pantheon, and consecrated it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs. This, however, cannot properly be said to be the origin of the festival of All Saints, inasmuch as it had for its object the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs. It originated in the year 837, when Pope Gregory IV, dedicated a chapel, in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, in honor of all the saints. Soon afterwards the festival passed into Germany. Louis the Mild, on the recommendation of the Pope and the Bishops, ordered its celebration throughout his kingdom, and fixed the day for the 1st of November.

The principal object of this festival is Jesus Christ, the chief and model of all the saints. Inasmuch as their sanctity is but an emanation from the sovereign justice and sanctity of God, it is to Him we must refer the honor which we give to those whom He has willed to sanctify. Faith teaches us that they have merited nothing except in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ; and we believe that they can do nothing for us except through Him. Let us, then, have recourse to their intercession and prayers, knowing, as we do, how dear they are to the Almighty.

Protestants reproach the Catholic Church with idolatry in the honor paid to the saints; but it is simply a calumny as every Catholic knows. The saints refer all their merits to Jesus Christ; and we, on our part, profess our belief that their merits are in effect the gifts of Jesus Christ. It is He who has given to the saints of every age, sex, and condition, the strength to renounce the maxims of the world and follow those of the Gospel. The Church has honored the saints from the beginning; but it is always primarily Jesus Christ whom she honors in the worship which she gives to them. The saints are invoked; that is to say, the faithful implore them to act as their intercessors before God. Believing ourselves unworthy of being heard, we have recourse to those whom we know to be in the grace and friendship of the Lord. We honor the relics of the saints, because we consider their bodies as victims to God, either by martyrdom or penance. It is in the same spirit we honor their images; no Catholic believes that they possess any virtue or efficacy of themselves to cause them to be reverenced; but they excite within the soul thoughts and remembrances of those whom they represent. In the same spirit, too, visits are paid to their tombs and to the churches consecrated to God under their names. The design of the Church in celebrating the festivals of the saints, in honoring their relics and images, is to honor God in them, to propose them to Christians as models, and to lead to their imitation by showing the great reward awaiting those who follow in their footsteps.

It is vain for us to allege all the difficulties we have to encounter in the way of salvation; the saints have had the same, and even much greater obstacles to surmount. They were fashioned from the same clay as we; but, knowing their weakness much better than we know ours, they avoided all that could enkindle the fire of their passions; they fled all the occasions of sin; they

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exercised themselves in the practice of humility; they infused into themselves new strength by frequently approaching the Sacraments and by the practice of prayer. It was by those means that they triumphed over themselves and their external enemies. We have but to make use of the same means. The Blood of Jesus Christ was shed for us as for them. The grace of the Lord is not wanting to us; it is we who are wanting to fidelity and exertion. If difficulties beset us, if temptations affright us, if enemies present themselves before us, let us not lose courage; but redouble our ardor and cry out with Josue: "The Lord is with us: what have we to fear?" If our passions are strong and violent, Jesus Christ has furnished us with arms to subdue them.

Were we but less slothful, we should find that the difficulties which we allege are only imaginary; we should no longer dread the laborious paths of penance, no longer should we hesitate to do what has been done by so many saints. "Why," said St. Agustine, "should I not do, what others have had the generosity to do?" Example ought to encourage us and silence our excuses. There is but one God, one Saviour, one Gospel, one paradise. There is but one law; it is unchangeable. It is a dangerous error to believe that Christians living in the world are not obliged to tend to perfection, or that they can save themselves in any other way than that of the saints. "The kingdom of heaven," says our Divine Lord, "suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." It is as hard to save ones soul now as ever it was. Men may change, and sacred obligations may rest lightly on them, but God's Laws never change, His Sacred words mean now just what they meant when they were uttered. The nineteenth century will be judged by the same standard as those that have gone before it.

II.

The Church has set apart one day in the year on which to make a general commemoration of all those who have died in the Lord—that is, in His grace,—but whose virtue had not been found pure enough at their departure from this life to permit them to enter immediately into the enjoyment of the celestial inheritance. There is, indeed, a special *Memento* made for them every day in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, especially for those recommended to the priest. But the Church has selected one day in particular, that her children may be excited to pray in a special manner for all the faithful departed, who, having still some stain to expiate, have not yet been admitted into Heaven, where nothing defiled can enter.

It is the duty of a Christian to reflect seriously on what he owes to the dead, who are capable of receiving relief at his hands. They are of the number of the just; they are souls filled with the love of God, and charity for us; they are children of God and members of Jesus Christ. All these titles certainly require of us to do everything in our power for their relief. It is evident, from the teaching of the Church, that when united with them by the bonds of charity, we can contribute to their eternal happpiness. It is not less certain that there is an obligation on our part thus to assist them; since they live in the same communion of the saints as we, and each one of them is that neighbor whom we should love as ourselves.

The means which the Church places at our disposal to succor those souls whom God purifies by suffering, are the Sacrifice of the Mass, prayer, fasting, mortification, alms-giving, indulgences,—all good works done in a spirit of charity, and offered to God for their intention. Whilst assisting, then, as far as lies in our power, we should on this day reanimate our faith and piety and impress deeply in our hearts these important truths: that sin must be an evil infinitely greater than men imagine, since a single fault, even the slightest, found in the soul of the just, merits such terrible chastisements; that the purity and sanctity of God are indeed incomprehensible, since it is impossible to approach Him with the least stain of sin; that our present life being given us to work out our salvation, it is incumbent on us to make a good use of every moment; that the last moment of our life, of which we are kept in ignorance, will decide our lot for all eternity; that each one of us shall be judged according to our works and not by our words; finally, that a happy eternity will be the reward of those who shall have persevered unto the end in the fidelity which they owe to God, and unending misery will be the lot of those whom death shall have surprised in sin. On these principles, as the Church declares through the Council of Trent, the life of every Christian should be a continual penance, in order to expiate daily the faults that are daily committed. Truths, such as these, we should ever keep present before our minds. "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

DID you ever notice the frost on the window-panes? It is the congealed vapor of your once warm room; and if you warm the room, the frost will disappear, and you can see out into the world again. Let your heart grow cold, and the frost of mistrust and bitterness will gather around it, blinding the soul and shutting out the light; but kindle up the fires of love, and the windows of the soul will become as clear as crystal, giving you glimpses of paradise.

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[For the "Ave Maria."]

Saint Hubert's Last Hunt.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

High and clear, on the evening air,
Soundeth a silver horn;
Far in the shade of a grassy glade,
The dulcet strains are borne:
As, parting the brushwood left and right,
From the depths of a thicket near,
There leaps to the light a fair young knight
Tracking a milk-white deer.

II.

From early morn with his hound and horn,
And his hand on his trusty bow,
Over smiling mead, over marsh forlorn,
He hath followed that shape of snow.
An hour agone, his faithful roan
Beneath him, breathless, rolled:
And, sudden, prone, like a dog of stone,
His hound lay dead and cold.

III.

But, up and on!—lest the game be gone,
Fleet-foot o'er slough and scar,
The huntsman lone, thro' a path unknown,
Is lured by that shooting star;
Now there, now here: now far, now near,
The dart may miss its aim,
But onward still, with a sturdy will,
Sir Hubert tracks his game.

IV.

At last (good luck!) in this sunny nook
The weary chase is done:
The stag draws breath at a crystal brook,
The prize is surely won!
The graceful creature stoops its head
To the waters cool and bright,
In that sparkling mirror, 'void of dread,
Viewing its image white.

V.

Now bend thy bow, Sir Hubert, low,
And fix thy fateful dart,
With ruthless fingers, sure and slow,
Aim at yon 'fenceless heart.
Thou canst not fail. Nay, what can all
The stag? Great heav'n! it turns—
Between its antlers, pure and pale,
A cross, mysterious, burns!

VI.

A cross of gold, whereon, behold!
The bleeding Christ is hung!
—The hunter bold on the mossy mold
Hath bow and bugle flung;
And deadly white with a sore affright,
He glares at the Crucified:—
The deep Wounds glow, the Blood-drops flow,
The sad Eyes open wide!

VII.

Yea, open wide, all dim with death,
To pierce Sir Hubert's soul:
The Heart is cleft in the mangled Breast,
And the red drops downward roll!
"He bleeds! He dies!"—(the young knight cries,
Writhing in agony;)
"O Lord! O Love! O Lamb Divine!
My sins have slaughtered Thee!

VIII.

"Draw near, draw near, thou mystic deer!
Bearing thy burden sweet;
Bend to my lips thine antler-tips,
That I may kiss His feet.
Shed from those Wounds a shower of Blood
To cleanse my soul defiled:
O Fair! O Good! lean from Thy rood,
And bless Thy guilty child!"

IX.

Glowing with love's supreme desire,
Sir Hubert lifts his head:
Burns on his brow the sunset's fire,
He kneels with arms outspread.
He kneels, he turns, he starts dismayed,
—He finds himself *alone!*
For lo! the milk-white stag hath fled,
The bleeding Christ is gone!

X.

But clear and high from the rosy sky,
Seraphic voices ring,
"Thrice-happy Hubert! thou art nigh
The footstool of the King!
In this lone place, O child of grace!
Henceforth in penance bide;
Forsake the court, forego the chase,
And follow the Crucified!"

St. Winefred's Well.

(CONTINUED.)

After the death of St. Beuno, St. Winefred finding her religious so well grounded in the principles of a religious life that her presence was no longer necessary, prepared for her departure, as was intimated to her by her uncle. Having recommended to God her convent of Finhon, or Holy Well, and her parents and friends, taking one of the Sisters for a companion she set out for her new mission, visiting on the way St. Deifer and St. Saturnus. The latter directed her to Witheriac (now Guithurin), in Denbighshire, where there were two large monasteries of either sex, under the direction of the great St. Elerius. This was a very holy place, and was enriched with the precious relics of the many saints who had there lived and made a happy end. Here it was that, in the designs of God, Winefred was to make her future abode, and it gave her great consolation to find herself again in a convent of holy virgins and enjoying their heavenly conversation.

St. Elerius and the Abbess Theonia conceived so high an opinion of her wisdom and sanctity that they held frequent conferences on spiritual matters with her. The Abbess, before her death, which took place shortly afterwards, spoke of Winefred as her successor, and St. Elerius confirmed the choice. Winefred's humility dissuaded her from an acceptance of the charge, but the obedience she had promised her saintly director, together with the repeated petitions of the Sisters, overcame her reluctance, and she submitted to the burden.

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Naturally prudent, St. Winefred seemed to have been blessed with extraordinary talent for governing. Her wisdom was evidently supernatural. She made use of the same maxims and methods at Guithurin that had before worked so admirably at Holy Well, and success crowned all her efforts. Her commands were ever seasoned with such affability and discretion that they appeared more like suggestions than commands, and she herself was always foremost in the performance of the most onerous and painful duties of the convent. Her abstinence was most rigid; her patience so great as to prevent the least anger showing itself on her countenance, and her spirit of poverty was such as to render her averse not only to all superfluities, but even sparing in the use of what was actually necessary. Notwithstanding her dignity of abbess, she not only treated her Sisters as equals, but looked upon herself as the least deserving of the whole community. She was continually in prayer when not engaged in duties of charity, and was frequently favored with raptures and ecstasies, though she never dropped a word concerning these, and was sensibly afflicted when they were discovered. The grand and unique example of our Divine Saviour seemed to be continually before her eyes, and she daily inculcated to her Sisters the advantage of having their Divine Model constantly before them. She earnestly recommended fortitude and perseverance, saying that one should not be dismayed when called upon to engage in spiritual conflicts, for these are inevitable to every Christian, and it is only by the conquest that we are to obtain the crown. "Prayer," she said, "when well made, dilates the soul and prepares the entrance for divine grace, which enables one to do great things for God." It was observed that when she exhorted her religious, a depth of heavenly wisdom appeared in her words which inflamed her hearers with divine love.

It pleased God to show by signs and miracles how high Winefred stood in His favor. Scarcely a day passed without some extraordinary cures, and her convent resembled a common refuge for the distressed, the unfortunate always finding her a tender mother. Her virtues were the universal theme of discourse in family circles, while her miracles were extolled far and near; so great was her fame for sanctity, that even religious and prelates sought to confer with her. Hence many resorted to her from all parts of the province. So much does the illumination of sanctity transcend human wisdom. Amid the human applause incident to these events, and which Winefred abhorred to the last degree, it was intimated to her that she would soon be withdrawn to a better world. Our Saint now endeavored to make such provision for the great journey as if she had done nothing heretofore during the whole course of her life. She ignored as much as possible any seeming merit on her part; she redoubled her fasts and other austerities, and continually exercised herself in works of charity the most painful and fatiguing, for her Sisters and others. Notwithstanding the angelic purity of her soul, and her uninterrupted union with God, she, in her humility, villified and abased herself in His sight, and deemed herself unworthy of His presence.

That she might not surprise the community by departing from them after a brief illness, she gave St. Elerius notice of the intimation she had received of her approaching departure, and afterwards communicated it to her Sisters. The latter wept at the intelligence, but the Saint endeavored to comfort them with that unction of divine grace enjoyed by her in such an eminent degree. "Weep not, my dear children," she said, "but conform your will to the pleasure of your Creator. Doubt not but that in heaven, whither through the mercy of God I am going, I shall be of more service to you by my prayers, than here on earth by my presence. For that Land of Promise is not a place of ignorance, but of clear knowledge, where the blessed understand the wants of their friends on earth, while, being united to the Fountain Head of Infinite Charity, they are more powerful and ready to procure speedy help to succor them. This I promise to do for you, my dear children, after Christ shall have taken me into His kingdom. You must not sorrow like those who have no hope. To wicked worldlings, who on account of their sinful life dread the sight of a terrible Judge, death appears like a cruel executioner about to drag them to a formidable tribunal; but by innocent and holy souls he is received as a welcome guest: he finds them ready to receive him with joy."

Her final illness commenced with frequent and violent convulsions, which she endured with the greatest patience. The lively hope of seeing her heavenly Spouse alleviated the acute pains which she underwent; yet, knowing that the crafty tempter is most furious in the last conflict, she earnestly and often besought our Lord that He would not permit the infernal enemy to be terrible to her in her agony. She, furthermore, exhorted all who came to visit her to make early preparations for that dreadful hour on which depended eternal happiness or eternal misery.

In the beginning of November, according to some, others of her biographers say on the 22d of June, finding her strength exhausted and her dissolution near at hand, Winefred called her confessor, St. Elerius, and received from him the last Sacraments. Beholding her religious on their knees and in tears, she said: "Dear children, do not grieve so much; rather congratulate me upon my approaching happiness. I hope soon to enjoy the presence in heaven of

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Him whom I have so ardently loved upon earth. Preserve inviolable the promise you have made Him; set at nought the base and sordid treasures of this transitory world; reflect that your bodies, however beautiful they may seem, are nothing more than prisons which keep your immortal souls in close confinement. Take great heed not to defile them by the smallest stain of sin, and never forget this important lesson: That the heavenly comfort and joy which pure souls experience on their death-bed, abundantly recompense for all the worldly riches, pleasures and honors they have despised and abandoned for the service and love of Jesus Christ."

As the final moment drew nigh, she took a last leave of all, expressing the hope that they might soon be reunited in heaven. She humbly requested that her body might be interred near that of her beloved spiritual mother, the Abbess Theonia, and having received the last blessing from the holy Abbot, St. Elerius, she breathed her happy soul into the hands of her Redeemer. Her afflicted children, kneeling around her bed, observing that she had expired, keenly felt their loss; and the holy abbot found himself obliged to smother his own grief in order to comfort them with the assurance that their beloved mother was only removed to heaven, whither they should prepare to follow her; and that now, being more closely united to God, she could the more powerfully assist them by her prayers.

Winefred's body changed very little after death; and, as she had desired, it was interred near that of the Abbess Theonia, at Guithurin. As we have before remarked, many other saints had formerly lived and died at Guithurin; among them are mentioned SS. Cheb and Senna, both of whom were renowned for sanctity and miracles and had churches erected to their memory. The body of our Saint was laid by the side of one, and at the foot of the other, there to await the summons for a final union of body and soul during a glorious immortality. Of all others, her sepulchre attracted the most reverence and attention from the devout people drawn thither by the sanctity of the place,—owing, no doubt, to the number of evident miracles with which it was favored. We are assured by the Almighty that whosoever shall glorify Him, shall himself be glorified. (1 Kings, ii, 30), and this promise was eminently fulfilled in Winefred, both in life and after her death. She glorified God in her tender years, by consecrating to Him her body and soul by a vow of holy virginity, after the example of the Mother of our Divine Lord and other of His most holy servants; she glorified Him by sacrificing her life rather than offend Him. She glorified Him by withdrawing noble virgins from the dangers of the world, and by precept and example inculcating in their souls the pure love of God. In fine, she glorified Him through the whole course of her life, and Almighty God, on the other hand, has munificently rewarded the devotedness of His servant, and her ready correspondence with divine grace, by a glorious train of miracles from her day down to the present time. The chief historians of her life, St. Elerius and the Prior of Shrewsbury (the latter wrote as late as the year 1140) say it would swell volumes to register them all even to their day, and as the miraculous well has uninterruptedly given forth its healing waters from the beginning of the 8th century down even to our day and generation, and still continues the same with no abatement in their efficacy, we can form but little idea of their number and magnitude during the entire period of the existence of the holy well, for they have frequently been of daily occurrence. Cardinal Baronius said that he was astonished at the wonderful accounts that were given him of it at Rome by the Pope's Legate, the Bishop of St. Asaph's.

But the miracles worked through the intercession of St. Winefred are not confined exclusively to the holy well. Her sacred remains, also, previous to their destruction by the iconoclastic "Reformers," so-called, were also endowed by the Almighty with miraculous powers, like those of the prophet Eliseus, of whose bones we read in Scripture that when a dead man touched them he was immediately restored to life. Robert of Salop gives us an interesting account of some of those performed in St. Winefred's case, in his life of the Saint, written after the translation of her relics to Shrewsbury, in 1138, which work he was moved to undertake, no doubt, by these wonderful miracles, he himself being an eye-witness to many of them. The translation was brought about in the following manner:

When the monastery of Shrewsbury was built and endowed, in 1083, by Roger, Earl of Montgomery, one of the principal noblemen of the Court of William the Conqueror, it was given to an abbot and some monks of the Order of St. Benedict. On becoming settled in their new house, they regretted that there were no sacred relics within its walls, and began to look about in order to obtain some to sanctify their new abode. Wales, near by, they knew had relics in abundance, many persons eminent for sanctity and miracles having lived and died there; but, among so many, they scarcely knew which to petition for. They had not yet decided, when a monk of the monastery fell dangerously ill, and, moreover, became so disturbed in mind that his brethren both at Shrewsbury and Chester ceased not to petition Almighty God for his relief. One day when Radulphus, the saintly subprior of Chester Abbey, had ended his prayer for the recovery of his suffering brother, he fell into a kind of slumber, when a lady, environed in

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glory, appeared to him and said: "If you desire the sick man's health, let one of you go and offer a Mass for him in the chapel near St. Winefred's Well, and he will presently recover." Having said this, she vanished from his sight. The sub-prior awakened in great amazement, but felt loth to say anything of his vision, fearing that it would find no credit. But when he heard that the brother's case was growing worse, charity forced him to speak of what he had seen. Contrary to his expectation, all the religious piously concurred in believing that it was St. Winefred herself who gave the directions, and they immediately sent two of their number to celebrate Mass in her chapel. According to subsequent calculations, it was discovered that the sick man was cured precisely at the time the Holy Mass was celebrating. After the above extraordinary favor through her intercession, the entire community became very devout to St. Winefred and were most anxious to secure her relics for their monastery. This not being practicable at the time, the abbot and his religious were forced to await more favorable auspices; the devotion to their gentle patroness meantime continuing unabated, and frequent prayers being offered that Heaven might aid them in securing the much desired treasure.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Legend of the Madonna's Veil.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

Giacinta's married life had been a hard one. She was the child of pious parents, and had been early trained to the practice of virtue. She had learned, when she knew God's will, to do it in simplicity; and the rectitude of character which springs from pure intention almost invested her with dignity, though she was only a peasant's wife. She had good sense, modesty, and beauty; and, besides, a larger dowry than was common in San Carlo, when she was given in marriage to Falconi; and at first she was happy with him, till his intercourse with Diego had turned him from the Sacraments, and been a bar to anything like confidence between himself and his wife. She had not proffered empty words when she promised to offer up her sorrow for the conversion of her husband. She prayed alike in weakness as in strength; not with any measured length of words, but in the oblation of herself in union with her Redeemer, Paolo's Redeemer—Jesus, the Saviour of all.

Giacinta now saw little of Falconi. He went out early, and remained out late. At meals he rarely spoke, and his wife's patient grief seemed an incessant reproach, which stimulated his remorse, but left him still impenitent. He always avoided the curé; and if he came in his way accidentally, he refused to recognize him. The good priest took no notice; but one day, when he knew Falconi was at home, he called at the house unexpectedly, and said he thought it would do Giacinta good to have change of air. The curé at San Fiorenzo was his friend, and would find her a lodging by the sea; but she must be ready by the afternoon of the next day, when the diligence, which went once a fortnight, would pass through the village. Paolo made no opposition, and it was settled on the spot that she should go.

She stayed away several weeks, and came back an altered being. Her looks of fixed and settled grief had disappeared; and though she still smiled sadly, her conntenance wore the expression of inward peace.

"Poor Giacinta is come back too soon," said Margarita to a neighbor. "It will be hard work for her to see all the children going to their First Communion."

"Well, she's off the church road," returned the neighbor; "maybe she won't hear of it. It's quite certain Paolo won't tell her."

But Giacinta was there, and walked by the side of the procession, carrying a crown of white roses to hang up in the chapel of the Madonna.

"Ay, she's thinking of that poor boy," said the neighbors to themselves, as they watched her kneeling there in prayer. And ever after, as the anniversary of the day returned, Giacinta carried a white wreath to the Mother of God.

Time passed, and the children of San Carlo grew up into youths and maidens. There was no change in Falconi, none in Giacinta's outward life. Her husband was always morose and harsh, often unkind; but her patience was proof against it all. She prayed for him year after year with the same unremitting perseverance and the same simple faith. However long she must wait, her prayer would not be made in vain. What were five, or ten, or twenty years in the sight of the Lord God Almighty? His will was to be her will, and His time was the right time. One Sunday, the priest told the people of an ordination that was soon to take place at Bastia, and invited them to assist at the Mass he should say for the candidates. Giacinta went early to the Madonna's chapel, and hung up a white wreath; and when Mass was over, she remained lost in prayer before the altar. But no one knew why.

In the evening, when the villagers were drawing water from the well, some one said she had seen Giacinta going up the hill to night-prayers in the church.

"How that boy lives in her mind!" said another. "She always used to wish he might be a priest. Think of her carrying a chaplet for him to the Madonna after all these long years!"

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"Grandmother," said a young girl, "what is the story about Giuseppe?"

"Nobody knows rightly," said Agnese. "The old herdsman, Giovanni, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul! was in the secret. Some say that he was stolen; some that he was murdered in the wood, and that his own father knew of it. This I do know, that Paolo will drive his mules miles round, sooner than go through the woods after dark."

"Pity he does not drive them over the precipice, and go after them himself—the old brute!" said Filipa. "What a life he leads Giacinta!"

"He'll not drive them over the precipice," said another. "Paolo Falconi has never been the man to take too much drink. My man does make zigzags when he comes from market sometimes, but Paolo never."

"A man who never goes to the Sacraments may well be afraid to go into the wood after dark," said the old grandmother. "Who would he be likely to meet there but the great Enemy?"

"I'll warrant he meets him wherever he goes. They've been fast friends for a long time," returned Filipa. "Why, how many Easters has he been away from Communion?"

"How many? Why, it's eighteen years since Giuseppe was lost. I remember it was that day twelvemonth Zita's mother was betrothed to Francisco, and Zita's turned sixteen. But Paolo left off going to his duties before that; from the time he grew so thick with Diego Hernandez. But here's Giacinta going home again. Good-night, Giacinta."

"Good-night, madre," said Giacinta. "Give me your pitcher to carry, and I'll set it down for you at your own door."

"Thank you, Giacinta; and I'll say a chaplet for you in return," said the old woman, and the party broke up and took the road to the village.

An unexpected event took place in San Carlo about three years after the conversation at the well. The curé surprised the faithful one Sunday morning by announcing from the altar that a mission would be given during the approaching Lent. It was a rare thing to hear strange preachers in a mountain village. Now and then, a friend staying with the priest gave them an exhortation or a sermon; but, as a general rule, they listened, when they kept awake, to their own padre all the year round. Now, two good religious were coming from France, and the village was all alive with expectation.

Giacinta had been at the presbytery for several days in succession, helping the priest's housekeeper with some work for the sacristy, and was there when the two strangers arrived. Filipa and some other of the neighbors waylaid her as she came out, in the hope of being the first to hear any news she might have to communicate. Giacinta only told them that at seven in the evening the church bell would call them to the opening of the Retreat, and then they would learn all the regulations for the next eight days,—and be able, moreover, to satisfy their curiosity about the French Fathers.

Long before seven, the people were pouring into the church, and all the seats were secured before the bell began to toll. Those who had waited for its summons found only standing-room. As the last stroke ceased to sound, the curé came in, and the two Fathers with him. One was an elderly man, with gray hair, whose figure seemed bent with age and austerity. The other had not yet reached the prime of life. He was tall, and his countenance singularly beautiful. All three knelt for a few moments before the altar, and then the elder of the strangers went into the pulpit. When he began to speak, his eye lighted up, and his love of souls seemed to give him back for the hour all the fire and energy of youth. After a fervent exhortation, he explained the object of the Retreat, and fixed the hours for the different meditations he proposed to give. Father San Fiorenzo, their countryman, he continued, would also catechize the children every afternoon, and both of them would be found daily in the church to hear confessions.

Faith was not at a discount in San Carlo, though it might be true that charity had sometimes but an imperfect growth. The church was crowded day by day as Father Mérigny spoke of the end of man, of death and judgment, heaven and hell. Once Paolo Falconi came in, and was seen standing near the porch; but when he heard the stern uncompromising accents which awarded hell to the impenitent, something seemed to stifle him, and he turned his back on the preacher, and went out into the open air. Giacinta's tears fell fast when she was told of it. Would he then resist this last grace? Yet, why had he come if no good impulse had stired his heart?

The next day Paolo was on his way to his afternoon's labor, when a few heavy drops began to fall just as he went up the hill that led towards the church, and before he was at the top the horizon all around announced one of those sudden storms so common among the mountains of the South. When he reached the church, he took shelter for a few minutes in the porch, and then opened the door and went in. The catechizing was just over, and Father San Fiorenzo was beginning a little instruction. He was telling the children of our first parents before the fall, of their beauty and dignity, their holiness and happiness. Then he told them of the angels who kept their first estate and of those who fell; then of the malice of the devil in tempting Eve to sin; and then of God's goodness and man's ingratitude.

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He spoke with clearness, tenderness, and simplicity, and as he stood in the sanctuary, his figure rendered more distinct by the peculiar light which preceded the coming storm, Paolo's eyes were fixed on him with a gaze that seemed to search him through and through.

Now and then the Father kept up the attention of the children by some playful allusions to the manners and customs of the country. He seemed to know all their local habits, and used expressions almost peculiar to San Carlo. He had just returned to a graver tone, when a vivid flash of lightning illumined the church, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very walls. It was succeeded by another and another. The Father broke off his instruction and said kindly to the frightened children: "Come nearer to the sanctuary. We are going to sing the Litany of the Madonna. The storm won't hurt us."

"*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison! Kyrie eleison!*" sang the children as they drew round in loving confidence. Then came the sublime address to the Blessed Trinity, followed by the sweet appeal to the Mother of God for intercession: "*Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genitrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis*"; and the rest.

Paolo had hardened his heart for years, and refused to ask for mercy, but he had longed many a time to be different from what he was. Now, the remembrance of the days when he too was an innocent child came upon him, and he felt his sin too heavy to be borne. Hardly conscious of the act, he knelt down, hid his face between his hands and wept. Again the strain changed:

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine! Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos, Domine! Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*"

Paolo well understood the old, familiar language, and every word pierced him to the soul. What claim had he to mercy? What mercy had he shown Giuseppe? He hardly noticed the war of elements without, so loud and vehement were the conflicting emotions of his own heart.

But the storm was not of very long continuance. By the time the children had sung a few hymns in their native tongue, it had passed over the village, and though the ground was wet with heavy rain, the sun shone out as brightly as before. The sound of many little feet as they went down the aisle recalled Falconi to himself. He got up, and, as he went out, made way to let the Father pass before him. The latter waited courteously for him to come up, and then walked with him as far as a cross-road that led back to the village.

That night Paolo went to Father Mérigny's meditation. Some of the villagers looked at each other significantly when he came in, and Filipa jostled her next neighbor to draw attention to him. Paolo took no heed. Something had passed through his soul that afternoon that made human respect a thing of small account. He knelt down with an air of reverence and recollection. All night long he had continually coming and going before his mind the picture of the young priest, and the children kneeling round the sanctuary. He had a strong desire to see him again, as if to look upon him would be relief without any definite idea of asking counsel. He came into the church the next day during the catechism, and sat down in the same place. The instruction was upon confession, and the way to make it and profit by it. Towards the end the Father drew the picture of a soul going to the Sacrament of Penance, laden with the guilt of mortal sin and leaving it absolved, set loose from its chains, restored to God's favor, and walking again in justice in the sight of men and angels. Then he said how children should long and strive to keep their baptismal robe unstained; it was so sad for sin to touch the just, and no child ever knew how far one sin might go. Another's soul might have remained unsullied if it had never seen a sin to copy. The child that set a good example fought God's battle; the child that set a bad one did the devil's service. A fault was not always trifling in its consequences. He knew a priest who for nearly twenty years had done penance for one committed in his childhood, which had caused his father to fall into mortal sin. If they loved their parents, they would understand how deep the sorrow of that son must be. Here he left off. The children sang again the same sweet litany which had touched the stony heart of Paolo the day before, and then went home. The Father and Falconi were left alone together in the church.

Half an hour afterwards, several of the villagers came in and placed themselves on the benches near the confessional, to be ready for the priest as the turn of each should come. Some one had been beforehand with him, and his confession seemed interminable. They waited and wondered, and wondered and waited, and at last began to ask each other in loud whispers whom it could be. No one could tell. Six o'clock was the supper hour in San Carlo, and misgivings as to the fate of the soup and the stewed haricots began to mix themselves up with their feelings of contrition. One or two at last got up and walked off with their covered baskets in a determined way, that implied they were not going to put up with it any longer.

Filipa, whose effrontery was always a match for her curiosity, stole at last on tiptoe to the confessional, just lifted the curtain and peeped in. It was Paolo. "Paolo!" gasped she to her nearest neighbor, with a half bewildered look.

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"It is Paolo!" passed from mouth to mouth. Doubts as to the utility of staying longer presently caused some little restlessness. The priest became aware of it, and opening the door of the confessional, said, "Do not wait now at this inconvenient hour. I know you are wanted in your homes; come to me as soon as you like after sunrise in the morning." They all got up and left the church, Filipa remarking that if they had waited till Paolo Falconi had told all his sins, they would have had but a poor chance of any supper.

"Hold thy tongue, Filipa," said Zita's old grandmother; "how long would it take thee, I wonder, to tell all thy idle words?"

"Well, a good while, madre, I do believe," said Filipa, good-humoredly; "but how pale the Father looked! Paolo would have told him some queer tales, I expect."

"Peace," said the old woman, "don't mock! The angels rejoice when a sinner goes to confession. Give glory to God. No doubt the Madonna has been praying for him." Filipa for once made no reply, and the *Angelus* ringing at that moment, they all knelt down to say it, and then hurried to their respective homes to ward off impending danger from the soup.

A day or two afterwards, the Retreat came to a close. The good curé was delighted with its results. Father Mérigny when he took leave of the people on the last night, told them that Father San Fiorenzo and himself hoped to be there again on Easter Day, when there would be two Masses early in the morning, and High Mass at eleven, so that no one could complain of not having the opportunity of going to Holy Communion.

Easter Sunday came and Father San Fiorenzo said Mass at half-past five. Two persons assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and received Holy Communion from his hand, for whom there was universal sympathy; Paolo Falconi and his wife Giacinta. Paolo's demeanor was simple, earnest and humble, and no one doubted the reality of his conversion. Many kind greetings met his ear as he went home from Mass.

That night, peace, such as the angels sang of, was in Falconi's home. Three happy hearts had met together. Once more Giacinta spread the table, and this time with all her little wealth of rural luxury. Well might a bright smile light up her face as she busied herself with hospitable cares! Her husband was reconciled to God, and the priest who blessed the evening meal was her Giuseppe. She had not invoked the Mother of God in vain.

The mystery of Giuseppe's disappearance was never unravelled to the villagers. It is impossible to say whether the large bronze medal on his breast, against which a slug from the gun had flattened itself, had saved his life; there had been a quantity of shot besides, much of which had pierced him in dangerous parts. The good curé at the first moment had believed him dead, then doubted, and finally had carried him out of the wood. Providentially he met old Giovanni, and a moment after saw the priest of the next parish riding back to his presbytery. The latter, with Giovanni at his side, carried the child home before him on his mule, taking an unfrequented road across the mountain, after making it a condition that no one should be told where he was. If he died, the truth must come out. If not, he must be kept out of Falconi's way. The priest of San Carlo would have made an exception in favor of Giacinta, but that increased the difficulty of keeping the secret from her husband. Giuseppe was tenderly nursed, and after a long period of weakness recovered. During his illness and convalescence he became the darling of the old priest who had so charitably befriended him, and through his interest a lady of noble family at Bastia offered to provide liberally for his education. As soon as it was safe to move him, he was sent to San Fiorenzo, and there Giacinta went to meet him; and after her return to San Carlo she used to hear of him regularly through the good old curé. It was afterwards thought prudent to drop the name of Falconi, and when he went to France he was known only as Giuseppe di San Fiorenzo, a name he had continued to retain. He was ardently attached to the Fathers who had brought him up, and, when old enough, had solicited admission, and was received into their body. Three years before his visit to San Carlo, he was ordained priest at Bastia, the same day that Giacinta hung her wreath in the Madonna's chapel, and the villagers talked about it at the well.

There is little more to be told; Paolo's conversion was sincere and lasting, and out of gratitude for having been spared the awful crime he believed he had committed, he built a chapel to the Madonna on the spot where the wooden cross had been planted. It was afterwards known by the name of La Capella del Velo della Madonna, and became a favorite pilgrimage. Parents, to this day, when their sons are sent out into the world, go there to pray for them. As pilgrims tell the tale, the child of a pious mother was on the point of being murdered in the wood, when the Blessed Virgin appeared, spread her veil over him, and protected him from a death so cruel.

Giuseppe always said he had been saved by the interposition of the Madonna, and Giacinta never doubted it, and in order to explain a mystery which they could not understand, the piety and poetry of mountain imaginations invented the graceful legend of the Madonna's Veil.

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A Victim of the Falk Laws.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

(CONCLUSION.)

A few days afterwards, on the invitation of a friend, also "exiled" like myself, I repaired to a village on the frontiers of Luxemburg. The Moselle forms its boundary. I arrived on the Feast of the Patron Saint. Besides myself, there were the curé of the place ("the exile") and another priest, *supposed to be in prison.* We all wore our beards, mine being the least abundant, from its recent date, but those of my comrades presented an imposing aspect. We celebrated high Mass at nine o'clock. The Catholics, it need not be said, had taken precautions in order to secure us against surprise. A boat was in readiness to transport us, in case of need, to the Luxemburg frontier, all the other boats being removed to a distance and firmly moored to the bank. Sentinels were posted in all directions, to give a signal if a red or green collar came in sight; but it seemed as if the police, usually endowed with eyes so piercing and ears so long, suspected nothing that day of our clerico-criminal proceedings. Scarcely was Mass over (and we had said it rapidly), scarcely was the Blessed Sacrament replaced in the Tabernacle, when a young man rushed breathlessly into the church, exclaiming, "They come!" The people, who were rejoicing to have their curé once more amongst them, after an absence of several months, became alarmed and excited. We quickly laid aside our sacerdotal vestments, exhorted the congregation to keep quiet, and hastened away towards the Moselle.

We were hardly out of the churchyard before we saw, two hundred paces off, a couple of gendarmes dashing after us at full speed.

"Halt!" roared our pursuers, endeavoring to accelerate their frantic gallop.

As may readily be supposed, we did not slacken our pace, and not being encumbered by cassocks or cloaks, we were quickly on board the boat, and far from shore. It was fortunate that we were, for one of the gendarmes was only twenty paces off, and the other had already one foot in the river. We shouted to them our heartfelt pity for having put themselves into such a violent heat on our account, and begged them to wipe their flushed brows and take a little repose. By this time we were safe on the soil of Luxemburg, which has not yet become acquainted with the *Kulturkampf* and its racing gendarmes. The parishioners stood waving their hats and handkerchiefs on the opposite bank; we returned the salute, and went to get a cup of coffee in a neighboring village where we found ourselves better off than in fire-engine depots or Prussian prisons.

But if these things have their comic point of view, they have also another, which is very serious and very tragic. Matters have surely come to a strange pass when priests because they offer the most Holy Sacrifice are pursued by gendarmes as vile criminals, and compelled to wander about *as* they can, and *where* they can, in disguise. Ten years ago, any one who had ventured to predict this as possible, would have rendered himself ridiculous.

The same day, bidding adieu to my companions in misfortune, I took the boat for B——, to seek an asylum at the house of near relatives.

On the boat I had the little adventure to which allusion was made in the first part of my narrative, and only escaped certain arrest by presence of mind and the protection of the captain, an old class comrade, who showed himself less a "man of service" than the mayor of whom I have spoken. This worthy man was glad to see me after several years of separation, and knowing that I had been a theological student, was not a little surprised to find me in the dress of a civilian.

"Well, yes," I said to him, "I am one of the dried fruits of 'progress.' We priests, who were formerly regarded as upholders of the throne, and props of the state, are now treated as revolutionists, criminals, and traitors to our country. We must wander from town to town, and find nowhere a safe refuge from the gendarmes, who scent us out as dogs scent game."

I then briefly told him my story, and begged him not to betray me.

"No indeed: you may trust me for that," he answered, warmly, and grasping my hand. "As long as you are on board my boat, you have nothing to fear."

He did not know how soon he was to be called upon to prove his words by deeds. At the last stopping-place but one, my friend who had pushed his horse upon me got into the boat, and announced himself as also a passenger for B——. I promptly withdrew into a retired corner, lest I should be recognized, in spite of my lay costume and the shade of my new mustache.

I confided to the captain the difficulties of the situation. He reflected a moment, smiled, and left me. I, meanwhile, turning my back to the passengers, contemplated the track left by the vessel in the blue waters, which reflected the melancholy beams of an autumn sun, and admired the meandering of the river, winding among hills of romantic beauty. On the right and left, hamlets and villages were artistically grouped amongst rocks and forests; vines grew on the hillsides; and above spread the blue canopy of heaven.

"How exquisitely beautiful is everything around us!" I mentally exclaimed, as I listened to the

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melodious carillon of bells, and the joyous songs of the grape gatherers. "How lovely would earth be, were it not turned into a hell by human passions! Life is full of sorrow, troubles, sickness, and weariness, and men persecute their fellows as if they had nothing better to do than render more bitter still the few days allotted to us here below!"

Here a hand laid on my shoulder drew me out of my meditations. It was that of the captain.

"Follow me into this closet," he said, with a knowing look, "the gendarme will not be likely to find you here. You could, it is true, stay here until we get to B——, but it would not be at all amusing to be caged up all that time, and this, too, when the weather is fine, the breeze fresh, and the sky clear. We must look at things from the poetic point of view. You have often helped *me* through Virgil's 'Æneid,' and Homer's 'Odyssey,' and it is now my turn to help *you* put in practice Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Always classic,—formerly on the school-benches, now on board ship. Here is a sailor's red jacket, and a cap with metal buttons and a steel anchor in front, at your service. There! now let the gendarme encounter you as soon as he likes. As you were already transformed from a priest into a commercial traveller, this new change will not be too sudden."

The jacket proved somewhat tight-fitting for my broad shoulders, and its seams cracked ominously on receiving so formidable an amount of internal pressure; but, seeing myself in a glass, I perceived, with satisfaction, that I was indeed not easily to be recognized. I lost no time before trying the experiment, and passing boldly by the personage who had practised horsemanship upon me, placed myself by the pilot, and arrived at B—— without any misadventure.

I remained with my relations until the Saturday, and then started again for my parish, which I reached about one o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

Shortly after my arrival in my own parish, I perceived my people stealing silently to the church, which was in total darkness. Each person gave the watchword before the sacristy door opened to him. I heard confessions until two o'clock, and then said Mass. Curtains were drawn over the windows, and shades placed over the only two lights burning on the altar or in the church. Although it was full of people, a profound silence reigned, scarcely broken from time to time by the voices of the celebrant and server, and by suppressed weeping. After Mass I gave Holy Communion and the Benediction, and at four o'clock had left the village far behind me.

I afterwards learnt that the prefect, acting on the advice I had obligingly given him, had the church guarded from five o'clock, and the hapless police remained vainly shivering at their posts through the coldest hours of the morning.

A few days later I received the following letter from a counsellor-church-warden:—

"MONSIEUR LE CURE,—The police are on the watch. We must act with prudence. We have put ourselves in communication with the parochial clergy of the neighborhood, and obtained permission for you to celebrate holy Mass by night in the villages of P——, G——, N——, and M——. Your parishioners will await you there. All precautions have been taken to prevent your being arrested. Brave and trusty young men will be placed as sentinels. The signal is a sharp, short whistle; and the cry of the cuckoo will indicate that everything is in order. The parish is determined, in spite of everything, to remain faithful to the priest whom the Bishop has appointed as its pastor. Nothing shall weaken our firm attachment to our holy Church, the Pope, and the Bishops. We gratefully appreciate all the trouble you give yourself in order to remain the faithful guardian of your flock."

The plan indicated in this letter was carried out. On the three Sundays following I was able to say Mass in the places named, at one o'clock in the morning. Even aged and feeble women came, notwithstanding the length of the way. After the firm faith and generous self-sacrifice of these good people, I admired their sagacity, which succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police. On the fourth Sunday, matters took another turn.

It was midnight, and I strode briskly across the fields towards the burgh of M——. When about three hundred paces from the end of my journey, I heard a sharp whistle. Another whistle, close at hand, answered the first. I saw no one, and hesitated. This signal warned me that the police were abroad. At the same moment I heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching. I turned quickly, and looked about in vain for anything behind which to conceal myself. It was bright moonlight. Soon I saw the pointed helmet of a mounted gendarme, and heard a rough voice ask, "Who is whistling there?" Immediately a man started out of a ditch and dashed across the fields. The gendarme was turning his horse's head to pursue the fugitive, when he suddenly perceived me.

"Who are you? And what do you want here?"

I pulled my hat over my forehead, and made no answer.

"Come with me. If you attempt to make off, I pass over your body! March!"

There was nothing to be done but obey. My captor did not know what a prize he had taken, for I heard him say as we went along, "You think you are going to make game of the police. Wait and see!"

All the place was in commotion. The people were turned out of the church by the gendarmes. Several inhabitants of N—— were arrested at the same time as myself, and taken to the house of the magistrate of the place, where a *procès-verbal* was drawn up. It was there I was recognized. The rejoicings of the police were worthy of a better cause. The other prisoners, who had com-

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mitted no crime but that of taking a long walk by moonlight, were immediately set at liberty, and returned to N——. I did the same, with this difference, that I had the honor of being escorted by a mounted gendarme on each side, instead of walking in the midst of my parishioners.

Next day, the mayor administered to me one of his unctuous discourses, which, besides being spiced with foreign words, was abundantly garnished with such epithets as *night-walker, violater of the laws, disguised vagabond*, etc., and wound up with a peroration announcing that I was to be punished with a month's imprisonment, after which I must quit the empire, being declared by royal ordinance an exile from the country of Germany.

Banished from Germany! Without country and without home!

This sentence moved me more profoundly than I should have expected, for I sincerely love my country, and would never have quitted it voluntarily. And so I was to be banished from my fatherland, the land of my birth and childhood, the land to which I am bound by every tie of blood, of memory, and of friendship,—thrown into the wide world, towards France, England, America, or New Caledonia, the colony of criminals!

As emigration to France would have laid me under still greater suspicion of being an enemy to the empire, and as America is some way from the diocese of Treves, I resolved to settle in Luxemburg. But for four weeks yet I was to be allowed to breathe the air of my country, in prison; and had writing materials been at my disposal, I should have addressed a letter of thanks to the Government for this new favor. I think, however, that I should have felt tempted to regret this act of gratitude, for the four weeks I was permitted to pass upon German soil, in the prison of the canton, were terribly bitter.

The food was bad to a sickening degree, and the treatment did not in any way differ from that of the houses of correction. I had to sweep my cell, make my bed, fulfil other functions by no means delicate, and in which my want of skill often drew upon me violent abuse. I do not say this by way of complaint for I was prepared for the worst, and knew that the saints have repeatedly done and undergone far more difficult and painful things; but I wish once more to call to mind that priests are not low-minded scoundrels, and that they are in prison for principle and conscience, and not for violence, burglary, or murder.

The deprivation of personal liberty would suffice to hinder the "illegal" exercise of public functions. To put political prisoners under the *régime* of a house of correction is an injustice of which legislators ought not to render themselves guilty.

It must be remembered also, that, in the prisons, the governor is absolute master, and that it rests with him to tighten at will the screw of power, and to tighten it to a pressure so cruel that a man needs all his moral strength and religious fortitude to remain calm under the enormities to which he is subjected. These excesses have, I rejoice to say, been pointed out by Herr Heeremann to the Prussian *Landtag*, and I beg leave to join with him in soliciting that political prisoners may be placed under the *régime* customary in the fortresses. If an officer and a student who fight a duel have their honor, a Catholic priest has also his.

It would, however, on the one hand have been useless on my part to make the attempt to inculcate any such ideas in the mind of the governor of the prison, for he would not have comprehended them; and, on the other, it was not my business to teach him the difference between a highwayman and a priest who fulfils a spiritual function prohibited by the civil law. Besides, this man was a furious partisan of the *Kulturkampf*, and rarely opened his mouth without expectorating the word *prefect*, with an effort to exhale it with emphasis. He regarded me with cordial hatred, and with a degree of contempt which I could only explain by the fact that I was an "obscurantist," while he, though unable to write correctly, was a man of progress. One day, when he was wishing that "all the curés might go to the devil," I asked him if he had ever heard of Nero's wish,—that the human race had but one neck, that he might finish it at a blow.

These four weeks came to an end at last, but I own that the last day seemed an eternity. I counted every moment, and trembling with cold, paced my narrow cell a hundred times an hour. The impatience which dwells in the human heart is, under such circumstances, irrepressible and lengthens days into weeks and months. All my feelings centred upon the one thought,—To-morrow, free! No one who has not experienced this can imagine what it is. Although, together with that of liberty, I had the prospect of exile, this did not hinder my ardent longing for the morrow.

I was obligingly allowed a delay of forty-eight hours in which to quit my country,—with a warning that if by that time I were not gone, the public force would transport me beyond the frontier. I simply declared that my conscience as a Catholic priest would not allow me to go away of my own accord, and quietly waited the result.

In the evening of that day I had an agreeable surprise, which, though it moved me to tears, made me quickly forget the hard treatment from which I had been suffering. Having received a note to summon me to the house of a friend, what was my joy at finding there my dear and aged mother! She had read in the journals my sentence of banishment, and regardless of the long

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distance, the snow and bitter cold, she had come to see me and bid me good-bye.

It was one of the happiest moments of my life. With what an appetite I consumed my supper, to the peril of a digestion long unaccustomed to good and wholesome food! How excellent were the cigars my good mother had brought me. But why do I relate these trivial details? Because I cannot refrain from lingering a moment to contemplate one spot of brightness, one ray of sunshine, suddenly beaming into the dark night of my sufferings. Besides, when I tell the sympathetic reader that I am the only son of my mother, my excellent mother, who sacrificed her last farthing for the expenses of my studies for the priesthood, and for me willingly imposed upon herself all kinds of privations; who with tears of happiness beheld me for the first time ascend the steps of the altar, and who finds me again, without position or resources, a proscribed wanderer, exhausted by imprisonment, on the eve of exile and about to bid her, it may be, the last adieu in this world, I need say no more in the way of apology.

We remained talking together far into the night, her hands in mine. I told her my history, and she cried and wept at the same time. Since that night we have never met again.

And here I would make an observation to the non-Catholic reader into whose hands these pages may chance to fall. I wish to make distinctly understood, what has often been in my mind on the bleak mountains and along the muddy roads, when exhausted with fasting and fatigue, ill, and not knowing whither I was wandering; and it is this. Not only is prison life, as I have already said, *not* a "cheap martyrdom," but to this I would add, neither is that of the proscribed priest. Let those who so speak recollect that man naturally and legitimately requires repose and refreshment after the fatigues of toil and the weariness of the day. Every one loves the hours which are at his own disposal, when, the day's work over, he once more belongs to himself, and his moments belong to him to spend as he sees fit. The exiled priest, who is also a man, must renounce all this. He is isolated from all, he dare not show his face in any company, must be constantly upon his guard, keeping out of sight like a thief, and moving by stealth from place to place in the night, the storm, or the snow. And it is not for obstinacy that he undergoes these hard trials, but for conscience' sake, and that he may keep faithfully the souls confided to his care. Well, then, I ask, is not this voluntary renunciation of all that makes life pleasant, all one's daily habits,—is not this incessant state of anxiety, excitement, and suffering a confessorship which has at times ended in the death of the victim, and is not this death a martyrdom?

It was three days before Christmas when I was released from my executive prison, and I was expected, conformably to the order of the Government, to shake off from my feet the dust, or rather the snow, of my country, on the great festival itself. I was, however, determined to keep it with my parishioners, cost me what it might. I could not leave them without Mass on that beautiful feast of joy and love.

On Thursday, the 24th of December, I found myself at a village four leagues distant from my parish. The weather was fearful. For eight days the snow had been falling without intermission; it was several feet in depth, and there remained no trace of the road. I did not conceal from myself the difficulties of a journey to N——, but I had promised to be at my post at midnight, and intended to keep my word.

CHAPTER VII.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I set out. I had a pair of long boots, as indifferent to the water as a Winkelried is to death. Each step plunged them into two or three feet of snow, and there they stuck as if they were glued. At this rate I advanced so slowly that I began to fear lest I should lose my way and not arrive in time. Clouds of small snow-particles, driven by a piercing north wind, danced around. I could not see ten paces before me, and vainly strove to keep in one direction. How far I went before losing my way, or how far I wandered out of it, across fields and meadows, I cannot say; but, all at once, what I was walking upon cracked beneath me, and I found myself above the knees in icy water. I had set foot upon a stream, and it was with some difficulty that I extricated myself from this involuntary bath. All these hindrances only sharpened my determination, and I experienced the truth of the proverb, "Courage increases with danger." One who dares to defy the powerful Prussian Government must not let himself be stopped by snow-flakes and a malicious stream.

It was then quite dark. About six o'clock I passed through a village, and there ascertained that N—— was still two and a half leagues distant. In three hours I had not accomplished half the way, and was ready to drop from fatigue. I halted a few minutes at a small inn, drank a glass of sour wine, and started again on my road.

I will not fatigue the reader with an account of my new difficulties, in spite of which, to my own astonishment, I reached the end of my journey at half-past eleven o'clock. This march through the snow, on Christmas eve, 1874, will never be effaced from my memory.

The police were prepared for anything rather than for my reappearance so soon in my own parish, and thus left me in peace all that night; for which I beg them to accept the assurance of my sincere gratitude.

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When I entered the church it was already full, and a parishioner was reciting the rosary aloud. A murmur of joy ran through the congregation when I appeared at the altar. No one, not even the gendarmes, had expected me in such weather. The church was lighted, but curtains covered the windows.

At the first stroke of midnight I began the Holy Sacrifice. Never did I pray with greater happiness and fervor, and when the cantor intoned the admirable hymn,—

"Dispel the darkness, holy night!"

my whole soul was stirred within me.

During the first Mass, I gave a brief address to my flock: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will toward men!" My words flowed straight from my heart, I was so happy! Yes, the man of "progress" and the unbeliever may laugh and mock, but I was completely happy, in spite of persecution and suffering. Fatigue and anxiety had vanished, and the varied feelings which thronged into my heart, the circumstances under which I was celebrating the Feast of Christmas, the love of my dear people for their Church, although drawing from me tears of mingled joy and sadness, yet filled me with a happiness which the world cannot give, nor its hatred take away.

I said the three Masses of Christmas day, baptized three children, and gave a general Benediction. At the end of these simple ceremonies—but sublime in their simplicity—my brave parishioners crowded round me, holding my hands and weeping. I said a few more words to cheer and strengthen them, and then, notwithstanding the entreaties of those who invited me to their homes, I plunged again into the darkness.

The snow seemed, that beautiful night, as if it were dancing for joy. In the bleak wind I could almost imagine I heard an echo of the songs of the angels. When at last, after daylight had returned, I reached the door of a presbytery in a distant village, I fell down, unconscious, from exhaustion, and for some days afterwards was a prey to burning fever.

Since that time I have only been twice to N——. It was not possible for me oftener to fulfil my pastoral duties, without deliberately throwing myself into the talons of the police. I have sojourned at Treves, Cologne, and Coblentz, besides spending some time in a cloister. I have no country, or home, or resting-place.

My parishioners are orphans. The nearest church is a league and a half distant. In the depth of a severe winter, a small number of them only can go to Mass on Sundays. They have no sermon, no religious instruction, no one to administer the Sacraments, to comfort the sick, to carry to the dying the Bread of life. But our Father in heaven is merciful.

These, then, are the fruits and manifestations of the *Kulturkampf*. Similar scenes are renewed daily, and in every direction. The whole country is in tears, and the priests are in prison, proscribed, and wanderers like myself.

But the State cannot come out of the struggle victorious. It may, by new laws, hang the *bread-basket* as high as it chooses: it will see what it is to have to deal with Catholic priests.

If my narrative, the sole merit of which is its accurate relation of facts, should find favor with the Catholic people, I might possibly relate more on a future occasion. The matter is so alarmingly abundant that I could fill volumes. I commend this little account to the grace of God.

Louise Lateau.

The following account of the present condition of the ecstatica of Bois d'Haine, and of a recent visit to her by an American priest, will be read with interest. It is taken from a private letter of an esteemed contributor of THE AVE MARIA:

"Since the Epiphany of this year, Louise has been obliged to remain in bed, though she does not sleep. Her sufferings are great, apparently internal, beyond the knowledge and power of medicine. . . .

"Ladies are now freely admitted in the morning for the Holy Communion, and rarely to the hour of ecstasy. 'My endeavor in regard to ladies,' said M. Niels, 'is, that they shall see as much as possible of what is edifying, and as little as possible of the painful part. The nervous organization of ladies is too delicate to witness the death-bed scene in which her ecstasy now terminates without injury to their health'; and he repeated: 'I have changed my arrangement of the day, that is all.' Sometimes, we heard when at Bois d'Haine, when there is going to be a special theological and medical inquest, the laity are excluded, except perhaps some great author, or an editor of an important Catholic journal. Perhaps an occasion of this kind misled some American priest, who, innocently remarking that ladies were not admitted, led his hearers to suppose this was a general rule.

"In the first weeks of last August, a Friday morning of course, Father —— was one in the little procession which accompanied the Blessed Sacrament from the village church to Louise's home. One of his party had the honor of administering Holy Communion to Louise, and the rest carried the candles. Entering the cottage, they found in the first room Louise's sisters already busy with their sewing, which they laid aside to kneel down before the Blessed Sacrament. The procession passed into Louise's room, and the candle-bearers stepping back, the officiating priest administered Holy Communion to the stigmatica. Those who have read her life will recollect, that at this moment she is in a full state of stigmatization. Father —— says he never before witnessed suffering so acute; but the moment the Host, which the priest says flew from his fingers, entered her mouth, she passed from intense suffering to utter tranquillity. The other guests were found already assembled by the members of the procession; the utmost order prevailed. The ladies, among whom were some Sisters of Charity,

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knelt by the bed; the gentlemen behind them. All remained about a quarter of an hour in prayer, and then M. Niels gave the signal to depart. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, Father —— and his companions again repaired to Louise's house for the hour of ecstasy; only priests were present then, with the exception of two Sisters of Charity who knelt at the bedside, and the inevitable Rosine, who sat by the window, sewing. The priests read Complin aloud; and Louise's face, as usual, was a living commentary. She was lost in ecstasy, and seemed to be lying over her bed, *not on it*, at times raising herself either to stand or kneel at the foot of the bed. Three o'clock found her in one of these latter postures, and she at once fell back in the position of crucifixion, her head inclined to one side, and, breathing a loud sigh, she apparently expired. Now she was lying *on* her bed, and to those unaccustomed to the scene she was dead. Father —— said he could not believe nor realize that she still lived. M. Niels laid a blessed object in her hands, and a wonderful smile flitted over her countenance. The priests touched her hands; they were apparently lifeless; not the slightest breath of life animated her. The others departed, but as Father —— had wished to give her his blessing, M. Niels detained him a few moments longer. It seemed to Father —— that he was about to bless a lifeless corpse, but as he raised his hand the same smile appeared, and intensified until the blessing was ended, when it faded away. M. Niels permitted him to touch her stigma of the hand with a little prayer-book picture, and he also laid his chaplet on it, so he has two valuable souvenirs of Bois d'Haine.

"His descriptions seemed very vivid to us, recalling all the incidents of that memorable 18th of September which we spent at that sacred village. This little account of his visit will at least interest you. As Father ——'s knowledge of the languages spoken at Bois d'Haine is unquestionable, his word can be relied on as authority."

The Way Protestantism makes "Converts" in Rome.

From the pompous notices paraded from time to time in the daily papers, one might suppose, unless better informed, that Protestantism was making no little headway in Rome of late years; but so great a farce is there being enacted at the expense of those who send money for the conversion of the Romans, that even Protestant travellers have exposed the true state of affairs. There is a number of ministers, and Protestant conventicles, but no one to patronize them except some curious travellers or American and English people of their own or of no denomination. Anyone who reads the able letters from Rome in the *Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, or the excellent correspondence of "E" to the New York *Freeman's Journal*, will have some idea of the true state of affairs in Rome. In "E's" Roman letter in the *Freeman* of the 11th ult. an account is given of a rather remarkable skirmish that took place around the death-bed of one Franceschi, an artisan, who died lately.

"Some ten years since," writes the correspondent, "Franceschi had been induced, by the Waldensian minister, Ribetti, to apostatize from the Faith, to the sorrow of his family, who, seeing him *in extremis*, hastily summoned a distinguished Prelate, Mgr. Morsilli, a near neighbor, who had the happiness to reconcile the unfortunate apostate to the Church. Franceschi himself begged for the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion, which, after due preparation and abjuration, were administered to him by Mgr. Morsilli on Friday, September 12. This reaching the ears of the Waldensians, Ribetti was quickly summoned, by telegraph, from Switzerland, and with three of his confrère heretics hastened to the house of the dying man, forced their way to the bed-side, made incredible noise and scandal, and ordered Father Risi to leave instantly; the latter quietly refused to comply, stating that he had been called on by the family of the invalid, and should remain beside him until his death. The four impostors then laid violent hands upon the priest, hoping to expel him by force. An officer of the army, dwelling in the same house, interfered, desiring the four pastors to depart, which they declined to do, questioning his authority; he accordingly went to his room, assumed his uniform, and returning, drove the four *energumen* from the house, amid the thanks of the family, and of the dying man himself, who frequently amid the tumult had vainly implored, with sinking voice, 'to be left in peace, alone with the Catholic priest.' The four parsons returned to the charge, accompanied by two *deaconesses* (?) but were set upon by the women and young girls living in and near the house, and driven from the field. Recourse was finally had to the Questura, who, upon a written declaration from the wife of Franceschi, placed a guard, in uniform, at the door of the building, to impede entrance to the Protestant ministers, who, nothing daunted, marched up and down *Via Giulia*, watching to enter by stratagem; but too good watch was kept, and the poor man tranquilly expired, in peace with God and with his conscience. His remains were conveyed to the parish church of *St. Caterina della Rota*, on Friday last, at six p. m. The cortege was opened by 70 members of the Archconfraternity of the *Orazione e Morte*, followed by 12 priests in cotta, preceding the bier, which was richly covered and surrounded by torches, and accompanied by a number of mourners, including the courageous women who had driven off the Waldensian ministers. No disorder occurred, thanks to the police, who were present in force to protect the procession. After the customary absolutions at the Church, the body was removed to the cemetery, and this morning, at half-past nine a. m., a solemn Mass of *Requiem* was celebrated in *S. Maria in Monserrate*, National Church of the Spaniards, Father Franzini of the Oratory, officiating. To the right of the handsome catafalco, raised in the centre of the church, were seated a number of prelates and priests, among them Mgr. Morsilli, the instrument, under God, of the conversion of Franceschi; and to the left, all the women and young girls already mentioned; the church was thronged by a decent crowd. The discomfited ministers of error carried their tale of woe to the vile *Capitale*, which published a tissue of falsehoods, representing the heretics as the victims of priestly intolerance, etc., threatening recourse to the Civil Courts, to the Minister of the Interior, to the Prefect of Rome, etc., and otherwise exciting public ridicule for its proteges.

"*Apropos* of Protestants, the liberal *Avvenire* informs its readers that 'the 'Evangelicals' strive to attract persons to their temples, and to induce them to apostatize, by the usual promises, not of life eternal,

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but of terrestrial life, sweetened by employment, pecuniary aid, etc., and some, who to obtain similar assistance would turn Mahomedan, are allured, and fall into the snare, but the difficulty is that facts do not correspond with promises, and murmurings are loud and long.'"

Catholic Notes.

——VICARIATE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.—Mgr. Pietro Loza, Archbishop of Guadalaxara, Mexico, has been appointed Apostolic Administrator of the Vicariate of Lower California.

——Rev. A. Inama, of the Premonstratensian Order who was one of the oldest priests in the archdiocese of Milwaukee, died at Roxbury, Wis., where he was pastor, on the 18th ult. He was eighty-one years old. *R. I. P.*

——Rev. Thomas D. Collins, C. S. C., received the order of deacon on the 23d ult., at the hands of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, in the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, and on the day following was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood.

——The October number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is at hand with its usual quota of attractive articles. We can only give it a passing notice this week, not having had time for more than a hasty glance at its contents.

——VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, left Notre Dame on the 27th ult. for France, whither business of the Order has called him. This makes, we believe, his thirty-seventh voyage across the ocean. In union with his many friends and the members of the Congregation, we wish him a prosperous voyage and a speedy return to America.

——LORETO.—The concourse of pilgrims to this world-renowned shrine this year has been unusually large. It will give some idea of the universal veneration in which Loreto is still held in Italy to say that the present Italian Government, which has displayed the most insatiable greed for ecclesiastical property of all kinds, has left the Holy House in full possession of all its property.

——Our thanks are due to M. Henri Lasserre, author of "Our Lady of Lourdes," for a copy of his last published work, "Bernadette—Sœur Marie Bernard," which appeared in Paris early last month, and which, we hear, has already gone through no less than six editions. (Would that good books obtained such a rapid sale here!) It has been translated at Notre Dame and will shortly be published.

——SIGNIFICANT.—When Gen. Crook released Standing Bear at Omaha, recently, the old Chief said: "I thank God I am a free man once more, and I shall never forget those who have helped me. I would like to find some Government land and take a homestead as the white people do. I am getting old, but I can begin anew. The Government has taken all my property, held me a prisoner for a long time, and now, when it is too late to plant, they say to me, 'Go.'"

——RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On the 19th ult., two young ladies received the holy habit of the Order of St. Benedict at St. Mary's Academy, Nauvoo, Ill. They were Miss Lina Pahlman, of Chicago (in religion, Sister Mary), and Miss Margaret Radell, of Nauvoo (in religion, Sister Josephine). Rev. Father Reimbold officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Kemphler, and O'Kelly, the latter of whom preached an appropriate sermon. The High Mass was preceded by the solemn baptism of two young lady pupils.

——In his last published work, "The Nemesis of Faith," Mr. James Anthony Froude takes the backward track. The hero of the novel is a young Protestant minister who, finding Protestantism unsatisfactory, and being greatly troubled in mind, is about to commit suicide, when he meets with an old friend, a fellow-student, now a Catholic priest, who dissuades him from his dreadful purpose, confutes his skepticism, and makes a Catholic of him. Evidently light is dawning on the mind of Mr. Froude.

——Catholics would do well to let John Russell Young's work "Around the World with General Grant" severely alone, unless they choose to be insulted. Here is a quotation from it, which, though short, will go a long way: "To the general Spanish mind, the Virgin is not the type of chastity . . . she is the Divinity of Chance, and as such is worshipped." Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy! If they only wished to do so, Catholics could make bigoted writers and publishers feel that bigotry doesn't pay.

——THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—At the supplication of several Bishops, the Holy Father has been pleased to grant to all the faithful who, on the approaching Feast of the Immaculate Conception, or on one of the days of the Octave, being truly penitent, and after confession and Communion, shall devoutly visit a church or public chapel and there pray according to the intention of his Holiness, a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the souls of the departed. The Feast this year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma.

——"A VICTIM OF THE FALK LAWS."—In reviewing this interesting narrative, published not long since in England, and the reproduction of which we conclude in this number of our magazine, the London *Athenæum* said: "A note prefaced to the volume before us speaks of a German original, and of a French translation of the same. We have been at some trouble to discover these, but we have not succeeded. In the lack of further information we shall incline to the belief that the 'German original' exists only in the mind of the very ingenious Englishman who, wishing to be thought merely the translator of 'A Victim of the Falk Laws,' appears to have produced the book from the wealth of his own imagination." In its next number, however, the *Athenæum*, having seen a copy of the original work, hastens to apologize for its suspicions, and adds: "The existence of the German original has certainly been most admirably concealed by the German censorship, which used all possible endeavors to lead inquirers to fancy that they were on a wild-goose chase. The discretion of the censorship and the success of its exertions form a curious piece of the history of our own times; and the fact that this discretion should have been used about this book, 'A Victim of the Falk Laws,' makes it obvious that its character or composition, or both, make it of some real danger to the German Government, and therefore of very considerable interest to the student of history. The publisher of the German original is Groope, of Trèves."

——A GRAND PRIZE DRAWING FOR THE ERECTION OF CHURCHES AND SCHOOL-HOUSES IN ARKANSAS.—If all do not know from actual experience the privations to which newly-settled immigrants in the far West must ordinarily submit, they are at least aware that they are neither few nor light. These are much greater, however, in the case of people arriving from Europe, such as compose the majority of the new St. Joseph's Colony in Arkansas, therefore Very Rev. Father

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Strub, C. S. Sp., who is its zealous founder, assisted by a committee among whom we notice the names of Rev. Fathers Steurer and Jaworsky, of Morrilton, Col. W. D. Slack of Little Rock, Dr. A. K. Fisher B. Herder and F. Samesreuther of St. Louis, Col. A. P. Robinson, of Conway, Ark., and others, have organized a scheme by which they hope to procure the advantages of a church and school for the immigrants settling along the line of the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad. This colony was founded only a year ago. Emigrants are coming to it daily from Germany and the various Eastern States of the Union, to whom an opportunity should be given to group around the churches and schools, in order that they may not remain without religious assistance and the great benefit of a Christian education for their children. Nevertheless, it is difficult, if not impossible, to carry out these beneficial designs with the sole aid of the new settlers. It is, therefore, an absolute necessity to appeal for aid from abroad, not in the usual way of a collection, but by the drawing above named, where every participant has a chance to draw a more or less valuable prize for his contribution. All the prizes represent a fixed and positive value of several thousand dollars, and for the purchase of which the best reputed and most influential firms of St. Louis have been selected. As regards the lands and lots to be drawn for, care has been taken to select the best soil and an advantageous position near the railroad. The drawing will take place on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1880, at Morrilton, Conway Co., Arkansas. The number of tickets has been fixed at 12,000, and the drawing, as well as the entire undertaking, will be carried out in the most conscientious manner by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and the appointed committee. Among the prizes, we notice a number of city lots in various Western cities, farms, gold watches and chains, etc. Those drawing farms or lots in Arkansas, and not wishing to settle upon them, can have the money value of the same. Tickets, $1. All who wish to aid the undertaking by selling or purchasing tickets, should apply to Very Rev. J. Strub, Morrilton, Conway Co., Arkansas.

——The Shrine of the Sacred Heart at St. Joseph de Levis, P. Q., of which we gave an account not long ago, has lately been enriched with numerous indulgences, besides some very precious relics. The principal of these relics is a skull of one of the companions of St. Ursula, brought from Cologne by Monseigneur Guay, and presented by him to the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart on his return from Rome. It has been encased in a figure representing the virgin Saint, exquisitely moulded in wax and attired in costly vesture. This representation was lately borne in procession from the parish church to the convent close by, passing some distance through the village. Eight priests, four of whom, in dalmatics, bore the precious casket, moved along amid a group of children and maidens dressed in white, with bright flowing sashes and wreathes of roses, eleven of the number bearing palms in their hands, a figure of the martyred associates of the glorious St. Ursula. The nine celestial choirs were represented by nine little girls in festive array, strewing flowers. The attendance of the clergy was very large, the venerable curé being among the number. The nuns, and a file of some three hundred children, day-scholars and boarders, preceded the clergy. The different parish societies, each with its banner, were present; as also the Brothers of St. Viateur with their college boys, a few hundred in number. An escort of Papal Zouaves, and others, in full costume, marching immediately in front and behind the casket, formed a guard of honor. The brass band of the village, which took the lead, discoursed appropriate music. The weather was delightful, being unusually warm for the season. The mountains on the opposite shore looked beautiful against the blue sky, as the glittering rays of the sun reflected on their richly-tinted autumnal robes. The bells of the church, college, and convent rung out a welcome in joyous peals. The religious celebration having begun with a solemn High Mass at the parish church, ended at the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The chapel was beautifully decked for the occasion, and also the exquisite statue of the Sacred Heart. A brilliant illumination in the evening, under the management of the good Brothers, closed the festivities. The figure of a martyr-Saint, whose name being unknown, has been christened Fidelia by the venerable Archbishop, on account of her fidelity to her Divine Spouse, is to be placed in a shrine under our Lady's altar. The expression of the face, as well as the attitude of the body, attract general admiration. There is a dreamy expression in the countenance, as of one in a trance, enraptured with sights far beyond what this world can afford. The head rests gently on rich velvet cushions; the auburn locks fall negligently around the throat, half concealing a deep gash from which crimson drops are falling. A white satin tunic and under-garment deeply embroidered in gold, clothe the delicate frame. A mantle fastened at the shoulder and gracefully draping the entire form, is in gold-colored satin, ornamented with silver. The symbolical palm rests in the martyr's right hand, while the other holds a lily. Heavy gold lace looped with white rose-blossoms adorns the couch, setting off the crimson cushions with their rich trimmings and massive tassels of gold.

Obituary.

MRS. M. M. WARDE.

This estimable and well-known Catholic lady died at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Friday, the 17th ult. She was a sister of the late Rev. Dr. Keogh. Mrs. Warde received a liberal education, and has written several books which have been widely circulated. During the latter years of her life she taught a private school for young ladies. The cause of her death was consumption. She leaves an aged mother and two children, to mourn her loss, besides a host of friends who esteemed her for her manifold good qualities of mind and heart. *R. I. P.*

For Rebuilding Notre Dame University.

Mrs. John Loughran, $20; Mrs. Sorensen, $5; Mrs. Fitzsimmons, $5; Andrew Toomey, $3; Mrs. Kennedy, $2; Mrs. Arthur McCusker, $5; Stephen Therry, $2; John D. Roach, $1; John Smith, $1; Patrick Flanigan, $1; Sarah Grattan, $1; John Kelly, $1; Mrs. O'Connor, $1; Mary McCusker, $1; Mrs. S. Malone, $1; M. Donnelly, $1; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 50 cts.; M. A. Donnelly, 50 cts.; Daniel Navin, $1; A Friend, $2; Mrs. Mary Scanlan, 50 cts.; Captain Daniel Bradley, $2; Mrs. Daniel Cronin, $1; Robert Conroy, $1; Rev. J. P. Gloden, $10; John Warnimout, 50 cts.; Ignatius Wonderly, $2; E. Kirlan, $5; Gaspar Stark, $1; C. Warnimout, 50 cts.; Maurice Window, $2; Conrad Kirlan, $1; Dominic Arend, $1; Francis Collet, $5; Josephine Mathais, $1.50; Sophia Berk, $2; George Noel, $2; Mathilda Rogers, $1; Nicholas Warnimout, $1; Louis Mathais, 50 cts.; Jacob Warnimout, $2; Mrs. M. H. Keefe, $2.50.

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Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22ND.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 70 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 24 persons and 4 families,—conversion to the Faith for 76 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 10, and that of a happy death for 7 persons,—special graces for 6 priests, 11 religious, 4 clerical students, and 3 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 32 persons and 8 families,—spiritual favors for 28 persons and 9 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 5 congregations and 6 schools. Also 43 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Several scrupulous persons,—the conversion of the children in a public school,—a man in great trouble and distress caused by his non-Catholic wife,—recovery of some insane persons,—restoration of sight and hearing to several persons,—the return of some relations away from home for a long time,—peace and union in a certain congregation,—recovery of loaned money,—health for several candidates to the religious state,—some convalescents,—profitable and speedy sales of real estate,—several children living in the country at a distance from the church, who have not made their First Communion,—success in several temporal affairs,—a lady in ill health suffering greatly,—conversion of a drunkard,—help in a temporal affair.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A grateful mother thus acknowledges the cure of her daughter: "Our little girl had been very delicate from infancy, and was finally given up. We obtained the water of Lourdes and I gave her three drops; she immediately went to sleep, and on awakening showed every sign of recovery. She is now strong and healthy. Oh, that we could be sufficiently thankful to our Blessed Lord and His Immaculate Mother!" . . . Another good mother writes: "I wish to return thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for the cure of my son. He was addicted to intemperance, and so much so that he had delirium tremens and was insane for nearly two weeks. I gave him some of the water of Lourdes, and he became quite calm. He then approached the Sacraments, and has kept sober ever since."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: BROTHER EVARISTUS, C. S. C., who died peacefully at Notre Dame, on the 22d ult. Miss MARY ANN O'REILLY, of Independence, Texas, whose death occurred on the 28th of Sept. Mr. EDWARD POWER, who departed this life in N. Y., on the 14th ult. Mrs. MARGARET GORMAN, a most estimable Catholic lady of Philadelpha, Pa., lately deceased. Miss MARY S. HAYES, of Cohoes, N. Y., who died last April. Mrs. BRIDGET TOLES, of the same place, who breathed her last on the 6th of October. Mr. EDWARD MCFADDEN, an excellent young man, who was killed by a railroad accident at Mendota, Ill., on the 6th ult. He had the happiness of receiving all the consolations of our holy religion. Mrs. MARY TIERNEY, of Cambridgeport, Mass., and Mr. JAMES BOYLE, of Cambridge, Mass., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. FRANCIS BECHLER, and FRANCIS A. BECHLER, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. ELIZABETH HOOVER, Mrs. SARAH SHELLABARGER, and Mr. —— MCDONALD. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG.

On a certain holy Christmas Eve, poor Anthony, a sweet boy of eight, was plodding his way through a snow-covered country place. The poor little fellow had his light curls crisped with the cold, protected only by his light, black straw hat of last summer, and both his cheeks glowed red in the frosty air. He was clad like a soldier, having on a short scarlet hussar jacket. In his right hand he carried a heavy black-thorn stick, and on his back a little bundle which contained all his worldly goods. But he was joyful and in good spirits. The beautiful white winter landscape around him, the frosted hedges and bushes, seemed to light up his little heart. Meanwhile the sun went down red as fire; the iced stalks and boughs glittered as if bestrewed with reddish sparks, whilst the tops of the fir-trees near glowed with evening gold.

Anthony thought he could easily reach the nearest village just on the other side of the woods, and plunged courageously into the dense and gloomy forest. He hoped he would enjoy a fine Christmas day in the village; for he had heard that the villagers were very amiable, good-hearted people. But he had scarcely gone a mile when he got out of the right path and lost himself in the wildest part of the rough, hilly woodland. He had to wade almost continually through deep snow, and several times he came near sinking into the ditches and hollows hidden in the snow. Night fell, and a cold wind arose; clouds shrouded the heavens and darkened every little star that had sparkled through the dark fir boughs. It became very dark, and commenced again to snow violently.

The poor boy lost every trace of the way, and knew no longer whether to go backwards or forwards. Tired with his long wandering, he felt he could go no further. He stood shivering with cold, and commenced to cry bitterly. He laid his little bundle in the snow, knelt beside it, took his hat off, raised his stiff hands to heaven and prayed with scalding tears: "Oh! dear Father in heaven, do not let me die here in these wild woods, with cold; I am a poor orphan, without father or mother; I have nobody to care for me but Thee. But Thou art the Father of all poor orphans. Please, do not let me freeze to death; have pity on Thy poor child. This is the night when Thy

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dear Son was born to the world. Hear me for His sake! Oh! do not let me die here of cold on this night when everybody is rejoicing over the birth of the Divine Child!" He laid his tired head on his little pack, and sobbed and cried piteously.

But listen! All at once there creeps around the side of the hill, something like the thrum of a harp, and a wondrously beautiful song rises on the night air and echoes among the rocks. He starts up, listens, and folds his hands. The wind is laid—not a breeze stirs. Unutterably sweet clangs the song on the dark, deep stillness of the forest. He now distinguishes clearly the words:

"O be consoled through all distress:
See! God has given thee no less
Than dearest Son as Saviour.
Confide in Him; take courage then!
He makes all evil good again:
He loves thee; do not waver!"

It is again still: there resounds only like a soft echo, some subdued tones of the harp. Good Anthony was much moved. "Ah!" said he, "thus must the shepherds have felt at Bethlehem, when they heard the heavenly song on that holy night. I'll take fresh courage and go on. Good people certainly live near, who will take me in; for I hope they cannot only sing as sweetly, but they are as good and kind as the angels too."

He took up his pack and mounted the hill in the direction whence he had heard the singing. He had taken but a few steps through the bushes, when a bright ray of light appeared before him, which, however, as quickly disappeared; after a while it reappeared, went out a few moments, then shone again brighter than ever, and thus kept him in suspense. Anthony walked joyfully ahead and came to a house standing alone in the forest. He knocked twice, thrice, at the door; he heard many joyful voices within but received no answer. He tried now to open the door; it was only fastened by a latch. He entered and felt his way a long while along the hall, looking for the door of the sitting-room. At last he found it, opened it, and remained standing and looking, greatly astonished at the sight that met his gaze. A stream of light from many candles flowed down upon him. He could not persuade himself that he did not see the heavens open, and paradise within.

In the corner of the room, between the two windows, there appeared a wonderfully beautiful spring landscape, executed in miniature—a hilly spot with high, moss-covered rocks, green fir-trees, country huts, grazing sheep, and a little city on top of a mountain. But in the middle of the scene was a cave where were seen the Child Jesus, the holy Mother, venerable Joseph, the adoring shepherds; and above hovered the jubilant angels. The whole landscape shone with a wonderful splendor. It was sown with numberless wee little stars, which sparkled just like the foliage, the moss and the rocks, when sprinkled on a spring morning with brilliant dew-drops. The whole household were assembled around the beautiful representation of the Child Jesus in the manger. On one side sat the father, with a harp standing on the floor between his knees; on the other, the mother with an infant on her bosom. Two lovely children, a boy and a girl, stood between the parents, and were looking up devoutly at the Saviour's crib, with their hands folded like the shepherds kneeling before the manger. The father now took the harp again, and the mother, with a lovely, angelic voice sang again the hymn, some words of which Anthony had heard. The two children joined in with their soft, clear voices, and the father singing bass, accompanied with the harp. They sang:

"Before Thee, gracious Child of heaven,
Whom angels serve, from God art given,
I join th' adoring throng:
In soul with Mary I rejoice;
I praise Thee with the angels' voice,
And sing Thee joyous song.

"'O be consoled in all distress;
See! God has given Thee no less
Than dearest Son as Saviour!
Confide in Him, take courage, then;
He makes all evil good again,
He loves thee: do not waver.

"'And if there come a child in need
Before thy door, say not: 'God speed!'
Pity must thee inspire!
If thankful *thou* for God's true love,
Go feed *the child*, give drink, and prove
His welcome at thy fire.'"

Anthony stood all this while at the open door and held the latch with one hand and his hat and stick in the other. His eyes were constantly fixed on the beautiful imitation of the crib, and with open mouth he listened to the singing and playing on the harp. Nobody noticed him. But now the mother felt the cold coming in through the open door and looked towards it: "Good God!" she exclaimed, "how did the child get here through the thick woods this dark night? Poor, poor boy, you have got out of the way, haven't you?"

"Ah! yes," answered Anthony; "I got lost in the woods!"

All now looked towards the door. The two children felt great pity for the lost boy, but they remained standing shyly at a distance, because he was a stranger to them. The mother went to him with the baby on her arm, and asked him kindly: "Where do you come from, my dear little fellow? what is your name, and who are your parents?"

"O good Lord!" said Anthony with tears in his blue eyes, "I have no more a home. My name is Anthony Croner. My father was killed in the war, and my mother died last fall of grief and misery. I am an entire stranger in this country, and I'm wandering in the world like a lost lamb." He commenced to relate how he had just been in great distress in the woods; how he had heard

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their song, and thus found the way to their house. He wanted to tell them more, but his tongue refused utterance, he was so nearly frozen; in the warm room he commenced to feel the effect of the cold in earnest. He trembled all over, and his teeth chattered.

"Oh! poor Anthony!" said the mother, "you can't talk any longer, for the cold; and you must be hungry and thirsty, too. Lay down your little bundle and sit down; I'll give you some warm soup, and whatever is left over from supper."

"The two children, Christian and Catharine, now full of compassion, took his hat, his stick and bundle from him. Catharine laid the bundle on the bench, Christian put the hat on top of it and leaned the stick up in the corner. Then they led their little guest to the table. The mother brought the soup and a big piece of Christmas-cake with some cooked plums. She sat down on the opposite side of the table and smiled kindly as she saw Anthony enjoying his little meal. The children divided all their Christmas-gifts generously with him: beautiful red-cheeked apples, golden-yellow pears, and large, brown nuts. Even little Louisa, in mother's arms, gave him, at her mother's bidding, the fine purple-red little apples which she had in her hands, and which her little fingers could scarcely grasp.

The warm soup thawed out Anthony's stiffness, and the comfortable warmth of the room aided still more to restore him. He became again lively and joyful.

"But what a pretty thing you've got there in the corner!" he commenced. Even while eating he had kept his eye constantly in the direction of the crib.

"But do you know what it all means?" asked Catharine.

"Certainly I do," answered Anthony; "it represents the birth of Jesus, our Saviour. What a beautiful, lovely little Child it is! How sweetly He smiles!"

"But that's not a sure-enough Child Jesus," said Catharine. "Jesus is no longer a child: He has long since ascended to heaven."

"I know," said Anthony. "Do you take me then for a heathen? It'll soon be two thousand years since Jesus lay in the manger. This is all made so we children can understand it better."

The children laughed, and then directed Anthony's attention to all the little particulars, which, however, they considered of much importance. "Look here, Anthony," said Catharine, "at this fine white sheep with curly wool, and two of the prettiest little sheep ever you saw, by the side of it. See, here around, the rest of the flock is grazing, and here stands the shepherd, blowing on his reed flute. He sleeps in that low red hut on wheels."

"Do you see too," said Christian, "this pretty little spring coming out of the rock, just as fine as a silver thread, and flowing into the clear sea? And look'e there at the two white swans, with their pretty bowed necks, swimming on the sea and throwing their image on the still, silvery water."

"Yonder," said Catharine, "comes a shepherd-girl up the steep way on the mountain, with a covered basket on her head. She must have apples or eggs in it, to carry to the crib."

"And see yonder," said Christian, "a fellow is wheeling a sack in a wheel-barrow up the hollow ravine. *But what he's got in the sack, I don't know.*"

Thus the children entertained one another very pleasantly,—and there was not so much as a little striped snail-shell sticking to the rocks, or a colored muscle on the shore of the sea, that remained unnoticed.

"Yes," said Anthony, "that's all very fine! But the prettiest thing to me is the figure of the heavenly Child. For it was for the sake of this Child, here represented, that the heavenly Father delivered me from my great distress."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dogs of St. Bernard.

The convent of St. Bernard is situated near the top of a mountain near one of the most dangerous passes of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers appear. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, huge loosened masses of snow, are swept into the valleys carrying everything before them. The hospitable monks open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose sagacity enables them to rescue the traveller. Benumbed with cold, wearied in the search for a lost track, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the excellent docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. They scratch away the snow with their feet, and set up a continual bark, which brings the monks and laborers of the convent to their assistance.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 8, 1879. No. 45.

The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

The prerogative of the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin gives her also the office of special protector and patroness of mankind, redeemed by the Blood of her Divine Son. Christ, by a special privilege accorded to Mary, became her Son; so we, redeemed by His Blood, have by a relative privilege become her children by adoption. We have been redeemed by Christ, and by His merits alone, but He came to us through Mary; and as we forfeit, through actual sin, the birthright gained for us by the death of the Son, so also it is again through the Mother that we may have access to the Divine mercy.

"God, whose gifts are without repentance," having once willed, says Bossuet, to give us Jesus Christ through Mary, that order is never changed; and thus it is, and always will be, true, that having once received through her the source of grace, we shall still receive through her mediation the varied applications of it in all the different conditions that make up the Christian life.

During her life upon earth the Blessed Virgin obtained everything from her Divine Son; so now, that she is in heaven, she surely cannot be less powerful with Him. And as, during her sojourn upon earth, she was ever ready to do good to her fellow-creatures, so now her patronage in heaven will not be wanting to those who invoke her aid.

It is certain, says Suarez, that the Blessed Virgin in heaven intercedes and prays for us; it is also of faith, according to the common sentiment of the Church and tradition. This may be proved by the same arguments and reasons ordinarily employed in proving the doctrine of the saints. For if others intercede for us, with much stronger reason does the Blessed Virgin, who, full of grace before God and filled with charity towards men, surpasses all other saints. All the Fathers of the Church are in perfect accord in proclaiming this truth.

The Blessed Virgin, after God, holds the highest place in heaven. Seated at the right hand of her Divine Son, she renders her children upon earth three kinds of powerful assistance, according to St. Bernardine of Sienna. She directs, protects, and strengthens them. She directs, by preparing the way before them; she protects, by repelling the enemy and nullifying his attacks; and she infuses new strength by obtaining grace for them from her Divine Son. To her, then, may be justly applied the words of Ecclesiasticus: "In me is all grace of the way, and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits" (xxiv, 25–26).

The most compassionate eyes of Mary, Mother of Mercy, says St. Liguori, are always open to us, and seem to multiply themselves in order to discover all our wants. This most clement Queen is ever beholding her clients upon earth to shower down her favors upon them when they invoke her intercession, and to present their petitions to God. Mary is our defence, our guardian, our protector. Who can describe with what affection she hastens to our assistance and watches over us in dangerous encounters? St. Francis de Sales had the happiness of experiencing, in his regard, the patronage of Mary. We read in his life that at the age of seventeen, whilst pursuing his studies at Paris, he was afflicted with a terrible temptation of despair. The Lord, in order to try him, and to make him still more worthy of His love, permitted the demon to persuade him that whatever he might do for God was useless, inasmuch as his reprobation was written in the eternal decrees. At the same time, God, concealing Himself from him, left him in a state of darkness and aridity which made him insensible to the most consoling thoughts on the divine goodness. With all this interior desolation, and tormented by the fear of hell, St. Francis lost appetite, sleep and health, and became an object of commiseration to all that saw him. "So then," he would say, as recorded in his life, "I shall be eternally deprived of the presence of my God! O Love! O Beauty! to which I have consecrated all my affections, am

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I to expect only Thy rigors? O Virgin Mother of God, most beautiful of the daughters of the heavenly Jerusalem, shall I never see thee in paradise? Ah! if it be not granted me to contemplate the beauty of thy countenance, permit not that I should be condemned to blaspheme thee in hell."

Such were the tender sentiments of this afflicted heart, burning with love for God and His holy Mother. The temptation continued for a month; at length it pleased God to deliver him, through the mediation of Mary, to whom he had consecrated his virginity. On returning one evening to his home, he entered a church, and there saw hanging on the wall a tablet on which was inscribed that familiar prayer, the "*Memorare*." He prostrated himself before the altar of the Mother of God, recited fervently the prayer, renewed his vow of chastity, and made a promise to say the Rosary every day for the rest of his life. "O my Sovereign!" he exclaimed, "deign to be my advocate with thy Divine Son, to whom I dare not have recourse; if I am to be so unfortunate in the next world as not to love thy Son, obtain for me that at least I may love Him in this." The fruit of his prayers was not long delayed. Mary delivered him from his temptation, and peace re-entered his heart, and with it health and happiness were restored. Thenceforth he had always the greatest devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and in his sermons and writings he never neglected to counsel devotion to her.

The palm is the symbol of victory; so it is said of our great Queen, that she is exalted before all the princes of the people, and that she is like a beautiful palm, a token of certain victory to those who place themselves under her protection.

Recourse to Mary is a sure means to overcome temptations, says St. Liguori. To the demons she is terrible as an army in battle array. This army in battle array—are all her virtues, her power, her mercy, her prayers, all of which she, like a skilful commander, sets in order to the confusion of her enemies and the defence of her servants. Mary is indeed formidable to the demon. Like the enemy of whom Job speaks, who takes advantage of the darkness of night to steal into the house, but who if surprised by the morning light flies in terror, as if from death, so, says St. Bonaventure, the infernal thief assaults the unhappy soul plunged in darkness and ignorance; but when the patronage of Mary is extended to it, then appears the morning light, which dissipates the darkness and drives away the evil spirits. St. Bridget tells us in her revelations, that every time the demon dares to attack a soul that implores the assistance of the Mother of God, he flies in terror; for the torments of hell, thousands of times intensified, are less insupportable to him than the light of her presence.

In the words of St. Catharine, Mary, being now in glory, enlightens the whole hierarchy of angels. For if the higher angels enlighten the lower upon those things which they learn directly from God, with much greater reason does this office belong to Mary, who is Queen of all the saints and belongs to an order much more elevated in dignity. And as it is proper for a king to make known his secrets to the queen before communicating them to others, so is it proper for God to reveal to Mary before all others, the mysteries of His grace, inasmuch as He has constituted her Queen of the entire Church militant, suffering, and triumphant. Mary is nearer to God both because of the grace and glory which she possesses to a greater degree than the other blessed spirits, and especially because of the wonderful relationship of Mother which exists between her and the Son of God. Mary enlightens also the faithful on earth. She is indeed the Queen of all the children of God. She enlightens them by procuring for them the assistance of actual grace and those saintly inspirations that purify the soul and free it from ignorance and error. Thus by the light of pious thoughts, sinners are converted to God and cleansed from their defilements, and the just are adorned with new virtues. Mary communicates to us these graces through the angels, being their sovereign, or through preachers or confessors, to whom she suggests what can most powerfully influence men to think of returning to God, and to attend seriously to things eternal.

A German Protestant Rosary.

The Divine Son has known how to guard the honor of His stainless Mother in all lands, and at all times—even unto this age of skeptical indifferentism, which, strange as it may seem, is ushering in the modern ages of faith, already dawning in the revival of Christian Gothic architecture, the grand old Gregorian Chant, and, let us hope, a Catholic poesy. No more promising sign of the infusion of a new life into Catholic peoples could well be given, than the ever-increasing devotion to her who was so aptly called by Christian chivalry "Our Lady": the multiplied wonders of whose intercession are the support of persecuted Catholic nations and the confusion of their anti-Catholic rulers.

To find an argument even among those who, according to the saintly Emmerich, "are living only upon the perfumes diffused beyond the pale of the Church," one of the most remarkable prophecies of the New Testament, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," has found its literal fulfilment in modern Protestant Germany, as we have proved it has not been neglected in that other centre of rebellion against the Catholic Church—Protestant Eng-

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land, once proudly calling itself the "Dower of Mary."

The greatest of all German Protestant philosophers and theologians, Leibnitz, has left in his posthumous work (*Systema Theolog.*) a wholesale defense of Catholic dogmas, including the Infallibility of the Pope and the honor due to God's Mother; even as the most ponderous and majestic of English literary magnates, old Dr. Samuel Johnson, defended the Catholic side of all controverted points: his "shadow" and the prince of biographers, Boswell, being the all-sufficient witness.

But that was in the midst of the glories of the reign of the "Good Queen Anne"; the glamor surrounding the age of the *Grand Monarque* yet lingering, like an extinguishing aurora borealis on the horizon, and the sun of the brilliant eighteenth century well risen in its splendor. The English poets took up the inheritance left by Johnson, their greatest immortalizer, and perpetuated the theme of the praises of the Blessed. Shall it be said that deep-thinking Germans will not succeed Leibnitz in fulfilling her unfailing prophecy, even though it be by telling half-heartedly their rosary at the foot of a Marian shrine? "All generations!" The modern English, though Anglican, have woven their chaplets; the modern Germans, though Evangelical, shall "patter their *Aves*," and con the mysteries. And what though a bead slip through their careless fingers unsaid, a mystery escape unmeditated, if they but answer each other in singing the joys of the Virgin—changing, like the skilful musicians they are, to the minor key, wail the sorrows of the Mother, and rising, ever again, close with a burst of harmony recounting the glories of the Queen! They shall do this and more. And men shall say, in their folly, their poems have certainly been falsified by Mary's devotees, so true is every fibre of their heartstrings to the lay, all self-imposed, though truth-inspired, in honor of the great Queen of human hearts.

We want, to begin our Rosary, but

A CREDO, PATER AND THREE LITTLE AVES,

in honor of the trinity of lauds due the only Beautiful One: the Daughter, the Mother, the Bride.

Schiller shall intone the first, and Goethe shall eke out, though it be perforce, the others. Hear the king of poets! Schiller, as his biographer says, the darling of the nation, especially of those most susceptible of appreciating and imbibing truth well expressed,—youth and the gentle sex,—was, however, so poor a Christian that the "æsthetic beautiful and true" was his god, and its cultivation his religion. His Christianity was one without Christ; though in his maturer years he made such progress that, his view of the world (*weltanschauung*) became more enlightened by an approximation to positive religion and Christian morality. That he was ever a Catholic, his published works and private letters completely gainsay. Still he was Schiller—a painter in words: and of all acts, that of a word-painter requires intimate grasp of subject, most delicate delineation of that which is—the truth. In handling such distinctively Catholic subjects as "Mary Stuart" and "Joan of Arc," the poet was bound to make himself Catholic in sentiment. Less, however, in the former than in the latter, as that is more intermingled with politics than this. We have this passing reference to our Lady in "Mary Stuart" (Act I, Scene 6): in the colloquial controversy between the captive Queen and Mortimer:

. . . . "And how I felt when first inside the portals
Of temples grand I stepped, and heavenly music
Soared through the aisles, and wealth of images
Poured on me, bounteous, from the walls and ceilings.
The highest and most glorious vividly
Swayed corporate before my senses charmed,
When I myself now saw the things divine:
Annunciation, Lord's Nativity,
The Holy Mother, Trinity descending—
The lightsome vision. . . . "

Letting himself be carried in the current of enthusiasm naturally flowing from the subject, he paints Joan of Arc as indeed a prophetess in Israel, not unlike Judith and Deborah of old—a weird something unearthly; betraying, or rather portraying itself openly in all her moves and words all but inspired. Her flag—her white, purple-bordered banner of the great Virgin and Child—is the undying theme of the conquering prophetess and her bard.

"A banner white then let me onward bear,"

she proclaims to Charles VII in the midst of his shining military court,

"Embroidered 'round with violet rare and rich.
Upon the banner paint the heavenly Queen,
With Jesus, her sweet, beauteous Boy—while both
Float airily upon the orb of earth.
For thus the Holy Mother showed it me."
(Act I, Scene 10.)

After her hand-to-hand combat with Montgomery, whom she slays, addressing first the soldier,

"Thy foot hath led thee in the snares of Death.
Go hence!"

she turns her to her never-failing patron:

. . . "Great Virgin! thou dost mighty deeds
In me. Thou bracest the unbattling hand
With strength, and arms't this heart inflexible."

In the same Act, following scene, when she parts the Duke of Burgundy and Dunois, who draw for mortal encounter, she enters into a wordy duel with the English noble—striving to gain him:

"Heaven it is that fights for France. The angels—
Thou seest them not. They for the King do fight,
Bedecked all o'er with lilies, noonday white,

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Like to this banner, is our country's cause,
Whose chastest image is the Virgin pure!"

When, by poetical license, Schiller makes his heroine die of mortal wound under the walls of Rheims—as the novelists represent Scottish Wallace dying of a broken heart, though officially executed—the ending befits both the grand Pucelle, enthusiast and saint, and her eulogist.

She asks in dying accents for her banner:

"I dare to show it, for I bore it true."
KING.—"Give her the banner."
JOAN.—"And do you see the rainbow in the air?
The heavens open wide their golden portals.
Amid angelic choirs she glorious stands;
She holds upon her breast the Son Eternal,
Her arms she smiling stretches out to me.
What do I feel? Light clouds do lift me up.
This pond'rous armor turns to feathery wings.
Up, onward, up! The world doth disappear—
Short is the pain! Eternal is the bliss!"

The flag falls from her grasp as she sinks lifeless to the ground. At the king's beck, all the military ensigns are gently lowered upon her body, hiding it from view.

"Dich schuf das Herz, du wirst unsterblich leben"

is the author's own sentence and prediction about this drama. May it live on, immortal, with its realization of the Maid most devoted to France, and conquering in the strength of God under the white banner of the Immaculate! As a boy, Goethe had invented a service in honor of the light of day! To this naturalism he held stoically to the end, only adding to it, after visiting Italy, an unconcealed hatred of everything Christian, and openly delighting to call himself the "Old heathen." Still in the hardest nature, as in the rocky quartz, there is a thread of gold. He declared the Gospels genuine, and finally found it in his heart to dare give divine honors to the person of Christ. Had the semicynic reached out to take but a slender hold of the Incarnation, might we not have expected from his colder nature nearly as warm an appreciation of the Mother of God's Son, as from impulsive Schiller? However, let the unfortunate tell his three little *Aves*, by the little grace that is in him, even if he hiss them. Karl, in *Gotz von Berlichingen*, is getting his aunt, Maria, to tell him over a legend. A saint says to a child who has given alms: "The Mother of God rewards you through me for your charity: if you touch a sick person with your hand, he shall be instantly cured."

In Act II, Liebetraut, a courtier, is made to say: "The reasons are as easily told as the beads of a Rosary."

Finally in Act V, Maria, thinking she sees an apparition, cries out in the Catholic ejaculation: "*Jesu, Maria!*"

I.—JOYS OF THE VIRGIN.

In a poetical congress, of late years, such as is scarcely held outside of Germany, the Protestant doctor of theology and professor, Hengstenberg, for fifty years head of the Orthodox Lutheran party in Prussia, speaking of a collection of poems, in which Marials were introduced, thus reproached the bigotry of many of his fellow-countrymen. "These old hymns are testimonies which should bring the blush to the faces of us Protestants: for they give proof of the joy and the childlike confidence with which the Christian Church, in accordance with the sentiments of the Gospel, formerly celebrated the Feasts of Mary. They admonish us to atone for a neglect which has so long weighed upon us like a burdensome crime, and warn us not to separate the honor of the Lord from the veneration due the Mother, whom the Angel called 'full of grace' and whom 'all generations should call Blessed.' Are we unwilling to be counted among these generations? Or do we wish to hold aloof from those who call her 'Blessed'?"

All the world knows how true are these charges against the generality of German non-Catholic writers—whose name is legion. We must, however, demur to the gravamen as far as a goodly list of poets of some prominence, besides the two of the first rank, is concerned. Edward von Schenk will sing us fully as sweet and Catholic an "Ode on the Nativity" as did the Arianistic author of "Paradise Lost." It is a legend—as are all the poetical testimonies in honor of our dear Lady, we have been able to string together in this Protestant Rosary. And, prythee, dear reader, here as elsewhere in these pages devoted to the honor of our Queen, forgive the simplicity of the rhymes for the sake of their substance, and let the ardor of love supply the genius inspired by *divinus afflatus*.

"Upon that night which endless day
Us gave and filled the world with light;
When yet, in swaddling garments dight,
In Bethlehem the Saviour lay,
Leaving their flocks to angels' care,
Aroused by seraphs' '*Gloria*,'
The shepherds to His crib repair,
Shining with bright aureola:
They saw, believed, and worshipped there.

And when the sun looked out at morn
The shepherds offered presents to her,
Who, ever-virgin, had Him borne:
Fresh fruits and rural wealth and doves.
There came a shepherd boy with them,
An orphan poor from Bethlehem,
Who nothing had at all to offer
Except a trusting heart that loves.
His love to show, he played to these—
Sweet trinity: divine the Child,
The Foster-father, Mother mild—
On reeden pipe sweet melodies."

Thus, every succeeding aurora, the legend proceeds to tell, the motherless boy returned and blew his rural reed at the feet of the Blessed

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Infant and His simple parents, who ever with equal kindness greeted his coming,

"Well pleased to mark his modest ways
And listen to his artless lays."

But, as one morning he came again and approached the cave, he was astonished to perceive a grand retinue of liveried slaves and caparisoned horses, pranked out in richest oriental costume glittering with barbaric gold. Advancing timidly a little nearer, his awe was heightened by seeing three men, clad in royal purple mantles, kneeling before the Child and offering gold, precious stones, frankincense and odorous myrrh.

The poor boy can scarce believe his senses, and dares not advance a step nearer with his shepherd pipe to enter the glory-shining audience chamber, until,

"The holy Mother of the Child
Remarks from far the modest boy,
And calls to him in accents mild
—The throng him yielding space with joy."

When he has treaded his way through the royal followers, and stands trembling beside the kings, before the majesty of the simple presence:

"She speaks: "'Tis love alone gives worth
To gold e'en kings to us do bear.
This love hast thou. As thee at Birth,
So now, to-day, we gladly hear!
The boy, encouraged, seized his flute
As wont, and boldly piped away:
The kings and courtiers listened mute
Nor mocked the shepherd orphan's lay,
And from His crib the Holy Child
Upon the piper sweetly smiled."

If the foregoing may represent the first joyful mysteries, the following may indulgently be allowed to complete the joys of the Virgin.

George Döring has left a rendering of a rare legend which we may characterize as

THE LITTLE JESUS' SMILE.

The scene is laid in the desert, so awfully comfortless,

"No slightest breeze is felt to blow
—The tiger hides from midday glow."

Not a leaf of green, a drop of water.—A stillness more frightful than cannon's roar broods over the "vasty deep" of rolling sands. This is the calm of death.

"Who wanders in this summertide,
Through all this waste so dead and wide?
Who well has placed such trust in God—
This fearful void unblanched has trod?
The Lady who, of beauteous form,
Image of Peace amidst the storm?
Old man, who pilgrim staff doth bear—
From life's spring far, the winter near?
And who the Child that warmly pressed
The mother carries at the breast:
About His head a crown so bright
It gilds the sunny sky with light?"

It is easy to guess the venerable man and the maidenly Mother: St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. But who the Child is, each one's heart must tell him: which if the heart do not discover, it is because it loves Him not, and, unbelieving, is not blessed to see the heavenly beams that radiate from the Infant face.

The heat becomes so overpowering that the holy couple cast about anxiously for shelter. In vain! Not a bush nor blade of green. What resource? Patience! They gaze tearfully at the Divine Child nestling in its Mother's bosom, and lo!

"His smile doth all their strength renew
Like nature's face the morning dew!"

Thus silently onward they plod their weary journey until the sun declines. But when they are all but overcome with lassitude, and ready to sink,

"As frequent as the Infant's smile,
Refreshing coolness cheers the while."

Suddenly a green oasis looms up on the lurid horizon, and the sight, like an omen from heaven, quickens their footsteps to attain its shade and eat of its hanging sweets. But arrived under shelter, they find death still staring them in the face from the futility of their efforts to obtain the fruit so far above their reach. Again the Infant God comes to their succor by directing His eyes upwards, and smiling. Immediately the obedient branches lower their delicious burden within reach of the holy parents, and they partake of the new manna from heaven with grateful hearts. Thus the spirit of God, inhabiting corporally this Infant frame, the poet concludes,

"Is served by all as breeze and bower:
For in Him God's eternal power.
And of that smile the beam divine
Hath shone for aye and yet doth shine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Winefred's Well.

(CONCLUSION.)

After the lapse of several years, a grant for the relics of St. Winefred was finally obtained, but owing to the civil commotions after the death of King Henry I, they were not secured until the second year of the reign of his successor, Stephen. The Abbot then deputed Prior Robert and six others, including the Prior of Chester, to pass into Wales and convey the relics to the monastery. They called upon the Bishop of Bangor, whose consent to the measure had been obtained, and received from him an introduction to one of the principal noblemen of the district in which the blessed remains were kept.

Arrived in Wales, the deputation was well received by the nobleman to whom they had been directed by the Bishop of Bangor, but not so by the people. The latter told them, in plain and positive terms, that, having received intelligence

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of the purpose of their visit, they were prepared to oppose the removal of the relics of their principal patroness, and that no favor should purchase, or power force them to acquiesce in their appropriation by strangers. After some further parleying, but to no effect, the saintly rector of the church had an intimation given him of the Divine will in the matter, and finally prevailed on the people to give a reluctant consent.

Upon receiving information of the people's acquiescence, Prior Robert and his companions went to the church where the Saint's body was kept, and, singing anthems of joy and thanksgiving to God for the great favor vouchsafed them, they wrapped the precious remains in fine linen brought for the purpose, and returning the pastor and people heartfelt thanks, they commenced their homeward journey. On the way, they met a sick man, whom they cured with the aid of the sacred relics; this new manifestation of supernatural power added fuel to their holy fervor, and they rejoiced the more in the possession of their newly-acquired treasure. Arrived near Shrewsbury, Prior Robert despatched word of their approach to the abbot, and received orders to deposit the relics in St. Giles's Church, near the city gate, in order that they might make preparations to have them conveyed to the monastery in greater splendor and in a solemn procession of the clergy and people, headed by the Bishop. During the stay at St. Giles's, a guard of honor of the religious was appointed to pray by turns, day and night, before the altar on which the relics were exposed. The enthusiasm of the religious had spread abroad, and multitudes of the citizens of Shrewsbury joined them in this holy exercise, mutually congratulating themselves on their happiness in having obtained so powerful a patroness. St. Winefred was not backward in requiting their devotion, and several miracles showed how pleasing to Almighty God was the honor shown His holy servant. Among others was the cure of a young man who had long lain in a miserable condition. His limbs were so contracted that he could not move a foot, and his head had become settled downwards toward his knees, in such manner that he could not force it up even so far as to get a glimpse of the heavens. This young man spent the night in prayer, begging of God through the merits and intercession of St. Winefred that he might be cured. Towards morning he dropped into a slumber, and before the priest came to celebrate the first Mass he awoke and found himself perfectly cured. This extraordinary event astonished the whole city, who were amazed at seeing one who before was so decrepid, now able to walk as well as if he had never had any ailment.

A day being appointed by the Bishop to convey the relics from St. Giles's Church to the monastery, notice was given throughout the town and country that such as would be present at the procession would receive the episcopal benediction and gain special indulgences granted in honor of the solemnity. This, together with the fame for sanctity and miracles of St. Winefred, drew together a great concourse of people. A little before the procession started, however, dark heavy clouds began to gather, threatening rain, and the devout clients of St. Winefred began to fear that many would withdraw through dread of the pending storm. The clergy and religious devoutly petitioned Heaven that fine weather would at least be vouchsafed them till the procession had returned,—and their prayers were evidently granted, for although violent showers poured down on other parts of the city, and in the adjacent fields, no rain fell in any of the streets through which the procession passed.

As the Bishop and priests conveyed the relics to the monastery, the streets were thronged with an immense concourse of people. Arrived at their destination, they were reverently received by the abbot and his community, and placed upon the high altar, which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Here many miracles for the relief of soul and body were performed through their agency. Truly is God wonderful in His Saints! May His holy name be forever praised and blessed!

In time, not only Shrewsbury but other parts of Great Britain became tenderly devoted to the holy virgin and martyr St. Winefred, which induced the Archbishop of Canterbury in a Provincial Synod in 1391, to appoint that the Feast of St. Winefred should be solemnly kept all over England, with an Office of Nine Lessons, on the 3d day of November.

After the so-called "Reformation," which can be more properly termed a "Deformation," the iron-clad piety of the followers of Henry VIII and Cromwell could no longer brook the silent but stinging reproach of Catholic symbols, and when in order to gratify the avarice of their followers the sacred sanctuaries were despoiled of the treasures and *ex-voto* offerings of the faithful, the sacred relics were scattered to the winds. Those of St. Winefred shared in the general desecration, and all traces of her memory and works were sedulously sought to be eradicated. But the miraculous well continued to flow, and although its wonderful properties were either denied or attributed to merely physical results during the long night of generations that followed the era of spoliation, the dawn has at length appeared, and the aid of the holy well is again sought for the relief of suffering humanity. We doubt if during the twelve hundred years that separates us from the lifetime of St. Winefred the holy well was altogether abandoned for want of faith, or ceased to work its wonders, for there were

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always a few faithful Catholics living in England, worshipping God by stealth, at the risk of their lives. But the stormy night has passed, the day has dawned, and we hope the great pilgrimage now being agitated by the clients of St. Winefred will next year draw down blessings, both on Wales, the country of the Saint's birth, and England, that of her adoption. Who will say that the holy well may not in the near future become a Pool of Siloe to the Catholics of England, where, as at Lourdes, the Almighty will exhibit His power and show propitiation to the devoted clients of His servant, St. Winefred.

We have endeavored to particularize enough of the wonders worked in the remote past by St. Winefred's intercession and merits, in order to enliven the faith of our readers; we will now close with one which happened at a later period, the witnesses to which are still living, and from one of whom we have had the account of it. It is that of an aged woman who for several years was well known in the city of Liverpool, England, and who on account of her infirmity lived on the alms of the passers by. Her lower limbs, and perhaps a portion of her body, were so completely paralyzed that she could not advance one foot far enough beyond the other to make a step; her attempts at locomotion were most painful, and attracted universal attention and pity. It seemed that while her lower limbs were completely paralyzed, or nearly so, the upper portion of her body was also affected, for she could not throw her entire weight on the crutches in order to lift herself along, but moving the crutches one after another out before her, she slowly and painfully dragged herself towards them. The poor woman had suffered in this way for years, and, being compelled to live by alms, was well known to the public. She was, apparently, a confirmed cripple, and physicians will not hesitate for a moment in giving a verdict as a case of paralysis of many years standing; but this woman having been conveyed to St. Winefred's Well, and having bathed in the stream and drank of the water at the spring, was perfectly cured, and returned to Liverpool as sound in body as if she had never been afflicted with paralysis or any other disease. This was in the present generation; hundreds of the witnesses are still living, and can attest upon oath what they themselves saw, so that there is no more room for chicanery or deceit than there could have been hope of a cure through natural means.

But no good Catholic—no one who is well instructed in the principles of our holy religion, and has a living faith—will wonder at such extraordinary favors, even in these days of materialism. He knows that the God of old still lives, that His arm is not shortened, and that miracles are almost of daily occurrence in the Church. They are neither rare nor isolated, as nominal Catholics and others outside the Fold can verify, if they will; nor are they confined to the relics or intercession of one or another saint; nor to St. Winefred's or any other holy well in particular, not even to the wonderful Well of Our Lady of Lourdes, or that at La Salette, where, and by the waters of which when sent to any part of the world, most extraordinary cures have been performed, and are still of frequent occurrence, even in our very midst. Let those who will not examine these things with a disinterested zeal say that the age of miracles has passed—let the infidel scoffer attempt, without examining, to turn them into ridicule, but the *disinterested* inquirer will obtain the best and most convincing proofs that in the Catholic Church miracles are still performed, and more frequently than most people imagine.

So now, dear reader, that we have seen and heard so much of St. Winefred, and know the circumstances that brought about the translation of her relics into England, and the great devotion to her that once existed there, you will not be surprised to learn that she is invoked in the litany for the conversion of England in the words, "St. Winefred, still miraculous even in this unbelieving generation, pray for us."

An Uncrowned Saint.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Before me lie two sea-shells, the gift of an artist friend. These shells were thrown upon the beach at Monterey, the first capital of California, the chief mission on the coast; it is a dreamy village that has outlived its usefulness, and gone to sleep, after the vicissitudes of a century, nestled in its own cradle, and soothed by the eternal lullaby of the sea.

In one of these shells is a picture of a small nook by the shore; in the shadow of a venerable oak, stands a tall cross of wood. In the other shell is a summer landscape, with a ruined church, a tottering tower, and a glimpse of the blue Carmelo Bay in the distance. These pictures illustrate the beginning and the end of the history of the mission, a mission glorious in its life and beautiful even in death. One name is forever associated with it,—a name that above all others shines in the annals of the State; for Fray Junipero Serra was the soldier of the Cross who led his followers into the wilderness; a wilderness that, under his inspiration, "blossomed like the rose," and there he fell in armor, and gave up a consecrated life with such dignity and composure, that only the pen of an heroic poet is worthy to write his epicedium.

The parish record of Monterey contains the baptisms, marriages and deaths that have oc-

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curred at the mission from 1770 to the present day. Rev. Father Cassanova kindly placed those volumes in my hands, when I was lately visiting him; they are substantially bound in leather, and the yellow parchment is covered with entries done in Fray Junipero Serra's own hand. His work extends from 1770 to 1784, when he died. He wrote with a bold and very legible hand; signed each entry, "Fray Junipero Serra," with a queer little flourish of the pen; his last entry is dated "July 30th, 1784." On the 29th of the August following, Junipero Serra's successor, Fray Francisco Palon, entered upon the same record a brief review of his predecessor's life-work, together with the circumstances of his death.

The illustrious founder of the missions in California was born on the Island of Majorca, part of the kingdom of Spain, November 24th, 1713. At the age of sixteen, another record says nineteen, he entered the Order of St. Francis; Junipero was then substituted for his baptismal name of Miguel José. Entering the convent, he took a collegiate course, and was appointed lecturer upon philosophy before he had received the degree of doctor. Noted as a preacher, he was frequently invited to the towns of his native island. In his thirty-sixth year he resolved to become a missionary in the New World, crossed the ocean in company with his brother-friars, remained a little time in the city of Mexico, and was then sent among the Indians in the Sierra Madre, a district now known as the State of San Luis Potosi. After nine years he returned to the capital, and passed the seven succeeding years in the Convent of San Fernando. In his fifty-fourth year his great work began; he took charge of the missions to be established in Upper California. Long before this, in 1595, two vessels sailed from Acapulco, in charge of Sabastian Vizcaino, touched at San Diego, Monterey, Drake's Bay—just north of the harbor of San Francisco—and continued the voyage to the north without finding much of interest on the coast. The geography of the country was but little known when Fray Junipero set forth.

Before this, Fray Juan Crespi, at the head of a land expedition, had come to the shore of the Bay of Monterey, planted a cross and continued his explorations. He came at last to the harbor of San Francisco, discovered the Golden Gate, and in his diary made the first distinct mention of the now famous bay. Fray Palon, in his biography of Serra, looks upon this as miraculous. He says: "When the venerable Father, Fray Junipero, was consulting with the illustrious inspector-general about the first three missions which he directed him to found in New California, seeing the names and the patrons which he had assigned to them, he said to him, 'Señor, and is there no mission for our Father (St. Francis)?' to which Galvez replied: 'If St. Francis desires a mission, let him see that his port is found, and it will he placed there.' The expedition arrived at the port of Monterey, stopped and planted the cross, without any of the party recognizing the port according to the description of it in history; proceeded forty leagues further, and found the port of our Father St. Francis. Who shall say but that our Father wished to have a mission at his port?"

Nor was Fray Junipero without special marks of the Divine protection. Fray Palon records how, on a certain expedition in Mexico, Junipero and his companions found themselves alone at sunset in a great wilderness. It seemed that they must pass the night unprotected, and exposed to a thousand dangers. They were much troubled, when they discovered at the road-side a house, where they solicited lodgings. A venerable man, his wife and child received the Friars with utmost kindness; fed and lodged them, and on the morrow tenderly parted with them. The Friars had gone but a little distance when they met some muleteers who asked where they had passed the night. When the place was described, the muleteers declared that no such house existed in that region, nor within many leagues. The Friars after this could only look upon their hosts as the Divine Child, the Divine Mother and her Spouse.

In June, 1770, Junipero Serra landed at Monterey, took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain, said Mass under a tree by the shore—a tall cross marks the spot—and founded the mission of San Carlos de Carmelo. Under his rule it flourished wounderfully. He was sweet-tempered, grave, zealous, patient, and meek; one who had no quarrels, made no enemies. A Protestant writer says of him: "Probably few have approached nearer to the ideal perfection of a monkish life than he."

Mark how his heroic life came to a heroic close. On the morning of August 27th, 1784, feeling himself ill and near his end, he confessed himself to Fray Palon, his life-long friend; went through the Church offices for the dying, and repaired to the church on foot, to receive the Blessed Sacrament. The hymn "*Tantum ergo*" being sung, he joined in it with "elevated and sonorous tones," writes Fray Palon; the congregation, hearing him intone his death chant—it had been noised about that the beloved Father was about to leave them,—overcome with emotion, wept in silence, and the dying monk's voice alone finished the hymn.

On his knees he received the Blessed Sacrament, as administered to the dying, and in a distinct voice recited the thanks prescribed by the ritual. He returned to his cell, but did not lie down or remove any portion of his clothing. In the night he asked Fray Palon to administer the Extreme

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Unction and joined with him in the recital of the Penitential Psalms and litanies. The rest of the night he passed in giving thanks to God, sometimes on his knees, sometimes being feeble he remained seated upon the floor. Early in the morning he requested Fray Palon to give him the Plenary Indulgence, confessing himself again. The captain and the chaplain of a Spanish vessel lying in the harbor called upon him, and were received cheerfully. He said he "thanked God that these visitors, who had traversed so much of sea and land, had come to throw a little earth upon his body!" Shortly after, he told Palon he felt some disquietude, and desired the reading of the recommendation of the soul. Serra than expressed himself as comforted, and again and again thanked God that he felt no fear. Presently he asked for a little broth, and, with some assistance, entered the refectory, where he sat at the table. Having drunk his broth, he said he would lie down, and being borne to his bed, his head had barely touched the pillow when he suddenly expired.

In anticipation of his death, he had ordered his coffin to be made by the carpenter of the mission. He was at once laid in it, in his robe. The coffin was removed to the church; the bells rang; the people gathered in an agony of grief. So great was their veneration for the saintly Friar, it was with difficulty they were prevented from destroying the coffin to preserve it as relics; and in spite of the strong guard placed over the body, a portion of his raiment was taken away during the night. His tunic was divided among the people, and the grief for the loss of their revered pastor lasted until the mission itself was in the decline, that has finally overthrown it, and left only a blessed memory.

So ended the seventy years of his eventful life. To-day not a trace of his tomb or of the tomb of his brother or friend who followed him, Fray Palon, is visible. But the work which they began has taken root in this prolific soil; the blossoms and the fruit are as certain as sunrise.

SEVERAL Protestant clergymen at Lyons were in the habit at one time of holding theological discussions with Frederic Ozanam. One day, one of them kept him four hours at it, the point disputed being a text which each interpreted differently. At last, Ozanam exclaimed: "But why should a learned man like you argue from a translation? Let us get the Hebrew version, and fight it out over the original." His antagonist had to admit that he was not a Hebrew scholar, and when Ozanam proceeded to give his direct translation of the text, he refused to accept it, observing that he would "consult some higher authority, and then come back to finish the argument." But the mother of Ozanam could add proudly, "He never came back."

How the Abbot of La Trappe's Portrait was Taken.

From "The Irish Monthly."

There is, perhaps, no reflection more consoling to the religious mind, nor more forcibly suggested in the course of history, than that the Providence of God is always ready to supply the actual need of the present moment—always watching and awake to send the precise succor of which His Church is in want. In the early ages, when faith had to be bought and preserved with the price of blood, countless martyrs were ever ready to bear willing and joyful testimony to it. Later on, when assailed by heresy and schism, there never failed to appear talented and holy men who only burned to devote their high gifts to its vindication. From the beginning, if each century has had its special malady, it has also had its own efficacious remedy close at hand. The pride of life has ever been combated by the humility of the Gospel; cold skepticism, by ardent unquestioning faith; the spirit of the world, by some (to human understanding) simply unaccountable, practical examples of the science of the Cross.

An interesting illustration of this truth is afforded by the Life of the Abbé de Rancé, the founder, or at least, the reformer of the celebrated Monastery of La Trappe; a life which has been already so often and so fully related, and the story of which is so widely known, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it in these pages. Abruptly exchanging a career of dissipation and pleasure for one of the severest penance and most exalted piety, at a time when society in France was at the lowest ebb of immorality and confusion, M. de Rancé gave the world a lesson of which it was badly in need, proving, as he did, that amid the universal deluge of corruption, it was still possible to practice the highest teaching of the Gospel. From his solitary and austere retreat, the bright torch of his example shed a serene and steady light, not only upon those noble warriors of Christ who were brave enough to follow in his footsteps and leave the world, but also upon those weaker souls who, still exposed to its dangers and pitfalls, looked towards it with wondering admiration and confidence. One or two details sketched by the loving hand of a friend and warm admirer cannot, it is thought, fail to interest our readers. The circumstance that these details are given to us by a man whose career and character were so extremely unlike those of the Abbé de Rancé, to whom he was so deeply and warmly attached, make them all the more valuable and instructive. Indeed, the keen admiration with which the Duke of St. Simon, the accomplished man of the world, and the marvellously minute chronicler and life-like painter of Louis XIV, everywhere speaks of

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the Abbé, is very touching, and much to his credit. That the gay and eager young courtier, so profoundly versed in the intricacies of this monarch's magnificent and dissolute court, should have been honored by the friendship of the ascetic and saintly monk, is worthy of remark. Often St. Simon turns to him for counsel. He tells us that he used frequently to fly with joy to the calm retreat of the monastery out of the din and turmoil of the world; and if, as by his own confession it appears, that he was somewhat a victim of human respect, and that he was rather anxious to conceal these pious visits from the sneering eyes of his gay companions, we must not be too hard on him for this little weakness. Rather, like the kind old Abbé, we must be tolerant and patient, remembering that at the age of twenty the world is really a rather alarming censor, and that all is not lost if, on the road to heaven, our first steps are a little weak and tottering.

In 1694, when we first see his name mentioned in these memoirs, the Abbé de Rancé was already past seventy, and St. Simon was only twenty. Disappointed in a project of marriage, upon which he had set his heart (though he had never even seen the young lady), the broken-hearted swain rushed off to La Trappe to "console himself." Unlike, however, the object of his affections, Mademoiselle Beauvillers, a penitent of Fenélon's, who declined the honor of his alliance, in order to devote herself to a religious life, St. Simon's fits of devotion were only short-lived, and it is amusing to observe the zest with which he turns from the solitary and saintly atmosphere of the convent to his more congenial element—the ambitions, the intrigues, and the passions of the court. He is, it is true, very proud of telling us that he was never weary of admiring the grand and touching spectacle of La Trappe, and the many virtues of its saintly founder. But, as we all know, admiration is a very different thing from imitation, and it is one thing to be the friend of a saint, and quite another to be a saint oneself. As in these days, so it was in those. Now, as then, there are many of us who are very ready to fall into rhapsodies over austerities, and solitude, and labor, to whom a few days' actual experience and practice of these things would be more than sufficient. St. Simon's enthusiasm was of this sort, but we are bound to say that some of us might take example from it; for, at least, it is always sincerely humble and free from delusion. Unlike some of the ardent admirers of sanctity of the present day, he, all through, evidently knows his proper place, and is quite well aware of the wide gap that exists between practising exalted piety, and simply singing its praises from a safe and condescending position. Be this as it may, however, his visit to La Trappe was but a short one; and presently we find him back again in Paris, and in the midst of the giddy whirl and excitements of the world, where, not long afterwards, he consoled himself effectually by a marriage with a charming young lady, which we are glad to hear made the happiness of his life.

St. Simon tells us that one of his most ardent wishes was to possess a good portrait of his old friend. But how was this to be obtained? The Abbé's humility was such that it was vain to hope that he would ever consent to sit for one; and as, at this period, he was quite an invalid, and seldom left the infirmary, the chance of any artist's being able to take a sketch of his features unawares was excessively remote. Obstacles, however, only sharpened St. Simon's determination, and at last he hit upon a plan, the execution of which demanded a happy combination of prudence and audacity.

The first thing to do was to secure the services of an extremely clever and quick artist, one who would be able from, perhaps, a few hurried glimpses to catch the likeness.

Rigault was at this time considered to be the most eminent portrait painter, not only in France, but in Europe; but how would it be possible to induce such a man, overwhelmed with work as he was, to leave Paris for days, and upon such a difficult and doubtful errand? At first, we are told, the great man hesitated, fearing, doubtless, that, were he to fail in the attempt, his high reputation would suffer. But second thoughts prevailed. The chance of success made the enterprise worth attempting, and, as St. Simon quaintly mentions, great man as he was, he was by no means above being tempted by a high price. The bargain was made. A thousand crowns and all expenses paid was the artist's price, and in return he was to do his best to paint the Abbé's portrait—and over and above this, was to preserve a profound secrecy in the matter, making only two copies, one for himself, upon which he insisted, and one for his patron; for, as has been already told, human respect was St. Simon's bugbear, and he had no fancy to proclaim to the world his profound veneration and love for his friend the Abbé.

And now, all preliminaries being arranged, it was necessary to set to work. Two accomplices had to be let into the secret—the Abbé Maisne, M. de la Trappe's secretary, and the Abbé de St. Louis, formerly a captain of cavalry, and a great favorite at court, but now a humble and mortified monk. Evidently, our chronicler was a believer in the pernicious doctrine that the end justifies the means, and thought it no harm to invent a nice little fib for the occasion. The simple old Abbé never suspected anything, and was completely humbugged. A great friend of St. Simon's, he was told, an officer, had such a great longing to see him, that he implored of M. de la Trappe, who at this time saw no strangers, to make an exception in his favor, and to grant him an interview.

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He was afflicted with such a violent stutter, that he could hardly speak, and would therefore not trouble him with conversation. All he wanted was to be permitted to see him. M. de la Trappe, we are informed, smiled kindly, and considered the officer's curiosity very foolish. But he was too good-natured and charitable to refuse such a trifling request, silly as he thought it to be.

So far, so well. Rigault, who had already arrived at La Trappe, was then introduced into a little whitewashed room, close to the infirmary, in which the Abbé generally passed the afternoon. It was a plain little room, but fortunately it was well lit. It only contained a few devotional prints and straw seats, and the table at which M. de la Trappe had written all his works. Here the Abbé Maisne seated himself in the Superior's accustomed chair and attitude. The artist found the position admirable, fixed the *pose* in his mind, and preparing his canvas, made a preliminary sketch of all the accessories. The model was now the only thing wanted, and no time was lost in securing it. That same afternoon, Rigault was presented to M. de la Trappe by St. Simon. His infirmity exempted him from taking any part in the conversation. All he had to do for the three-quarters of an hour during which the interview lasted was to make the best possible use of his eyes, while St. Simon tells us that his own particular anxiety was to make himself as entertaining as possible to his old friend, in order that he might forget the flight of time. Apparently he was quite successful. The Abbé, entirely unsuspicious, merely pitied his admiring visitor's infirmity, which compelled him to be almost completely silent. But when the next day (Rigault having declared that one more sitting was indispensable), St. Simon, with considerable misgiving, begged for another interview, the old Abbé showed signs of rebellion. It was all very well to be condescending and amiable up to a certain point; but for a man who sought for and desired nothing but privacy and solitude, to submit to be stared at for two days running was a little too much of a good thing—it was mere loss of time, and ridiculous. In short, the good Abbé at first gave a point-blank refusal, and it was only by dint of coaxing he was induced to relent and to permit his friend the stutterer one more glimpse. Rigault was, however, informed that this would certainly be his last chance, and that he had better make the best he could of it.

Which he did. Half an hour was all he asked for, and before it had expired, his mind was thoroughly impressed with every line of M. de la Trappe's features, and, taking his leave, he rushed to his easel, which stood ready, and set to work at once—leaving, as we can well imagine, the good Abbé much perplexed by his admirer's eccentric demeanor. St. Simon described the whole interview most amusingly.

He tells us that he himself was quaking in his shoes, lest M. de la Trappe should observe the strangely earnest looks of which he was the object, and how eagerly he sought to change the conversation when the Abbé began to wonder what they meant. However, fortune was on his side. M. de la Trappe's mind was presently diverted from troublesome reflections, and, for the present, at all events, he remained in blissful ignorance of the treachery of which he was the victim.

But, later on, he discovered it all. The portrait was an immense success. It was life-like. The lively, piercing eyes—the sweetness, serenity, and majesty of the face—the candor, wisdom, and interior peace of a man who possesses his soul—the grandeur and sublimity of his physiognomy—the charms which penance, age, and suffering had not been able to efface, were all vividly and faithfully reproduced. The artist had at first merely made a sketch of the head, but on the following morning—that of All Saints—the Abbé Maisne sat to him for the figure; and Rigault returned to Paris, deeply impressed, we are told, by all that he had seen, and specially by the spectacle of the General Communion of that All Saint's morning.

As has been said, the portrait, when finished, was an immense success. It cost the artist three months' hard and anxious work, during which time, he confessed to his patron, that he had been unable to think or dream of anything but the Abbé's face, and that so full had his brain been of his undertaking, that he gave up everything else to complete it.

However, his labors and anxiety were justified by complete success; and now, sad to relate, vanity and the desire of fame got the better of honor, and caused him to forget one of the conditions of his bargain—that of secrecy. He could not resist the temptation of showing the picture to some friends before he had delivered it to his patron. Of course, the secret was no longer a secret.

Presently, all Paris was talking about it. Orders for copies flowed in. St. Simon tells us that, by his own admission, Rigault made more than twenty-five thousand francs over and above the original thousand crowns which had been stipulated for.

Our chronicler was, as we may easily imagine, in despair at the noise that the affair made in his *monde;* and knowing that sooner or later the story would reach La Trappe, and not venturing to confess in person, he made a clean breast of his treachery to his old friend, by writing. M. de la Trappe was, it seems, both annoyed and grieved. But he could not keep up rancor. This was his reply—"You are aware of what a Roman Emperor

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once said, 'that he liked treason, but that he did not like traitors'; now I am quite of another way of thinking. I cannot help being fond of the traitor, but I hate and detest the treason." On several other occasions, M. de la Trappe's name is mentioned in these memoirs, and always in terms of the profoundest respect and veneration. Once, we are told, that St. Simon, driving with some of his dearest and oldest friends, wanted to insist upon being let get out of the carriage, because the subject of conversation having turned upon a dispute that was pending between the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Abbé de la Trappe, the verdict was given in favor of the former. His friends positively refused to allow him to leave them, but, in deference to him, at once changed the conversation. But that which gives us, perhaps, the strongest and most pleasing idea of his deep and warm affection for his old friend, is the touching manner in which he alludes to his death, though, even then, worldliness and human respect prevented his following the better impulses of his heart.

We will quote his own words:—

"I experienced at Fontainebleau the greatest possible affliction. It was caused by the death of M. de la Trappe. Waiting one evening for the *coucher du roi*, M. de Troyes showed me a letter which announced that the Abbé was on the point of death. This news amazed me, as ten or twelve days previously I had heard that his health was as good as usual. My first impulse was to rush to La Trappe, but I was prevented doing so by reflecting what a noise my sudden disappearance would create. I immediately sent to Paris for an excellent doctor, called Andri, and at once despatched him to the monastery. But all was already over when he arrived. These memoirs are too profane to talk in them much of such a sublimely holy life, and a death so precious in the sight of God. I will content myself by saying that his praises were loud and widely spread; that the King lauded him in public, and wished to be informed of every detail concerning his end, and that, moreover, he constantly spoke of him by way of instruction and example to his grandsons. In all parts of Europe his loss was lamented. The Church wept for him, and even the world did him justice. That day, so happy for him, and so sorrowful for us, was the 26th of October, 1700, when about half-past twelve o'clock, he died in the arms of his Bishop, at the age of 77 years, and after 40 years of the most prodigious penance. I cannot omit to mention one proof of his affection for me. Having been laid upon the ground on straw to die, as is the custom with all Trappists, he deigned, in that supreme moment, to remember me, and he charged the Prior, who was close to him, to assure me that as he did not doubt my affection, so I should not doubt his. Here I will conclude. Anything more I could say on the subject would be misplaced."

The old white-headed monk, emaciated by austerity, weakened by penances, chastened by suffering, dying upon straw and ashes in the infirmary of La Trappe, and the gay, ambitious young courtier, waiting amidst the crowd of eager courtiers upon the favor of an earthly monarch. What a contrast! The death of a saint, upon whose awe-struck vision the first glimpse of heaven is bursting, and the court of a king upon whom this throng of fawning, humble sycophants looked almost as a god upon earth; the gilded palace, and the simple cell; the incense of flattery and falsehood, and the subdued, peaceful murmur of holy prayer; the stiff, exaggerated ceremonial of a royalty which had been perverted into a species of blasphemous *culte*, and the meek submission of the dying monk to the solemn call from above.

What a contrast! But, as then, in even the supreme moment of his passage from earth to heaven, the kind old Abbé remembered the young man to whom the world was still all in all, and did not, we may be sure, fail to remember him before the throne of God; so may we not believe and trust that the prayers of some of the hidden saints on earth are for us daily ascending to heaven, preserving us from many dangers, and, let us hope, insensibly influencing our lives, and bringing us by degrees nearer to God?

Beautiful Words of Cardinal Newman on the Rosary.

His Eminence Cardinal Newman paid a visit to Oscott College, Birmingham, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and graciously accepted an invitation to address the students on the subject of the solemnity. An obliging friend in London has sent us the following report of what His Eminence said:

"I am not going to make a long address to you, my dear boys, or say anything that you have not often heard before from your Superiors, for I know well in what good hands you are, and I know that their instructions come to you with greater force than any you can have from a stranger. If I speak to you at all, it is because I have lately come from the Holy Father, and am, in some sort, his representative, and so in the years to come you may remember that you saw me to-day, and heard me speak in his name, and remember it to your profit.

"You know that to-day we keep the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and I propose to say to you what occurs to me on this great subject. You know how that devotion came about; how, at a time when heresy was very widespread, and had called in the aid of sophistry, that can so powerfully aid infidelity against religion, God inspired St. Dominic to institute and spread this devotion. It seems so simple and easy, but you know God chooses the small things of the world to humble the great. Of course it was first of all for the poor and simple, but not for them only, for every one who has practised the devotion knows that there is in it a soothing sweetness that there is in nothing else.

"It is difficult to know God by our own power, because He is incomprehensible. He is invisible to begin with, and therefore incomprehensible. We can in some way know Him, for even among

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the heathens there were some who had learned many truths about Him; but even they found it hard to conform their lives to their knowledge of Him. And so in His mercy He has given us a revelation of Himself by coming amongst us, to be one of ourselves, with all the relations and qualities of humanity, to gain us over.

"He came down from heaven and dwelt amongst us, and died for us. All these things are in the Creed, which contains the chief things that He has revealed to us about Himself.

"Now the great power of the Rosary lies in this, that it makes the Creed into a prayer; of course the Creed is in some sense a prayer and a great act of homage to God; but the Rosary gives us the great truths of His Life and Death to meditate upon, and brings them nearer to our hearts.

"And so we contemplate all the great mysteries of His life in His Birth in the manger; and so too in the mysteries of His suffering and in His glorified life.

"But even Christians, with all their knowledge of God, have usually more awe than love of Him, and the special virtue of the Rosary lies in the special way in which it looks at these mysteries; for with all our thoughts of Him are mingled thoughts of His Mother, and in the relations between Mother and Son we have set before us the Holy Family, the Home in which God lived.

"Now the family is, even humanly considered, a sacred thing; how much more the family bound together by supernatural ties, and, above all, that in which God dwelt with His Blessed Mother? This is what I should most wish you to remember in future years. For you will all of you have to go out into the world, and going out into the world means leaving home; and, my dear boys, you don't know what the world is now. You look forward to the time when you will go out into the world, and it seems to you very bright and full of promise. It is not wrong for you to look forward to that time; but most men who know the world find it a world of great trouble and disappointments, and even misery. If it turns out so to you, seek a home in the Holy Family that you think about in the mysteries of the Rosary. School-boys know the difference between school and home. You often hear grown-up people say that the happiest time of their life was that passed at school; but when they were at school you know they had a happier time, which was when they went home; that shows there is a good in home which cannot be found elsewhere. So that even if the world should actually prove to be all that you now fancy it, if it should bring you all that you could wish, yet you ought to have in the Holy Family a home with a holiness and a sweetness about it that cannot be found elsewhere.

"This is, my dear boys, what I most earnestly ask you. I ask you when you go out into the world, as you soon must, to make the Holy Family your home, to which you may turn from all the sorrow and care of the world and find a solace, a compensation, and a refuge. And this I say to you, not as if I should speak to you again, not as if I had of myself any claim upon you, but with the claims of the Holy Father, whose representative I am, and in the hope that in the days to come you will remember that I came amongst you and said it to you. And when I speak of the Holy Family I do not mean our Lord and our Lady only, but St. Joseph too; for as we cannot separate our Lord from His Mother, so we cannot separate St. Joseph from them both; for who but he was their protector in all the scenes of our Lord's early life? And with St. Joseph must be included St. Elizabeth and St. John, whom we naturally think of as part of the Holy Family; we read of them together and see them in pictures together. May you, my dear boys, throughout your life find a home in the Holy Family: the home of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Elizabeth and St. John."

The Career of an Exiled German Priest.

Among the exiled religious of Germany, many of whom are no less illustrious by their birth than by their holiness and apostolic zeal, Rev. Hugo von Rolshausen, C. M., whose ancestors were independent barons of the ancient German Empire, ranks among the foremost. Born in 1837, at the castle of Turnich, on the Rhine, near Cologne, he showed even in his most tender years unmistakable signs of his sublime vocation for the sacred ministry. Having spent his earliest youth at Linz, he subsequently attended the gymnasium at Neuss, and boarded in the Archbishop's institution for junior ecclesiastical students, an institution similar to the *petits seminaires* in France. This house was then under the direction of the missionary priests of Saint Vincent de Paul, commonly called the Lazarists. The more than friendly relations with these worthy priests left such a lasting impression upon the mind of the noble youth, that in his twenty-first year he resolved to be one of them, thus devoting the remainder of his life entirely to God's service and that of his fellow-men. After being raised to the priesthood, in May, 1863, he was actively engaged in missionary labors among his countrymen, residing in the different houses of his congregation at Cologne, Münstereifel and Malmedy. The obnoxious laws enacted in May, 1873, against the Jesuits, and gradually extending to nearly all religious orders, fell eventually upon the Lazarist Fathers, and Rev. Father von Rolshau-

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sen, whose forefathers, in days long gone by, may have been reckoned among the equals of the counts of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, became an exile from the Fatherland, and found his last resting-place on earth under the burning sun of Africa, instead of in the ancient sepulchral crypt of his ancestors. But he had learned long before to leave all for the sake of Him, who having loved His own whilst on earth, loved them to the end—(St. John). With the zeal of an apostle and the chivalrous ardor of a crusader, the worthy missionary, then in the prime of manhood, accepted joyfully his appointment for the distant mission of Abyssinia. Here he toiled for nearly five years; overcoming, in heroic patience and devotedness, the many difficulties of climate, language and manner of living. Though the famine and plague ravaged his missionary field during the end of the last, and the beginning of the present year he remained like a true pastor with his flock, giving spiritual and temporal aid to the suffering—never tired, always at his post, until he himself became a victim of the plague. It was on the 28th of January, 1879, that this good shepherd laid down his life for his sheep, dying one of the most beautiful deaths that could be desired by a priest of the Most High.

Whilst engaged in Abyssinia, he wrote from time to time most interesting and instructive letters to his friends and relatives at home. A collection of these letters has since been published in book-form, and now a second edition is advertised for sale. The proceeds of this publication are for the benefit of the Abyssinian mission.

Let us hope that the time is not far off when missionaries like the deceased may no longer be expatriated, but may labor in the vineyard of their native home, where the harvest is great and where the laborers have become few during the days of persecution.

THE best recipe for going through life in a praiseworthy way, with pleasing manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others.

TRUE love: it is of the heart and not of the senses. The life of the senses wanes, falls away; and no one is such a stranger to love as a debaucher. The nearer the heart, the more it is purified and ennobled by the love of God, and the more capable it is of real and sterling love.—*Lacordaire.*

THOUGH there were many rooms in the Ark, there was only one door. "And the door of the Ark shalt thou set in the side thereof." And so there is only one door in the Ark of our salvation, and that door is the true Church of Christ, through which we must pass to enter into the joys of heaven.

An Incident in the Life of A Missionary Priest.

One of the numbers of the excellent *Bazaar Journal* contained the following edifying narrative:

The subsequent experience of Father McB——, as related to me by my friend, was even more strange than the first. One night in November, he had gone to bed early, as the weather was very cold, and towards dark a heavy rain had set in, which, as the night wore on, changed to hail and sleet. The bedroom was on the ground floor—indeed, the house consisted of but one story. Somewhere in the small hours of the night, Father McB—— was awakened out of a heavy sleep by what he supposed to be a tapping on the window-pane. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating rain. After a few moments he fell asleep, when once more the sound was repeated, and this time he called out, "Who is there?" A voice, which seemed to be that of a boy or a woman, replied: "A woman is dying at Smithson Post-office—come at once for God's sake!" There was no mistaking this summons. The priest threw on some clothing, and opened the door. "Come in," he called out, "and I will be with you in a moment." No answer. "Have you two horses?" he asked in a louder voice. "Come in, come in, out of the storm." Still no answer. Having dressed, he lighted a lantern, and again opened the door. Up and down the road, around by the footpaths, near the stable, he looked in vain—there was no one to be seen.

Now, Smithson Post-office is eighteen miles from St. Mary's, and it seemed almost impossible that anyone should have come from there on foot—utterly so that they should have gone back on this terrible night without waiting for him to accompany them. The good priest deliberated for a few moments, and began to think himself the victim of a practical joke. But this idea was scarcely tenable. He knelt down and asked the assistance of heaven. "I will go in the name of God," he said as he arose from his knees.

It did not take many minutes to saddle his horse and don a water-proof coat, and, in half an hour from the time he first heard the tapping on the window-pane, he was on his way, the tears and protestations of his good old housekeeper notwithstanding. A hard ride of four hours, through mud and storm, brought him to Smithson Post-office, which consists of two or three houses, and the same number of shanties near the railroad. He saw a light in one of the latter, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, who held a candle in his hand, and thrust it into the face of the visitor, as he said: "Who are ye, in God's name, and where do ye come from?" "I am a Catholic priest," was the reply. "Did you send for me?"

"Did we send for ye, Father?" answered the man; "did we send for ye? shure we had no one to send, but the poor woman inside has been calling for ye since midnight, when death struck her. Come in, Father, come in." The priest followed the poor man into an inner room, where a woman was lying, a new-born infant beside her, and three small children sleeping on a mattress on the floor.

"Father!" she cried out, in a trembling voice, extending her cold hand, welcoming him with eyes which death was slowly sealing—"Father, I sent my guardian angel for ye, and he brought ye, praise be to Almighty God!"

"Sure, we thought it was ravin' she was," said an old

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woman, who was seated in front of the fire, "when she was dronin' to herself all night, 'Bring him, good angel, sweet angel!' she'd say."

The priest saw no time was to be lost in hearing the woman's confession. Her story was soon told, and she died almost immediately after the last Sacraments were administered.

The man maintained positively that no one had been sent for Father McB ——. They had no friends, were the only Catholics in the place. The daughter of a pious Irish mother, his wife had kept her faith and piety as bright in that desolate spot as when she went regularly to the Sunday Mass and her monthly confession in the home of her girlhood. They had not seen a priest for months. She had always prayed that she might not die without the last ministrations of the Church.

Father McB —— firmly believed that he had a supernatural visitant that night, and so did his friend, Father A——. I tell the tale as it was told to me. Nothing is impossible with God, and His ways are not our ways.

Catholic Notes.

——A petition has been sent to the Pope from Spain to have the names of SS. Joachim and Anne inserted in the Litany of the Saints.

——Messrs. Benziger Bros. have just issued a handsome new chromo of the Guardian Angel. In design, coloring, and mechanical execution, it is one of the very best that has come under our notice.

——A new edition (the third) of that popular and excellent little work "Catholic Belief," by Rev. Dr. di Bruno, is in press by Messrs. Burns & Oates, of London. The former edition of 15.000 copies was exhausted some months ago so great was the demand.

——Sister Maria Emmanuela, who died not long since at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., was a near relative of the world-renowned Canon Christopher von Schmid. She had been a devoted and efficient member of her Order for more than thirty years. *R. I. P.*

——We are under renewed obligations to a kind friend of The Ave Maria in London, for late English papers of particular interest. Another good friend in Pennsylvania, knowing our veneration for the saintly Prince Gallitzin, the Apostle of the Alleghanies, has sent us a lock of his hair which has been preserved with pious care in her family since his death. Many thanks!

——Religious Reception.—On the morning of the Feast of All Saints the following postulants received the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind.: William P. O'Leary (Brother Aloysius), Mr. John O'Maley (Brother Evaristus), M. Lafollette (Brother Edmund), Mr. Jacob Natler (Brother Maximilian), and Mr. Patrick Shelvey (Brother Matthew). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Master of Novices, in the Chapel of the Novitiate.

——Mrs. Wood, known to Catholic readers under the *nom de plume* of "Minnie Mary Lee," has removed from Baltimore, and, with her daughter, Miss Mary Wood, has established herself in St. Paul, Minn., where she has opened a school at 211 Wacouta Street. Latin and French, painting, drawing, needle-work and vocal and instrumental music are among the branches taught. Mrs. Wood is a convert to our Holy Faith, and since her conversion she has made many friends under her literary cognomen.

——The Association of Blessed Canisius.—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII some time ago approved the establishment of a society under this title in Germany, whose object is to promote the religious education of youth. The members pledge themselves to use all their endeavors to keep Catholic youth away from the godless schools, and to see that the children receive a Christian education; also to offer daily a certain prayer indulgenced by the Pope for these ends. The establishment of this society, which is warmly recommended by the Bishops of Germany and Austria, is mainly due to the exertions of Baron Felix von Loe, one among hundreds of Catholic noblemen that are now emulating the ardor of their forefathers, the Crusaders, by struggling valiantly for the cause of religion, in Germany, France, England, and other countries of Europe.

——"Ut Omnes Unum" is the title of a monthly periodical, published by Rev. Father Seltman, a priest of Brandenburg, Prussia, a town situated in the very centre of an almost exclusively Protestant district. Its object is to promote the union and reconciliation of the separated Churches. Catholics and Protestants, clergymen and laymen, contribute to its pages, and an admirable spirit of charity seems to pervade all. One of these writers, manifesting an earnest desire to find the true belief, is a Protestant nobleman, who, in a recent communication complains of the acerbity shown by many controversial authors, and proves that such a spirit can do only harm. Several Catholic writers, among whom are Dr. Jansen and Cardinal Hergenröther, he praises highly for their discretion and charity in religious controversy, which enables them to defend and explain Catholic doctrine without giving the least offence.

——Cheap and Readable Catholic Stories.—Now that the long evenings have come, there is need in every home of amusing and instructive books to pass the hours of leisure with profit and pleasure. Unhappily, there is no lack of dangerous reading, which prudent fathers and mothers will exclude from their homes if they wish to preserve them happy and pure. Until *The Vatican Library* of cheap, amusing and interesting Catholic books was founded there was a just cause of complaint that Catholic books were too dear. Now, admirable and fascinating, as well as instructive and recreative, books can be had for twenty-five cents, and some even for five and ten cents. Every Catholic ought to help this good work, for its own sake, perhaps, but certainly for the sake of his children. Anyone who sends a request for a catalogue to the publishers, Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay street, New York, will receive one by return of post.

——Speaking of the illustrious Father Lacordaire's loyalty to the Holy See, the *Catholic Universe* says: "No one can read his beautiful life without concluding that the great friar who re-established his order in France, and made the white tunic of the Dominican respected where not loved, and loved where before hated, was not only true but tender in every beat of his heart to Rome. Indeed, it is evident that when higher French authority sought somewhat the ease of the flesh-pots, it was the patience, the action, the burning oratory of Lacordaire that defended the liberties of Rome and the dignity of the Catholic Faith. He was better appreciated at Rome than in Paris; though Paris was the scene of his undying public triumphs. And, in Rome, he gave upon occasion the example of a cheerful, unquestioning submission, which if it were the one act of his life, would stamp him, in our mind, as truly a man with a mission, and as truly a man of God."

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—Most Rev. Archbishop Taché, O. M. I., of Manitoba, celebrated the thirty-fourth anniversary of his ordination on the 12th ult., at St. Boniface. He said a private Mass at the Academy of the Gray Nuns, after which he administered the sacrament of Confirmation to thirty-six of the young ladies, and an Indian boy of the Sioux nation, Michael Alexander Omanisa by name, who had accompanied Rev. Father Ebner, O. S. B., from Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota Ter., for that purpose; he had made his First Communion at the beginning of the year. At ten o'clock, solemn High Mass, *coram episcopo*, was sung by Rev. Fr. Ebner, Rev. Frs. Dugart and Maisonneuve, and Messrs. Clontier and Douset assisting. A deeply interesting sermon was delivered by the Archbishop, in w ich he traced the progress of the Church in Canada and the United States within the years of his priesthood. He said that at the time of his ordination there were but six priests in the entire diocese of St. Boniface, which comprised then what constitutes now the Province of St. Boniface, an immense territory, supplied with numerous priests and having flourishing missions.

—Bismark's Regrets.—Bismark, they say, is not a happy man. He is scourged by his conscience, and some of his confessions are in the diapason of the fifth act of "Macbeth." The chancellor is devoured with melancholy and remorse; he is discontented, disgusted with his work. Sometimes he broods sulkily over the nature of things. Again he moralizes in the strain of Ecclesiastes: What good has he (he asks himself) accomplished under the sun? And what widespread misery has he not caused? "In satisfying my ambition," he said one evening at Varzin, "I have made nobody happy." Those present protesting "No,"—he continued, "And what a number of people I have cast into misery. Without me, three great wars would have been avoided; eighty thousand men—nay, much more—would not have been killed, and such numbers of families, of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and wives would not have been plunged into mourning. However, that account is to be settled between God and myself, so far as the hereafter goes. What happiness have I derived from all my success? Little or none, and I have reaped endless worry, vexation, hatred, pain, grief, overwork, and care."

—The Naked Truth about Protestantism.—The following outspoken opinion of Protestantism occurs in a work entitled "Pages from the Autobiography of a Convert to Rome," lately published in England: "Protestantism in all its forms, whether Episcopal or not, is but a miserable abortion—and its first promoters were monks who broke their vows, kings who committed adultery, and a race of church-land bought courtiers and prelates. As with its birth, so with its progress—thriving only when it had the power to persecute, fading wherever Catholicism had free admission—the tool of monarchs and the laughing-stock of infidels, it denied the supremacy of the Pope to succumb to the supremacy of kings—it taught rebellion against Papal authority, and now it is only a question of a generation ere it fall into the pit never to rise again. Catholicism, on the contrary, the more it is persecuted the more it has thriven; day by day the decline of all other creeds shows the Catholic Church shining like a sun in the heavens—day by day converts, sick of the negation called Protestantism, rush into her open arms, wondering with blank astonishment how it was possible their eyes should ever have been blinded to the evidently divine character of the Holy Roman Church."

New Publications.

—The *Alte und Neue Welt* with each succeeding number gives evidence of progress towards perfection, and is, even now, not inferior to any family magazine that we are acquainted with. The care with which it is edited, and the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, lead us to think that the learned Benedictine Fathers of Einsiedeln have a hand in it. The ablest Catholic novelists of Germany furnish a large proportion of its matter, besides which are translations from the best French and English authors. Of the latter, we will only mention two stories from the gifted pen of Kathleen O'Meara—"Are You My Wife?" and "Robin Red-Breast." Besides the stories, we find excellent sketches of travel, historical episodes, biographies, choice poetry, etc., in pleasing variety. Too much praise cannot be given the illustrations, which are often gems of art; never commonplace or rude, but calculated to form and refine the intellect and cultivate good taste. The *Alte und Neue Welt* furnishes another evidence of what can be done by the Catholic press when properly supported. The immense circulation which it has, both in the Old and the New World, enables the publishers, the enterprising firm of the Benziger Bro's, to employ the very best talent in the various branches; and the result is a journal fully as entertaining and attractive as any from the secular press, thus doing an immense amount of good by furnishing light reading to many who insist on having it, and who without it would read what is worse, and giving it in such an attractive form that no one is tempted to seek further. The Benziger Bro's deserve great praise, also, for the excellence which characterizes the mechanical department in this and the rest of their works.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

Report for the Week Ending October 29nd.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 93 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 23 persons and 7 families,—conversion to the Faith for 15 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance for 3, and that of a happy death for 5 persons,—special graces for 8 priests, 4 religious, 3 clerical students, and 3 candidates for the religious life,—temporal favors for 26 persons, and 9 families,—spiritual favors for 17 persons and 6 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 5 congregations, and 4 schools. Also 31 particular intentions, and 6 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Removal of obstacles for a person wishing to become a religious,—a little boy afflicted with spinal disease,—some persons afflicted with sore eyes,—amicable settlement of a dispute between two brothers,—an afflicted wife, almost out of her mind by real or imaginary troubles,—the father of a family starting in business, and health for another to be able to resume his,—return of a husband to his wife,—success in a number of temporal and spiritual affairs.

Favors Obtained.

A pious correspondent writes: "Praise and glory be to God and to our Blessed Lady! the young woman of whom I wrote that she had been taken away from the Sisters when only thirteen years old, and brought up by her Protestant relatives in the errors of their belief, after her parents' death, has re-entered the Church, made her confession, and is now a good Catholic. Her Protestant husband will soon embrace the

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true faith. From other letters we learn the salutary effect of the water of Lourdes in several instances. Thus a good man says: "When my wife first used the blessed water, after she had made her jubilee and received Holy Communion, she never felt better in her life, and she is now able to go around as well as ever, although she had been an invalid for eight years. A pious gentleman writes: "Please return thanks to our Immaculate Mother for deliverance from an impending loss. I went surety in behalf of a friend in a large sum of money, and as he became insolvent, there was apparently no possibility of his paying the debt. As I was the only one on the note from whom it could be collected by law, there was every probability that my property would be taken to satisfy the obligation. This would have been ruinous to me, and might have caused the death of my aged mother. I recommended the case to the Confraternity, and other pious associations, and, unexpectedly to all who knew the circumstances, the note was paid without the loss of a dollar to me. I desire, then, to return fervent thanks to her through whose intercession this great favor has been bestowed on me."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: SISTER MARY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, a sister of Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., deceased October 1st, in the 37th year of her age and the 11th of her religious life; also SISTER MARY OF ST. SABINA (Walsh), who died on the 17th of October, in the 23rd year of her age, and the sixth of her religious life; both were devoted members of the Community of the Good Shepherd, of Cleveland, Ohio. SISTER MARY DOLORS, a Visitandine, of the Community at Parkersburg, W. Va., who last month, after a long and patiently endured illness, went to a better life. SISTER MARY OF ST. COLUMBA, who departed for heaven at the mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross (St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind.,) on the 27th of October, fortified by the consolations of our holy religion. Mr. LAWRENCE FLYNN, a native of Co. Clare, Ireland, whose death took place about the 15th, of October in the Bodie Mines, Cal. Mrs. CATHARINE KELLY, an estimable Catholic lady, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who slept in the Lord on the 28th ult. REV. MOTHER DÉSIRÉE of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who went to receive the reward of a saintly life on the 24th ult. And several others whose names have not been given. *Requiescant in pace.*

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Obituary.

REV. FATHER TEHAN, S. J.

Many a Catholic heart throughout the Union will mourn at the sad news of the death of this worthy and beloved priest, which occurred at the house of the Jesuit Fathers in Providence, R. I., on the 28th ult. He was born in Frederick City, Md., February 19th, 1826. Educated in St. John's College, Frederick City, he entered the novitiate on the 14th of August, 1844; was professor and prefect of discipline for some years at Georgetown College and at Worcester, and was ordained priest on the 15th day of August, 1856. Subsequently he was professor at Loyola College, where he became prefect of studies and vice-president. He also filled the office of vice-president at Worcester College, and was minister at Boston College. For many years he was engaged in the ministry at St. Mary's Church, Boston, whence he was removed to St. Joseph's Church, Providence.

Children's Department.

The Legend of the Daisy.

The legend says that one day as the Holy Child Jesus was playing at His Mother's knee at Nazareth, He asked her to make Him a wreath of flowers. There were no flowers within reach, and the holy Virgin could find only the simple little field daisy. She gathered a quantity of these, and wreathed them into a garland for her beloved Child, but in sewing them together she pricked her finger with her needle, and a little drop of blood trickled on the flowers. Since then every daisy has been streaked with a delicate crimson stain.

A wreath, sweet Mother, make for Me,
That I may go and play;
The other children that I see
Are decked with garlands gay.

And they would have Me join their game,
So pluck me flowers fair;
And make a wreath for Me, the same
As those My playmates wear.

The Mother had nor plant, nor flower,
And she was very poor,
But trusting to His hidden power,
She went without the door.

And there in rich luxuriance grew
The little daisy white,
While all around it met her view,
She blessed Him at the sight.

And quickly for her darling Son,
She wreathed a garland fair,
And placed it, when the work was done,
About His sunny hair.

But, lo! a tiny crimson stain
Upon the flowers glowed,
A drop it was from Mary's vein
That on their petals flowed.

For as she wreathed the garland round
To set on Jesus' head.
She pricked her finger, and the wound
That drop of crimson shed.

And ever after from that hour,
And will for aye remain,
Upon the simple daisy flower
A little crimson stain.

AT Trafalgar, when the English fleet was going into action, two Catholic blue-jackets, whilst waiting orders to open fire, one of them sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary'; we shall do our duty none the worse for it." And forthwith, amidst the scoffs of their messmates, these two gallant tars knelt down, and greeted Our Lady with the Angelic Salutation. Twice during the action was the gun manned, and each time every soul was sent into eternity with the exception of Our Lady's two clients, who came out unscathed.

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The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER II.

POOR ANTHONY'S HISTORY.

The man in whose house Anthony was so well received, was a forester on an estate. He sat now, whilst the children were chattering together, in his arm-chair by the stove, and seemed buried in thought. His wife seated herself, with the baby in her arms, in a chair beside him, and after a little pause, addressed him: "Why are you so quiet, and what are you thinking so much about?"

"About the verses we have just sung," answered he. "You have indeed done as they direct," continued he: "fed the poor boy and made him comfortable for the time being. But I think we could do still more. Here we are in the holy night of Christmas-Eve. We celebrate the remembrance of the night in which the Divine Child was born, who came into the world for our salvation and that of all men. And on this very night, God sends us a child, to whom we can afford relief. The Redeemer came as a stranger into the world, and had not where to lay His head; and He did this just to test the hospitality and kind-heartedness of men. The inhabitants of Bethlehem stood the test badly, and sent Him on the spot to take up His abode with the beasts of the stable; should we treat this boy thus, too? Tell me your candid opinion, Elizabeth; what ought we to do?"

"Take the boy," answered she, promptly and joyfully. "'What you do to one of these, you have done to Me,' said He who was born on this night. And Anthony appears to me a very good, gentle boy, who has a noble disposition. He looks so pious and innocent; and although he is begging his way, he is neither forward nor saucy. His parents must have been honest people. He expresses himself well; and though his jacket is somewhat worn, it is made of good stuff. What will feed five, will feed six. I say, we keep the boy."

"You are a good, loving woman," said the forester, pressing her hand; "God will reward you for it, and turn to our own children's advantage what you do for this strange child. But we must first find out whether he is worthy of our interest. Come here, Anthony," called the forester aloud to the boy. Anthony approached and placed himself before him as straight and orderly as a soldier before his officer.

"Your father," began the forester, "was, then, a soldier, and died for his fatherland. Now, that is sad enough for you, but it was noble and praiseworthy in him. But tell us more of your parents. Where did you live before the war? Where was your father killed? Where did your mother die? How did you get here into this forest? Let us hear all about it."

Anthony related: "My father, God rest his soul! was called captain of the watch, by the hussars. Our regiment lay, as far back as I remember, in garrison, at Glatz, in Silesia.

"My mother was always busy at her sewing, at which she was very skilful, and made a good deal by it. One day my father came in a hurry to the house and said: 'War has broken out: we must be off, to-morrow.' He was a brave man, and knew well how to defend himself. But mother was in great terror, and cried bitterly. She could not bear to see him go alone; the parting would be too much for her. At her earnest entreaty, he took us with him. So we went far, far away. On a sudden arose the cry: 'The enemy is on us!' My father and the hussars had to go out and oppose them. My mother and I remained behind. And I tell you, we got right scared when we heard the terrible shooting in the distance. 'Oh!' said mother to me, 'every shot goes like a dagger to my heart: for I know not but a ball may pierce the heart of your father.' We wept and prayed as long as the shooting lasted. But father came back to us, all safe and sound. Thus it happened often. But one day, after a fight, a hussar came galloping into the village leading my father's horse, and said my father was badly wounded; he lay about a mile and a half from the village and would very likely die. Mother and I hastened to him immediately. He was lying under a tree. An old soldier was kneeling beside him and holding him in his arms, so that father's head could lean on the brave soldier's breast. Two other soldiers stood by. My poor father was shot through the breast, and looked already as pale as a dying man. We saw well that he wanted to say something to us; but he couldn't speak any longer. So he gave me one more painful look with his dying eyes, looked at mother, and then towards heaven. A few minutes after he died. Mother and I nearly cried our eyes out. The body was buried in the nearest churchyard. Some officers and many soldiers came, and went with the corpse. The trumpets seemed to me to clang so singular and sad, that I think I hear them yet. They paid him the last honors, and fired a salute over the grave. My mother and I were as scared at this sorrowful sign of honor as if we had been shot at ourselves. Many soldiers wiped their eyes as they returned from the burial. But I and mother nearly died with grief.

"Mother wished to return home. 'I have no more relations there,' said she, 'but I have a good friend left. She will surely take us into her

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house, and I think I can support you and me by my work.' But we had passed only a few days on the journey when my good mother fell sick. With great pains we got on a little further. Nobody would shelter us; and finally we had to go into a barn. 'This is hard enough,' said mother, 'but Mary herself had no better. She was not let in anywhere either, and had to pass the night in a stable.' Meanwhile my mother got worse every hour. She had a priest called, and prepared herself for death. As night came on, the peasant woman, to whom the barn belonged, said to my mother: 'You are indeed right sick; I must do something else for you.' She went and brought an old stable-lantern with a little oil-lamp burning in it and hung it up on a beam. That was all she did. She bade us good-night, and troubled herself no more about us. I remained all alone with mother. I sat down on a bundle of straw beside her, and wept bitterly. About midnight, as well as I could see by the dim light of the lantern, she got much paler. She very often fetched deep sighs; and I cried more violently than ever. She stretched out her hand to me and said: 'Don't cry, dear Anthony! Be pious and good; pray fervently; have God before your eyes and do nothing bad—and God will give you another father and another mother.' So she spoke.

"But, good Lord!" continued Anthony, and the bright tears flowed down his cheeks, "such a good mother I never will get again. Now, she looked a long time towards heaven, prayed to herself, blessed me with her dying hands, and died. I could do nothing but cry. The peasant and his wife had indeed promised mother they would take me and keep me as their own child. They took whatever little mother left—her clothes, and some money she had—but before three weeks were past, they turned me out, saying I had devoured three times as much as what my mother had left behind was worth. I started out, and determined to go back to Glatz, to my schoolmates there. But the peasants couldn't tell me the way to Silesia. So I'm wandering about from place to place and begging; what else can I do?"

The forester's wife was much moved, and, with tears in her eyes, said to her children: "Do you see, my children: so it might happen to you to lose your father and mother: what would you do then? Pray God, then, every day, to preserve you your parents."

"Well, dear Anthony," said the forester, "as far as I can see, you had very virtuous parents. But have you no writings to show?"

"Oh, yes!" said Anthony, taking a packet of letters from his bundle. "These papers," said he, "my mother gave me on her death-bed. She commanded me to take good care of them, and not let anybody have them. But I can show them to you."

They were the marriage certificate of his parents, the certificate of his baptism, and of his father's death. The certificate of death had been written out by the army chaplain. But the colonel of the regiment had also with his own hand added to it a very flattering testimony to the brave and noble conduct of the deceased captain of the guards, and the blameless character of the widow.

"Very well," said the forester; "all is right. But tell me then, Anthony, how are you pleased here with us?"

"Very well," answered Anthony, smiling; "so well, that I feel like I was at home."

"And would you like to stay with us, then?" asked the forester.

"Nowhere better in the world," answered Anthony. "Your wife is every bit as kind as my mother was; and you are right good too, and have just such a moustache as my father wore."

The forester laughed, and stroked his beard. "Well, my boy," said he, "just remain with us, then. I will be a father to you, and my wife will treat you as her son. Only be a good son to us; love your little brother and sisters, and do them no harm. Do you understand? now you are my son, Anthony."

The boy looked surprised, and regarded the forester with eyes wide open, as if he doubted whether he was in earnest. The poor little fellow had become so used to the hard treatment he had received from many, that he could scarcely believe the forester meant to adopt him as his child.

"Well, Anthony," said the forester, reaching him his hand, "are you not agreed?"

Anthony now burst into tears, gave the forester his hand, kissed the hand of his wife, and embraced the two children and even the baby,—although it didn't understand what it was all about,—as his new brothers and sisters. Christian and Catharine were greatly pleased that Anthony was to stay with them.

"Now that's right good," said Christian; "when ever we want to have a game, we're three, anyhow."

The forester now added, in a serious tone: "See, my boy, how God cares for you! The blessing of your parents rests upon you. God has heard the prayer of your dying mother—and your prayer, when you were kneeling in the woods yonder, shivering with cold. He directed your steps hither; He led you to our house. If you had not heard our singing, you would have gone to sleep on your bundle and frozen, and I would have found you dead in the woods. God saved you just at the right moment; He led you to our house, hidden

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here in the forest, which you could scarcely have found in the day-time, just on this holy night when our hearts were particularly touched by the love of the Father in heaven, who gave His Only Begotten Son for our sake. To God and His Beloved Son, who was born for you, poor boy, on this night, nearly two thousand years ago, and who also died for you, must you be thankful that you are now under this roof. Acknowledge His goodness, and never in your whole life forget it; and always carry a grateful heart for it towards your dear God and Redeemer! Have God always before your eyes, and lead a good Christian life!"

Anthony promised with streaming eyes. "O good God!" continued he, looking towards heaven, "Thou hast faithfully fulfilled the last words of my dying mother, and given me another father and mother. I will also follow her last words to me; I will keep Thy holy Commandments, and especially observe the Fourth Commandment towards my new parents."

"Bravo, Anthony," exclaimed the forester; keep your promise and all will go well."

Then the forester's wife showed the boy to his little chamber, provided with a clean bed; and all retired contented to rest.

The next morning, the first thing, the children were again assembled around the beautiful crib. This was their particular delight on Christmas-Eve and the following holidays. But their innocent Christmas enjoyment was soon disturbed. A certain Sir Reed, who was a great lover of the chase and often visited the forester, came one day to the house. He commenced to sneer and to scoff at the practice of representing the Child Jesus in the manger, and declared he could see no use in it.

"No use!" exclaimed the forester. "Just look out of the window, there, my young sir. You see how the ground is covered with snow, and the forest trees are cracking under their burden. No flowers are to be seen; there are only some ice-flowers on the frosted window-panes. On the fruit-trees that surround the house, there are no more apples or pears, and there isn't a green leaf to be seen; every bough and twig is crusted and covered over with hoar-frost, and long icicles hang from the eaves. The poor children are closed up in the room here like prisoners, and can't put a foot outside the door. Is it, then, such great harm for loving parents to represent a sort of spring in winter, indoors, for their children? This spring scene in miniature, with its green woods, flowing meadows, grazing sheep and their guarding shepherds, is the only enjoyment the children can have in winter. But that is the least important view of the representation. The principal reason is, we Christians in rejoicing over this holy time in which 'the Humanity of our God has appeared to us,' wish our children too, as far as they can comprehend it, to share in our joyful feelings. I know indeed that the greatest painters have represented this holy history in pictures that for hundreds of years have been the wonder of the world. I myself, when out travelling, have often admired the famous picture of the Crib of Jesus at Dresden, called the 'Holy Night.' But the objections which you make to my certainly very imperfect representation of the Birth of Christ, have just as much force, if you abstract from the art of the thing, against that magnificent painting, and are therefore not worth refuting: besides its having to be considered that such precious paintings are only for rich folks, and cannot be destined for children. For I would wager that my children would not exchange their Christmas crib for that renowned picture at Dresden. So, my dear Sir Reed, be kind enough to permit us simple people here in the woods to stick to the old customs of our forefathers. I remember yet in my own childhood, that the Crib at Christmas was my greatest delight, and was not without its benefit to me either. So I expect it to be a source of pleasure and blessing to my children too!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ghost.

One evening, as lazy Dick Winters was sauntering along towards home, he saw two bags of nuts lying in a garden-house. "This is lucky," thought he; "as nobody is around, I might as well help myself." So he slipped into the garden, lifted one of the bags on his shoulder, and started off. By-and-by, when the moon shone out a little, he saw another person at his side, carrying the other bag. The figure was large and black, and his guilty conscience whispered, "It is a ghost! it is a ghost!" So he ran and ran—for a bad conscience lends wings to the feet—but the black figure still kept up with him. Breathless and half dead with fright, he dropped the bag of nuts, and dared not stop to pick it up. At last he reached his home, and gaining courage, he turned to look for the ghost, and found to his mortification, that it was nothing but his own shadow. However, the lesson was a good one, for he had been so thoroughly frightened that he never stole again.—*Young Catholic.*

Oh! many a shaft, at random sent.
Finds work the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!

Scott.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 15, 1879. No. 46.

A German Protestant Rosary.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.—THE SORROWS OF THE MOTHER.

But often, in truth, the white roses of the virginal coronet that crowned our Lady with a crown of graces on Mount Libanus's snow-capped summits, were stained with the red drops from the thorn-crowned Head of Calvary ever pressing close to her heart and cheek: for the Lamb was slain forever, from the persecuted childhood unto the crucified manhood. Thus, though we account the first recital of the Flight into Egypt among the joys of the Virgin, by reason of the happier vein of consolation it contains, we are about to cite the second among the sorrows of the Mother, because of its being pitched in the minor key of a poignant grief. 'Tis hard to define here below where joy ends and grief commences: "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal"; and the innocent joy of the sainted heart is so little a thing of earth, that it may commingle with the world's sharpest pains and make, as holy legends tell, the glowing coals seem but as beds of roses.

A poet of the same patronymic as the preceding, though different Christian name—Heinrich for Georg,—shall furnish us with the new rendering of the second sorrow of the Blessed Mother, under the title of

THE GIFT OF THE ANGELS.

Raw winds, forerunners of frost in the eastern climes, storm through the air, driving before them masses of dark clouds which pile up like mountains in the heavens—but a moment ago blue and clear—

"While Mary's mother arms enfold
The Darling that her womb had borne."

The long, dark hours, during which she has kept faithful watch and ward over her Boy, have reached midnight, when she hears the noise of footsteps softly approaching her humble cottage home. Crowned with myrtle wreaths and clad in snowy white, two angels, fellows of those in heaven's bliss, advancing, bow low to the nursing Mother, and speak:

"First year of grace, this hour, is spent
Since we to Galilee were sent
The Saviour's birth this world to tell,
Whose power should break the might of hell."

The Almighty's protection shall shield Him, He shall overcome all deceit, and conquer in the hard-fought battle of life:

"Then, highest Blest from all eternity,
Receive this gift we bear to thee!"

What do the white-robed, myrtle-crowned angels bring to their Lady and future Queen, on this the first anniversary of her divine Maternity? Is it, perhaps, the luscious fruit represented in the chaste classic painting of "Our Lady of Grapes"?

The coy Infant lifts the veil that had covered His head, and, looking out with an arch artlessness, extends His plump hand to the fruit in His Mother's lap. It is still in the land of Cham, and the Holy Family are in exile. Or do they come, the sweet angels, with awe-filled, uplifted faces to sing cradle songs on trembling zithers, kneeling at the wanderers' feet, as in another exquisite legend-picture of the "Flight through the Desert"? Nay! the thorns are beginning to protrude their sharp points from beneath the roses. The heavenly messengers offer the Child a little cross!—Mary, seized with sudden dread, turns away her face, pale with emotion at the inspired suspicion of the future fate of her Son that flashes through her mind. Human enough in the Lady of grace! shall we say too much? Hers was a human heart, and probably subject, unlike our Lord's, to the first involuntary motion of the affections and good passions.

The Divine Child corrects here her human solicitude, as once afterwards, in the Finding in the Temple, by receiving the proffered angelic gift with outstretched little hands and joy-lighted face. And suddenly, in token of Heaven's approbation, the rude walls of the hut are made brilliant with a reflection of celestial glory.

Everyone will recognize in these legendary verses the partial description of the quaint old

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linear print of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, to which Pius IX was said to be so particularly devoted.

H. Düntzer, of whose life, like that of the most of our other witnesses for the honor of the Blessed Virgin among Protestants, we regret not to be able to give a slight sketch, will contribute his decade, not so much by recounting one of the sorrowful mysteries as by representing Our Lady, already beyond the reach of human sorrow, as the special advocate of those in grief akin to her own on earth. It is in his little legend called "Girita, Countess of Gildern."

"Before the shrine of Mary in Benberg's castle-halls
Girita kneels heart-broken—a flood of tear-drops falls.
'Give back my daughter Jutta, kind Mother that thou art,
Who feltest woe of mothers left childless pierce they heart.
Thou Mother dear of sorrows! no mercy then for me?
What if they robbed thy treasure—thy Son Divine from thee?
A bear hath torn my darling, so sweet and oh! so fair:
Hath sated all its hunger on flesh its teeth laid bare.'
The wondrous grace of Mary doth the mother's loss restore;
Lays dead the savage wildbeast, and Jutta lives once more.
The child and mother happy each other long enfold:
'My Jutta to me given! Is't Jutta that I hold?
Does Heaven then illude me with but a charming dream?
But no! Behold the wound-marks.—They cannot only seem.
For mother-love, O Mary! hast thou my Jutta healed:
But for my grief unbounded, red scars left unconcealed.
Henceforth I'll carry, patient, each sorrow, cross and care:
Thou art the best example how woman grief should bear.'
And she fulfilled her promise. At Essen's abbey quaint
Departed dear Girita, and won the crown of saint."

Another example, and this time from a nobleman, Franz Freiherr von Gaudy, will close, as far as we can represent them, our series of sorrowful mysteries. To be sure, to those who do not understand the Catholic spirit of the middle ages, even yet prevailing in thoroughly Catholic countries, the following, as the preceding stories, will seem to belong to the "Roman Nights' Entertainment"; so fairylike their substances, so impossible their occurrence. But facts are even stranger than fiction, especially where the power and mercy of the Great Queen are brought to bear: as may easily be tested by reference to that wonderful book of wonders, St. Alphonsus' "Glories of Mary."

The author calls his relation, "The Mountaineer." May it not be more appropriately styled

"MEMORARE, O PIISSIMA!"

It reveals a tender compassion on the part of our true Mother for even our temporal wants, and where money is concerned: provided both subserve our eternal interests.

A mountaineer—we love to think a Tyrolese—rolls restless at night on his mouldy, straw pallet in his reed-thatched hut, a prey to the agony of seeing wife and children cry for bread, and no hope for relief from the fangs of the usurer who has caught him in his toils. The desperate man cries to Mary for help:

"Thou Jesus' Holy Mother, and Queen of heaven above,
Be thou my help in peril, heart full of pitying love.
The hearts of all men mortal no mercy show to me,
They are deaf to all my pleading—I hope alone in thee."

He continues to pray in this strain, and

"Then sinks the mildest slumber on reddened, weeping eyes,
And on the dreamer's vision the Virgin's form doth rise;
On crescent moon descending, the Infant at her breast:
In fleecy clouds gold-bordered, angelic heads compressed."

She speaks in almost the words of St. Bernard: "Thou hast had confidence in me, and never have I forsaken anyone putting his trust in me. When thou hearest the ringing of the monastery bells for matin prayer, go to the oak standing at the cross-way, where thou wilt see a golden feathered bird balancing itself and singing on a twig. There, in the depths of the shade, is a secret nest with eggs in it of the purest gold."

Hannes, the mountaineer, does as directed; but, though he sees the bird and hears it sing, after diligently searching about the tree, finds nothing, and concludes that he has been, like others, the foolish victim of a dream. He returns home in such desperation that he is disposed to quarrel with Providence. Again sleep overcomes him, and again the Virgin appears, but with much-altered mien, and chides him for his want of faith and perseverance. Fear struggling with hope in his heart, Hannes hastens back, and with mattock, hammer and axe delves and hacks, until deep down among jagged cut roots and broken stones, the golden eggs appear. Folding his hands, he ejaculates humbly on his knees: "Praise, Mary, be to thee!" If no other lesson were taught by this queer story but that a man must work pretty hard for the gold discovered by vision—as by ordinary means, it would not be lost in real life. Gold is in labor.

We pass from the shadows of the Rood to the light of the throne—from the meditation of our very sweet Lady, transpierced with grief or receiving the sorrows of her children by motherly compassion, to the happy elevation of the soul contemplating

III. THE GLORIES OF THE QUEEN.

But not without a point of transition. It will be offered us by August Wilhelm von Schlegel in the "Unfinished Portrait of Mary, Mother of the Lord": where, on the borderland between historical tradition and legendary lore, the distinguished Protestant philologist will gather fresh flowers from both, for the first decades of the glorious mysteries.

August Wilhelm, as is well known, was the brother of the very celebrated Friederich von

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Schlegel, one of the most prominent German philosophers, literary critics and poets, who, after mature deliberation, embraced and defended the Catholic faith. Our poet, of almost equal distinction with his brother Friederich, though in somewhat different departments, was not as happy as he in following the call he had received to the true Church. For a call he had, and we learn it from himself. What is more beautiful still, he received it through the Blessed Virgin, "Extinguisher of heresies in the whole world." The classic writer is quoted in the "Findlingen" of Hoffmann von Fallerseeben (Vol. II, p. 185), as writing under date, Sept. 3, 1807, to the Prussian Count, Karl von Hardenberg, as follows: "Your letters are always refreshing to me, even when you recount the anxieties caused by the sad condition of our country and our friends. I am encouraged by such a beautiful example of trust in Providence and reliance upon the inviolable indefectibility of religion. I confess I would envy you, did I not hope, in my turn, to weather through the storms of life, and *land at last in the blessed haven.* During a trip in Switzerland, whence I have but just returned, I experienced several calls to this effect, notably at Einsiedeln, in the presence of the miraculous statue, *where I heard as it were a voice calling me.*"

August Wilhelm did not obey: but his testimony, as our authority says, in honor of the Mother of God, is not the less remarkable; and makes, with that of Dr. Hengstenberg and many others, amends for the sneers of certain little minds, who have not yet succeeded in making even a small breach in the Chinese wall of their antiquated bigotry.

Here, without more ado, is Von Schlegel's

"LUKE, THE EVANGELIST"

painting the portrait of the Blessed Virgin.

"One morn St. Luke a vision saw:
'Arise, make haste with skill to draw
And paint the portrait blessed.
By thee to every Christian race
Shall live God's Mother's form and face,
Of human works divinest.'"

Obediently he equips himself for his task, and arriving at Mary's cottage knocks, and she opens, saluting him in the name of Jesus. A loving contention, too long to follow, ensues on the subject of the artist's visit, Luke urging, and Blessed Mary demurring, until the Evangelist makes known his vision. Hereupon, Mary, like the 'humble handmaid of the Lord' she has ever proved herself, yields:

"So be it done accordingly!
But, if thou canst, renew for me
The joys I felt in Bethlem.
Recall what time my Treasure sweet,
Was wont me Mother fond to greet,
And played upon my bosom."

St. Luke loses not a moment in setting to work at his holy task, and at the humble table where they sit opposite, studies every line and blessed feature of his exalted subject's face and figure, while

"The chamber glows with fairest light
And flit the angels, misty white,
To and fro on gaudy pinions!"

who disdain not to serve the artist, handing him his colors, brushes and easel. A second time the Infant Jesus is lent to the embraces of the sweetest of mothers; and angels, as in the Egyptian days, group around, forming the living frame of the true heavenly picture. The sketch of the future painting is but just completed, when the shadows of falling night interrupt the finishing of the work; and the artist is obliged to await another sitting. A few days pass, and St. Luke returns, but

"Instead of her who, sweet, so late
Had bid him welcome at the gate,
He hears the voice of strangers—
"The Bride of God lay in repose
Like flowers at the even's close";

and when the assembled Apostles wished to accompany her body to the sepulchre, according to this version of the legend, the glorious Lady, clothed with celestial light, was assumed in their presence into heaven.

St. Luke, secretly inspired by his glorified Queen, dare not finish the uncompleted portrait, and thus for ages it was the delight of pilgrims from all nations who came to venerate it, and carried back the well-known copies of it to their compatriots. Finally, St. Raphael—one of the awful seven, and Christian patron of the arts—who had studied his subject by the light of glory and amid the splendors of her reign as Queen of all the heavens, came to complete what human hands were neither worthy nor able to perfect, and

"Stamped the likeness large and clear
With chastest pencil glowing there—
All finished, nothing wanting.
Contented when he this had done,
He soared aloft towards morning sun,
A glorious youthful angel."

Ludwig Uhland tells us a legend eld—an episode in a pilgrimage to an Eastern shrine, on what was called by pre-eminence, "Lady-Day"—the Assumption.

"On Galicia's rocky coast
A sanctuary finds a place,
Where the Mother pure of God
Dispenses treasures of her grace.
Golden star shines hence to guide
The wand'rer in the wilderness:
Storm-surprised upon the sea
Here find a haven from distress.
If but toll the evening bell
It echoes wide to all the land:
All the township bells awake,
And cloister chimes from wood and strand.
Ocean's waves are silent now,

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That thund'ring on the shore had broken—
Kneels the boatman at the helm
Until his *Ave* he has spoken."

On the consecrated day of the Assumption, when she met her Son as God,

"At her holy shrine she works
Great miracles for all who pray,—
Where, as wont, she only *dwells*,
She makes her presence *felt* to-day."

Cross-tipped banners of various hues wave through the fields, while gaudy pennants stream from every ship and boat. Many pilgrims in holiday attire climb the rocky paths: verily a living heaven's-ladder, scaling the mountain-side. Others again, barefooted and covered with dust, wearing hair-shirts and with ashes strewn on their heads, creep painfully after the happier wayfarers in front. They are like those deprived of the communion of the faithful and condemned to kneel at the church doors—the Flentes of the penitential canons. Last of all there

. . . "Drags his slow length along"

one whose eye wanders, knowing no rest—while his unkempt hair and tangled beard stream wildly in the breeze. About his waist he wears a chain of rusty metal; irons on his arms and ankles clink at every remove. Once he smote his brother in the fury of his wrath, and he has made of the sword the chains that gall and yield not. Here he wanders far from home and friends, and will not rest until a miracle bursts his bonds. If he had worn soles of iron on his feet, they had long since left his feet bare as now, in his pilgrimages in many climes. Evening *Angelus* rings as he mounts the steep paths, and bends lowly at the chapel-door, as he breathes his Aves with the hushed multitudes. He stops at the porch of the shrine, whence he sees the Virgin's image shining in bright colors in the beams of the sun descending into the ocean.

"What glorious red-tint poured abroad
On glowing clouds and sea and plain!
Perchance, since she ascended through
Open the golden skies remain?
Yet glisten on the rosy clouds
The prints her virgin foot left there?
Or doth the pure one still look down
From out the glancing azure air!
—The pilgrims all consoled depart;
But only he moves not away.
Stretched ever out upon the sill—
White face upturned to dying day:
Fast binding waist and hands and feet,
The heavy chains' unyielding might—
But—freed already is the soul,
And soars up to the realms of light!"

Still one last mystery of the glorious five, and we shall have done. Perhaps the most affecting of the fifteen is that of the final coronation of our Queen of all, and the happy establishment of her reign with her Son, "of whose kingdom there shall be no end." In all the other incidents of her life she is still *in via*—a wayfarer yet with the rest of mortals—though leading on, "by the splendor of her glittering spear" lighting us to victory. Here her labors cease; the vicissitudes of change are arrested, and she reigns secure from any prospect of ill. "The former things have passed away." With what tearful confidence may we not lift our pleading hands and care-worn hearts to beg of her by her eternal salvation and her reign of glory forever lasting, to succor her little children "groaning and weeping in this vale of tears" and laboring up the mountain of God—falling, failing, ever hoping by the resistless intercession of the Queen Mother to attain the goal and be crowned at last!

Our ending quotation portrays the Queen of heaven in the act of exercising her most beautiful prerogative—the prerogative of mercy even at the dread tribunal of God's final justice and judgment. It may be called a new and Catholic "Paradise and the Peri"; where, instead of the patriot's

"Last glorious drop his heart has shed";

or the lover's

"Farewell sigh of . . . vanishing soul";

it is, as ever, the

"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence"

that allow the Peri, as the "little sister," to sing:

"Joy, joy forever!—My task is done—
The gates are past and heaven is won!"

Between the rising and setting of a summer day's sun three sisters die,

"Three maidens rosy, young and fresh."

One is taken at break of day—oh! how bitter to die in the blissful morning! The second at heat of noon rests in the cool arms of death; and the third at twilight lies down to her long, long sleep. The departed souls expand their new-fledged wings and fly up through the boundless ether towards heaven. Yet in sight of earth, one little maiden looks back and cries: "Alas! sweet sisters, let us return home. Mother is tearing her hair for grief."

"It grieves us," answered the others; "but we cannot return."

Again looking back, the maiden insists: "But, my sisters, let us return. Mother is weeping herself blind."

"Let dear little mother weep—heaven is still dearer to us."

A third time the daughter appeals: "Sweet sisters mine! darling mother will die of grief."

"And if she dies, she will the sooner rejoin us in heaven," answer they, and speed on. Their white pinions flutter like the wings of the swan flying over the meadows, and the three little sisters reaching the gate of heaven knock thrice.

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The Lord commands Peter to inquire who seeks admission: "Who comes there?"

"Three sisters, who died in one day,
. . Maidens rosy, young and fresh.
St. Peter, open the gate for us."

The Lord again orders St. Peter to ask: "What good works have ye done?"

The two sisters answer: "We have had little pleasure in life—we spun, wove, knit and took care of house and hearth and yard. On Sundays, early and late, we prayed. We chastised our bodies, avoided idleness, and gave alms to the poor. Please, Lord, receive us into Thy house."

The Lord: "Enter: you shall enjoy My heaven."

The third little sister, at first silent and tearful, stammers amidst her sobs: "Alas! Lord, I did not practice much virtue. Work was always distasteful to me, and I loved not to pray. Frittering away time in dance and play, I lived all my days in a foolish round of pleasures. But when my little death-hour came, O Lord, I was truly contrite, and resolved to walk henceforth in the path of virtue. But death surprised me—and now, Lord, do take the will for the deed."

"Now as the Lord with eye severe
Stern, mutely weighs the soul's appeal,
Before the doom of woe or weal.
The 'Full of Grace' draws gently near;
Approaches Mary, clothed in light,
And pleads with all a mother's might.

"'Do not, Son, Lord and Saviour mine,
Her from her sisters' fate divide;
She was repentant ere she died.
If in her life no virtues shine;
If done no good, as well behooved:
One thing doth favor—she hath loved.
When freed from every earthly chain
She heeded how her mother cried,
And felt, e'en after she had died,
Compassion for a mother's pain—
The sorrow, Son, that pierced me through
When at the cross I stood with You.
By this my pain without relief,
Commend I, Lord, this sinner's plaint.
Reject not, then, a faithful saint
Who sorrowed with a mother's grief.'
Then said the Lord: 'So, enter in!
Enjoy your sisters' happy fate.
All labor's good, and faith is great:
But love, life's aim, best covers sin.
Whatever folly blinds the eyes,
Heart loving I will not despise.'"

Let us sanctify our joys and our sorrows, so that both may contribute to our spiritual advancement. Let us be resigned and patient under sickness and contradictions, always keeping before our eyes what the Holy Family suffered, and remembering, besides, that the hour of relief will come, that our pilgrimage will have an end, and that, if we have faithfully persevered to the end, God Himself will dry our tears and crown us with eternal glory.

Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER I.

RENDING ASUNDER.

In a partially darkened apartment, in which taste vied with lavish expenditure, to fill it with luxury, a young and beautiful woman was reclining on a divan and gazing with eyes filled with tears on the infant who was slumbering in the richly-adorned cradle near her couch. Were they tears of joy that fell from the young mother,—tears called forth by the contemplation of that lovely little face? And those heavy sighs, which heaved her tender bosom almost convulsively, were they sighs of rapture extorted from the heart's very overflow of happiness? It must be so; for the lot that had fallen to the young woman appeared so happy a one, one so enviable, that a tear of sorrow in her eyes would, to most of those who knew her, have seemed an act of unpardonable ingratitude for her pleasant destiny, and they would have judged her accordingly.

The love of her husband, who, from his distant voyages by sea, had brought home as its most costly treasure this tender blossom of the South, and who had surrounded her with everything that great wealth, united to the tenderest solicitude and lavish generosity, could bring together—this same love had collected the productions of every quarter of the world in order that the wife of his heart might find a fairy palace in her Northern home.

Here in this castle, on the shores of the North Sea, his patrimonial domain, she ruled with unbounded sway; so also she ruled by the sweet power of love over the heart of the bold seafarer, who had so long made light of the tender sentiment, so long disdained the charm of domestic intimacy. Now, enchained and constrained by this charm, recognized so late in life, the sailor had become a diligent countryman. He who in his youth had been driven by the ungovernable restlessness of his spirit to distant seas, in unknown worlds, had been exposed to dangers and conflicts, had now settled down in peace to till broad acres at home, animated by the consciousness that he was working and planning for his beloved one, and richly rewarded for his unaccustomed toil by the faithful and affectionate tenderness of his surpassing wife.

Years of undisturbed happiness had gone by for the husband, and his happiness seemed to have reached its highest point when he was presented with a daughter, in whose delicate features each parent seemed with rapture to recognize the likeness of the other. But when did earthly happiness ever last long? It is a necessity

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of nature that when we have reached the top of the ascent, our steps tend downward.

Baron Werneck was a son of the North, and, as such, a Protestant. Dolores, on the other hand, was a daughter of the South, a child of the Catholic Church. When they were married, her young, warm heart, in the heat of passion, had, with a rash and impetuous levity, leaped over the gulf which difference of religious belief had opened between her and the man of her choice; since then, alone with him, cut off from every sign of Catholic life, she had linked herself so closely with his existence and was so thoroughly contented with her earthly love, that her thoughts even in solitary, meditative hours, seldom recurred to the Faith of her childhood. It was now, first, with the feeling of motherhood, that her Catholic consciousness awaked from its slumbers, and with sensations of affright she saw herself deprived of the possibility of having her dear child baptized by a minister of the Church.

There was no priest, no Catholic house of God within many, many miles of Werneck Castle. The little mission chapel was so far away that the Baroness had never heard of its existence,—in fact, who was likely to mention it to her? All her domestics, all her neighbors and tenants, were strict Protestants,—what interest would they be likely to take in the quiet and unassuming labors of a poor priest among the scattered members of his little flock?

Did the Baron know that such a priest existed?

The mission had probably been erected in his absence, and the hidden, toilsome life of the pastor sent there to take charge of souls, had never led him near the circles frequented by Baron Werneck. However this may be, it is certain that he never enlightened his wife on the point, and that her pain and grief on this subject appeared to him altogether incomprehensible. He knew how much she loved him; the difference of their faith had scarcely ever come before them as a topic of conversation, even cursorily; he believed himself to be as good a Christian as any neighbor of his own standing in that vicinity,—why was it that his tender, loving Dolores now shrank from the thought of allowing her child to be received into the same church or congregation to which her husband, the father of the child, belonged?

He had been standing in an alcove of the window; he now stepped softly on tip-toe past the cradle, to the lounge on which his wife was lying, and said, softening the deep tones of his voice the while: "I cannot understand, my beloved Dolores, how you can fret so much about circumstances altogether indifferent and immaterial. For six weeks—our little one is just that old—I have been looking forward to the christening feast: the invitations to our friends and neighbors were written long ago; they only need to be sent off; you are spoiling all my pleasure with your whims. If you continue in this mood, I shall have my little daughter running after me and calling me 'Papa!' before she has a name to call her by. Dolores, I beg of you be good, be reasonable! What does it matter in the end whether the man who baptizes the child has on a black frock or a white one? It amounts to just that, and nothing more."

She took the handkerchief wet with tears from her eyes, and looked at him reproachfully with the wondrous beauty of her dark eyes.

"If it were only that, Arthur," answered she; "but—"

"What is it, then, if it is not that?" asked he, softly and tenderly, and drew the lightly resisting form from her seat up to his arms; what else can it be?"

With a loud sigh, she hid her face on his breast. "Do you not understand," she said, in a melancholy tone, "do you not feel how sad it must make me to see my dear child taken to another church than the one to which I belong, and, later in the day, be brought up in another faith——"

"In *my* faith," interrupted her husband, suddenly, and through the softness of his accents rang a tone of rising displeasure; "in the same faith which I inherited from my fathers, in which I grew to youth, to manhood, without wavering or doubting; in the Christian faith, which gave me strength and courage on the stormy flood to look on the dark face of death undismayed! You loved me with this faith," he continued, in softer tones; "you trusted me; you followed me to this place, to my home, in which this faith is the only one known and practised. What, then, my dear wife, occasions so suddenly this narrow-mindedness?"

"Ah!" she sighed, "there is something so holy about the soul of a child!"

"That beats all!" exclaimed he, half laughing, half angry; "so you give up my soul for lost, with all imaginable tranquillity; it is only the soul of your child that excites your anxiety! Be easy, my love; our dear God is not so narrow as all that."

With these words he led her to the window and drew back the heavy damask curtain. The golden sunshine of evening shed its rays over field and forest, and beyond in the distance lay glistening the boundless sea. The eyes of the sailor became moist, and a light sigh escaped his lips—a sigh occasioned by a momentary longing for the blue, beloved ocean which stole over him. Dolores saw the tears, and heard the sigh; she understood both, and anxiously drew closer and more caressingly to her husband. She whispered: "Are you angry with me, Arthur, dear?"

"By no means," was the cordial response; "but

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I thought you were no longer so much a prey to the prejudices you inherited, and in which you were brought up. Look out: see how the sea spreads itself out immeasurably, boundlessly, with no limits but heaven itself which holds it in a loving embrace. How joyfully the waves are glowing beneath the kiss of the evening sun; and then look up to heaven itself, where the myriads of stars, each of which is a world, pursue their noiseless path in an eternal brightness. Look at that, my beloved, and then ask your heart and your reason, whether the Creator whose all-powerful '*Fiat*' called this immeasurable space into existence, is not too great, too exalted, to lay stress on exterior forms of worship. To Him, the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the pious upward glance of the believing Hindoo is most surely as pleasing as all the thanksgivings, hymns of praise, and clouds of incense which ascend to Him from your temples."

"I know that well," she replied. "He desires only the heart! Yet our Lord Christ founded His Church on the rock of Peter, and—"

"He founded His Church on the teachings of the Bible," interrupted her husband, "and there it stands written: 'He who believes and is baptized will be saved.' All other teachings are opinions of men, which were introduced in the course of centuries, when with the streams of emigration many heathenish elements forced themselves into notice, and were carefully used and worked into the system by the priests; for this purpose, the numerous councils were fitting occasions in order to spread their authority—I mean that of the priests—wider among the unthinking people, and cause it to root itself more firmly."

"I had no idea of all that," she said, looking up to him in a kind of wonder. "Was it really so? I was taught otherwise as a child—"

"By a priest," he interposed; "very natural, dear heart."

"But," said she, hesitatingly, after a little reflection, "St. Peter in Rome—"

"Now, excuse me, my darling, how could the Galilean fisherman, who was already an old man at that time, have come to Rome?"

"No, Arthur," exclaimed she, in an excited manner, "I am ready to believe all you say; but that St. Peter never was in Rome, that I will not believe even for you. Do you know our teacher told us—and that at least must enlighten every one—it would have been a far greater miracle if the Papacy had been introduced and founded in Rome at a later date, than that the Galilean fisherman should have travelled to Rome when the Apostles scattered themselves throughout the world in order to convert the heathens."

The infant, who was now awake, and who began to cry, interrupted the conversation. The young woman devoted herself to the tending and soothing of the darling with the tenderest instinct of motherly love; and, thus occupied, it was impossible for her to reflect on the question under discussion, whether the Church was founded on the Bible or on the Rock of Peter. The rather, that she thought all that her husband had spoken of the sea and stars, and of the immensity of God and His creation was very beautiful and sublime; it touched her soul like a lofty poem; and then she thought, further, what a subject of rejoicing it was that Arthur, if not a Catholic, cherished so strong a belief in Christ; thus she came to the conclusion that nothing would be really lost if the little maid, who had now again sank to slumber on its mother's breast, should one day come to think and feel like her father.

With this thought in her heart she looked up at him. He was standing with folded arms by the cradle, and his beautiful blue eyes rested upon them with the expression of perfect love. As her glance now met his, he stepped up to her and sat down beside her, embracing at once mother and child. "My Dolores," he said, in the softest tones of his deep voice, "when shall our dear child be taken into the Christian band?"

She leant her head on his shoulder and whispered tenderly: "When you like, my Arthur, and in what manner you like."

That very evening, messengers on horseback were sent in all directions from Castle Warneck, first to the clergyman to whose parish the noble family belonged, to inform him of the holy ceremony to be performed at the Castle, then also to the friends and neighbors, inviting them to the baptism of the little heiress. They assembled in full numbers, and the festival was celebrated in joyous splendor. The child was named Edith.

The die was now cast. Dolores became aware of this even during the festival. She felt a dead weight at her heart, as if she had robbed her own child of a precious treasure. The act of baptism itself, which in its sterile dryness she now for the first time could compare to the solemnity of the rite she remembered in her own home, gave occasion to a change which was taking place in the interior of the young woman, and which, though through very tangled paths, and by widely deviating routes, was destined at length to bring her back to the right way.

By the side of her child's cradle, in her hours of undisturbed solitude, when the business of the great landed estate took her husband from her side, the first impressions, the first pious lessons which she had received in her young days pressed themselves anew upon her soul—lessons which first in the whirl of life's vanities, then in the intoxication of love and in the happiness of possession, had been almost forgotten, or at least had been pushed back in the realm of thought and feeling till they had well nigh vanished from

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sight. She now saw herself again on the knees of a pious mother, as she taught her to lisp her first childish prayer; she again felt on her forehead the holy Sign of the Cross, made there by her mother's hand ere she slept. And then the amiable yet earnest countenance of the reverend priest, arose before the eyes of her inward soul, as he instructed the eagerly-listening young flock of children in the joyful message of salvation. Ah, but that had been a happy time! "Will your childhood be watched over so piously? will it be guided so lovingly, my sweet little maiden?" Then she sighed heavily, from her deeply-pained heart, and involuntarily compared the self-sufficient preacher who had baptized Edith, and who would probably be her teacher in religion, with the poor and humble, yet so reverend looking monk, who had given her her first instructions. The comparison was not a soothing one. After the first few years, a heavy time had fallen on the cloudless heaven of her young life; the faithful mother had died after a short illness, which had not appeared dangerous. Dolores was now entirely an orphan; her father, a German by birth, had been dead many years. Distant relatives, German also, took the almost penniless maiden home. They were good, superficial people, of the most liberal way of thinking in political as well as religious respects. Their motto was, "Live, and let live," and their main object in adopting the orphan girl was to bring a cheery element of fresh young life into the house, to gladden their lives, which were growing into years. With this view they neglected nothing to bring out the rich talents of their adopted daughter. Dolores learned to sing, to play the harp, to dance, to draw and paint, to speak in foreign tongues, and when she had attained her eighteenth year her education might be considered finished in a model style, though of religion certainly there had been no mention made. All that belonged to the earnestness of life, or which even tended to remind one of it, had been carefully kept back, or struck dumb as with a silence of death, in this education after the world's pattern.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ST. AUGUSTINE and his companions, having heard on their journey many reports of the barbarism and ferocity of the pagan English, were afraid, and wished to turn back. But St. Gregory replied, "Go on, in God's name! The greater your hardships, the greater your crown. May the grace of Almighty God protect you, and give me to see the fruit of your labor in the heavenly country! If I cannot share your toil, I shall yet share the harvest, for God knows that it is not good-will which is wanting." The band of missionaries went on in obedience, and conquered.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

My Patron's Picture.

I.

Just within the little alcove
That contains my dearest treasure,
Crucifix and dear Madonna,
And St. Joseph's statue fair,
Hangs the picture of my patron,
Whom to love is sweetest pleasure,
With his hands and eyes uplifted
In the attitude of prayer.
Here the sunbeams fondly linger,
Softly touching each dear feature,
Bathing all the youthful beauty
In a glory, golden, rare:
—Shews the welling eyes of longing
Of the pure and holy creature,
And the guileless soul reflected
In the depths celestial there.

II.

Holy Patron! the sweet beauty
Of thy life's enchanting story
Fills my being with its wonders,
—Thrills my soul with loving sway;
When I dwell upon thy courage,
—Thy devotion to God's glory,
All the ties of kindred breaking
To walk in Christ's Royal Way.
Now I see thee on thy journey,
Clad in pilgrim's humble garment,
Answered is thy ardent longing
For communion with thy Lord,
Swift the angel's hand hath brought thee
Holy Purity's Adornment,
And communicates thee kneeling
On the verdant mossy sward.

III.

Yet again within thy cloister,
Saint! I see thee lowly kneeling,
With our Blessed Lady pleading,
—She the sinless Mother mild,
And behold her sweet consigning,
—(Ah, how blest thy happy feeling!)
—To thy fond embrace, her treasure,
—Her dear Jesus, Holy Child.
Ah, how heavenly thy rapture
Gazing on each love-lit feature
That first beamed on Mary's vision
In the manger-crib of yore;
Ah, with what reluctance parted
The Creator and the creature!
Yet within thy bosom dwelt He
As thy ever precious store.

IV.

Charm and grace of happy childhood
Never faded from thy forehead:
E'er thy lovely eyes, bright-beaming,
Seemed to look to lands beyond,
—Where in glory dwelt Our Lady,
She for whom thy heart e'er sorrowed,
Praying she would haste the union
With a saint's desire so fond.
On thy bosom rests the letter
Thou hast written to the Blest One,
By her Mother-love entreating
She would take thee to God's rest,
That among the heavenly spirits
Thou mightest feast her dear Assumption,

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In sweet rapture celebrated
By the voices of the blest.

V.

O sweet lily! brightly blooming!
Must thy pure lips touch the chalice
That contains the bitter potion—
Death, sad heritage of man;
Shall the beauty which enchanted
Even eyes of deepest malice
Feel the blight of death, and darkness
Of the grave—life's utmost span?
Saint of Poland! princely scion!
On thy pallet low reclining,
Pressing to thy breast the image
Of God's Mother ever blest,
Thy heart's throbbing tells thy longing,
As the morning star is shining,
To be taken to the haven
Where the loving soul finds rest.

VI.

By Ignatius' sons encircled
I behold thee lowly lying,—
'Tis thy bed of death: ecstatic
Are thy angel-features fair;
Those pure eyes behold Our Lady,
While thy parted lips, soft sighing,
—Melting into smiles of radiance,
Breathe accustomed, holy, prayer.
Yes, the Queen of Angels greets thee:
Answered is thy heart's divining;
Never closed again thy bright eyes
On Our Lady's presence dear;
For as thou wert sweetly smiling,
And Assumption's star was shining,
She had wafted thy pure spirit
To thy heavenly home anear.

VII.

O Saint Stanislaus! loved patron!
When *my* pilgrimage seems dreary,
And my heart is sadly tempted
By the demon of despair,
Thoughts of thee break through my sadness,
As remembered sunbeams cheery
Lighting up thy lovely picture
In the attitude of prayer.
Then, dear Saint, like thee I cast me
At Our Lady's feet in pleading,
With uplifted hands and hopeful
Heart that o'er its care doth rise,
And, whilst kneeling, feel the sureness
Of thy pure and peaceful leading
To the throne of Mary's glory
In God's home beyond the skies.

J. W. S. Norris.

All Saints' Day, 1879.

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him: "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied: "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and, to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

The Devotedness of the Irish.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE FROM MONTALEMBERT.

The devotion of the Irish nation, without in any way siding with those accusations of idolatry and superstition with which Protestantism is so lavish towards the Catholic populations of the continent, is nevertheless scrupulous and severe.

The man who would disobey the precepts of the priest, who notwithstanding lives on his contributions, would be looked upon as something despicable. A loftiness altogether poetical, a delicacy of thought and emotion rarely found in our most elevated classes of society, is impressed on each word pronounced by a poor Irish man or woman when they speak of their God or their faith. For a Catholic, I know not a sweeter emotion than that of hearing these unfortunate people, having scarcely wherewith to cover themselves, and meagrely fed, find in the midst of their misery the warmest and most eloquent expressions to extol God's mercy towards them; to thank Him for having made them to be born in the true faith, and to compare the consolation which they derive from their confidence in the Mother of God, and the holy patrons who have watched over their childhood, to the cold worship of their Protestant masters.

Blessed nation! It is seen that it understands the mystery of life, and that God in denying to it the goods the most precious of this world, has given Himself to it.

In front of all the miseries accumulated on the heads of this people, God has planted the cross, as if to show to the world that it alone can vanquish all and console for all. It is well known that, whatever has been the excess of her misfortune, Ireland has never lost sight of this sign of her redemption; never was she deaf to the voice of her priests, poor like herself, and subsisting on what she generously deprived herself of for them. On the contrary, the more terrible the crisis, the greater the temptation, then closer pressed the afflicted Irish round the poor altar of the true God; and more evident grew their submission and love for the priests of the true faith. I will give but one example. A few years ago a terrible famine desolated the country; the potato crop had failed, and these unhappy people, who even in the time of their greatest abundance have scarcely enough to eat, died by thousands.

England came to the aid of her vassals by means of a subscription which soon rose to millions; but before the necessaries of life had arrived, unheard-of misfortunes had taken place; entire counties were depopulated. Among others, the inhabitants of a large parish, situated in one of the most retired counties of Ireland,

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completely deprived of food, and, reduced to the last degree of inanition, were waiting but for death to put an end to their sufferings. The Catholic priest would not abandon his flock, and was dying of hunger with them. When he saw no help coming, and that there was no more hope, he tottered from hut to hut, saying: "My children, let us not forget our God in this fatal moment; the Lord our God who bestows life and takes it." At the sound of his voice fifteen hundred naked spectres dragged themselves to the church, and there fell prostrate. The priest ascended the altar, and, stretching his emaciated hands over the heads of the dying, intoned the litany of the agonizing and prayers for the dead.

I have never witnessed such solemn crises, those periods of religious and popular exaltation so numerous in the annals of Ireland. I have assisted at scenes of daily piety, and have only passed in the midst of their trials and habitual virtue. Very often on entering an Irish town on Sunday have I seen the streets encumbered in all directions with kneeling laborers, but all eyes turned towards some low door, or obscure alley, leading to the Catholic chapel, which in those times of persecution, when Catholic worship was high treason, was built behind the houses. Of the immense crowd which forced itself into this narrow and hidden enclosure, only one-third could gain access; but they knew that Mass was being said, so remained kneeling in the neighboring streets and united their intention with that of the priest of the Most High. Often again have I mingled with them and enjoyed the astonishment with which they looked at a stranger, a man who, though not poor like themselves, yet took holy water and bent before their altar. From the top of a gallery reserved for the women, I have contemplated one of the most curious scenes imaginable, the nave of a Catholic chapel during a sermon, which was entirely occupied by the men. There were no seats; the population came swelling in successively like the billows of the ocean, till the first comers were pressed against the altar rails in such a way as not to be able to move hand or foot: nothing but a moving mass of heads could be seen, and so near to each other that one would have thought it possible to walk on them without danger. Every now and then the mass was seen to move and agitate itself, deep groans and long sighs were heard, some wiped their eyes, others struck their breasts; each oratorical movement of the priest was instantaneously seized, and the impression it produced was never controlled. A cry of love or sorrow answered his every prayer or reproach. You saw it was a father that spoke to his children, and that those children revered their father.

The religious habits of the rural parishes seemed to me still more touching. I shall never forget the first Mass I heard in a country chapel. Arriving one day at the foot of a mountain, the basis of which was thickly planted with firs and oaks, I had scarcely advanced a few paces when my attention was drawn to a man kneeling at the foot of one of the firs. I soon saw several others in the same posture. The further I ascended the more considerable became the number of prostrate peasants. As I reached the summit I beheld rising before me an edifice in the form of a cross, built of stones badly joined together, without plaster, and a thatched roof. All round was kneeling a crowd of tall, robust, vigorous men, heads uncovered, notwithstanding the rain which fell in torrents over them, and the mud which gave way beneath. A profound silence reigned. It was the Catholic chapel of Flarney, and the priest was saying Mass. I arrived just at the moment of the Elevation, when all that fervent population was prostrate with their foreheads to the earth. I tried to penetrate into that narrow chapel thronged with people. No seats, no ornaments, not even a pavement, the floor damp and stony, the roof admitting daylight, and two candles by way of tapers. I heard the priest say in Irish, the language of the Catholic people, that on such a day to shorten the road for his flock he would say Mass in such a cabin, which would become the house of God for a certain time, that he would there administer the Sacraments and would receive the bread on which his children fed. The Holy Sacrifice was soon over; the priest mounted his horse and departed. Then each one arose and wended his way homewards. Some travelling laborers, carrying with them their implements of husbandry, directed their steps to the nearest cottage for hospitality, to which in Ireland all have a right; others, taking up their wives behind them, gallopped off to their distant abodes. Several remained a considerable time praying to their God, prostrate in the mud in the middle of that silent enclosure chosen by these poor and faithful people in the time of ancient persecution.

And all this took place, not under the bright sun and clear blue sky of Italy, in that atmosphere where devotion is almost a luxury, but under the sombre, humid, and cold sky of the British Isles, far from all the seductions of the fine arts, by the side of a manufactory or a water-mill.

The stranger who witnessed these things knelt with these poor Christians, and arose with a proud and happy heart in thinking that he too was of that religion which cannot die; which has survived the gigantic triumphs of the Middle Ages, the cruel struggle of the Reformation, the perfidious pomp of Louis XIV, the relentless persecution of the last century, and which, at the time when scepticism, tired of its duration, was

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hastening to dig it a grave, is found again in the bogs of Ireland and the deserts of America, free and poor as at its birth.

Italy Twenty-Five Years Ago and Italy To-day.

It may be remembered by many that when our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, declared that it was necessary for the independence of the Holy See to have its temporal sovereignty in the States of the Church restored, the claim was scouted by the so-called "liberal" and infidel newspapers of all shades; the more ferociously, as they had until then tried to persuade their readers that the new Pope was of "advanced opinions, quite in keeping with the spirit of the age, and had entirely forsaken the superannuated principles of his Ultramontane predecessors." In their blind rage they would have it that the fact of reinstating the Pope in his full authority as a temporal ruler was equivalent to a re-establishment of mediæval customs, such as feudal governments and inquisitions. Among others, the *Chicago Times* took a most prominent part in denouncing what it was pleased to call "a dream of by-gone days." But now, when a year has scarcely passed, we notice this same journal, generally well-informed in European affairs, asserting quite the reverse. Speaking of the machinations of the revolutionary ring-leaders in Spain and Italy, the *Times* predicts no success for them in the former country, where the horrors of anarchy have been so recently felt, and are still fresh in the memory of all. Speaking of Italy it says: "In Italy, the democrats have not yet had their saturnalia. The joys of anarchy with most of them are all in anticipation, not in recollection. The situation in Italy, however, is much more alarming than in Spain. Revolutionary ideas have thoroughly permeated the masses in the great cities [Not by any means], which is not the case in Alfonso's dominions. The people are thoroughly tired of the Savoyard monarchs. The country is wretchedly poor, and direct and heavy taxes are levied on the most necessary articles of food and apparel. There is discontent everywhere. Not satisfied with possessing republican institutions under a monarchical name, the people hanker for a trial of the republican form of government. It needs only the active participation of Garibaldi to cause the storm to break, and there are signs that the old revolutionist is ready to enter the lists. The consequences of such a revolution in Italy as is now threatened, should it prove inevitable, would be most deplorable. The hope of the country lies in the maintenance of the liberal monarchy, faulty as it is, and the slow tuition of the people in the art of self-government which a parliamentary *régime* brings. Even France, which is almost a century in advance of Italy in civilization and in the possession of free institutions, has desperate work in saving itself from drifting into anarchy. The establishment of a republic in Italy would be followed in less than a year by a reign of terror. Conservative men in Rome would turn for help to the Pope; and the people, wearying at last of their mockery of old republican Roman institutions, would see the temporal power of the Papacy re-establish itself over them, slowly crushing all opposition. A varying fate would be in store for the rest of Italy. Possibly some of the old principalities would be restored. Austria would fall heir to much of her old ground, and the peninsula would relapse into its condition of twenty-five years ago." No matter how kind and fatherly the government of the Popes, the *Times* does not wish to see it re-established,—why, it would find it difficult to answer, for surely the condition of the Italians was far better twenty five years ago than it is to-day, when they are so heavily taxed to support a bankrupt Government that they have scarcely anything left. Twenty-five years ago, Italy was probably the lightest taxed country on the face of the earth, and yet everything went on comparatively well; to-day—heavy taxes on everything, even to the poorest artist's paints and brushes; the robbing of private church and monastic property; murders, robberies, insecurity of life and property; heavier taxes in prospect, when all the stolen church property and art treasures are disposed of—and still a bankrupt Government! A pretty contrast truly! And yet the *Times* and secular papers give this bankrupt Government as the best for the people! This too while the same paper publishes a cablegram to thefollowing effect:

LONDON, Oct. 24.—Statistics of crime in Italy show a fearful state of affairs. The report of the minister shows that during the past year more than 2,000 murders were committed, an average per million of the population unequalled by any other country on the face of the globe. During the same time the number of ordinary robberies, burglaries, etc., is stated at 40,000, while there were 50,000 robberies accompanied with violence. In her long catalogue of crime Italy stands without a peer.

Our Injustice to the Indians.

WHAT A GENERAL OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY HAS TO TELL OF AMERICAN INJUSTICE—SOLDIERS "COMPELLED TO SHOOT MEN WHO ARE CLEARLY IN THE RIGHT."

Mr. Tibbles, an editor of Omaha, Neb., sends to the *Tribune* a letter on the Indian question, which has a special importance owing to its appendix, a letter from General Crook of the United States Army, now Commander of the Department of the Platte. Mr. Tibbles says:

I was with General Crook to-day as he got on the cars, going to take command in person of the troops now in the field. He made no remark about the unpleasant duty, but his whole demeanor showed that he felt exceedingly sad. I could not but remember a remark he made to me the first time I ever conversed

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with him. Then, as now, we had an Indian war on our hands. I remarked that it was a hard thing for the army to be constantly called upon to sacrifice their lives settling quarrels, brought about by thieving contractors and agents of the Indian Department. I will never forget how his eyes flashed as he replied: "*I will tell you a harder thing*, Mr. Tibbles. It is to be *forced to fight and kill the Indians when I know that they are clearly in the right.*" Again his duty as a soldier calls him to the same kind of service.

I have just returned from a trip to the tribes living in Northern Nebraska and portions of Dakota. I sat with them around the fire in their lodges and talked with them face to face. I stand in a peculiar relation to them, and they will talk to me with more confidence, perhaps, than any other white man. My efforts in behalf of Standing Bear and the successful attempt at his release have been told in every wigwam in all the great Northwest. I met runners from many tribes carrying important messages. They told me things which I don't think they would tell to any other white man. The cruelties which have been perpetrated upon the Indian race in the last three years are the subject of bitter comment in every tepee. They tell of the treatment of the Nez Perces, the violations of the conditions of surrender with Joseph, how he is held a prisoner in a hot and sickly land, the death by disease of his innocent women and children, of the massacre of the Cheyennes; the removal of the Poncas at the point of the bayonet when they had always been friendly to the whites, they tell of their 200 dead, who are buried in what is to them a foreign land, of the driving of Moses and his people from their lands in Oregon, of the threatened removal of the Santees, and of a hundred other such things. While I do not know that there is danger of a general outbreak among them, I do know that the Indians everywhere are restless and fearful. I do know that for two years runners have been passing to and fro between all the tribes, saying that the tribes must not go to war with each other any more, but be prepared to make one last stand for the existence of their race on this continent. They say they can go no further toward the West, they must stay where they are. The good land will all soon be taken by the white men, and they will be left to die of starvation. Rather than die of starvation they propose to die fighting; to die like brave men rather than like cowards. For years they have petitioned for titles to their lands, and for the protection of the law. They have not only seen their petitions disregarded, the most solemn treaties constantly broken, but they have seen the only tribe who had a perfect deed to their land, without any reversionary clause whatever, driven from it at the point of the bayonet. Their ponies have been stolen by thousands; they have been forced to sell their grain and hides to a trader who was exclusively empowered to buy, while the white man had all markets open before him,

They have asked for schools and teachers and missionaries in vain. When even a few of these have been sent, they have seen them debauched by Government patronage. These things form the subject of conversation everywhere. I met wild blanket Indians on the prairies far up by the Running Water, and not one of them but had heard of me and what I was trying to do for them. Usually after the ordinary "How" and hand shake, when told who I was, they would come up with beaming countenances to shake hands again. I do not mean to say that every Indian favors the propositions I advocate. There are some too ignorant to understand, and some too vicious to desire to improve their condition, but a vast majority do understand and do desire to have the same equality before the law as the more favored white race. When this Ute war will end, or what other tribes will break out into open hostility, no one can at present tell. The cause is the old one—treaties violated and lands occupied by the whites.

GENERAL CROOK'S LETTER.

The following is the letter of General Crook to Mr. Tibbles: "To begin with, my experiences with the red men embraces much more than a quarter of a century, during which time I have been thrown in contact with them, both in peace and war, in all the grades of military rank from a brevet second lieutenancy to that of a general officer, and have had under my control reservations whereon were congregated Indians in numbers varying from several hundreds well up to thousands. I have had, I may say, excellent opportunities for studying the character of the Indians who roam, or lately did roam, over Washington Territory, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota and Montana, or the tribes known as Klamaths, Pit Rivers, Modocs, Apaches, Hu pais, Pimas, Papagoes, Yumas, Mojaves, Yavapais, Cocopahs, Maricapas, Mognis, Sioux, Cheyennes. Arapahoes, Pawnees, Bannacks, Shoshones, Utes and Pi-utes. Some of these, as the Pawnees, Papagoes and Maricopas, I have only known as friends in peace and allies in war; of the others there have been tribes expressing friendly feelings toward our people, but sympathising with and aiding our enemies, and others still, like the Apaches, Klamaths, Sioux, Cheyennes, Bannacks, Shoshones, and Pi-utes, with whom it has been my fortune, after vigorous campaigning, to have been on terms of intimacy and confidence. I have been at pains to give an outline of my experience that you may feel confident that my views and opinions are not given at haphazard, after brief service in this department of military administration, but that they are the slowly formed convictions of a deliberate judgment based upon unusual facilities for observation. In addition to the tribes above enumerated, I have had some opportunity for studying the British management of the Indians near Puget Sound, and have had under my command Mexican Indians, representatives of the tribes known as Opata, Yagui and Otomi. But I will restrict my remarks to our own tribes for obvious reasons. Our Indians act under precisely the same impulses, and are guided by identically the same train of reasoning as would white men under like circumstances.

They are fierce, warlike and bloodthirsty so long as war is the only avenue by which their young men are to gain prominence and distinction, but they are by no means slow to perceive when their best interests demand the cultivation of peaceful relations with former enemies, be they white or red. It is not to be denied that, whenever tribes which have for generations been on the warpath, have made peace either of their own seeking or under compulsion, some of the restless and dissatisfied spirits have resumed hostilities, dragging after them more or less of their comrades. Such a fact is to be attributed to the want of suitable employment, to the craving of eminence among their fellows, or especially to the general lack of tone of our system of dealing with them, yet in face of all this I will say, without hesitation, that our Indians have adhered more closely to the spirit of treaty stipulations, than the white men or the white man's Government has ever done.

The leading chiefs thoroughly understand the changed condition of affairs—they see that they can no

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longer depend upon game for their support, and are anxious to obtain cattle, seeds, and implements, and to have their children educated. They see the necessity of adopting the white man's ways and conforming to the established order of things. But I am very sorry to say they have, to a very great degree, lost confidence in our people and their promises. Indians are very much like white men in being unable to live upon air. If you were to collate from treaties all the promises made to the red men, and contrast them with our performances you would have to admit that there was a very serious margin of compacts broken and unfulfilled, upon which the Indians could ground their distrust and contempt. We send them too many commissioners; there is no class of men for whom the Indian has less respect. Better select one tribe and stick closely to the letter and essence of the compacts we have entered into with it; such an example would not be lost upon adjacent tribes. Our method is different. Let a tribe remain at peace, we starve them. Let them go to war and spring suddenly upon our scattered settlements, we make every promise, yield every concession. Thus the Indian learns that by being "bad" he is all the more certain to be the recipient of kind treatment. This was the very point so forcibly urged by the Bannocks and Shoshone chiefs in a talk I had with them at Fort Hall, Idaho, last summer. "They had been our allies in the war with the Sioux and Cheyennes, but the latter, who had given us so much trouble (that is to say the Sioux), were kept well-supplied, whereas the tribes which had been friendly in the hour of our need were exposed to starvation." And yet thousands of our people wondered why we should have a war with the Bannocks. The Indian has no protection under the law. But supposing that the appropriations do admit of feeding the Indians well, and that the agent is a thoroughly honest and capable man, there is now to be encountered a new and greater danger. The Indians have absolutely no status for claiming protection under our laws. Let me cite the case of the "Red Cloud" and "Spotted Tail" bands of Sioux, now living on reservations lying along the northern boundary of this department. I am personally acquainted with the chiefs and head men of these two powerful bands, which aggregate somewhere from 12,000 to 14,000 souls. I believe that they are earnestly desirous of remaining at peace, until aggressions goad them to war. You know to what an extent these two bands have been preyed upon by organized companies of horse-thieves. During the past spring and winter alone they have been robbed of over 1,000 ponies. Their agents, Dr. Irwin and Dr. McGillicuddy, have been exceptionally zealous and capable, but they have been utterly powerless to check the evil complained of. Under the "*Posse Comitatus*" Act, the military arm of the Government is paralyzed. The Sioux can't understand anything about legislation in military affairs—they don't want to understand it. All they know is that the bands of white thieves boldly seize their ponies and drive them off, finding a ready sale for them among the ranchmen and cattle-herders. For all this there is no redress whatever. As I understand the law, we cannot even seize Indian property when found in the hands of well-known thieves. The Indian owner has the privilege of sueing for recovery in the State courts, but this would prove in most cases a very shadowy consolation. It seems to me to be an odd feature of our judicial system, that the only people in this country who have no rights under the law are the original owners of the soil. An Irishman, German, Chinaman, Turk or Tartar will be protected in life, and property, but the Indian commands respect for his rights only so long as he inspires terror for his rifle. We have conscientious, able men interested in the civilization of the aborigines, but the system, or the want of system, under which they are working is a grave obstacle to success. Between the advocates of the theory that an Indian is incapable of good, and the supporters of the antipodal idea that he will never do wrong, the red man is in danger of annihilation, of starving to death in the centre of a country which is feeding the world with its exuberant harvests, or of being killed for trying to defend the rights which the negro and Mongolian are allowed to enjoy. *The true, the only policy to pursue with the Indian is to treat him as one should a white man;* if he makes war upon our frontier settlement, punish him; but after he has been reduced to submission protect him, in life and property. Keep white thieves from plundering him, let him see that peace means progress; that he has a market for every pound of beef and every hide, and every sack of grain, and my word for it he will make rapid advances. Self-interest will impel him to imitate us, to send his children to school, to adopt clothing, perhaps our language, and to devote his attention to raising cattle and horses, and eventually to qualify himself for citizenship. My letter has become longer than I intended, but I wish to add another remark. The Indian in his nature is in one respect the opposite to the Chinaman. The latter is frugal even to abstemiousness, and economical to the verge of penuriousness, The former will frequently at feast and dances give away the bulk of his possessions to needy friends and relatives. We must endeavor to correct this defect in the Indian's character. As affairs are now managed he has no encouragement to save. When his horses and cattle are big enough to be of service they are driven off in herds by white renegades; when his wheat, and corn, and vegetables are almost ready for the market his reservation is changed, and sometimes, as in the case of the Poncas, he is compelled to abandon everything. Were we to treat some of our foreign immigrants in such a manner it would not take long to turn them into prowling vagabonds, living by robbery and assassination.

I remain very truly yours,

GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

Catholic Notes.

—The congress of Catholic workingmen held at Angers in September, has been followed by another of Catholic barristers in the same city. It was presided over by Mgr. Freppel.

—A TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY with which the Marquis of Bute has been devotedly engaged for several years past, has just been issued in Edinburgh and London. It is in 2 vols., small 8vo. We trust there will be a cheap edition for general sale.

—DEATH OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.—The death is announced, with deep regret, of Rev. James C. Murphy, the beloved pastor of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Mass., one of the most efficient young priests in the Archdiocese of Boston, which occurred on the 24th ult. *R. I. P.*

—A London correspondent says: The misstatement respecting the conversion of Mr. Legge, of the *Whitehall Review*, occurred through similarity of name with that of Mr. Edward Legge, nephew of the Earl of Dartmouth, who, having been converted, has gone to Rome to prepare for the Catholic priesthood.

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——The use of olive oil for the lamp of the sanctuary has been made obligatory in the diocese of Louisville by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. In future no child will be admitted to First Communion or Confirmation in the diocese who has not attended a Catholic school, if there be one in the parish, for the space of two years.

——A FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Perugino, the master of Raphael, which was for many years in the Church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Perugia and lastly in the collection of Signor Penna, has found its way into the English National Gallery. It was purchased for eighty thousand francs, and was taxed for one-fifth more.

——Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, visiting the Hospital Lariboisière, reminded the functionary conducting him through the different wards that all such establishments in Paris had been set on foot by the clergy. "But," he added emphatically, "we do not want them returned to us; we only want to be free to build new ones."

——The efforts of Mr. Harmel in behalf of the laboring classes in France, to which we have several times alluded, have been seconded in Germany as well as in France. One of the results of the last general meeting of the German Catholics at Aix-la-Chapelle was the formation of a benevolent society by Catholic manufacturers in the interest of their employees.

——We some time ago published the letter of submission of the Armenian Patriarch. The patriarchal vicar, Grosseli, is now on his way to Rome, bringing the submission of sixteen Armenian Bishops, heretofore in schism, and of the people subject to their authority. The Holy Father is much pleased over this happy change in the affairs of the Eastern Church.—*Western Watchman.*

——SAINT JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL AT LANCASTER, PA., to which a home for aged and feeble priests is attached, was solemnly dedicated on October the 19th by Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, assisted by priests from Lancaster and other places. An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. P. Zimmer, C. SS. R. The establishment is in charge of the religious of the Order of Mercy, founded in the XVIth century by St. John of God. Rev. Father Säyerer is the Superior in the United States. He came to this country from Germany about two years ago, accompanied by a small band of devoted Brothers. The new home for aged priests is now giving shelter to fourteen veteran missionaries. Two similar institutions, we hear, are soon to be established in the State of New York.

——THE CONVERSION OF ALEXANDER I.—A new book by Count Brunicki, a Polish nobleman, just published, confirms again the report of the conversion to the Catholic faith of the late Emperor Alexander I of Russia, uncle of the present Czar. The retreat from Moscow and the downfall of Napoleon I opened his eyes and drew him towards Catholicism. He wrote to Pope Leo XII requesting that a Catholic priest be sent to instruct him. The one appointed was about to start for St. Petersburg, when the news reached Rome that the Emperor was dead. He had previously been received into the Church, however, by the priest of the Catholic chapel at Toganroy. During a visit of Nicholas, the persecuter of Poland, to Rome, Pope Gregory XVI astonished him by producing the autograph letter sent by Alexander to his predecessor.

——AN IMPORTANT WORK.—Modern history for a long a time has been a sort of monopoly with Protestant authors, in England and Germany, and, of course, it has been written in the interest of their sect. During the last quarter of a century, however, there has been a change for the better. Professor Janssen has completed a new history of the German people which has just been published by Herder, of Freiburg and St. Louis. It is said by many to be equalled only by Möhler's Symbolism. Even Döllinger is in admiration of the beauty of the style and the vast erudition displayed. The most interesting page of this new history is the account given of the so-called Reformation. A wealthy merchant, the son of a Protestant parson, has offered to defray a part of the expense of a popular edition of the work. And another Protestant has said that if Prof. Janssen's assertion be not squarely refuted he would not hesitate to become a Catholic. We are informed that since the appearance of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" by Lessing, about 100 years ago, no book has created such a stir among all classes of people in Germany as this new history.

——SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH.—We clip the following from the foreign correspondence of the *Detroit Free Press:* "But the problems which the human mind has for ages been proposing to itself, though they have from age to age become more clear in their terms, have not for that reason made any progress towards solution. Science goes on stating more exactly what the difficulty is, but she is no nearer to an explanation of it than when she began. Consequently, those who desire an explanation are still thrown back upon Religion, and as those whose lot in life is hardest will be the most inclined to seek an explanation, and to seek it from those who most sympathize with their hard lot, the contact between the Roman Catholic Church and the masses is likely to become closer and closer as the years pass on. And are not mankind generally (in Christendom) becoming frightened by materialism, frightened by assaults made, not on the Church alone, but on all faith in the supernatural and invisible, and shrinking back with horror from the world which modern science seems to offer them, in which Memory would seem an incumbrance, Hope would have nothing to feed on, and Love itself become the seed of useless pain? To these, and they are a great host, the pretensions, however exorbitant, of any institution which seems to stand for and maintain the connection between the visible and the invisible world, and to guarantee man's immortality, we readily forgive. They are a host, too, whose ranks will be easily and largely recruited, for so long as bread is won in bitterness and sorrow, and in every human life 'the sweet bells of morning cease to ring at noon.'"

——MISSIONARY LABORS AMONG INDIAN TRIBES OF BRITISH AMERICA.—In the course of a conversation with a reporter of one of the New York papers, Rev. Father Leduc, O. M. I., who has lately returned from a visit to France in company with Rt. Rev. Bishop Grandin, gave the following information of the Indian missions in the diocese of St. Albert: "We have many hardships," he said, "but we are advancing steadily with the work. There are now about eighty thousand Indians in the diocese who have been converted to the Catholic faith. In the first place, we tried to make them settle and get them to abandon their wild life. We taught them how to plough and to cultivate the ground. They take up claims consisting of three hundred and sixty acres of land and go to work. We have found it hard to convert them, of course, but they have never been hostile to us. There are ten different languages spoken by the several tribes under our charge, which the priests are obliged to learn. We

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have twenty-four priests in the diocese, the area of which is twice as large as that of France. During the greater part of the year we travel on sledges drawn by dogs. We live with the Indians all the time, and share their fate. In one instance that I recall, which happened four years ago, a missionary was sent out to one of the far-off tribes, accompanied by an Indian guide. They reached a place where they could get nothing to eat, and, after suffering for a long while, the Indian finally killed the missionary for food. We have fifteen missions. There are three good schools, in charge of Gray Nuns from Montreal. In the town of St. Albert there is an orphanage which shelters thirty-five orphan children of the different tribes."

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We are rather late with our notice of the *Review*, but the articles it usually publishes are of such a standard character, and embody the views of such eminent thinkers, that they do not easily lose their freshness, and never their interest. The contents of the last number are up to the usual high standard. The leading paper is from the pleasing pen of that veteran writer, John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. It treats of a favorite subject with him, and one which we believe few men in America can handle equally well—namely, early American history. It was in our mind to say that the present sketch would be specially attractive to the descendants of the pioneers of New York State and the Northwest, but its interest is not, by any means, confined to these sections. One thing that Dr. Shea has thrown a clear light upon in this paper will surprise many, as it did us—namely the very large proportion of the French Canadian element in the United States. The census of 1870 gave the number of natives of British America in the United States as 493,464, and of these by far the greater part were French Canadians. There has been a considerable increase within the last ten years, and Dr. Shea thinks the French Canadian element must now constitute one-tenth of the whole foreign population of the United States. The greatest number, 89,590, is in Michigan, forming 8 per cent. of the whole population; New York has 79,000; Massachusetts, 70,000; Illinois, 32,000; Vermont, 28,000; Wisconsin, 25,000; while Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, California, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Ohio, Minnesota, and Iowa range from 10,000 to 17,000. Dr. Shea enlivens his paper with many historical reminiscences and gives some interesting facts in connection with a long list of the early pioneers of the Northwest.

In the second article, "Modern and Ancient Philosophy Compared," by the Rev. J. Ming, S. J., the necessity of a speedy return to the Scholastic philosophy is insisted upon. Cogent reasons for this are given in the review of the Idealistic system originating with Kant, or rather with Descartes in the 17th, and developed by Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel towards the middle of the last century. The Idealists have evolved from their system the most ridiculous absurdities, have spun out their theories till nothing remains, and the original idea, that of Universal Doubt, emanating from the imagination of Descartes, is again reached. It is, truly, high time that the old Scholastic system be again thoroughly established, and the mists raised by Kant and his collaborators dissipated by the sun of Christian science.

"De La Salle, His Life and Work," by M. O'R., is a very readable sketch of the founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the difficulties he encountered in establishing his grand work for the education of youth—a work which will, we hope, continue for centuries to come, to the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

"Recent Progress in Stellar Physics" is the title of a most interesting paper from the pen of Rev. F. Degni, S. J., in which the far-off heavenly orbs are brought before us and examined by means of the spectroscope. The writer explains what has been accomplished by this instrument, and gives his readers some practical illustrations of its utility. A few inaccuracies are to be found in the paper, but it is an excellent one nevertheless.

"The Mormons," by Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A., gives some of the General's personal experience, and must therefore prove interesting; "The Internal Condition of Russia," by A. de G., presents us with an appalling picture of that country. The spiritual degradation to which the people have been reduced by the tyranny of the Czar, since the separation from Catholic unity, explains the present disturbed state of society in Russia and the momentary dread of a popular upheaval.

"Cardinal Pole," by the Rev. M. J. McLaughlin, is an admirable sketch of the life and times of one of England's greatest men; it will be read with much pleasure by the student of history, and the general reader will probably consider it one of the best articles in this number of the *Review*.

"The Recent Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII," in Latin, with a translation by the Very Rev. Father Corcoran, is prefaced with a lengthy introduction by the learned editor which has pleased us greatly.

The Book Notices of the *Quarterly Review* are what the title implies—*book notices*, in the full sense of the words. Next to reading a book, the greatest satisfaction is in the reading a good notice or review of it, such as one is sure to find in the *Catholic Quarterly*.

Notices of several other publications are crowded out this week.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 5TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 86 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 77 persons and 4 families,—conversion to the faith for 70 persons and 3 families,—grace of perseverance and that of a happy death for 5 persons,—special graces for 9 priests, 17 religious, 2 clerical students, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 33 persons and 14 families,—spiritual favors for 20 persons and 9 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 17 communities, 4 congregations, 13 schools, 2 orphan asylums, and one hospital. Also 39 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: The Bishop and priests of an Eastern diocese,—the establishment of a religious order, whose members are devoted to missionary labors and education,—the petitions of a devoted mother of a large family of children whose father is not a Catholic,—several persons deprived of reason,—a person to be tried for murder,—success of several fairs to be held for religious and benevolent purposes,—several Christian wives deserted by their husbands,—a young girl on the road to evil,—the prevention of an unlawful marriage that would create great scandal,—the amicable settlement of several estates and business difficulties,—

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the safe return of a Bishop now in Europe, and the needs of his diocese.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

We publish this week the account of a cure which, for want of space, was not mentioned at the time of its occurrence. "You may remember," the correspondent writes, "that I obtained from you some of the water of Lourdes for a little boy five years old, who had sores all over his hands, on his limbs, and on the ear. I was then employed in the family, and had the care of the little sufferer. The corruption issuing from the ulcers, particularly that of the ear, was so loathsome that I was afraid to catch the disease myself when washing the linen that covered them. The first cause of the disease was scrofula, which broke out into sores when the poor child had scarlet fever. The doctor who attended him found that there was a dead bone in the head, and said that it would require to be removed. But this operation, it was thought, would be very dangerous. I then prayed that the ear might be cured before the doctors would come to perform the operation. I commenced a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Our Lady of Lourdes, and gave the little boy a few drops of the water of Lourdes to drink, putting also a little in his ear. I told him of our Blessed Lady and taught him the Lord's Prayer and the 'Hail Mary.' On Holy Saturday the bone began to come out of itself, to the great delight of the child's parents. They brought him to the office of the doctor, who had made an appointment to come to the house in a few days to perform the operation. His astonishment was very great. The little boy was relieved of all his sores after the close of the novena, and is now as well as ever." A grateful daughter says: "On Monday night my mother burst a vein. We were afraid she would bleed to death. I then promised our Blessed Lady to have her cure published, if she would effect it, and I dropped a little of the water of Lourdes on the vein. The blood stopped instantly, and my mother is better since."

OBITUARY.

The following deceased persons are recommended for prayers: Rev. Father Reilly, rector of St. Columba's Church, Newark, N. J., who departed for heaven on the 15th ult. Mrs. Dwyer, who slept in the Lord at Marquette, Mich., on the 13th of October. Sister Mary Dolores (Merge), of the Visitation Convent at Parkersburg, W. Va., whose precious death occurred on the 19th ult.; also Sister Mary Augustine (McMahon), of the same community, who went to her reward some months ago. Mr. John Hanlon, of Co. Tyrone, Ireland, who breathed his last on the 2d of Sept. Mrs. Catharine Quinn, deceased last June at Cresco, Iowa. Mr. Michael Shine, who lost his life in a railroad accident on the 6th of September. He had the happiness of receiving the last consolations of our holy religion. Mrs. Margaret Ryan, wife of George Ryan, Esq., who died on the 18th of October at French Carroll, Nevada Co., Cal. Mrs. Mary Ann Hitchcock, of Warren, R. I.; and Mr. Patrick McIntyre of Altoona, Pa., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. Mrs. Charles McCabe, of Janesville, Wis.; Mrs. John A. Haughlin, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Hugh McCusker and wife, Mrs. Mary McCusker,; Mr. John and Mrs. Catharine Laffey; Patrick, Alice, and Jeremiah Walsh, all of whom died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. Granger, C. S. C., Director.

Those applying for the Water of Lourdes should let us know the nearest express office in their neighborhood.

Children's Department.

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER III.

THE FORESTER'S FAMILY.

The forester, who had adopted the poor orphan boy, was a very upright man; and, as he himself said, was one of the old stamp. He feared God religiously, was benevolent towards all men, and untiring in the service of his prince, to whom he was true to the heart. The honest forester stuck rigidly to the pious customs of his grandparents, whom he had known personally, and of his parents, who were exactly of the same metal. In the morning it was always his first concern to have public morning prayers with his wife and children; and the day was closed with night prayers in common. "Why should we not," he used to say, "begin and end each day with the thought of Him who, every day, renews our life and gives us food and drink and every good thing? It seems to me it must be a touching sight, even for the angels themselves, to see a father and mother in the midst of their children, kneeling down before God, and all, not even excepting the smallest child, raising their hands in prayer and praise to their Father in heaven. The heavenly Father cannot but bless them."

Just as devoutly and reverently did the forester ask a blessing before, and give thanks after each meal, with all his family. One day he brought the young Sir Reed, on his return from a hunt, home with him, and invited him, as the soup had been put on the table, to dine with the family. The young nobleman sat down unceremoniously at the table without waiting for the blessing. But the forester, who, as was said of him, never could see sin committed without correcting it, said indignantly: "For shame, young sir! That's the way my hogs do out there in the woods; they gobble up the acorns without once looking up to see where they come from."

The young noble commenced to make objections, and said he didn't consider the "grace" of such importance. But the forester answered him very pointedly: "Whatever makes us better men is of great importance. Piety is useful to all; but I have never seen any good come from godlessness; on the contrary, very much evil. Pray with us as becomes a Christian and a man of sense, or I declare I have gone to hunt with you for the last time. I can have no further intercourse with a heathen; I couldn't even eat with him at the same table. Still," continued he, more mildly, "that you act so, is only for want of consideration.

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You have perhaps seen some young noblemen who didn't think of saying 'grace,' and, without further thought, just imitated them. You imagine that thereby you made yourself respectable. But, my dear young sir, although your name is Reed, I pray you don't be like a reed, hollow inside and without pith, and bending before every breeze." The young man, at this, stood up again, and made shift to pray with the rest. But he complied, not out of devotion to God, but for fear of losing his beloved field-sports.

But the good forester was always happiest when surrounded by his own family. "Why should I," said he, "seek enjoyment elsewhere, when I can enjoy myself just as well, and more cheaply, at home?" He therefore drank his pint of beer at the end of his day's work, and his glass of wine on Sundays, at home; had his confidential talks with his wife, and entertained his children with amusing and instructive stories. When he was in particularly good humor, he took down his harp. "This," said he, "will do us in the long winter nights in our rough woods, instead of concert and opera." In his youth he had taken lessons on the French horn; but as the doctor had objected, he satisfied his taste for music by learning to play on the harp. His wife knew many pretty songs, and the forester used to accompany her on the harp. Even the children had learned some little tunes suited to their age, and sang along like the green finches in the woods.

The forester's children went to Ashdale, the nearest parish village, to school. As soon as the Christmas holidays were over, and the roads through the woods were again passable, Christian and Catharine had to go thither every day. Anthony was only too glad to accompany them, and soon outstripped all his schoolmates. His studiousness, as well as his natural talents, were extraordinary. When the forester, of evenings, returned home from the hunt and sat down in his arm-chair at the warm stove, the children were made to tell him what they had learned at school, and show him their copy-books. Anthony could always tell him the most; his writing was alway the neatest, and his reading he soon brought to great perfection. After supper the children had to read aloud by turns: but everybody in the house preferred Anthony's reading. "He reads the most naturally," the forester's wife used to say. "If you didn't know that he had a book before him, you would think that he was not reading, but only relating something he had heard."

But the happiest day of the week for the children was Sunday. On that day the forester did not go on the hunt, and the children could be with him all day long. "Six days of the week I employ unreservedly and without complaint in my earthly lord's service; but the Sunday is consecrated to the service of a greater Master. Besides, after six days' work, a day of rest is grateful to me and my woodsmen." On Sunday morning father and mother went, in the lovely spring of the day, with the children, to church at Ashdale. This was a great pleasure to the children, especially in spring and summer. The road led now over woody heights, now through narrow patches of meadow, walled in by bush-grown rocks and high trees. "O," said Anthony on these occasions, "how beautiful it is in the woods; what a glorious green the trees put on, in the light of the morning sun! I declare, on Sunday, somehow, the woods look prettier to me than at any other time. It seems to me all the trees have a kindlier green; the birds on the leafy branches sing more joyfully than ever, and all else is silent. One hears not an axe, nor wagon-wheel, nor a shot; only the church-bell in the distance rings out. All is as still and quiet as in the church."

"Yes," said the forester, "as solemn as in a temple. The forest too is a temple of the Lord; the Almighty placed these trees around like pillars, and wove their branches together as a vaulted ceiling. Everything, from the enormous moss-covered oak yonder to the little May-flower at our feet, proclaims to us His omnipotence and goodness, Yes, the whole earth, up to the blue vault of heaven, is a temple of His glory. Especially on Sunday should we adore Him in this His temple, and devoutly contemplate His glorious works. In this majestic temple which He Himself has built, we can realize His infinite, inconceivable greatness and glory: but in our churches, though built by the hands of men. His holy will is more nearly revealed to us. Therefore it was the Son of God became man, taught us all, and organized His teaching Church. In the hundreds of thousands of temples and churches in all Christendom to-day is His doctrine proclaimed, and heard by millions of human beings. In church then, to-day, my children, you must listen devoutly to every word of the pastor, and keep it in your hearts." With such like words did he entertain the children on the way to church; on the return, he spoke to them about the sermon, aud they strove amongst themselves who should tell him most about the remarkable things that had been said.

But at meals on Sundays the forester was particularly cheerful. "The pleasure," said he, "of eating dinner with you is seldom granted me during the week; for I most generally eat my dinner out of my hands, in the woods, and, thanks be to God! it always tastes good. But it tastes better to me on Sundays, not because mother gets up a better dinner, but because I can enjoy it in your midst." He carved and divided out the victuals to the children with the heartiest good-will. "Eat, children, eat!" said he, "and thank God for His gifts." After dinner he used to go with the

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children walking in the woods, teaching them how to distinguish the various trees, shrubs and weeds, and pointing out their manifold beauties and uses. "Thus," said he on those occasions, "has God made everything, even the smallest weed, beautiful, and useful to men. The woods are a book in which, on every leaf, you can read of the wisdom and goodness of God."

When in spring or summer the evening was fine, mother spread the supper beneath the large linden, not far from the house, where a table and some benches had been arranged. After supper they all sang some pretty and simple evening songs. The forester, as usual, accompanied on the harp; and the birds in all the trees of the woods around joined in with the singing and the playing of the harp.

Anthony, among such people, where piety, harmony and love, industry, order and contentment reigned, felt completely happy. "God did indeed," often thought he, "design well with me. He couldn't have put me with better people in the world." The good boy was, too, on his side, all gratitude and devotion towards his foster-parents. When the forester returned home of an evening from his forest circuit, Anthony always hastened to bring him the grey overall with green facings, which he used as a smoking gown, and his slippers. When the forester's wife was in the kitchen, cooking, he used, of his own accord, to bring her wood, or run to spare her walking into the vegetable garden beside the house, and bring her parsley or whatever other little things of that kind she needed. Many a time her wishes were fulfilled before she expressed them. But it was especially to his foster-father that he did very good service. The forester used to sketch designs of all the forest land confided to his care, and by coloring them gave them a very pretty appearance. On the corner of each such design was the name of the forest written in large letters. After coloring them, he enclosed them in a sort of frame of fir-palms or oak-leaves. Anthony soon succeeded in copying the larger sketches very neatly and exactly. But the ornamentations which he added were all of his own invention, and were so well done that the forester himself was astonished. Anthony drew, for example, an oak tree, with a shield leaning against it, on which was the name of the forest; and at one side, a hog looking for acorns. In another, the name of the wood was engraved on a rock crowned with fir-trees, and at the foot of the rock was a goat with twisted horns. Anthony was always occupied drawing or painting in his leisure hours—now landscapes, now animals: and whenever he found a strip of white paper or an old envelope, he drew on it a bird, a flower, or the branch of a tree. He couldn't be a moment idle. The forester and his wife loved the noble boy as their own child. Nay, their own children were, by Anthony's example, encouraged to be more diligent and active than they had ever been before.

CHAPTER IV.

ANTHONY'S HISTORY CONTINUED.

One day, the forester sent Anthony with a brace of snipes to the neighboring hunting castle of Rock-Peak. The keeper had just then a guest whom he wished to entertain in a becoming manner. On the way, Anthony passed near a waterfall pitching down, white as snow, amidst the dark-green firs, from a high rock. Not far off sat a strange gentleman, in sombre blue attire, sketching the fall. Anthony approached, looked over the stranger's shoulder at the canvas, and could not refrain from exclaiming aloud: "O, how beautiful! that is painting indeed." He begged permission to view the beautiful painting more closely. "I would imagine," said he, examining it, "the canvas was a mirror, in which the waterfall, with its trees and rocks around, was reflected in miniature. How silver-clear the water shoots out from the cleft rock, and how beautifully the white foam below frisks between the moss-grown rocks! How fresh and green is the delicate moss on that stone! one would imagine he could disengage it. How bold stand out the shaggy firs! and there, besides, you've painted a goat drinking out of the brook. How light he seems to stand on his feet! You can imagine how fleetly he could trip it over woods and rocks. The goats that I draw, stand as stiff as if they would tumble over every minute. I don't know how to put life into them."

The artist was much pleased with the simple praises of the boy, and still more with his taste for art. "So you are a little painter too, are you?" he asked, smiling.

"Well indeed," replied Anthony, "until now, I thought I was not only a little, but a great painter. But it's very plain, now, that I am none at all."

"Still, I would like to see your paintings," said the artist. "The first chance I have, I will come to your house; and you must show them to me. What's your father's name, and where do you live?"

"Alas!" sighed Anthony, "I am but a poor orphan-boy. But then, Mr. Greenwood, the forester, has adopted me."

"Yes, but you must be related to him some way, his brother's or sister's child?"

"No," interposed Anthony, "I came an entire stranger into his family; but he and his wife immediately adopted me as one of their own children."

"That is indeed noble," said the painter. "But how did it come to pass?"

"Anthony then gave him the details of his history. The artist listened attentively, and, when the boy had finished, said: "The forester and his wife must be very noble people. Give them my compliments, and tell them I will visit them to-morrow, in order to thank them in the name

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of humanity for the love they have shown you."

The artist's name was Riedinger; he had come a few days before to the princely hunting-castle, in order to retouch some old paintings there. He was taking advantage of the opportunity afforded him, to draw off some woodland scenes, here and there, that particularly struck his fancy.

On the evening of the following day the artist paid his visit to the forester's. The two good men soon discovered they were both of the *same* disposition, and became friends on the spot. The artist now wished to see Anthony's drawings. The forester's wife praised them to the skies. "Take my word for it," said she, "they are incomparable."

But Anthony stood abashed at the door, and said: "Mr. Riedinger, you may judge for yourself if they are a bit o' account." But the artist encouraged him, and begged to see them so earnestly, that Anthony, at last, brought them to him. Mr. Riedinger looked over them one by one very thoughtfully, smiling several times in the operation. And although he saw much to criticize, he found them, in general, very well done. "In truth," exclaimed he, "there's an artist in that boy. Mr. Greenwood, I wish you'd let me have him. You'll live to be proud of him."

"Done," said the forester, giving the artist his hand. "I have been long reflecting what I should do with the boy. He is now in his fourteenth year, and there's nothing more for him to learn in the parish school at Ashdale. He is too tender-hearted for a hunter. He's got more of his gentle mother about him than of his stout-hearted father. If, then, you think you can make a good artist out of him, you may take him under your instruction. What are your charges?"

"Charges!" repeated the artist. "There's no question about that. You have set me the example how to treat a poor orphan. One noble deed draws on another, just as one candle is lighted by another. That is quite natural. So, be at your ease on that score. As soon as I shall have completed my work at the castle, Anthony, if he has a mind to, can set out with me to the city, and I will spare myself no pains to make an artist of him."

At this Anthony fairly leaped for joy. When, however, a few days after, the artist drove up in a carriage to the house to take him with him, the dear boy wept right heartily.

"Look here, Anthony," said the forester, "you mustn't cry now. Why, it's only a stone's throw from here to the city. We'll visit you frequently, and it'll be easy for you to visit us too, on Sundays and holidays. And I must make this a condition with you," said he, addressing Mr. Riedinger, "that you will allow Anthony to visit us often, and pass the Christmas holidays every year at our house; you must grant us that much."

"O, I am perfectly agreed," answered the artist, "perfectly agreed to that; and if you and your wife have no objection, I'll accompany him." So they shook hands over it. Anthony was deeply grateful to his foster-parents. They, on their side, admonished him to regard his future teacher as a father; for indeed he was doing him a great favor, and that out of pure charity. Amidst the best wishes of foster-parents and their children, Anthony stepped into the carriage and drove away with the artist.

The good-hearted man was strictly true to his promises. It was a real delight to instruct such an apt scholar. He often accompanied him, too, on his visits to the forester's; indeed they frequently remained several days there, sketching the beautiful scenery in the hilly woodlands. The master never tired of praising his good pupil. "Between us," said he to the forester, "he'll be a painter whose colors I'll be unworthy to mix."

After a few years had passed away, Mr. Riedinger was again on a Christmas visit to the forester's, in company with Anthony, now grown to a fine young man. After supper, Mr. Riedinger remained up somewhat longer than usual with the forester and his wife. Anthony and the children had long betaken themselves to rest. The good couple remarked that the artist had some thing on his mind he wished to tell them. Finally he broke the ice: "Anthony has learned everything I can teach him. It is time for him to travel; he must go to Italy. I know indeed it will be a big expense; but it will repay the trouble. Capital couldn't be better employed, in my opinion. I will guarantee, it will bear good interest, and will be well refunded. The cost of such a trip is above the means of a private individual; but this is the plan I have conceived: First, it must be reckoned in the account that Anthony must not entirely depend on the help of others; he must earn something himself. But then he needs something, and a good deal more than he could or can earn himself: for it is necessary he should have leisure to devote to perfecting himself in his profession. As far as I am concerned, I will do all that can reasonably be required of me. Encouraged by your example, I have determined to make Anthony an artist *gratis*. His labors up to this time have been very well paid for. This money I have laid by for him to spend on his present journey. But it lacks a great deal of being enough for the purpose. Are you not disposed to supply the deficiency by your contribution? One that has commenced a good work must not leave it unfinished." He stretched out his hand to the forester in the expectation of having his proposal accepted.

The forester took great pleasure in Anthony's good behaviour and his progress in his profession. He enjoyed a respectable income. He looked significantly at his wife. She nodded assent.

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"Done," said the forester, "provided, though, the sum required be within my means."

Calculation was made as to what the trip would cost; and it was unanimously agreed that Anthony should set out the following spring.

The next morning, the painter drove with Anthony in a sleigh back to the city. During the winter, the forester and his wife made preparations for Anthony's approaching departure. The forester bought cloth in order to provide his foster-son with a suitable outfit. He brought out his own travelling trunk, and had it refitted with deerskin. His wife and two daughters sewed and knitted away industriously to provide Anthony abundantly with linen and underclothes. In the beginning of spring, Anthony was pressed to pass a few days at the house of his foster-parents. His foster-father took occasion of this time to give him many admonitions and wise instructions, and was more affectionate to him than ever before. The good man took upon himself the trouble of packing the trunk. Every time the forester's wife handed over a new article of clothing, Anthony was moved anew to gratitude. "Oh! how much, how very much you do for me!" said he. "My own parents, if they were living, could not do more."

The trunk was forwarded to a renowned painter, to whom Mr. Riedinger had recommended Anthony: for Anthony had determined to make the journey on foot. Christian, Anthony's bosom friend, had, besides, provided for Anthony a little knapsack in which was contained whatever was necessary for daily use.

Finally the day of parting came. After dinner, Anthony was to go to Mr. Riedinger's, in town, and thence prosecute his journey towards Italy. The forester's wife prepared a parting dinner, and all sat down again together to the table. It was a kindly, touching family feast. The forester threw his eyes around the circle. A painful silence reigned. "But, my sons and daughters," said he, "why so sad? and, you, mother, dry up those tears now! This is all very natural. Sons when they are grown up must push out into the world; even you, my daughters, will soon be of an age to leave the paternal roof. But even if mountain and valley do separate us bodily, we will always remain united in soul; and sad as the parting may be, the return, which must come here or hereafter, will be on that account so much the more joyful." By reassuring expressions he soon succeeded in enlivening all. He sent for a bottle of good wine, of which he was accustomed to drink only on feast-days. He poured out some for his wife and two daughters, though all three declined drinking it. "To the sad give wine!" said he, smiling. Anthony and Christian reached out their glasses without more pressing. At the end of the meal the forester took up his glass and said: "Now, Anthony, here's to you!—a successful trip and a happy return."

"May God grant it!" added the wife, touching her husband's glass and drinking a few drops. Christian, Catharine and Louisa did likewise. Tears stood in the eyes of all. Anthony was deeply moved; he could no longer restrain his tears, and said: "O my dearest parents, how much I am indebted to you! What would have become of me, were it not for you? Oh! I can never repay you for what you have done for me. May God reward you according to your deserts! May He one day enable me to testify my gratitude to you and my dear brother and sisters for the inestimable kindnesses you all have done me!"

"Yes, dear Anthony," said the forester, "I will not conceal from you that really we are doing a great deal for you; nay, I might almost say, when I regard your brother and sisters here, too much. For, as far as I and my beloved wife are concerned, we need but little more. Our hair is already gray. As long as we live we shall not want bread. But, my dear Anthony, if ever one or the other of your sisters or your brothers here fall into need, forget not how we have helped you in distress, and desert them not in their want."

"O dear father," exclaimed Anthony, reaching the forester his hand, "as for me I should be the most ungrateful of men ever to forget your benefits to me. Your love shall always be before my eyes. My greatest happiness in this world shall be to be able to do good to you, dear father, you, my dearest foster-mother, and my beloved sisters and brother."

"I will take your word for it, Anthony," replied the forester: "but now it is time for us to part." He arose and continued: "Kneel, now, beloved son, that I may give you a father's blessing." Anthony knelt down. The forester raised his eyes to heaven; there was something venerable and awe-inspiring in his countenance and whole person. He blessed the young man, saying: "May God accompany you in all your ways, keep you from sin, and bring you back pure and spotless to our embrace!" The mother and children stood round with folded hands and weeping eyes, and answered with moved hearts: "Amen." The forester raised Anthony up, embraced him, and said: "Now go forth, and God be with you! Have Him always before your eyes, and never forget that His all-seeing eye is always upon you! Consider yourself too good to do any evil. The goods and pleasures of this world are not worth our burdening our conscience for them. Reflect that we are not created for the little time we have to pass in this world, but for eternity! Avoid not only evil, but even the occasion of sin. Especially fly from such men as make fun of the pious faith of our forefathers and even laugh at purity of morals! So, once again—good-bye, and God be with you!"

The forester's wife added, with tearful eyes: "Behold, Anthony, my tears. For the sake of these tears remain devoted to God, good and upright. Hitherto you have given us nothing but joy; never grieve us then. Heartily as I weep now, I still feel consolation. But if we ever hear anything wrong of you, all of us shall weep bitter tears. Do not forget our counsels, nor the dying counsels of your mother. Farewell!"

The whole family accompanied the deeply-moved and heavy-hearted youth some distance,—almost to the end of the forest. At last they all bade him a final good-bye. Anthony proceeded, whilst they remained standing. He looked back very often and waved his hat to them. The forester and Christian waved their hats in return, and the forester's wife and daughters their white handkerchiefs, until finally, with his pilgrim's staff in his hand and his bundle on his shoulder, Anthony disappeared behind a woody hill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1879. No. 47.

[For the Ave Maria.]

St. Thomas of Aquin.

S. L. E.

I.

Great Angel of the Schools! stand forth to-day,
And let our eyes behold thee steadily.
A child—the solemn thought *What God might be*
Possessed thy soul; a youth—for future fray
No less than angel-hands prepared thy way,
Tight girding thee with cord of chastity,
Because the clean in heart their God shall see.
Long didst thou watch and fast and weep and pray,
Long didst thou muse and write on God alone,
Until among His mightiest was thy place;
Then, in ecstatic trance, *What God might be*
With radiance so divine to thee was shown,
Thy mortal frame could not support such grace,
And God's great gift of death was granted thee.

II.

And was this, from thy loved and loving Lord,
The exceeding great reward bestowed on thee,
That death in manhood's prime thy lot should be?
Ah! once, Angelical! a wondrous word
He spake, the very Christ by thee adored,
Gazing upon thee from the awful tree.
"*Well, Thomas, hast thou written.*" He said. "*of Me.*
What wilt thou have from Me for thy reward?"
"Naught but Thyself, O Lord," was thy reply.
In Eucharistic prayer the same deep plea
Arose, "Whom, veilèd, I by faith descry
Jesus, unveilèd show Thy face to me." *
What could it be but great reward to die
Since thus thy heart's desire was granted thee?

* Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernans facie
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.

CARDINAL HUGUES DE ST. CHER made the first Concordance of the Scriptures.

As early as 1152, Arnaud de Tontolon, Bishop of Bazas, gave his approval to a festival in honor of the Immaculate Conception, instituted by Adon, Abbot of La Réole. It was the first official recognition of the festival in France.

Mary in the Temple—A Lesson of Prayer.

At an early age the Blessed Virgin was received into the interior courts of the temple, amongst the young maidens consecrated to God, and began a new life, far from all noise of earth, under the shadow of the holy altars. The holy child grew in the sight of God. It was the work of God alone to form her soul, to adorn daily with new graces the sanctuary in which His Son was to repose; and it is beautiful to picture to ourselves the ever-increasing light which came down from heaven into the heart of the chosen Virgin. Nothing, however, distinguished her from her companions, except that none were so humble and so submissive. The hours were divided between prayer and work. The ancient Christian authors speak of her precocious reason, of the union of gravity with the pure beauty of childhood in her face. Working men of old encouraged themselves in work by picturing to themselves the future Mother of God, spinning with her companions, and weaving the finest veils of the temple. In one of the most beautiful cathedrals of France, at Amiens, a stall of carved wood, offered, five hundred years ago, by the weavers of the town, represents Mary, a basket of spindles by her side, with one hand making the shuttle fly through the woof, with the other tightening the threads. Those workmen knew that the work of him who prays is the most blessed upon earth, and that the most skilful hand is that which obeys the holiest heart.

The Gospel teaches us that there were in the temple holy women, such as Anna the prophetess, whom we shall soon see meeting the Infant Messiah. These holy servants of God, in the decline of life, doubtless loved to teach the young maidens, who were consecrating to Him their brightest days; and often, as the spindles turned in their skilful fingers, must they have related the marvels that the Lord had worked for His people in happier times, have unveiled to them the treasures of the prophecies, and have awakened

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holy hope in their young hearts by announcing to them the speedy coming of the Son of David, the Saviour promised to Israel.

Then, in solitude, Mary meditated, and, above all, she prayed. Prayer was her first occupation, her constant joy. From the first days of her infancy all her thoughts, all her feelings, were used to rise toward heaven as the sweet smell of a blossoming garden rises in a pure air; but as God by degrees developed her mind and enlightened her soul, she offered herself to Him with a more thoughtful love, and made Him the voluntary gift of her whole life. Exempt from original sin, she worked like a simple daughter of Eve. Full of grace from the time of her Immaculate Conception, she prayed as if she had to obtain all graces one by one.

Who can penetrate the mystery of Mary's prayer, through the veil which the Gospel draws over the years of her childhood? Who can see the transports of this blessed soul towards God, her complete self-sacrifice, her deep humility, her constant obedience? In the touching history of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, there are some beautiful passages in which the Blessed Virgin throws light on this time of her childhood, till then known only to God. "My daughter," she said to her servant, "you think that I had all these graces without much trouble; but it was not so. Truly, I say to you that I did not receive one of them without continual prayer, an ardent desire, deep devotion, many tears and trials. I wish to teach you," the Virgin blessed amongst all women went on to say, "I wish to teach you all the prayers that I said while I was in the temple. Above all, I asked from God great love of Him and hatred of sin. There is no perfect virtue without this absolute love of God by which the fulness of grace descends into the soul. But when it has descended into it, it remains not, but flows away like water, if the soul hates not its enemies—that is, sins and vices. He, then, who would know how to preserve this grace from on high, should know how to unite this love and this hate in his soul. I wish you to do all that I did. I rose in the middle of each night, and went to prostrate myself before the altar, where I asked of God grace to observe all the precepts of His law; I besought Him to grant me the graces which I needed in order to be pleasing to Him. Above all, I begged of Him that I might see the time in which that holy Virgin would live who was to bring forth His Son, in order that I might dedicate my whole being to serve and venerate her."

St. Elizabeth interrupted her to ask, "Most sweet Lady, wert thou not already full of graces and of virtues?" But the Blessed Virgin answered her, "Be sure that I thought myself as poor and miserable as you think yourself. Hence it was that I asked of God to grant me His grace." And afterwards, as the Blessed Virgin initiated her servant more and more into the mysteries of her prayer, and of her sublime intercourse with God and the angels, she added this record of her deep humility: "I wished to be the servant of all the holy women who dwelt in the temple; I wished to be subject to all creatures for the love of the Father of all!"

St. Elizabeth then put this question to the Blessed Virgin: "Tell me, my sweet Lady, why thou hadst so intense a desire to see the Virgin who was to bring forth the Son of God." Then Mary related to her how the reading of the prophecies had led her to this idea; how she had resolved to consecrate to God her virginity in order to be worthy to serve this predestined Virgin.

How touching is this testimony to the humility of Mary which St. Elizabeth has preserved for us!

The great mystery on which depended the salvation of men was about to be accomplished; the Son of God was about to come down upon earth, and she who was chosen to become His Mother humbled herself before God, and before her companions; and all her dreams, all the hopes of her heart, were limited to seeing the predestined Virgin, and serving her as the most humble of handmaidens. What lessons are contained in Mary's prayer! In her prayer so humble, so fervent, so full of love and of gratitude! Let us think often of it. Let us often contemplate the Blessed Virgin praying in the temple, or in her humble cell, and then let us kneel down by her side, and, casting a salutary glance upon our own souls, let us ask ourselves if we know what it is to pray. To pray is to adore God: it is to thank Him for graces received, to ask Him for more; and for us poor sinners it is to implore His pardon. What is more just than to render homage to Him who is our Creator and our Sovereign Master, to thank Him who has been for us the source of all good! What is more consoling than to speak to Him of our miseries, to ask from Him patience to endure them—and, above all, strength to resist discouragement and temptation! And when our weakness has given way, what is sweeter than to come as a repentant child, to weep over our faults in the arms of the Father whom we have offended! What more powerful cordial to revive our languor! Where shall we find a more life-giving food for our soul than in God, from whom comes all strength, all courage, all understanding! We all work, we all suffer on this earth, which David called a vale of tears. By prayer we draw from the Source of life itself, new vigor, which gives us more patience in suffering, more heart for work, more power for good. In order to ascend from the depths of this sad valley to the heaven which is

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our country, we must not only raise ourselves by patience above suffering, but also by virtue above sin. To this we need steps, like the steps of a ladder, on which, one after another, our foot rests. Those who know how to pray mount this, from step to step, for, after having spoken to God, like children full of trust, they offer Him each one of their actions, and so go on from prayer to prayer. It is thus that they build up in their souls the steps which mount from earth to heaven. God, who has imposed on us the law of prayer only to draw us to Himself, will bless us; we shall go from virtue to virtue: we shall see Him in His holy city.

Whence comes it that so few have recourse to so wonderful a means of salvation? We are all creatures of God, laden with His graces; we have all need of help and of pardon; whence comes it, then, that we do not all worship, return thanks, pray, and humble ourselves? Is prayer so difficult that only a small number of minds and of hearts are capable of it? The needs and sufferings of life, though under different forms, are the same to all men, and would God have put help within the reach of the few alone?

But perhaps some may say, I have not time to pray: here is the dawn of day; I must hasten to work. When the burden of the day comes, they work without having in their hearts that strength which should make labor light. They rest without a thought of blessing God. In vain the *Angelus* rings to call faithful hearts to prayer; they do not listen. The day ends as it began, without their having once blessed God. Let those pray who have the time. This is false reasoning. Are long prayers required of us? Surely not. It cannot be doubted that there is great merit before God in the prayers our mothers taught us when we were children; and to say them, but little time is needed. A few minutes in a day is not much. Do we never spend as long a time in a cause less good? But if, now and then, we really have no time, let us raise our hearts towards God. The day thus begun would be blessed. If the work is heavy and the heat burning, the Christian who has begun the day by prayer will feel in his heart a new life and a happiness which will overcome weariness. He will offer his suffering to God, and that alone is enough to lighten its weight. Work thus offered to God is itself a prayer. At the hour of rest his thoughts will once again be quickly and fervently raised towards God. Can anyone think that this day will have been less good, even as regards earthly labor, than that which is begun a few minutes earlier and without prayer?

True prayer consists in offering to God every action of the day, every discouragement, and every hope, in asking with confidence for all that we need, in thanking God with our whole soul for graces received, in imploring His pardon for sins committed, with true repentance and child-like trust. This is true prayer. Let us not refuse it to Him, who gives us all. Let us not refuse such a help to ourselves. Let us pray to Mary, our dear Mother, to obtain for us this constant thought of God which alone engrossed her blessed soul. Let us love her in order to be like her. What a rich harvest of graces would it bring us if we would constantly renew in our souls the remembrance of our Mother!

Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER I—(Continued).

RENDING ASUNDER.

The "coming out" of the young orphan,—who, however, was commonly reputed the heiress of her rich foster-parents—in the highest circles of society in the Brazilian capital, was accompanied by so striking an effect as to justify the highest hopes for her future success in life.

It was not only the native young caballeros, but even the foreign ambassadors' secretaries and attachés vied with each other in doing homage to her beauty, her costly surroundings, and her heart-winning amiability. The richest, the best, the noblest aspired to her heart, to her hand. She, however, retained her independence in all serenity, unscathed by the dart of love, until Arthur Werneck, who had been cast on this shore by a storm, was introduced into the society in which she moved. In the crowd of blooming beauties whom he encountered at every port, it was reserved for Dolores alone to captivate the till now unfettered heart of the seafarer. And she found the German Frith-jof, as the young diplomatists in jealous mockery nicknamed their rival, worthy of her love. After a short courtship, the repaired ship, in its last voyage, bore away the captain who had sailed around the world, together with his prize, his beautiful, his much-loved wife, to his home in the distant North.

These were the recollections which, in changeful pictures, passed before the soul of the young mother, when she, apparently yielding to the indolence practised by the Creoles, was watching the slumbers of her babe. Her soul was striving in fruitless endeavors to rise upward out of these clouds of the spirit, out of the shackles which enchained the freedom of her will, and with the oppressive consciousness that she had, out of love to her husband, lightly made over to him the holy right of her child, that love itself frequently became an ever-recurring dissonance in regard of him who had been hitherto her idol. The more she reflected, the better did she become aware of

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the hollowness and superficial character of those fine-sounding phrases with which he had compelled her will to yield to his in this all-important matter; and her confidence in him being so deeply shaken in this one point, made it not difficult for her to oppose him in the various occurrences of daily life. Sometimes, even, she did this for very wantonness of the pleasure she began to feel in contradicting him. But by this means she lost the hold she had on Arthur's love, founded in the unbounded confidence she had till then reposed in him, and day by day she became more and more aware of this, and with anxious hopelessness began to feel herself alone among strangers. A painful home-sickness took possession of her; her beauty faded; her health suffered; her frame of mind deprived her even of the capability, or at least of the courage and the will, to attend to the nurture and education of her little daughter in the manner she would like to have done it; there were even days in which she avoided the sight of the child, on whose angelic features a mute, ever-present reproach to herself seemed to be stamped.

Arthur remarked the change, which certainly only manifested itself by degrees, in the whole demeanor of his wife. At first it occasioned him uneasiness and tender anxiety; at length, however, these were followed by an increasing displeasure. He was accustomed to carry out his own will under all circumstances; as on the deck of his ship he had been unlimited master and commander, so also in his own house, on his own domain, he had ruled despotically, and the resistance that his own wife had lately opposed to him on every occasion excited and angered him. This gave occasion to many violent scenes between the married pair, and when Dolores at such a time melted into tears, it was precisely those tears that drove her husband from her side. Deceived in his hope of an untroubled domestic bliss, he felt that old restlessness, which, as a youth, had driven him forth from home, reawaken in his breast. Now, as a man, his circumstances chained him to the shore of his home, but he avoided his house more and more. Banquets, hunting-parties, trips round the coast with jovial companions, kept him days—nay, weeks—away; and when he did return, he generally brought so numerous a company with him that a confidential matrimonial intercourse could seldom be looked forward to.

Dolores' melancholy nature naturally became more and more confirmed at this turn of events. She felt herself inexpressibly unhappy, and longed, with a longing that amounted to pain, for the means of help, for the consolations of religion, which in the time of her happiness she had missed so little, and which now, with bitter repentance, she found beyond her reach.

In this way, there now existed but one cheerful, free-and-easy element in Castle Werneck; only one ray of sunshine to penetrate the cloudy heaven of the family life: the little Edith grew, and throve, in the sweet innocence of her lovely childhood, unacquainted with the troubles and vexations of which she had been the first innocent occasion.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSIONARY.

It was an evening in the latter part of autumn. A cold fog lay over land and sea. Baron Werneck had returned about an hour ago, and this time returned alone, from the sea-shore; there he had been busy in his boat, helping with philanthropic zeal a West-Indian vessel off a sand-bank on which it was stranded. Many of his friends had joined him; the honest dwellers on the shore, mostly poor fishermen, had hastened with their skiffs to assist in the work of saving the ship, and the most perfect success had crowned their united efforts to set the vessel afloat.

It was with a feeling of envious longing that the Baron had looked on the superb three-masted vessel, as she gave anew her sails to the wind and set forth once more on her voyage. Then, refusing all the invitations of his friends to go home with them and enjoy the repose he had so well earned, he set forth, late as it was; and, accompanied only by his groom, rode back to his own house, where he is now resting comfortably in a large arm-chair, close to the almost overheated porcelain stove. At no great distance from him, Dolores is busy in preparing artistically a stiff glass of grog which was to warm up her half-frozen husband. From the ceiling, a silver lamp was suspended, whose mild effulgence shed an agreeable light all through the elegant dwelling-room. The entrance of a servant broke the silence. He announced that a stranger was below who importunately desired to speak with the Baron.

"In such weather as this!" exclaimed Arthur, in surprise. "Where does he come from? What is his name? What does he want?"

"He will give his name and business to no other than your lordship."

"Some begging business. Show him in. One cannot have a moment's peace."

He leaned back in his seat with vexation, but as the stranger entered he rose almost involuntarily. A tall, slim, almost haggard form stood before him, clothed in a long black garment; his noble yet still youthful countenance seemed almost ghost-like in the depth of the paleness, which was enhanced by the monotonous blackness of his clothing and his close-cut hair.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" was the stranger's greeting, as he bowed in a graceful and pleasing manner; and Dolores, touched at the words, so long unheard of late, answered joyfully:

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"Forever and ever. Amen!" Her husband, however, with the amiable hospitality common to all the northern German people, and which formed a special trait of his own character, stepped up to the stranger and offered him his hand in a hearty manner. "Good evening," he said; "to your greeting I could not give the fitting answer until I heard it from my wife, who is a Catholic, or rather was——"

"I am yet one," interrupted she, with considerable warmth.

"So!" said he, drawling out the word somewhat. "Well, for what I care, it may be so. Now,"—he again turned to the stranger,—"you are, as I am led to believe by your dress, a Catholic pastor, are you not?"

The gentleman bowed a silent assent.

"Now," resumed the Baron in a very lively manner, "see here, sir pastor, you are come among very tolerant people. For years and years my wife and I have never discussed matters of this nature."

"So much the worse!" was on the lips of the young priest to say, but he bethought himself, and kept silent; only a quick, searching glance fell on the countenance of the mistress of the castle, who, visibly embarrassed, cast down her eyes to the ground.

"Now let us sit down," said the Baron, "and you will join me in a glass of grog that will do both of us good, frozen through and weary as we are. It is understood that we shall not let you go away to-night, and at supper you will tell us what gives us the pleasure of your company."

The clergyman had remained standing near the chair placed for him. "As for the grog," he said, with a smile, "you must hold me excused: I am in no way accustomed to strong liquors, and by partaking of it might easily lose the freedom of my spirit, and it is necessary for me to retain that in order to present my business to you in the proper form."

"Well expressed," said the Baron, with a laugh; "lose the freedom of the spirit, in order to avoid saying you won't get drunk. Yes, yes, these gentlemen understand a thing or two! Tell me, friend, are you a Jesuit?"

"That grace, alas! was not vouchsafed me. I am simply a secular priest."

"And drink no strong drink! is that possible?"

"On the other hand," continued the young clergyman, without heeding the exclamation, "I consider your kind offer of keeping me for the night as a great benefit, but I hardly dare accept it, my Lord Baron, before you are acquainted with the matter that brought me here."

"You can tell us that at the supper table, as I said before," said Arthur. "It is a full hour to that time, and whatever the matter may be that brought you here, it does not in any way alter the fact that to-day you are our guest."

"Will you have a cup of tea meanwhile?" asked Dolores.

"Thanks, no," he answered. "I would rather beg permission to withdraw into a corner for half an hour, as I am somewhat behindhand with my breviary."

"Nothing easier than that," said the Baron; "personal liberty for everybody."

This was a pet phrase of his, however much in practice he was in the habit of confining the freedom it promised to his own person. He rang the bell, and bade the servant show the strange gentleman into his own study; and the lady of the castle, at the same time, sent her order to the housekeeper to have a certain guest-chamber, which she designated, got ready for the visitor.

"Have you any idea," asked Dolores of her husband, when their guest had left them, "how this priest came to turn in here?"

"Well, yes," he answered, slightly embarrassed in manner. "I remember to have heard—— There was—some years ago—some miles from here, in a village on the coast, a so-called mission chapel built, and a young priest appointed to take charge of it in order to attend to the religious wants of the few Catholics scattered through the district, together with those of the seafaring people who may need him. The whole matter seemed to me so unimportant, almost ridiculous even, that I thought no more about it. But this must be the missionary; and his business—which he lays so much stress on—is easily guessed." With these words he made signs with his thumb and index finger as if paying money.

"I do not understand, Arthur," said the young woman, in an excited tone, "why you have kept the knowledge of these facts from me. My Lord and my God! what would I not have given to have known this sooner!"

"What for?" said he, with an air of artless surprise; "what in the world would you do with this knowledge which you are so pathetic about?"

"What would I do? Hear the word of God; receive the Sacraments, of which I have been deprived so long——"

"The word of God"—he broke in with a raised voice—"you can hear every Sunday from our own preacher. As to the Sacraments, if it gives you any pleasure, I make no objections; you can receive them early to-morrow morning before the missionary departs. I am sure that no one can be more tolerant than I am——"

"I thank you; but it cannot be done that way. He cannot read Mass here: you must allow me to drive to the mission church."

"Stupid stuff!" he murmured to himself. "That would be a fine to do!" Then, after a short reflection, he said aloud: "Listen, Dolores: I am

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pretty well used to your whims by this time, and care little for them, as you very well know. But there is one whim I must forbid,—and that is, you must not become 'a devotee.' You can see for yourself that in our circumstances, with our surroundings, that wouldn't fit; and, above all, I will not have it."

"I do not want to be a devotee," she answered. "I only wish now, that the opportunity so unexpectedly presents itself, to do my duty to the dear God, in order that,"—this she added with a trace of her former charming manner—"I may the better do my duty towards you."

"That is reasonable enough!" he exclaimed, in a softened tone. "It may be good from that point of view, and we will consider how the matter may be best carried out."

Both were silent for a while. She was occupied mechanically with her embroidery frame; he was blowing out clouds of smoke. "Where is Edith?" he said at length; "I have scarcely seen the child since I came back."

"She must be already asleep," answered Dolores; "I sent her away before the usual time on account of the smoke,—she coughs a little."

He nodded, as if satisfied with the apology, yet he set his pipe down softly in a corner.

"You must show her to the missionary to-morrow," he said.

"Certainly," answered she, and sighed in silence; "if I could but have shown her to him before! Too late!—ah, too late!"

As Arthur was in a very amiable mood to-day, he wanted to do the complete thing, therefore at supper he proposed to the reverend gentleman that after breakfast to-morrow he would drive him home in his carriage, in company with his wife, who as a Catholic had some spiritual business with him, which she said could not be done here.

To his boundless surprise the young priest declined the well-meant offer with thanks. "I must take my leave very early," he said, "and must in any case go without breakfast, so that I may be able to read my Mass, even if I get home but a little before noon."

"And must this Mass be absolutely said?" asked the Baron, with unconcealed displeasure. His guest pleased him, and he had contemplated their making the trip all together with much self-complacency, as it would have set his religious tolerance in a shining light.

The missionary bowed his assent.

"But that's a real dog's life!" said Werneck, excitedly. "Not to dare to breakfast, because of reading Mass! Say—how many such Masses must you read in one day?"

"Oh, Arthur!" said Dolores, in a soft tone of admonition, while over the face of the priest glided a sweet smile of infinite compassion.

"I am only allowed," he said, emphatically, "to offer the Holy Sacrifice once a day; it is the highest, most exalted privilege of our Order, the fountain of all grace and strength, which in our calling we stand so much in need of."

"I am sorry to say that I understand nothing of all that," answered the Baron. "So you have not to read Mass under pain of punishment for neglect?"

"No," answered the priest; "if we could find pleasure and inclination in becoming a knife without a blade, and to which the handle is wanting, the command to hear Mass on every Sunday and holyday would suffice for us also, as for all the rest of the faithful."

"On every Sunday and holyday! Oh! pity for you, Dolores!" exclaimed the Baron.

At this moment some one tapped at the door, and a child's voice was heard outside: "Open the door for Edith!"

The servant in waiting hastened to open it, and a wonderfully lovely little being sprang into the room; her attendant governess followed her close, in some perplexity, and stammered out: "I could not keep her from coming."

But the little girl went straight up to her father. "Good evening!" she cried out. "Why didn't you come to me to-day, to say good-night to me? I can't go to sleep so! I saw my naughty papa only a moment, when he came back with his dear wild Ali!"

Arthur took the child on his knees with great tenderness. "See, sir pastor," he said; "this little creature is our pride, our highest happiness, our only joy!"

Edith had seated herself comfortably on his lap, and now appeared to notice the guest for the first time. "Who is that then?" she whispered, stretching out her little white round hand to him.

"A poor beggar-man," explained the missionary, as, with a smile he, with the pleasing look of a true children's friend, observed every movement of the little one, and heard the question.

"No!" she cried, opening wide her wondrously beautiful dark eyes; "that is a story: beggar-men don't look like you."

She slid down from her father's knee, ran past her mother, who tried to hold her back, and reached the priest: "Tell me, really, who you are," she said, in an earnest tone. "Do you know, I like stories; but another kind,—prettier ones."

The Baron laughed; and Dolores, coloring, begged his reverence to excuse the boldness of the spoiled darling.

But the priest bent down in a caressing manner to the child. "I am telling you no story," he affirmed: "I am really a beggar-man, only it is not for myself I beg, but for my poor church."

Edith nodded, well pleased. "You were right in coming here," she said. "My papa is very good;

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he always does what I want him to, and I will help you beg from him for your poor church. And then I will give you my savings-box; you shall have all that is in it."

"That will certainly help me very much, you good little heart!" he replied. In his soul he was rejoiced that through this childish prattle he had been able to open the subject of his visit so easily; for the distinguished personages before him, and the gracions reception he had met with, had, in spite of his priestly humility, some little effect over his power of speech.

Dolores now signed to the attendant nursery governess, who had remained standing at the door. "Go to bed now, darling," she said, tenderly, to the little one. "Papa and mamma will say good-night to you here below, to-day. Come, let me kiss you."

Edith sprang to obey her. "But, mamma," she reminded her, as she received her mother's kiss, "you will give my savings-box to the beggar-man; please do, dear mamma!" Then climbing on her father's knee, she whispered in his ear: "Give the beggar-man lots of money; do you hear, papa? He is not begging for himself, you know, and I love him so!"

Her father nodded a well-pleased assent, the while he kissed her with great fondness. Then came the turn for the guest.

"And will you give me a kiss too, beggar-man?" she asked, looking at him with the irresistible charm of innocence.

"I will give you what is better, you dear child," he answered, signing her forehead with the sign of the cross; "and here," he added, giving her a colored picture, "will you take that in remembrance of the beggar-man?"

"That is mamma and I!" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"Not so! that is the dear Mother of God and the Infant Jesus!"

"And you give it to me! You are a dear, good beggar-man. Thank you!" She kissed the little picture, and then, in her exuberant joy, the hand of the priest. "I am much pleased," she said, clapping her little hands together; "the Infant Jesus shall go to sleep with me. Good-night, all of you."

Throwing kisses round to every one, she sprang away. The eyes of Dolores were full of tears, and Arthur looked after his darling with the most tender expression of fatherly love.

Then he turned to his guest in order to learn from him the circumstances of his mission, its necessities and requirements, inducing him to describe his position by the most sympathizing manner.

The young clergyman forgot his bashfulness under the influence of this friendly demeanor. He spoke well, was even eloquent: and his descriptions opened a vision into a hitherto utterly unknown world before the eyes of his attentive auditor,—a world of sacrifice from the joy of Faith, a world of perfect renunciation of self.

Penetrated with a respect that bordered on veneration, the Baron after supper conducted his guest into his business room, and there handed him a sum the amount of which almost startled the modest missionary.

"I am only fulfilling my daughter's commission," replied Arthur, to his stammering thanks; "she wishes to place her savings-box at your disposal; and if this money can assist you to procure what you consider a more worthy dwelling for the Divine Master, whom, in spite of difference of worship, we both serve, then in your prayers sometimes think of me and mine."

"That is my duty," replied the priest, in an earnest tone; "and I shall do it with a special love and pleasure, the greater that your grace leaves the intention to me."

"If that intention does not include conversion," said the Baron, "it is all right enough; but that would be distasteful to me. And *à propos* of it—my wife will soon visit you. I see beforehand that in time you will acquire some influence over her, and I beg of you in the most friendly manner not to make a devotee of her. Look you, I am a tolerably good Christian, but there is nothing I hate so much as an affectation of piety! Rather try to restore to her the peace and quietude which, I am sorry to say, appear latterly to fail her; and try to regulate her temper, which is now frequently disturbed and very vacillating. If you succeed in that, depend on my gratitude for life."

He had said this to his guest while traversing the passage that led to the bedroom. At the door of this he stopped and handed over the wax-taper. "Good-night," he said, pleasantly; "do you wish to be waked early? My people are on their legs betimes."

"Thanks, no!" said the priest, smiling. "I too am an early riser. May God have you in His keeping." As the door shut behind him, he sighed: "So, no conversion; but interior peace, repose of soul, equanimity of mind—and these without piety, without the influence of religion, without the help of Christian discipline! O world! O world, how blinded thou art!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ST. AMBROSE, after having portrayed the virtues of Mary, thus addresses himself to Christians: "Shape all your actions after this model, and imitate the example of her whose happiness you hope to share. Yes, imitate Mary, and, to all who do so, to all who shall erect, in their hearts, an altar from which shall arise the holy incense of prayer, I can give an assurance of admission to those heavenly altars where they shall behold Jesus and Mary, face to face, throughout eternity.

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The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.*

You are anxious, I am persuaded, to know the events which happened in Corea, and which have been the cause of my enforced return to China. To satisfy you, I am compelled to trust to my memory; not having been able to take a note, and tired out as I am, I feel that there will be many omissions in my narration. How can it be helped? I hope, at least, that in reading these lines you will be struck by the admirable way in which Divine Providence has led me, and will bless the God of all goodness who has shed on me such abundant graces.

I had only returned to Corea a few months, and everything there was calm and tranquil. Living in retirement, my priests and I did our work in silence. The missioners scoured the country, visiting the Christians, who hastened to come in great numbers to participate in the benefit of the Sacraments. I had just established a college, where we had already a few pupils; on the 26th of January, 1878, I concluded a bargain for a house where I proposed to organize a printing-office; the Christian who was to have charge of it had already taken up his abode in it, and in a few days we would have been at full work. I had many times administered the Sacraments to a few Christians of the capital, and I waited till the feasts of the Corean New-Year's Day were over, to give, a second time, the Sacraments to all the Christians of Seoul. We were also expecting our courier from the frontier to bring us news from Europe; but the courier did not come. We were sometimes uneasy about this; however, the Christians whom I consulted were of opinion that from the facility of passing the frontier at the time, it was impossible that the courier could be arrested,

Such was the position of affairs, when, towards ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th of January, my old landlord, John Tchoi, came into my room. He looked disconcerted. I was accustomed to our Christian's getting into a state of fright; but I perceived from the air of sadness with which he spoke that there was something more serious than ordinary.

"What is it?" I said. "Is there any more bad news?"

After heaving a deep sigh, he replied: "The couriers have been arrested at the frontier; they have been fearfully tortured, and compelled to declare all they knew. The news of it came yesterday; the king immediately summoned his satellites, and has ordered them to arrest the Bishop and all the Fathers. The traitors of 1868, Paul Hyi and Tchoi, have been tolled off to search for the Christians. The satellites will be here to-day, and it was one of them who told all this to his relative, a Christian woman, and she hastened to send her son to give the news. Well, now is the time to prove ourselves to be truly Christians; all has occurred through the will of God; it was through no fault of ours. We are going to be taken prisoners. Let us rely on the assistance of God, who will not desert us, but will prepare us to die for His glory; it is the most direct way to heaven. Oh! I am not afraid to die, I am so old; but the Bishop, who has only just come! but the Christians, who have not as yet been able to receive the Sacraments! What a blow! it puts an end to religion in Corea."

I wrote immediately a joint letter to Fathers Blanc and Deguette, whose courier was still in the capital. I hastened to gather up all the Corean papers, letters, etc., which might contain any compromising matter, and burned them. I also collected what little gold and silver was in the house and confided it to my printer, a devoted man, who had promptly hastened to offer me a refuge in the new house, unknown to all. We debated on this last proposition for a long time; finally, it was decided I should fly. It was impossible to carry out this project during the day, and we must wait till night. I had no illusion when I came into Corea, and every day I prepared myself for death. Thus, by a special grace of God, I was not frightened at the news. It was a great favor; I was about to be lightened of the load which had been imposed on me for many years. I was going to have the happiness of confessing our Lord and of dying for His glory; it was to be my passport to heaven and a blessed eternity. I was ready, and properly disposed, calm and without trouble; I gave myself up entirely to the good pleasure of God, and I prayed for my dear missioners and our poor Christians.

Towards four o'clock I was told that the agents of the satellites were keeping guard at each extremity of the street. It was impossible to escape. Some moments afterwards there was a great noise; I heard the doors burst open, the windows shattered, and the tread of a large body of men. The house had been broken in.

In a moment they entered the chamber where I was standing. I was about to speak to them, but they had hardly recognized me when five of them darted upon me and seized me by the hair, the beard, and the arms; and then, without allowing me to put on my shoes, they forced me across the yard, and dragged me into another room, where I saw all my household captives likewise. There were more than twenty satellites rejoicing

* This account is furnished by Mgr. Ridel himself, being a communication to his relatives in France. It was first published, we believe, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, of Lyons, and afterwards in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. We have adapted it for THE AVE MARIA. It is a most interesting and edifying narrative.

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in our capture: and women were with them, assisting, and keeping the females of the house prisoners. Tjyang, one of the chiefs, came and spoke to me; at his command they left me more at liberty; they only held me by the sleeves of my coat; he then caused me to be brought back to my chamber.

There he told me they had received an order from the Government to arrest me; he added:

"We know there are four other Europeans, and I hope you will write, giving them orders to come and present themselves here."

"How do you know they are Fathers?"

"Oh, we know it well enough!"

Then he began to attack the satellites who had maltreated me.

"The Bishop comes with us," he said. Then turning to me: "I know that you use a book to recite your prayers from; trust it to me; I will take care of it, and will give it back to you when we arrive."

I was astonished to hear him speak so, and I asked him how he knew all that.

"Oh!" said he, "it was I who arrested Mgr. Berneux and Monseigneur Daveluy; I knew them well, and the other Fathers also."

Then he asked me if I had any watches.

"Yes: I have three."

"You have also grape wine. Oh, the grape wine is very good! that will be for us."

I showed him my boxes.

"It is well," said he; "we shall take care of all."

During this period I endeavored to collect my thoughts by thinking of how our Lord was taken in the Garden of Olives. I felt happy in walking in the steps of our Divine Master; I was content to be a prisoner of Jesus Christ; but I was full of sorrow when thinking of my dear missioners and my poor Christians. A few days before, I had made my meditation on the sweetness and firmness of Saint Francis, as a preparation for the festival of that great Saint; I resolved to endeavor to imitate him.

The noise continued in my house; the satellites—and, above all, their assistants—shouted, laughed, joked and turned everything topsy-turvy; some of them abused me, in spite of the remonstrances of their chief. Finally, the chief told me it was time to set out. Two assistants seized me, and I went out, accompanied by a troop of satellites; my old Corean, in the same position as myself, came behind me, also a young man who was in the house when the arrest took place.

The neighbors who had heard the uproar were at the door to see us pass; but when we got out of the quarter no one minded us; it was now night. I could view at my ease the streets of the capital; I had no need to conceal myself; it was the first time I passed through them without being recognized. I saw the inhabitants who swarmed at that hour; the itinerant dealers, with their cries; children who ran about singing and amusing themselves; women covered with long veils of glittering colors, who went on in silence. I saw great nobles and their retinues, preceded by footmen who ran on shouting to warn the people to make way. I saw also poor little deserted children, seated in the middle of the street, frozen with cold, and trying to excite by their cries the compassion of the passers-by.

The capital presented truly a strange appearance. The many-colored dresses, the thousands of lanterns (everyone carries his own), which cross each other and come and go on all sides, give a singular aspect to the streets. I was able to remark all this in spite of my jailers, who held me tight and gave me a famous shaking. But my mind was chiefly occupied about the misfortune of these poor people, who knew not God. I had come to spread the light of faith, to teach them the way to heaven, and here I was arrested at the very start. At least I offered myself willingly to our Lord that I might die for the salvation of the people.

On the road, the satellites were in a state of excitement; they spoke in a low tone; they came and went; there was great confusion. At length we arrived at the gate of the tribunal of the right; they lighted two large lanterns; two files of soldiers were formed, and I was made to proceed in the midst of them.

I perceived that old John was on my right; we were in the open air; a sliding door of papiermaché lay open before us, and we saw the supreme judge or prefect of police seated on a mat in his apartment. The interrogatory began. Knowing the susceptibility of the Coreans in the matter of etiquette, I had resolved to adopt in my replies the polite style used when addressing one's equals; so at the start I said to my judge:

"My intention is to address you according to the rules of your own language; but as I am not expert in the Corean tongue, some incorrect expressions may escape me: I beg you not to notice them."

The assistants looked in astonishment at me and the judge began his questions:

"What is your name?"

"Ni."

"Your first name?"

"Pok Myeng-y" (that is, Felix Clair).

"How long are you here?"

"I came in the 7th moon."

"By what road?"

"By Tchang-Sang" (the most easterly cape on the coast of Corea).

"What brought you here?"

"To preach the Catholic religion, and to teach men to behave themselves well."

"Have you instructed many?

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"I came so lately I have not had leisure to instruct many."

'Who are they that brought you here?"

"As the reply to this question might injure many people, it is my duty not to answer it."

"Where do those live that you have instructed?"

"I know so little of the country that I cannot tell where those I may have been able to see, reside; besides, for the same motive that I just now stated, I cannot give the names of any of the Coreans who have had relations with me."

"Are you a Father?"

"Yes, and besides I am a Bishop."

"Ah! doubtless it is Father Ni of old times, who, having escaped, has become Bishop Ni?"

"You say the truth."

"Well," he added, "take him away, and let him be well treated."

John also replied to some questions. At first, he placed himself in an humble posture before the judge; when he was told to rise, he hesitated; but the judge good-naturedly insisted on it. Two guards held me tight; the judge ordered them to loose their hold, saying:

"You have nothing to fear from that man."

It was the only time I saw that judge; he appeared to be kind and affable. John, who had the opportunity of seeing him again twice, was enchanted with him. No doubt he was too good; perhaps he favored us; anyhow, some days afterwards he was dismissed.

They brought me to the guard-house. There, in place of allowing me to rest, they loaded me with a crowd of questions; I replied to them as well as I could. Finally, they went away by degrees, only two satellites remaining to keep guard over me; towards midnight they pushed over a small square piece of wood, which was to supply the place of a pillow; I said my prayers, and fell asleep. The next morning I could only pray interruptedly, for at every moment they were speaking to me. I also recited my office; I had my breviary, which had been returned to me; they left it with me up to the 16th of March. In the beginning it was hard for me to recite it; but soon everyone knew that when I read that book it was useless to speak to me.

In the evening I wished to know what o'clock it was; I perceived that my watch was gone. I told the chief of the police, by saying to him: "When I left my home I had a watch; it is no longer in my watch-pocket. I may have lost it on the way; perhaps it will be found." At first he was astonished, but I heard him very distinctly say afterwards: "What a good man! they have robbed him of his watch, and to avoid accusing anyone, he says that he has lost it." I recollected indeed that the man who held me on the way to the judge, clung to the watch-pocket, under the pretext that it was easier to hold me there; I never thought that his aim was to rob me. In the morning, my European comb and my penknife had also disappeared; they all went the same road. My ring fortunately escaped; the robber had doubtless not felt it; I determined to hide it effectually.

In the evening, they made me go into another and lower room, and put me in the stocks. These are made of two pieces of wood laid over each other, about twelve feet long and half a foot broad. In the lower one there are holes, in which the feet are placed up to the ankles; they then lower the upper part by means of a hinge placed at one end, whilst the other is closed by means of a padlock. This instrument is called *tchak-ko*. They were satisfied to imprison one of my feet. When they brought the instrument they were obliged to give me a lesson. The two satellites were almost ashamed to place me in the position. To soften the matter a little they said to me: "It is a custom here when a guest is for the first time received, to make him put his foot into this instrument." I was able to lie on my back, and with a little skill to turn on my side as well. Tired as I was by this new kind of life, I slept some hours. What most annoyed me was the presence of two prisoners covered with rags, who lay not far from me, and whe kept turning on their straw and sighing, and striving to free themselves from the vermin which devoured them. I learned some time after that they were beggars employed by the secret police.

I knew not what might happen: in any case there was no illusion for me; the fate of my predecessors told sufficiently what was reserved for me. On the 31st of January, I heard some sentences of a private conversation: they related to an execution the next day. In the day-time I found it difficult to collect my thoughts, but at night, being more tranquil, I spent the time in preparing myself, persuaded that my last hour had arrived. Here is a note which I found in my *Ordo* at the 1st of February: "Read my office to none; a in few moments I shall probably die. I am all in God. Glory to Jesus! in a few moments I shall be in heaven!" It seemed to me that I was well prepared and ready to die. To employ the time which remained I sang the *Laudate* and the *Ave Maris Stella*, and then waited. She soldiers on that day went through extraordinary exercises in the court-yard, uttering ferocious shouts. Everything confirmed me in the idea which I entertained. Was there in fact an execution? I have never found out.

The next morning was the Chinese New-Year's Day. They brought me into a lofty room, and I exchanged a few polite words with everyone, as all around me did. At night they did not put me in fetters; perhaps this was only an infraction which the satellites allowed on their own respon-

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sibility, for two days later the order came to put me in the stocks again. The two satellites on guard were no doubt my friends; indeed I heard one of them say: "How can they treat him thus! He is an honest, just man, such as cannot be found in Corea; he is a true Fo, who has come again on earth." The next morning the satellites made representations to the supreme judge. "It is a pity," they said, "to put this man in fetters."

The judge replied: "I think as you do: I also feel compassion for him; but the order is given: I cannot revoke it."

Meanwhile I was attacked by a severe cold; during the night I was chilled through. They went to the judge, who said: "Oh! this is serious; if he is ill do not put him in fetters; I am responsible for him; take good care of him." Then he sent me a large screen to shelter me; they gave me also two cups of diet drink. I was struck by all these attentions, and I could not help thinking of them. The captain of the satellites gave me twelve sapecs, about three half-pence, to buy wood to warm the room: when I offered to pay them, the satellites refused, and bought the fuel themselves. One of them gave me five sapecs to buy tobacco; another, a small comb. I had already become the friend of all; they were unceasing in their praises. "How gentle, innocent, polite, affable, and just he is!" And others said: "Bishop Berneux, Daveluy, and the other Fathers whom we have seen, were all so; these Europeans are truly virtuous; they are not like us Coreans. In place of putting him to death, it would be better to send him back to his own country."

On the 5th of February there was a great tumult in the pretorium; they would not allow me to see what it was, nor would they tell me what was occurring. I soon understood that they were bringing in prisoners; and I even heard sighs like the voice of a child in trouble. The thought that they might be Christians naturally occurred to me, and the next morning, when I heard the judge ask them loudly: "Have you studied with the Europeans?" I was no longer in doubt. Every day Christians were arrested. How many were there? Who were they? Later on I learnt that they had arrested a young woman eighteen years of age, married only ten days before; she was the daughter of a worthy Corean, Leon Ni, a fervent Christian, who had been very useful to the Fathers; I had him as a servant myself in 1861; later he was house-steward of Father Deguette. His eldest son, John Ni, accompanied the same Father. The young woman was taken with her husband; after their trial they were put into prison with Christians and thieves. Towards the 20th February they arrested more Christians; there were in all a score in the prison of the tribunal of the right, a frightful hole, so narrow and crowded that the prisoners were on the top of each other, their feet always in the wooden shackles; the women inhabited a small room contiguous, and were not in fetters. But I shall soon have occasion to speak of the prisons and their government; let me say a word about the satellites, with whom I lived for nearly two months.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gift of Science.

Cardinal Manning.

What is the subject-matter of science? I cannot better express it than by saying that the main object of the practical intellect is the Divine law and the Divine Lawgiver. The little child that recites the baptismal Creed understands the articles contained in it better than the "men of culture" who have rejected both the Lawgiver and the law. Our Divine Lord said: "I confess to Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast concealed these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto little ones: even so, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." The "men of culture" of this day tell us that the existence of the physical world does not prove the existence of a Creator; that is to say, that the argument has no force of conviction for them. By whose fault? When a blind man looks me in the face and says, "I cannot see you," am I therefore not there? And yet the "men of culture" of these times can look upon the face of the visible world, in which the creatures of God are like the ladder in the patriarch's vision. The Divine Presence was at the head of it, and the angels ascended and descended upon it. So it is with the creation and its works. They are a scale ascent whereby we pass from the inorganic to the organic, from the organic to the animate, from the animate to the rational, and from the rational to the spiritual; ascending by an unbroken chain until we reach the Cause of all. The existence of the world demands the existence of a Maker; for "every house is built by some man, but He that created all things is God." Heb., iii, 4. The physical sciences are the only sciences that men of culture will recognize as worthy of the name. But what are they? They are like the foundation stones of an arch, upon which stone upon stone is laid; the piers rise until the arch begins to spring; and the arch is not perfected in the beauty of its form and the solidity of its strength until the keystone is let in to tie it all together. What is the keystone of all knowledge? It is theology, the science of God. When the natural sciences, physical and moral, are read in the light of God, they form one perfect whole. All is order and symmetry, and beauty and light. By

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the gift of science, all things are seen in the light of God, and God is seen in all things.

Confidence in the Blessed Virgin Rewarded.

About three years ago a wealthy family made a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln. Their only child, the joy and consolation of their life, accompanied them. They were a good Catholic family, and the purpose of their journey was to place the child under the protection of the Queen of Heaven. After the parents had received the Sacraments with great devotion, they left Einsiedeln, recommending their child in tender prayers to the Blessed Virgin. Their touching confidence, however, was severely tried. When the family left Zurick, in the happiest state of mind, the little girl, full of joy, looked out of the window in the car, and oh! misfortune! before her father could prevent, disappeared in an abyss, the train running at full speed. Imagine the feelings of the poor parents; the time before the train stopped seemed to them an eternity, a most painful martyrdom.

And now that grievous anxiety, that painful situation between life and death, fear and hope! When the father hastened to the spot of the disaster, the mother with submission to God's holy will prayed, "Remember, holy Virgin, that it has never been known that anyone who implored thy intercession was abandoned." After a little while the father returned, exclaiming: "Thanks to God! Rejoice my dear wife, the Mother of God has protected our child and taken it in her arms." The child joined her cries of joy to those of her father; the mother embraced her dear child, and pressed it to her heart, praising God's goodness and Mary's merciful love. All the bystanders were touched, and even men were seen with tears in their eyes. The happy parents, with new confidence, travelled homeward, proclaiming everywhere the great favor which they had obtained through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

As is well known, intoxicating drink not only destroys more of the human race than war, famine and pestilence together, but is also the cause of untold misery to individuals and families. The vice of drunkenness destroys both soul and body. Therefore anything that will counteract the vitiated appetite for drink is well worthy of attention. We give the following remedy of Dr. d'Unger's with full confidence in its merit and efficacy. It is no quack medicine, nor is it uncertain in its results. When first announced to the American public by Dr. d'Unger, whose address is No. 27 Palmer House, Chicago, as a sure cure for all cases of drunkenness, the news was thought too good to be true; but time and experience have proved that it is a most efficacious remedy, therefore we give it an advertisement gratis, confident that in doing so we are benefitting the public. It is only a short time ago that we saw accounts of its use by one of the most eminent physicians in Scotland, and in every case—and they were desperate ones—with the most gratifying results. We preserved the paper, but mislaid it, and cannot now lay our hand on it. The Scottish doctor asserts that not only did it remove the craving for drink, but even created a loathing of it. He says the cures were complete for the time, a settled aversion to liquor being entertained by the patients, but whether they would be permanent he could not say. Time alone could tell.

The following is said to be Dr. d'Unger's prescription and mode of using it. "I take," he says, "a pound of the fresh quill red Peruvian bark, and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to half a pint. I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to half a teaspoonful, then to a quarter teaspoonful, then down to fifteen drops, ten, and five drops. The medicine is continued from five to fifteen days; in extreme cases thirty days. Seven is about the average." The bark is known among druggists as "Cinchona Rubra." The discoverer of the remedy says that of the many hundred cases treated by him, he has not known an entire failure. He considers that form of drunkenness which results from an insatiable appetite a disease, and treats it as such. When the appetite has been wholly destroyed he considers that the patient is radically cured. He will not drink if he has no desire, or if he has a strong repugnance to liquor.

The medicine can do no harm when taken as directed, and is in itself a good tonic as well as an antidote to malaria. It may be difficult to obtain the bark fresh. Medicinal barks and herbs sometimes lie for months or years in the drug-stores, losing much if not all their efficacy. Cinchona costs but a trifle. We are not acquainted with Dr. d'Unger; we base our faith in his medicine solely on the result of the Scotch doctor's experiments and on a cure effected in Chicago.

THE great Irish convents of the sixth and seventh centuries not only sent out missionaries to Germany, but also labored strenuously in promoting art, by illuminating and ornamenting manuscripts.

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A Remarkable Gathering.

The London *Catholic Universe* of Oct. 25th contained the following interesting article, to which we append an extract from the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* in reference to the Duke of Norfolk himself:

"The London mansion of Henry Fitzalan Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk and Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, is destined under God to be the scene of a historic meeting in the course of the ensuing week. Under the hospitable roof of the most exalted Catholic noble in the kingdom have been invited to meet three of the Princes of our Church, a trio round whom hover associations of dignity, sanctity and scholarship unequalled—Henry Edward Manning, Edward Howard, and John Henry Newman.

"We place their names in the order in which they were admitted into the select circle of the Sacred College, but with us there is no distinction of precedence between them; no rivalry is possible but that of devotedness to a common cause; they all are enthroned on equal pedestals in the hearts of their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

"By anticipation we have called the scene historic, and so we believe it to be, and, furthermore, unique of its kind; for this will be the first time since the so-called Reformation that three English Cardinals grasped hands on English soil. May the meeting be foretokening of greater triumphs for the Church in the future, and of a prouder position for her in this England which was once in unity with Rome.

"Howard, Manning, Newman—the three names in a sense are typical of three characteristics of Catholicity in England!

"Howard, the descendant of a blue-blooded race which never strayed from the fold, superb prætorian, who doffed the gleaming cuirass of Her Majesty's Life Guards to become a soldier of the Faith! He whose fort was, as a cornet in the Household Cavalry, to herald the funeral procession of Wellington, may be accepted as the energetic embodiment of those stout English 'Papists'—aye, we love the name cast at us in scorn, and glory in it!—who stood by their religion in evil days, who opposed undaunted front to persecution, and as they feared neither rack nor gibbet could be befooled into apostacy by no intrigue, nor coaxed by no bribe.

"Edward Howard is of that sturdy cohort—their representative, the representative of Faith.

"Manning, the Protestant Ecclesiastic of Protestant line and with Protestant training, the gentleman of manner simple and severe and of God-fearing piety, who hearkened to the message when it came—who did not shrink from the promptings of conscience, but gave himself up to searching mental introspect, and stopped not till he discovered the truth! Having discovered it, there was no moral cowardice—he embraced it. Every tie with former life was sundered; there was no looking back; he gave himself up without reserve to the Church which he had espoused. In its abnegation, this was something sublime; it might be called a social martyrdom. The courage of the warrior elated by the sight and sounds of battle is of a quality far inferior to that required by the act with which the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster is to be accredited. In his new sphere he is the pattern of enthusiasm and unsparing energy. His motto is, 'Ever Forward'; by precept and example he points heavenward, and puts himself in the van of those who take the straight and thorny road.

"Henry Edward Manning, with his abounding zeal and his splendid confidence in the banner he upholds and in those who follow it, may he not be likened to Hope personified?

"Newman, how shall we speak of him, the light of the schools, he who unites in himself the learning of the Benedictine and the humility of the Cistercian? Like his brother Cardinal and fellow Oxford-man, he, too, was brought up in Protestantism, but his mind was too broad for its pettiness, and his penetration too keen for its sophistries. With the lofty calmness of the philosopher, he withdrew himself from that patchwork Church of wrich Pitt once said, with epigrammatic force, that it 'hath a Popish liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Armenian clergy.' There was no place in it for such as the future Oratorian, and John Henry Newman in his own quiet way deposited all his marvellous gifts of intellect, his store of learning, his bright wit and cutting logic, with the artless obedience of a child, at the feet of the Holy Father, and he who might claim any eminence in what worldlings recognize as the Temple of Fame has since been content to lead a life of patient and austere seclusion.

"Are we not justified in saluting John Henry Newman, this model of unselfishness, of modesty and of love for his brethren, as Charity incarnate?

"Faith, Hope and Charity—these are the virtues, imparting to the Catholic Church of England a vivid life, a joyful strength and a forgiving tenderness, which are represented by the three English Cardinals who are to meet in the town-house of the munificent Catholic duke.

"Who could have foreseen such an event but seven-and-twenty years ago, when the shameful Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passed by a bigoted Legislature, when the howl of No Popery was bellowed through the land, when God's house was broken into and defiled at Stockport, and when the grand old Cardinal who is now no more, the brave and beloved Nicholas Wiseman—God rest his soul!—was covered with hatred, contumely and derision?

"The change in that brief interval has been great as it is consoling. God's hand may be seen in it. What may it not be seven-and-twenty years' hence? True, there may be no Howard, Manning or Newman then; but their good works will live after them, and, though their mantles may not descend on such ample shoulders, we may be sure they will not be let fall to the ground."

"The host, the young Duke of Norfolk, occupies a unique position. He is not alone the unquestioned head of the proud noblesse of Great Britain, but the hereditary chief of the Catholics of these islands. In long and illustrious descent, in splendid ancestral traditions, no noble in Europe can rival the heir to 'all the blood of all the Howards,' in whose veins runs the royal stream of Tudor and Plantagenet, who counts so many kings and queens of England among his ancestors. Their devotion to the Faith, the House of Norfolk have sealed with their blood. In the days of the brutal King Henry, one of his innocent victims was the fair and unhappy Queen Catharine Howard, whose death was in great part due to the intrigues of the Reformers. The third Duke of Norfolk was another victim of the No-Popery rage of Henry's later days, and though he escaped with his life, he saw his son hurried to the scaffold, and such a son—the gentle Surrey, brave, accomplished, generous, the patron of

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arts and letters, a sweet singer, whose unpremeditated lay still charms us all. When the virgin Queen succeeded her brutal father, the Howards were still true to the old Faith, and for it the fourth Duke and his eldest son, the pious Arundel, died, the one on the scaffold, the other under the horrors of his merciless imprisonment. The Duke of Norfolk is in every way worthy of his illustrious ancestry. It is conceded on all hands that the eulogy which Cardinal Manning passed on him a few days since at Liverpool was not overstrained. 'I know hardly any man,' said the Cardinal, 'of whom I can say with more confidence that he has a perfect rectitude of mind and life, that he has the consciousness of a single intention, a heart generous and prompt in all the works that are due to his Divine Master, and at the same time a humility which can spring alone from a Christian character, and from that singular grace which the Catholic Faith bestows.'"

Catholic Notes.

——SLAVERY is to be abolished in the Island of Cuba.

——Rev. Father Wilkins, of Fort Wayne, has our best thanks for kind favors.

——Sir Charles Nelson, a great-grandson of the famous Admiral Nelson, the hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar, has become a Catholic.

——RT. REV. BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, Ohio, has ordered a collection to be taken up throughout his diocese for the relief of the distressed poor in Ireland.

——THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION will be observed with great solemnity in Rome this year, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the definition.

——RT. REV. ÆGIDIUS JUNGER, D. D., Bishop of Nesqualy, and successor to the venerable Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanchet, who has presided over the see since 1846, was consecrated at Vancouver on the 27th ult., by Most Rev. Archbishop Blanchet, of Oregon.

——MAYNOOTH AND STONYHURST.—The wing of Maynooth College, which was burned down about a year ago, will be rebuilt next spring. The main building will also be improved. It is stated that Stonyhurst College, too, is to be rebuilt from the foundations.

——The *Osservatore Romano* publishes the text of an admirable letter of the Bishops of Ireland to his Holiness Leo XIII in which the prelates declare their unconditional adherence to the Encyclical "*Æterni patris*," and congratulate his Holiness on its publication.

——INTERVIEW OF BP. MARTY WITH THE SIOUX.—It would seem from the interview of Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty with the chiefs of the Sioux, an account of which is published in the *Bismark Tribune*, that they have no desire to go into agencies. They, however, renew their petition for priests.

——MORE MISSIONARIES FOR AFGHANISTAN.—Three priests of the Congregation of Saint Joseph, at Millhill, near London, recently sailed for the East Indies, whence they are to proceed to Afghanistan, whither three co-laborers have already proceeded. Cardinal Manning made an eloquent address to the worthy missionaries, and many members of the Catholic nobility attended their departure for their glorious but difficult mission.

——A JOYOUS CELEBRATION.—Rev. Thomas Kieran, the worthy and beloved pastor of St. Ann's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., lately celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The affectionate parishioners of St. Ann's, for whose spiritual welfare Father Kieran has labored so devotedly for so many years, made the occasion one of unusual festivity. Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan, and a number of priests, participated. A beautiful set of vestments and a costly chalice, together with a handsome sum of money, were presented to Father Kieran, who was deeply moved by the devoted attachment of his parishioners. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks before the church. Length of days to the good rector of St. Ann's!

——RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION.—St. Thomas's Church, Jamaica Plains, Mass., of which the Rev. Father T. Magennis is the respected pastor, was the scene of a most interesting ceremony on the morning of the 6th inst. Three Sisters of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, situated near the church, made their religious profession, and four young ladies received the religious habit. Their names respectively are Sister Mary Agnes, Sister Mary Aloysius and Sister Mary Lourdes; Miss Herlihey (Sister Gertrude), Miss Quinn (Sister Mary James), Miss Riely (Sister Mary Thomas), and Miss Murphy (Sister Joseph). Archbishop Williams, who was attended by Very Rev. Father Byrne, V. G., and a number of other priests, presided over the ceremony. Rev. Father Freitag, of the Redemptorists, preached an appropriate sermon.

——ANOTHER ROTTEN LIMB FALLS OFF.—The daily papers say, "There is trouble between the Church and the press at Ottawa, in the province of Ontario. The Roman Catholic Bishop recently visited Rome and obtained from his Holiness the bones of Saint Æmilius, which, on his return to Ottawa, he presented to the cathedral of that city. There was a grand ceremony when the relic was brought to the church. It was borne from the Bishop's house by four priests; the students of the Roman Catholic College formed a guard of honor; sixty clergymen appeared in the procession, among them two Bishops; and the bones were exposed in the church for nine days. A local newspaper, owned and edited by an Irish Catholic, referred in a rather contemptous manner to the relic and the ceremonies attending its reception, pointing to the men who had sacrificed their lives in endeavoring to enlarge the liberties of Irishmen as the true martyrs. The Bishop denounced the irreverent editor from the pulpit; the editor replied in his newspaper; then the Bishop, over his own signature, censured him in the other local papers, and then the recalcitrant editor declared his independence of the Church and all its representatives."

——CHINESE MISSIONS.—Rev. Father Gemini, of the Society of Foreign Missions at Milan, gives the following reports from Lou-y-hien of the progress of the missions under his charge: "After three months' absence I have just returned to my residence at Lou-y-hien. I have been visiting Nan-yang-fou, Siang-hien, and other new missions. The number of conversions this year has been considerable. In the neighborhood of Nan-yang-fou the wealthier and more cultured citizens ask to be received into the Church. At Soutchow, a small missionary station attended from Sianhient, I met four Chinese from a district distant three days' journey, who told me that in their part of the country ten families had begun to say the Christian prayers. If a missionary could go there, he would doubtless effect numerous conversions. But there are only eight of us in all to evangelize a country larger than Italy, and, of course, we cannot be everywhere. One reason for the numerous conversions is the charity manifested by Catholics. The pagans are

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in admiration of the devoted zeal of our Vicar-Apostolic, Monsignor Volonteri, during the time of famine. Charity is a virtue altogether unknown to the heathen Chinese, and thus they have become deeply moved at the sight of strangers hastening to assist the famine-stricken people without manifesting the least personal interest.

——THE DIME NOVEL, which the American boy loves with all the ardor of his young affections, has been made the scape-goat for the darts and arrows of moralists; and yet the average dime novel, or even the most lurid story in the delectable sheets especially written for boys, is not more conducive to the corruption of the youthful mind than the daily paper. The records of horrible, and even unnatural crimes, with every detail printed; the allusions to things which no child ought to know; the "jokes," the point of which consists in the fact that "smart" dishonesty overcomes honesty, are not calculated to assist the youthful mind in forming itself according to the desire of moralists. Fathers who are really careful as to what their children read are few; and these few, although they may drive the "story papers" from their families with the fire and sword of parental wrath, rarely trouble themselves about the harm that the reading of the daily papers may do their children. The boy who, while the Beecher trial was in progress, did not make himself master of all its details, must have been very much behind his age. His mother occasionally glanced at the daily column, his father was not above devouring the latest "revelations," and yet, no doubt, these good people would have been somewhat surprised if they knew that their chubby heir, in spite of his artless face and ingenuous eyes, had drawn *his* conclusion from the evidence long ago. We even heard of a school (but this was a girls' school) in which a great schism was made by a difference of opinion among the young ladies on the subject of the same trial. All the girls read the daily papers, and then sifted the evidence! The story-papers are like bad whisky—they stimulate, they excite, they may even produce delirium tremens; but, as a rule, boys outgrow them; they never outgrow the daily papers; and the old man chuckles over the prurient details of the latest scandal with as much enjoyment as, when a boy, he eagerly absorbed the malaria in which the press of to-day lives and thrives. There are certain English novels of the olden time from which we draw the conclusion that the "olden time" was very immoral indeed; but are not our daily newspapers worse than any book of Sterne, Smollett or Fielding? If the papers are indices of the times, Heaven mend the times!—*McGee's Weekly.*

New Publications.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. Lectures on the Reasonableness of Christianity and the Shallowness of Unbelief. Delivered by the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney. Baltimore: John B. Piet.

In the five lectures which this little book contains, and which we have read with care, the learned author vindicates the dignity of manhood, proves the existence of a personal Deity, shows the baleful effects of universal skepticism, and exhibits the claims of the Catholic Faith to the consideration of civilized humanity. The Most Rev. lecturer knew, no doubt, the spiritual necessities of those to whom he addressed himself; but to us the book is somewhat disappointing. To hold the Catholic Faith sincerely, is to make it the one principle worth living for, worth dying for. But in these lectures it is placed before us simply as a principle calculated to preserve what there is of civilization among us—to check the pernicious spread of socialism, communism and nihilism. Much zeal is expended upon the evolution theory—a theory put forward with so much reserve, advocated so weakly, and retracted so speedily, that if it had not been so vigorously attacked, "the masses" would never have been aware of its promulgation. The really dangerous infidels, in our opinion, are such men as Bob Ingersoll, who go about delivering popular lectures and writing books in the popular style. Most persons might read the greater part of what Darwin, Huxley and Tyndal have written without being aware of any hostility to faith or morals contained therein.

EMMANUEL: A Book of Eucharistic Verses. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Author's American Edition. New York: Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street. Price, 50 cents.

The work of a gifted and zealous Irish priest, and breathing the genuine air of Christian fervor, this little book comes to our hands not to challenge criticism as to its poetical merit, but to fan the flame of devotion in smouldering bosoms. One who had made a pilgrimage to some celebrated shrine to seek a miraculous cure, would not be very apt to discuss the artistic merits of the sacred image that had attracted him thither. If the Reverend pastors of our churches would avail themselves of the beautiful distichs on the Stations of the Cross which are to be found on pages 61 and 62, and have them inscribed at the base of the pictures, they would add as much to them as the usual unnecessary "explanations" detract. As to the subjects treated in the book, we have noticed them at considerable length in a former number of THE AVE MARIA. The cheapness of the American edition of this little volume ought to secure it a wide sale.

——The *Guardian Angel*, an eight-page illustrated monthly paper, published in Philadelphia, Pa., contains excellent reading matter for young folks. The price of subscription is only fifty cents a year, so that very few young people need be without it. Among the contributors are Rev. Father Lambing and Mr. Maurice F. Egan, of whose praise it is hardly necessary for us to speak, as they are writers of well-known ability. Father Lambing has just concluded a "Life of the Blessed Virgin, for Children," which will immediately appear in book-form, and Mr. Egan is writing a series of "Pen-Pictures of Eminent Catholics." The last published sketch of the series is "The Ex-Empress Eugenie," and a very interesting one it is. Mr. Egan, young as he is, has not only established his reputation as one of the best sonnet writers of the day, but is also a very pleasing prose writer.

——The Catholic Youths' Association at Madrid, Spain, has opened a competition among Spanish poets for the best hymn in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The different productions will be examined by a competent committee on the 25th anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma, the 8th of December next. All the hymns worthy of the distinction will be published together in one volume, of which each contributor will receive twenty-five copies.

——Padre Fra Tomas, a learned Spanish priest and professor in the Augustinian College at Valladolid, has published an able and crushing refutation of "The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," by Dr. Draper, of New York.

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——An important work has just appeared in England entitled "The Anglican Ministry, its nature and value in relation to the Catholic Priesthood," to which Cardinal Newman has contributed a Preface. The author is the Rev. Arthur Hutton, one of the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory, and formerly a clergyman of the Church of England. His book is an extended examination of the pretensions of the modern Ritualists, which he concludes to be utterly unfounded; though meanwhile he acquits the men themselves of conscious dishonesty.

——The Catholic Publication Society Co. will soon issue "Five-Minute Sermons, with the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays throughout the Year," by the Paulist Fathers; and "Pearl," by Miss O'Meara.

RECEIVED: "Fleurange," by Madame Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by M. P. T. Hickey & Co., publishers, No. 11 Barclay street, New York. "Proceedings of the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the U. S."; etc., etc.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 12TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 63 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 39 persons and 14 families,—conversion to the Faith for 42 persons and 15 families,—the grace of perseverance for 8, and that of a happy death for 9 persons,—special graces for 6 priests, 6 religious, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 38 persons and 6 families,—spiritual favors for 40 persons and 4 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 4 congregations, 5 schools, and 1 orphan asylum. Also 20 particular intentions, and 4 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Several apostate Catholics and unbelievers in imminent danger of death,—success in an examination and in obtaining a school,—the success of an undertaking for the benefit of a religious community,—the conversion of a number of Catholics neglecting their religious duties,—some persons travelling abroad,—the pupils and teachers of a convent school,—several persons knowingly living in mortal sin,—a particular intention of a worthy priest in Kentucky.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A number of persons express their gratitude at having obtained situations and employments much needed for their support. One in particular writes: "My son has unexpectedly obtained a very good situation as book-keeper and cashier, on the last day of a novena to St. Joseph." . . . The water of Lourdes continues its salutary effect on those who use it with faith and confidence. A grateful mother says: "Through the mercy of God and the intercession of our Holy Mother, I have been permitted to rise from a bed of sickness, for which, as a mother of six children, I have reason to be very thankful. Please say a Mass of thanksgiving for the spiritual and temporal blessings received through prayers and the use of the blessed water of Lourdes." The same correspondent adds: "The little Protestant girl whose eyes were sore is now perfectly cured of her affliction, by the use of the water of Lourdes and a novena made for her. My mother had her fingers badly smashed, so that she feared she could not use them for a month. I bathed them with the water of Lourdes and gave her some to use during the night. The next day the swelling was gone, and the fingers are now nearly all well. I also gave some Lourdes water to a man whose foot had been cut off by a train and who had received the last Sacraments. The wound ceased paining, and began to heal. He is now able to go about."... Another parent writes: "My little girl was very ill with sore eyes when she was seventeen months old, but she was cured by the water of Lourdes. Since then I cannot be without it."

OBITUARY.

The prayers of the members of the Confraternity are requested in behalf of the following deceased persons: SISTER MARGARET MARY (Nicolas), of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, who departed for heaven on the 27th ult. after a long and painful illness. She made her religious vows on her death-bed. MONS. M. P. NICOLAS, father of the above-named, whose death occurred on the 11th of May, 1878, will be remembered by many Irish priests as their old professor of French. For some time previous to his lamented death he was a resident of Chicago, where his daughter also died. HON. MATTHEW NOONAN, a worthy and much respected citizen of La Salle, Ill., deceased a few weeks ago, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His devotedness to the Church and charity to the poor will long be remembered. He was a native of Co. Limerick, Ireland. Mrs. SARAH LARKIN, of Dubuque, Iowa, a devout client of Mary who rested in peace after a short illness on the 29th of October. Mr. JOHN O'HAIRE, who died last March at his home in Charles City, Iowa, and his son HENRY, whose death took place last September at San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. JANE MARTIN KENNEFISK, of Buffalo, N. Y., who departed this life on the evening of All Saints' Day; and Miss CLOTILDE SAINT JULIEN, of the same city, deceased last September. Mrs. JOHN HUGHES, of St. Patrick's congregation, Daviess Co., Ind., who breathed her last on the 2d of November. Mr. JOHN O'DONNELL, an estimable young man residing at Braddocksfield, Pa., who slept in the Lord on the 3d inst. Mrs. JULIA BUCKLEY, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. DENIS HANLY, and his daughter BRIDGET, of Oil City, Pa., Mrs. BRIDGET WARD, of Michigan City, Ind., whose deaths are of recent occurrence. Mr. WILLIAM HAGERTY, Mrs. MARY RYAN, Mr. PATRICK MCGUSHIN, of Washington, D. C.; JAMES BURKE, and family; WILLIAM HUDSON, and family; HENRY MOFFIT, MARY A. DONNELLY, Mr. SWEENEY, of Pin Oak, Iowa; Mr. JOHN GLASS, and family; all of whom died some time ago. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

For Rebuilding Notre Dame University.

Mrs. Wm. Hazel, $1; Eliza Wodburn, $1; Michael Keef, $5; Mrs. John Kelley, $1; A Friend, $6; Mrs. John Hauglin, $1; Mrs. Mary Zuyne, $4; Mrs. J. Connor, $1; James Garvey, $5; For T. H. Barry, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; Mrs. B. McGrade, $1; William McGrade, $1; Mrs. M. McEnerney, $1; M. Ward, $1.35; Mrs. A. O'Donohue, $1; Philip McCarthy, $1; Henry Hauglin, $1; Mrs. Patrick Neven, $1; Timothy McCarthy, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Burns, $1; Mary McEvoy, $1; Mary Ann McDonough, $25; Mr. —— O'Neill, $1; Bridget O'Hara, $1; Mary A. Freel, $1; Grace Freel, $1; Two Friends abroad, $2.25.

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Children's Department.

Little Titian's Palette.

High up in the vale of Cadore,
Encompassed by mountains as wild
As the wildness of gloom and of glory
Could make them, dwelt Titian, the child.

The snow-covered ridges and ranges,
The gorges as dusky as night,
The cloud-wracks, the shadows, the changes,
All filled him with dreams of delight.

The flush of the summer, the duller
White sheen of the winter abroad,
Would move him to ecstacy; color
To him was a vision of God.

Enraptured his mother would hold him
With legends that never sufficed
To tire him out, as she told him
Of Mary, the Mother of Christ.

"How blue are her eyes?" he would ask her;
"As blue as the harebells I know;
And her cheek" (it was so he would task her)?—
"Is her cheek like a rose under snow?"

So, stirred with the spell of the story,
One day as he wandered alone
Deep into the vale of Cadore,
Where blossoms by thousands were strewn.

He suddenly cried: "I will paint her!
The darling Madonna!—for, see,
These anemone buds are not fainter
Than the tint of her temples must be!

"Who ever saw violets bluer?
Their stain is the stain of the skies;
So what could be sweeter or truer
For tinging the blue of her eyes?

"This rose—why, the sunsets have fed her
Till she looks like a rose of the South;
I never saw one that was redder;
O, that I will keep for her mouth!

"Yon blood-root, as brown as October,
Is just what I want for her hair;
And the juice of this gentian shall robe her
In garments an angel might wear!"

Thus the picture was painted. Long after,
In Venice, the Bride of the Sea,
When we sat amid feasting and laughter,
With guests of the noblest degree—

When his name, and his fame, and his glory,
To the height of the highest arose,
And Titian, the child of Cadore,
Was Titian, the master—who knows

If ever his world-widened powers
Were touched with so tender a grace
As when, from his palette of flowers,
He painted that marvellous face!

—*Mary J. Preston, in "Wide-Awake."*

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER V.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Holy Christmas Eve had come again for the third time since Anthony's departure. This day the forester with his son Christian came home earlier than usual from the forest. It was very cold. The evening light streamed glowing red through the window. The round panes already began to frost over, and were glittering in the red evening glow like jewels. The forester seated himself in his arm-chair beside the stove. He put more wood into the stove, which was provided with an open grate. The flame soon arose, and spread a wavy shimmer throughout the room, reflecting itself on the windows and increasing the sparkling of the window-panes.

His wife now entered the room. "Isn't there a letter from Anthony?" asked the forester.

"No," she replied, with a sad countenance.

"That's curious," muttered he, shaking his head. "On every Christmas Eve we have always had a letter from him. He used to write such long letters, and they were indeed the most agreeable of Christmas pleasures to me. What's the matter with the boy that he doesn't write?"

Scarcely had he finished speaking when a messenger, with his hair frosted white, came into the room. He had a letter in his hand, and on his shoulders a new box made of fir, which was very flat, but pretty broad, and so long that the man had to stoop to get into the room with it. "I dare say," said Catharine, "there's a looking-glass in the box." The messenger handed the forester the letter and laid the box down.

"The letter is from Mr. Riedinger," said the forester. "How's that? I begin to fear something has happened poor Anthony."

He tore the letter open in haste, and glanced over it by the light of the fire with eager eyes.

"Just think!" cried he, joyously; "Anthony sends a painting from Rome for a Christmas gift. He sent it rolled up to Mr. Riedinger, begging him to have it put in a rich gold frame, and to see that we received it punctually on Christmas Eve. Mr. Riedinger writes that it is a masterpiece. Anthony is indeed an excellent boy; I wish I could embrace him this minute."

"Catharine," continued he, "bring the good messenger a glass of wine, whilst the supper is preparing. That'll do him good, for it is fearfully cold." The messenger took the wine with thanks, but declined waiting for supper. He said he had relatives at Ashdale with whom he wished to pass Christmas Eve and the Holy Day.

"Very good!" assented the forester, pressing

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him to drink his glass out, pouring him more, and then letting him go.

"Now," said the forester, "do you all sit around me. In Mr. Riedinger's letter there is also one from Anthony which I will read for you."

"But wait," interposed Louisa, "I will bring you a candle, father."

"Well, do," answered he, "I can read the letter better then. But make haste!"

Louisa soon brought a lighted candle in a bright brass candlestick. All sat around, their curiosity on the tiptoe. The forester read:

"My best-beloved Parents, Brothers and Sisters:—I send you, as a Christmas gift, a painting on which I have expended much care. It represents the new-born Saviour in the manger. Numerous artists have assured me that my labor has been attended with great success. I only wish it may give you half as much pleasure as the representation of the Child Jesus in the manger gave me, which I saw on entering your house for the first time. I am convinced that in that case your joy will be great.

"Oh! that I could come to you myself, and offer you the painting in person! This land is indeed a glorious one. As I write you in the month of November, at your home it has long since been winter, and your roof and the firs and the oaks around creak under their load of snow: here, on the contrary, the citron and orange trees yet glow with their silver leaves and golden fruit. Still, amidst these glories I cannot but wish myself back beside your country fireside, where I have spent the happiest hours of my life.

"I am indebted to your kindness for the privilege of living under this beautiful sky of Italy; for being, if I deserve the name, an artist. That sweet representation of the Crib of Jesus for the children, imperfect as it may have been, first awakened my talent. I have it yet always before my eyes; and whatever works of art, inimitable as they are, I have the fortune to see, still they do not make the same deep impression on me as your Christmas Crib of old. Indeed, the blessed years of childhood are dear above all others! Pity 'tis, they pass so quickly.

"At the moment you are reading this letter and looking upon my painting, I am with you in spirit. I recall, with a heart full of emotion, how I came under your roof, almost stiff with cold; how you adopted me as your child; how Christian, Catharine and Louisa cheerfully divided their Christmas gifts with me. O dearest father, I gratefully kiss your hand and that of my foster-mother; I embrace my brother and sisters; I enjoy beforehand the prospect, after a few years, of being with you face to face, and to be able to say to you that from my inmost heart I am your grateful and most loving ANTHONY.

"ROME, Nov. 25, 1756."

"That is a letter!" exclaimed the forester, brushing a tear from his eyes. "What we have expended on the youth is only too little. My hopes in him were indeed high, but he has far exceeded them. I would never have believed I should have such pride in him. But," added he, smiling, "I believe supper is waiting on us; we'll look at the picture afterwards."

"O no!" cried all, with one voice; "now, please!"

"That is better than eating," added Louisa; "I will go and get another candle that we may see it better."

Christian brought a chisel and hammer and opened the box. "O how pretty! how lovely!" cried all in a breath. "What heavenly forms! what exquisite colors!"

The forester placed the picture on a side-table, with the candles on either side. All eyes were rivetted on the beautiful work. The forester's wife folded her hands devoutly and said: "Truly, one cannot imagine anything lovelier. I feel as if I were really beside the manger of Jesus. How kindly, how sweetly the Divine Child regards us, as if on His entrance into the world He would bid us all welcome to Him! How tenderly and lovingly Mary, kneeling beside the Crib, looks down on the Child, embracing It with one arm, whilst she lays her other hand on her deeply-moved heart; and, possessing the sweet Child, forgets all the poverty of the poor stable! How respectful Joseph stands there, and how piously does he look up to heaven with folded hands How deeply sincerity and simplicity are reflected in the eyes of the shepherds! how respectfully and devoutly they sink down on their knees! And the angels above, how heavenly! And what a bright halo surrounds the Child! dimming the brightness of the very angels! Truly, he who could not rejoice on seeing this, and be moved to praise and bless God, must have a heart of stone."

The forester meanwhile had been mutely regarding the picture; not a word escaped his lips. Finally, as if awaking out of a dream, he spoke: "Yes: you are right. When we have this holy history so beautifully painted and richly framed before our eyes, it makes a new and very peculiar impression on the heart. I will try to tell you how it impresses me and affects my heart." He pushed his arm-chair back and sat some distance from the picture that he might take it all in better, and then said: "First, my dear children, let us fix our eyes on the Divine Child in the manger; but we will abstract for a few moments His divine origin: let us first consider Him as the Son of man. Weak and helpless, wrapped in poor swaddling clothes, He lies on a little hay and straw. But the loving Mother greets Him with a sweet smile, full of the tenderest solicitude to care well for Him, whilst the faithful foster-father stands by, ready to protect the Mother and Child with his strong arm, and support them by his laborious toil. A faithful father, a loving mother, and a child that as soon as it comes to the use of reason gratefully returns this true love, is the most beautiful sight under heaven, at which angels themselves must rejoice. This lovely trinity, father, Mother, Child—God Himself has created.

"O my children, reflect then at the sight of this Child in the manger: as a weak babe, I too once lay as I was laid. I should have died thus, if my parents had not lovingly cared for me. But the little stranger was received with joy—nay, exultation—and all was prepared for his arrival. My mother wrapped me up in my first clothes—the swathings, which she herself, perhaps, spun, bleached and sewed. All her thoughts and actions, day and night, were directed to my welfare.

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Anxiously did she watch by my cradle, when I was sleeping; many a night did she pass without rest, out of her tender love for me. My good father shared her cares, and labored to support me. Reflect then, and thank God that He gave you Christian parents. For He it is that, out of love for you, planted in the heart of your mother something of His own unspeakable love, and gave to your father something of His own Fatherly disposition, and put in his breast a father's heart. Be not ungrateful towards your parents. A son or daughter that could forget what his mother had undergone for him, or his father had done to feed, clothe and educate him, would be devoid of all human feeling.

"Let us now, my children, after we have observed well the Holy Family, consider the angels floating in the air above, and then throw a glance at the animals in the stable. From this the dignity and destiny of man will be made clear to us. Look first again at the Holy Virgin's sweet countenance, full of celestial innocence and inexpressible motherly tenderness! Observe the upright form of the venerable Joseph, as he raises his devout eyes towards heaven! Behold the dear Child, who smiles so lovingly, His eyes sparkling like stars. And now turn your eyes to the rough, shaggy heads of the ox and the ass. How dull they look! Notice how the mouth sticks forward, to give us to understand that their only care is about something to eat, than which they know nothing higher or better. They are not even capable of a smile. Who, at this contrast, must not look on man as a higher being? In truth, he does belong to a higher class of creatures. The most boorish man would feel himself insulted if it were said to him: 'You are no better than the ox that pulls your plow, or the ass that carries your sack to the mill, dies in time, and rots in the field!' No, man is more like the holy angels of God, who acknowledge their Creator, bless Him and praise Him. Man is the only creature on earth that can do this. Though he has some resemblance to the animals, still he is more closely related to the angels. Though he comes into the world crying and complaining, though he has much to suffer, though after a short time he fades away like a flower, it is only his earthly form that falls to dust; there is in him an immortal soul.

"The artist has done well to introduce, besides the larger animals, a lamb and a basket of fruit, which you see there at the foot of the crib—brought, no doubt, as a present to the new-born Child. To man are all the rest of creatures in the world subjected; he tames the strongest beasts, and they are forced to serve him; the sheep gives him wool; for him the earth brings forth its most beautiful fruits. God has made man 'little less than the angels, crowned him with honor and glory,' made him lord of all His works and subjected everything to his control on earth.

"Even the place where we see the Child and His parents, the poor manger and stable, are not without meaning. Man needs no palace to fulfil his destiny on earth. He can live contented and die happy in the most miserable, thatched cottage. We see nothing in the stable but poverty and want. But to be really happy, worthy of all true honors, and to be one of God's genuine noblemen, one needs neither velvet nor silk, gold nor silver. In this most important point God has made no distinction between man and man. A poor stable shelters the holiest, the happiest, the most honorable beings that ever lived on earth.

"What I have said, my children, may be indeed very beautiful and consoling to us; still, I have spoken only of the human view of this history. The divine origin and high calling of this Holy Child is the important point of all. For Jesus Christ, the Son of the Most High, made man, came into the world to save men, who were fallen from God and their original dignity, and therefore lost. In Him the mercy of God appeared to us visibly; in Him we see God in the form of a man. True, He was born in the most abject poverty, lay as a Child in the manger, did not possess in this world so much of His own that he had a place where to lay His head, and died as a criminal on the cross. But without any earthly means, without riches or armed power, through His divine wisdom, love and omnipotence, He has changed the face of the earth, enlightened and ennobled mankind, escaped the corruption of the grave, and thus proved His divine origin. There is a very plain proof of this in this picture, as there is in history.

"See, round about is deep darkness; the light that goes out from the Divine Child, alone makes all bright with its splendor. Thus, at the birth of Jesus the darkness of ignorance and heathenism covered the earth; but in Jesus Christ light is arisen on the world, 'that enlightens every man that cometh into the world.' Men were sunk in sins and crimes; many resembled the beasts of the stable in their degradation; many others, through their wickedness, had put themselves even below the brute. But through Christ, all that truly believed in Him were transformed into better men, saints, and angels in human form. Men were not only ignorant and sinful, they were miserable besides. But behold, how happy are those that surround His manger, and rejoice in His birth! Mary, Joseph, the shepherds in the presence of the new-born Saviour, felt themselves elevated above all earthly miseries. He who came into the world to save men from their sins, to bring them true joy and divine peace from heaven, commences His mission as soon as He is born. The words of the angel ring yet in the ears of all men: 'I bring you tidings of

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great joy; to-day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord.'

"Every man has access to Him. He revealed Himself first to the poor, simple, country people, the shepherds; His mother too is poor, His foster-father a mechanic, who gains his living by hard work. Already at the crib of Jesus we are taught that before Him riches, high rank and worldly wisdom are nothing. He wishes to have about Him only those who are of good will, like Mary, the most holy Virgin; Joseph, the just man; the shepherds, those pious men full of righteousness and the fear of God. Still He does not repel even the greatest sinner who repents of his sins and wishes earnestly to amend his life. The very name of the Divine Child gives this meaning. It was for this reason that the angel gave to Mary the divine command: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus.' For the same reason the command is repeated to Joseph: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus—that is, Saviour: for He shall save His people from their sins.' Sinful mankind was to be His people, a holy people of God: hence we see the heavens opened over the manger of Jesus. He wished to reopen heaven, closed to men, found a kingdom of God on earth and thus reunite it with heaven. Therefore the holy angels of God rejoice and exult, praise God in the highest, and wish men joy of the salvation which is prepared for them in Christ.

"What was proclaimed at the manger of Jesus, He Himself afterwards brought about, though great obstacles were placed in His way by the infidelity and obduracy of men, on many of whom His birth and death had no effect. He established a kingdom of heaven on earth, and His work remained. Many great conquerors founded world-wide empires; but their kingdoms either survived their founders but a short time, or fell to pieces in their very lifetime. The kingdom of Jesus alone, true Christianity, spread ever wider and wider, and lasts to this hour. Whole peoples came over to His faith, and kings adorned their crowns with His cross. The old heathen horrors, sacrifices of men, and the like, disappeared from the Christian countries of the world. A great number of temples and churches were raised, in which the true God was adored and divine truth preached. Numberless schools, refuges and hospitals were the fruit of Christian love. How many children, how many poor and sick, without these Christian institutions, would have been the victims of ignorance, vice and misery! Millions of men have found in the faith of Christ peace through repentance, and have become good men. And even now, when infidelity and corruption seem to be in the ascendency, innumerable hearts beat for Him, and find in Him consolation in poverty and death. Even yet, is the Gospel, the messenger of good tidings of great joy, proclaimed to the heathen, and savage races are converted to His faith, rejoice in the heavenly truth, and lay aside their uncouth customs. The birthday of Jesus is therefore the most important in the history of the world; and it is with reason that the world now counts its years by the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Every new year should remind us that the birthday of Jesus is the birthday of light and salvation for all men, who wish to open their eyes and hearts to Him; the birthday of man's true happiness, of the enlightenment and elevation of the human race. Let us then, my children, this Holy Eve and to-morrow, greet our Saviour anew, and join in the praises of the angels."

Thus spoke the forester. His wife added, with emotion: "Yes, we will; will we not, children? The beautiful painting that Anthony has sent us, is the finest Christmas gift that anyone, be he even a prince, could have made us. The devotion with which you have listened to the pious remarks of your father, is the best celebration of Christmas Eve we could possibly have made."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

St. Stanislaus Kostka.

St. Stanislaus was born in Poland, of illustrious parents. His sanctity as a child was so remarkable that he was known by all as "the angel," which title he deserved especially on account of his angelic purity. On attaining his fourteenth year, he was sent with his brother to pursue his studies under the Jesuits at Vienna. His brother, who loved the frivolities of the world, was the cause of much mortification to our Saint, but he always said, when tempted to join in his brother's pleasures: "I will live in such a manner as I know is pleasing to God, whether it pleases my brother or not." He had a peculiarly affectionate devotion to the Mother of God, and gained many graces and favors through her intercession. By her he was told in a vision to join the Society of Jesus. He applied to the Fathers at Vienna for admission, but not having his parents' consent, his request was refused. He then journeyed to Rome on foot, and was received into the Order by St. Francis Borgia. His novitiate was a continued series of prayers, mortifications and celestial visions. While in his eighteenth year, and tenth month of his novitiate, his last illness, a fever, prostrated him. His sickness had no dangerous symptoms, but he foretold that he would die, and on the 15th of August he passed to his eternal reward, with his baptismal innocence unspotted. He was afterwards chosen as the patron of Poland, and at one time appearing visibly to the Polish army, he obtained for them a glorious victory over the Turks. By his intercession many cities have escaped pestilence and conflagration.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 29, 1879. No. 48.

[For the Ave Maria.]

Ave Regina Cœlorum!

Hail, Queen of Heaven, 'round whom rejoices
Th'angelic host with choral voices:
Hail, sweetest root of Jesse budding,
Heaven's porch, earth's torch whence light is flooding.

We sing thee, Virgin crowned with glory,
We chaunt the wonders of thy story.

Thy praise, thus sung, thy mercy reaching,
Now lift to Christ in prayers beseeching.

CHARLES KENT.

Image and Sanctuary of Our Lady of Los Dèsamparados of Valencia, Spain.

BY REV. J. ADAM.

In the native place of the famous Cid, the warrior, the noble city of Valencia, is venerated the beautiful miraculous image of Our Lady of Los Desamparados. In that city, embalmed by the fragrance of aromatic gardens rising majestically above the Mediterranean, there are also many temples, including the Cathedral, dedicated to the Mother of God.

The devotion of the Valencians to the Queen of Heaven is as remarkable and edifying as that witnessed in the provinces of Andalusia. Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados (Our Lady of the Forsaken) is invoked by the people in all their difficulties and afflictions. Amongst the churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary there is one under the title of Los Desamparados, to which there is a brotherhood attached, established four hundred years ago, whose origin and aim are worthy the admiration of all who have a heart capable of appreciating works of genuine charity.

In the year 1380, ten pious men of Valencia resolved to devote their lives and fortunes to the laudable object of rescuing and providing for children abandoned by their unnatural parents. After mature deliberation and prayer, they organized a religious community to which they gave the name of "Monte de Piedad." They then rented a house, collected the orphans, and begged alms from door to door for them. Their charity went still further—for they received also aged and infirm people and pilgrims.

These heroic acts of charity soon reached the ears of Don Martin, King of Aragon, who, highly approving the zeal and charity of the members, declared himself their protector. After their community had been in existence twenty years, they placed themselves and their pious labors in a special manner under the protection of the Mother of God. They knew that this heavenly Mother is the Queen of charity, and exercises it not only towards mortals in general, but especially towards those who know how to unite the love of God with that of their neighbor.

After much prayer and deliberation, they resolved to call their community "The Brotherhood of Innocent Children and of the Mother of the Forsaken." They next wished to have a statue of Mary for their new establishment lately erected by the munificence of the king of Spain. They consulted Father Juan Gilaberto, to whose zealous preaching was due, next to God, their vocation and united action. He undertook to have one executed by an excellent artist, but God, in whose eyes works of charity and mercy are so acceptable, resolved to reward them in a miraculous manner.

It was in the year 1414, that three pilgrim youths arrived at the door of their monastery, soliciting lodging for the night. They were hospitably received by the Superior, who in the course of the evening spoke to them about the wished-for statue. They told him they were sculptors by profession, and in reward for his hospitality, and for the honor and glory of Mary, the Mother of God, they would carve him such a statue as was never before seen in all Spain. They asked to be furnished with a block of marble, tools, and provisions for three days, and to be left undisturbed during that time. They locked themselves

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up in a large room; and, to the no small amazement of the good Abbot and his brethren, not a sound of hammer or chisel was ever heard during the three days.

The fourth day arrived without bringing any tidings of the three young men or the statue. The monks knocked repeatedly at the door without receiving any answer. At that time, there was living in the city a blind and paralyzed woman, who, by her patience and resignation to the will of God through all her sufferings, had arrived at a very high degree of sanctity. This holy woman, hearing of the circumstance, consulted God in prayer in order to know what was to be done. She then told the monks to force in the door and they would find their statue, but not the young men, for they were heavenly visitants.

The good priest, Father Gilberto, opened the door, and lo! to the astonishment of all, found no sculptors, but a lovely statue of Mary, such as was never seen in Spain before or since; and at the same moment, the holy woman was entirely cured of her paralysis and blindness. All were unanimous in the opinion that they were angels, since neither the tools nor victuals were touched by them, and the block of marble remained as when purchased. The happy news of the beautiful statue and its miraclulous origin spread rapidly over the city of Valencia. The inhabitants flocked to its feet to thank God and His holy Mother for this new proof of their love. It was called Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados (Our Lady of the Forsaken). It is four feet high, the head a little inclined, the left arm, as usual, holding the Infant Jesus, while in the right is held a beautiful bouquet of silver. No person has ever been able to tell of what material the statue is composed.

The great number of jewels adorning this statue are very valuable, and serve to show the tender devotion and the gratitude of the people for miraculous favors received. It occupied, and was venerated in the place where the angels formed it during many years, until, in the year 1489, the Bishop and clergy, seeing the wonderful miracles worked there, and the concourse of visitors becoming so great, had it removed temporarily to the Cathedral church.

But Mary, the sweet Help of Christians, was not to be without a splendid temple for her wonder-working statue. The Count of Oropesa, Viceroy of Valencia in the year 1646, saw the city attacked by pestilence, and great numbers carried off daily, himself also contracting the disease. With a firm and unshaken faith he invoked Our Lady of Los Desamparados, and immediately the pestilence ceased. In gratitude to Mary, the people with their Viceroy, resolved to build a noble temple that would be a lasting monument of their devotion towards her.

With the noble and pious Viceroy taking the lead, the citizens commenced the building, the completion of which took fifteen years. As a still further mark of their gratitude, they resolved that Our Lady of the Forsaken should be publicly proclaimed patroness of Valencia. Accordingly, on the 18th day of March, 1667, the Archbishop with all his clergy, the civil authorities and all the people, amidst the booming of cannon, sounding of trumpets and loud acclamations of the people, proclaimed her their Protectress, while her miraculous statue was carried in triumphant procession.

The church stands in the principal plaza and is rich in architecture. It has three fronts, with arches and columns in the Ionic or Doric style. The cupola is spacious and surmounted by a cross of brass. The interior of the sanctuary presents a beautiful appearance; it is oval in form, the arch frescoed, and the walls enriched with precious marbles. The floor is of Geneva marble. The miraculous statue reposes on the main altar, which was built in the present century. This altar has two columns of jasper; and its pillars and mouldings are of the Corinthian order. The table of the altar as well as four statues of the Evangelists are also of precious marble. At the sides of the high altar stand the statues of St. Vincent, Martyr, and St. Vincent Ferrer—the latter, a son and patron of Valencia to whom its people pay great devotion. The sanctuary is separated from the church by a railing or balustrade of brass which I would like to see in all churches; for the sanctuary, as the holy of holies, is reserved exclusively for the priests and acolytes, and yet we often see it indiscriminately invaded by persons of every class. The "camerin," a room behind the niche above the altar, is adorned with a small cupola and twelve columns, and is ascended by a graceful stairway. The statue has for its basis a cloud of solid silver.

The statue of Our Lady of the Forsaken is one of the richest in all Spain; for it has a crown sparkling all over with the richest of diamonds. The mother of the present king, Isabella II, in the year 1859, visited Valencia and made rich presents to the holy shrine, putting under Mary's protection her son, Don Alfonso XII, then Prince of the Asturias. The amount of her presents was valued at $50,000. Christina of Bourbon, grandmother of King Alfonso, also made very rich presents to this sanctuary. I cannot refrain from giving some account of two of the most remarkable miracles wrought at this sacred shrine of Our Lady. The statue, as before remarked, has in its right hand a lily of silver. Once upon a time an innocent man, condemned to death for murder, while passing by this church on his way to execution, was allowed to pray before the statue; when lo! to the astonishment of all, the right hand holding the lily

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was seen to move several times. The people cried, "A miracle! He is innocent, set him free." The Viceroy being consulted, answered: "How can I condemn him now?" The liberated man repaired to the church to thank his protectress, vowing to love and honor her and proclaim her praises all the days of his life.

A rich man of Naples, in Italy, was condemned to death for a murder he never committed; but Mary appeared to him and told him he would be set at liberty. He told his confessor of it, describing her as venerated in Valencia, though he had never seen or heard of her statue there, describing even the number and appearance of the diamonds in her crown. The next day, the real culprit gave himself up, and the innocent man was set at liberty. He made a vow to travel until he found a statue representing her as she appeared to him in his vision. After sixteen months' travel, he arrived in Valencia, and repairing to the beautiful church of Our Lady, exclaimed: "I have found what I have long sought, for there is Mary, the Mother of Jesus, my Saviour, just as she appeared to me." He remained long in that holy sanctuary returning thanks to his Blessed Mother, and then returned home to his own country full of gratitude and devotion.

Such is the history of the statue of Our Lady of the Forsaken, so dear to Spanish Catholics and so celebrated wherever the sweet language of Spain is spoken.

Our Lady of the Forsaken, pray for us!

Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER III.

WAVERING AND ERRING.

When the missionary had returned to his lonely station, and thought over all he had seen and heard at Castle Werneck, he considered that he might soon expect a visit from his new acquaintances, at least from the Baroness. But long months passed by,—nay, the whole winter came and went, and Easter-time was already come, as husband and wife, on a sunshiny morning in spring, drove from a neighboring country residence and pulled up before his modest house.

It had been the serious resolution of the Baroness, her earnest wish, her full intention, to set in order the affairs of her soul, by receiving the Sacraments in the mission church. The appearance of the priest,—his words, his disclosures, the picture of his solitary, self-denying life that undesignedly had unfolded itself in the course of his first conversation, and appealed to her inner convictions—all this had made a lively impression on her easily excited temperament. Pity that it was not as deep as it was vivid. For when, shortly after the visit of the missionary, the autumnal storms broke forth with unusual violence, and as the continual rain spoiled the roads—these outward circumstances, were united with interior difficulties, which came to hinder her from putting her good resolutions into practice; and the straw-fire of her suddenly awakened zeal was extinguished in the indolent delicacy to which she had so long given way that it had become almost a second nature to her.

It was not enough that she who was accustomed to breakfast in bed, and lie there for an hour after, to enjoy that most enervating state of existence between sleeping and waking, had to get up fasting, and fasting to undertake a long disagreeable journey—no: at the end of that journey—this was the chief difficulty—she had to descend to the deepest depths of her soul, and make a circumstantial and honest confession of all that for long years, ever since her marriage even, had fallen into disorder. She quivered at that thought more than at any thing else. The practice of daily examining her conscience had long been in disuse, even if it had ever existed. She was not accustomed to direct the eyes of her soul to the interior life, to sit in earnest and just judgment on herself; on the contrary, she but too willingly excused to herself the faults and imperfections into which she often fell, by throwing the blame on the outward circumstances by which she was surrounded. How should she be able all on a sudden to attain the necessary light to see the true state of her soul, after so many years' neglect of examination? She took refuge in the examination of conscience in her prayer-book; but there she was happy to bear this testimony of herself, that she was free from the gross sins and transgressions catalogued. That was a great relief, and she failed not to apply it to the soothing of her somewhat sleepy impressions.

The missionary's visit to the castle, and the friendly reception he had met with, came ere long to the knowledge of the parson of the place, and excited him not a little. Pastor Schönfeld belonged to that style of Protestantism which prosecutes the right of free-inquiry to its extreme consequences, and to which no other religious sentiment in the true sense of the word remains, and no other bond of union, than a fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church and all who belong to it. This hatred formed the principal substance of his sermons—so-called,—and poured itself forth in wide streams in the columns of some widely-read, ultra liberal periodicals; it also formed a considerable portion of the instruction he gave to his school-children and to such as he was preparing for confirmation. As for the rest, he possessed a great flow of words, and knew how

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to patch up the holes in his stories or his arguments with sentences of pompous sound.

At the castle he was, if not a frequent guest yet one whose occasional visits were welcome. Arthur liked, from time to time, to dispute with him on religious and social questions, on which occasions a disinterested listener might have received a very peculiar impression, in finding that the "servant of the Word" insisted on the principle of oegation, in the highest and most important questions, and in the most serious and earnest sphere of thought; while the Baron, indifferent as he might otherwise be in respect to religion, yet in these attacks always took the side of revealed religion.

Dolores took no part in these discussions; she listened for the most part in silence, and with many a change of sentiment. Schönfeld's brilliant dialectics confused her, and if he happened to come to the castle just when she was out of humor with Arthur, she was only too much inclined to give her silent approval to the opinions he advocated so eloquently. But if his visit occurred when a peaceable and friendly understanding existed between the married couple, then the young woman could shed tears of joy over the fact that her husband held so faithfully to his Christian belief. It is easy to understand that these changing moods, these contradictory impressions, were not calculated to shed on her spirit the light that was now wanting to give peace to her soul, or animate her will with a firm resolve; and it must be as clear that the Catholic-hater, Schönfeld, offered every argument he could bring forward in order to upset the favorable impression that the missionary's visit had made on the Baroness to his (Schönfeld's) unutterable disgust. He spared neither falsehood nor calumny in order to destroy the newly revived reminiscences of the religion of her youth, of her early home.

Meantime the zealous missionary, not having the least suspicion of all these waverings, was busily occupied, as well as the bad weather would permit, in adorning the house of God in his out-of-the-way village of the coast: in bringing the school to a better condition; and in addition to his attention to the spiritual needs of his flock, in assisting their bodily wants with the means the generosity of the Baron had placed at his disposal. After he had overcome his first disappointment at the non-appearance of the Baroness, whose visit he had awaited in the first days of his return home, he was almost pleased that that visit was a little delayed; he would have pleasure in showing her his little church and all other improvements in the freshness of their new brilliancy.

So, as we have mentioned, the winter passed away. As Easter-tide drew near, and no news came from Castle Werneck, it appeared to him his duty, as curate of souls, to remind the negligent sheep of his flock of the commandment of the Church. Yet, weighing the circumstances under the influence of which he supposed the lady was placed, he clothed the pastoral call in its mildest form, for he wrote not to her but to her husband, and requested him to come and witness with his own eyes the effect produced by his munificent gift. Only at the close of this short but very grateful letter was the hope expressed that the near approach of Easter might perhaps induce the Lady Baroness to accompany him on his visit.

Dolores understood the admonition, which coincided so closely with the feeble warnings of her conscience; she was startled, as at a call to judgment. All this time she had been trying, with more or less result, to silence the interior voice—but her excuses, her plausible reasons, would not hold together before the outspoken words of the priest. She was urgent for the trip; and Arthur, who was completely indifferent about the matter, was easily induced to consent.

"I should myself, like to see what he has done," he said, and immediately took measures to connect that visit with one of several days' length to the family of a friend, who lived in a noble mansion in the neighborhood of the coast village.

They came too late to the mission to be present at the early Mass, as Dolores, according to custom, had overslept herself. The Holy Office was over, and the school about to begin. Curious, yet shy, the little troop of school-children in the narrow street gathered around the brilliant equipage, with its beautiful and richly-harnessed horses, and at the request of the coachman they gladly showed the distinguished strangers the way to the modest parsonage.

The clergyman had not yet returned to the house from the church; therefore, following the directions received, the Baroness, leaning on the arm of her husband, entered the house of God with a beating heart. The priest was in the confessional; a man, whose dress betokened him to be a sailor, was kneeling at his feet, and Dolores left her husband to take her place on the other side near the spiritual seat of judgment. Somewhat startled, Arthur looked after her, and saw her humbly striking her breast as she knelt down on the bare stones; then he placed himself in one of the inconvenient pews to wait her return.

He had a long while to wait; and he found it somewhat indiscreet of the spiritual Father not to hurry up matters a little with the sailor, when he must have noticed who was waiting for him. He had almost concluded to go and take Dolores away from the humiliating place, which seemed to him very unfit for his wife, when the sailor came out of the confessional and she went in.

"Klaus!" exclaimed the Baron, half-aloud, in wonder and amazement, as the old tar passed be-

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fore him and he recognized one of his former sailors—a rollicking, wayward man.

But Klaus did not heed the light call. Without noticing his former captain, he went toward the high altar. There he knelt down at the Communion-rail, apparently absorbed in prayer.

Werneck looked at him with increasing wonder as he, without once raising his eyes, began to let the beads of a well-worn rosary slip through his fingers. "We shall soon begin to believe in miracles in this our enlightened age," muttered the Baron, fretfully, to himself, "when we find this old storm-bird turn out as a beadsman!"

Then something rustled near him, and, looking up, he saw the face of his wife bathed in tears. "Forgive me, Arthur!" she whispered, and stretched out her little hand to him, which he almost involuntarily seized, and tightly pressed.

"Forgive!—what in the world!" he asked in great surprise.

But she drew her hand from within his, and went to the Communion-rail, where she knelt down close to the sailor, and the priest immediately administered to them both the Bread of eternal life.

When the holy action was ended, the missionary stepped up to the Baron and accosted him with the most heartfelt joy. Arthur refused, as far as he was concerned, the friendly invitation to breakfast, having already breakfasted before he set out; for Dolores he accepted it with some slight hesitation, being in doubt whether his spoiled dainty-loving wife could be satisfied with the morning fare of a poor priest. But the old aunt who kept his house had prepared something extra, and the Baroness relished the new milk and excellent bread. This finished, they went to visit the school and the church. At the first of these, the Baron could find no words to express his surprise at the good arrangement, the polite behavior, and the clean dress of the children. "Really, you have worked miracles here!" he said to the missionary.

"Not I," was the answer; "the merit belongs to the good School-Sisters here. Without their help I could not have done so much." He requested the Sister teaching to put the children through a slight examination, and their ready, unembarrassed answers showed clearly that it was not in a mechanical fashion they had received instruction suited to their power of understanding, but that they had understood its meaning.

"I wish," said Arthur, when they were on their way from the school to the church, "I wish, dear pastor, that you lived nearer us! In spite of the School-Sisters, I remarked that you have a peculiar gift in instructing children, and our Edith begins to be too much for her governess."

Dolores looked her wonder at this outburst; the missionary bowed in silence.

It did not take long to inspect the church. The building was small, and only the essentially necessary articles were provided; besides which, Werneck understood nothing of the use of them. He could not hide his weariness, when in the narrow sacristy, the priest laid out the vestments which had been bought by his gift for him to see. On leaving, he handed the joyfully-surprised pastor another considerable sum, "to buy an organ with." This was certainly the object of the missionary's warmest wishes, the fulfilment of which he had not dared to hope for. He was so overpowered with joy that it was in vain that he sought for suitable words with which to express himself.

"Never mind that, your reverence," interrupted Werneck, touched by the stammering thanksgiving; "we all sing, even if it be in a different key, the praise of our Lord. I am from principle the most tolerant man in the whole world, and willingly let every one be happy in his own way. Every kind of Divine worship is right for me, so far as it is sincere. Have you read 'Nathan the Wise?' Now, look you, that book is just as if it were written from my soul! All three rings are genuine, provided each of the three possessors believes on the genuineness of his own."

"But, my lord Baron," said the priest, almost terrified, "is it one and the same thing whether we serve truth or error? and as God, who has revealed the truth to us, is *one*, so can revealed truth be also only *one*."

"Oh, if you are coming your theological subtleties over me," interrupted the Baron, "I give in at once; that's not in my line."

With these words he sprang into the carriage, in which his wife was already seated, once more waved a friendly farewell back, then seized the reins and started the horses at a gallop, and in a few moments the brilliant equipage disappeared from the eyes of the gazers.

The priest stood rooted to the spot in deep meditation. "The Lord stands at the door and knocks," he said, thinking aloud to himself; "will He find entrance into that heart, which He created so good, and filled with so many glorious gifts?"

"My captain," said a rough voice at his side, "is the best man that ever trod the planks of a ship. I know him well, have made many a voyage with him, and I tell your reverence he is a good and just man. His only failing, and I think his only misfortune is that—"

"What is it, you think, my dear Klaus?" said the priest, as he turned with a kind smile to the old seaman, who had come up unnoticed by him and stood there, cap in hand, respectfully, before him. "But put on your cap; a cool wind is blowing from the sea."

"A breeze, your reverence," corrected Klaus,

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and transferred his chew of tobacco from the right cheek to the left.

"Well, well! a breeze! but what did you mean just now? What is the sole misfortune of your captain?"

"I think," said the sailor, scratching his ears in some embarrassment, "I think, your reverence, that my captain has had too much sunshine all his life, and too little storm. I mean that from youth upward, everything has prospered with him. He has, indeed, encountered many a storm at sea, but the rough wind of discomfort never blew about his nose; he was always what we call 'Luck's child,' and therefore he never learnt to know the dear God in the right manner. See here, your reverence, that is best learnt in trouble and want; his constant luck is his misfortune."

"Perhaps you are not wrong there," said the priest, thoughtfully. And there rose up before his mental vision that picture of family life as he had seen it that evening in Castle Werneck; and he thought he heard again the words the Baron had spoken in reference to his wife. "Is that," he asked himself, "what the world esteems as happiness; as a happiness so great, so overpowering, that it can mislead men so far as to cause them to forget their God?"

And then he thought of his own solitary and hidden life, full of troubles and hard privations when seen from without, but beautified and blessed by the joyous peace of a heart united with God, and he found no better expression for the fulness of his sensations than the words of the holy Bishop of Hippo: "The heart of man is created for God, and is uneasy until it finds its rest in Him, the highest good!"

With the visit to the mission, a glorious ray of light had shone in on the life of Dolores; and there was every appearance that this light would shed its rays over her future path, warming and blessing it. What passed between her and the father confessor in the confessional, remained of course a secret for every one; but now her whole being and action showed clearly that it was a wholesome and ennobling influence that had been brought to bear upon her. Her caprices, her murmuring impatience at the little vexations that occasionally occurred in her domestic life, her spirit of contradiction towards her husband, her occasional harshness towards Edith, which irritated the tender father more than all which affected him personally—all that seemed vanished; she was sweet-tempered, amiable and lovely as in her palmiest days—for a whole month.

Arthur certainly found this change very pleasant; but the reflection, that he owed it to the influence of a stranger excited rather a jealous than a grateful feeling, and his easily provoked pride was enraged at the thought that to this stranger, who, moreover, was a Catholic priest, he must for the future permit the exercise of a considerable influence in his most intimate family relationship, Parson Schönfeld was not slow in strengthening him in this conviction: he even talked the usually good-humored noble-hearted man into a very bitter frame of mind. "That is just the dangerous art of these men," he said; "first they display the sheep's skin: with sweet words, with hypocritical humility, and well-played inoffensiveness they creep into families, which is not difficult in a case of a mixed marriage where the right thinking partner exercises so noble a spirit of tolerance as you my lord Baron. Then for a while they act the part of peacemaker and mediator, and one can truly say of them they effect good, while they aim at evil." Then he related to his wondering listener, a lot of stories, some of his own invention, some out of the rich stock of calumnies long since disproved, but in despite of which disproof are ever and again brought up, re-warmed by the zeal of the relator. These stories had reference to the special and effective labors of the missionary in the care of souls, together with those of other Catholic priests; these he represented in a manner to serve the purpose of maintaining his hateful assertions.

The false man attained his object only too well with the inexperienced seaman. Arthur, thoroughly convinced of the destructiveness of the injury to society concealed in all these ultramontane efforts, enraged at the thought that he had so nearly fallen into this fine-spun net of Jesuitical intrigue, promised himself that no such influence should ever again make itself felt in his family. "There never was a Catholic Werneck," he said, as he rose to a stern resolve, "and I will not be the first to be caught."

In making this remark, he forgot, in spite of his pride of nobility, the antiquity of his race, which reached back to the time of Charlemagne. His resolve, meantime, remained steadfast; and when, after a time, poor Dolores desired to go again to the mission church, this tolerant disciple of Lessing's refused her request in the most decided manner. The door was not again opened to the Lord when He knocked at it. He passed by—and His grace with Him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As England has the honor of having first celebrated the festival of our Lady's Conception, so have her schools the credit of being the first to defend it scientifically. England, Ireland, and Scotland have each claimed to be the birthplace of Duns Scot, who maintained the Immaculate Conception, the famous Doctor Subtilis. Luke Wadding advances strong, though not conclusive, arguments in favor of Ireland. But it is certain that it was in Oxford that Duns Scot was educated and lectured, and he there composed his best works.

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Prayer of the Late Prince Imperial.

INSCRIBED TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE ON HER RETURN TO CHISELHURST.

BY NINELLA.

To Thee I give my heart, O God!
Give Thou firm faith to me,
Without which there can be no prayer
Raised strongly unto Thee.
And but to pray, my God! to pray
'Neath Faith's entire control,
Is my being's own petition,
The longing of my soul.

I ask Thee not to smooth my path,
Take obstacles away,—
But let me overcome them all
With grace, whene'er I may.
I pray not that my enemies
Should be disarmed by Thee,
But beg Thy aid to conquer self—
Sublimer victory.

Preserve unto my love, O God!
Those who are dear to me;
May their days be ever happy,
E'en to eternity.
If on earth Thou givest only
A certain sum of joy,
Then take, O God! *my share away*,
My happiness destroy.

On the worthiest bestow it:
May they my friends e'er be;
If vengeance Thou dost seek on man,
Oh, God! then strike Thou me!
For misfortune is converted
To joy by one sweet thought,
That the lives of those we love most
With happiness are fraught.

And happiness is poisoned by
This bitter thought's sad ring,
That the while I am rejoicing
Those more dear are suff'ring.
Loved better, aye, a thousand times,
Than I myself do love,
Then from *my path all happiness*
Do Thou, oh God! remove.

Ah, penetrate my heart, O God!
With this conviction stern,
That those so loved, now with the dead,
Each action shall discern.
So worthy in life's rosy flush
My inmost thoughts shall be,
That never shall they cause a blush
Mirrored, my God! by Thee.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

OUR modern artists in search of realism travel to Palestine, and study landscape and atmosphere, architecture and costume, and then, in the midst of the most faultless surroundings, give us a mere human peasant girl, whom they call the Virgin Mary. The masters of art in better days cared little for such trivialities, but threw their whole souls into their endeavor to embody the ideal which they venerated and loved.—*Father Bridgett.*

The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

(CONTINUED.)

There are two tribunals, the tribunal of the right and the tribunal of the left; each of them has about fifty-two satellites. Below the satellites, who have received a certain education, are the soldiers, then the subaltern servants, who accompany them in expeditions; finally, the executioners, men of the lowest class, with the faces of monsters, and a hang-dog look; they are commonly liberated thieves. The satellites are dressed in various fashions; according to the expeditions they are on, and to avoid being recognized, they often change their clothes. They have leaders whom they call *tchyemtji*, whose grade corresponds to that of a sergeant, and who wear rings of jade; the *tong-tji* or lieutenant wears gold rings. All are under the orders of the prefect of police, who has absolute authority in ordinary cases.

It is hard to recognize the *pokio* or satellites; but people used to them are seldom or never mistaken. To make themselves known in case of need, they have always a semicircular plate in wood, called *htong-pou*, on which letters are inscribed, and to which a seal is appended. This they carry suspended to the waist of their trousers, by a deer-skin strap. Their authority is very great; no one dares resist them except the nobles, who despise them, and sometimes cause them to be maltreated; but even then they always find means to revenge themselves on the people, and woe to those in such circumstances who fall into their hands. They are to be feared above all things when they have to wreak personal vengeance, or when they desire to seize on the goods of rich people; they know always what to do, and when reason does not succeed, they employ torture, and torment their victims without rule or restraint.

At the beginning of the month of January, 1878, or in December, 1877, a satellite wished to take away one of the wives of a citizen. With this object in view, he conspired with some others, and they all together accused the man of theft, arrested him, cast him into prison, and to make him avow the pretended thefts, put him to a horrible torture. But torture him as they pleased, he always protested his innocence; this increased the rage of the satellites, who brought him by their tortures to the verge of death. In the meantime, the people of his village, who knew him to be an honest man, came to protest in his favor before the tribunal. By degrees it was found out that the accusation was entirely false, and the prefect ordered that he should be released. The poor man was more like a flayed corpse than a living being; his ribs were

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denuded, his beard, eye-lashes, and eyebrows were burned; his eyes were sore, his feet crushed, his knees bruised, his limbs scorched and swollen, etc, . . . The satellites fearing he might die (they would then be responsible), set about nursing him; I do not know whether he was restored to health or not.

When Christians are in the hands of these barbarians, you may imagine for what tortures they are reserved. In this persecution, the prefect of the police had not altogether abandoned them to the discretion of the satellites; he had himself, it appears, indicated what torments might be applied to force them to make revelations or to apostatize: these were twisting of the legs and arms, and suspension in the air. I could hear sometimes the groans and cries of the poor sufferers, who endured all for our Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! I shared in their sufferings; but what pained me most was to hear the sneers, the shouts and laughter of the satellites and the executioners assisting at the spectacle.

I would not say, however, that all of them were wicked and barbarous: I even believe that there are numerous exceptions, and as to myself, the satellites of the tribunal of the right did not generally maltreat me: some of them even took up my defence, and protected me against those who would abuse me. They liked to talk, and asked me many questions; I was obliged a hundred times to tell them about the kingdoms of Europe, France, its extent, its distance, etc., to explain the four seasons, the phases of the moon, the eclipses of the sun, of the moon,—steam-boats, railways. I was even able to explain to them the Christian doctrine. They do not believe in the existence of God, but they admire the Ten Commandments, and often I heard from the mouth of those men an eulogium of the Christians: "They are mild, peaceable," they said; "they never rob, they don't tell lies nor speak ill of their neighbor, they do not strike anyone," etc. This is very different from those who steal when they can, are almost always telling lies, so that you cannot believe a word they say. I was so often deceived, that in the end I could not trust in anything I heard. Lying is a speciality of the satellites; but obscene words, stories, and scandalous discourses are common with all the Coreans; they speak among themselves by gestures. At first I did not understand them, but when they explained what they meant, I expressed my indignant displeasure; soon they took precautions, and when some new comers began licentious talk they would say to them: "You must not speak so, for he does not like to hear such things."

The commonest questions, which are also ceremonial questions, and to which I have been obliged to reply thousands of times, are those:

"What is your name? How old are you? Where do you come from? Have you any relations? Have you any sons? Have you any brothers?" And to be equally polite, I was obliged to ask the same questions. But they added: "When did you come? With whom? How?" Indiscreet questions which I said I was not obliged to answer. Whilst I lived among them they never ceased putting questions on all sorts of things; some made their inquiries with intelligence and listened willingly to my replies. Some of them came one day to ask me seriously if I could not send back the Japanese who were coming in the spring. Others asked me could I not make them a steamboat.

During all these conversations I had not the appearance of being a prisoner; and yet, I was truly in prison; it was impossible for me to go out; two guards watched over me night and day.

They spoke from the first, of sending me back to my country; a chief came to speak to me:

"If we send you back into your own country, by what route shall we take you?"

"Take me where you please; you know well that there is only one thing I wish for, that is to be allowed to stay in Corea to teach there the Christian doctrine."

"If we turn you away, you will not then take your departure?"

"If I am taken away by force, I shall be compelled to go where they take me."

"But where to bring you? If we leave you in China, what will you do?" I had not as yet spoke of my Chinese passport, because I judged it would be useless for Corea, but now I thought the time favorable for showing it.

"If you send me back to China, I shall be very little troubled, because I have a passport which gives permission to travel through all the Leaotong country."

"Let us see it."

I gave it to him; he read it carelessly, apparently, and returned it to me.

"It is useless here."

"I know that; it was for that reason I never spoke about it; but in China, with this passport, I could obtain the protection of the mandarins."

The next morning, there came a person from the supreme judge to ask for my passport, which had caused a sensation; they spoke to me of it in an examination, and finally forgot to restore it to me.

As I said before, some days after my arrest, the two judges, of the right and of the left, were replaced by other judges. I had once an opportunity of seeing Kim, the judge of the right. He summoned me to his tribunal in the middle of the night. As on a former occasion he was in an apartment the door of which was open, while I was standing without in company with some satellites. The interrogatory was of no great im-

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portance, and I thought he must have summoned me for the purpose of making my acquaintance, and having the pleasure of seeing me. Among other things he asked me:

"Where are the other Fathers?"

"I am for fifteen days without news of them; they must have heard of my arrest; they have hidden themselves, and no one can know their place of refuge."

"That is quite true," said the judge; "he cannot know where they are at present. But where were they then? Where did they reside?"

"I cannot reply to that question. Even if I did reply it would not help you to find the Fathers; they have fled, and no one knows their place of concealment; besides, I should uselessly denounce innocent persons, and cause them serious loss; I never could wish to do such a thing."

"What would you like that we should do with you?"

"I know not what the Government will decide; but since you ask me the question, I wish that the Government would allow me to remain in Corea, to establish myself in the capital and to preach the doctrine. You are acquainted with it well enough to know it is not a bad doctrine—that it teaches only what is good. Those who practice it are honest people, good citizens; the Government could only gain by giving us this permission."

"And if we send you off?"

"I do not ask to go; on the contrary, if you allow me, I will remain in the country till I die. I will take upon myself to collect, feed and educate the orphans and the deserted children, who are so numerous."

"Where will you get the money?"

"The people of France will give it to me."

"Are they so very rich?"

"Not very rich; but they are generous and charitable, and they love the children of Corea."

"Why do you rub your hands so?"

"I came out of a hot room in the middle of night; I feel cold."

"You are cold!"

"Lead him away and take good care of him."

"Then he gave the captain of the satellites a small box of Chinese cakes for me.

What did the Government think; what did it mean to do? Nothing could be understood about it, except that in the council there had been great hesitation about my treatment. I heard a young man say: "Yesterday evening there was a terrible dispute at the prefecture of police; two ministers contended with each other in a rage, and remained till midnight, not being able to agree."

"What about?" some one asked him.

"About the European."

And these scenes occurred frequently, it appeared. Some wished to send me back to China; others to have me put to death. A scribe said to me one day: "They have sent to China to consult the Government about you, and whatever it orders to be done, they will do"; others said: "When the other Fathers come, they will decide; you will do well to inform them and give them orders to come."

I was always with the satellites. Now these, being in number eight, ten, and sometimes twenty, went, came, followed each other, spending their time in laughing, playing, shouting and disputing, from six or seven o'clock in the morning till the middle of the night. This was not the least of my torments. They never ceased speaking to me, and I hardly could find time for a short meditation; I made up for this during the night. How hard it was to read my breviary in the midst of such an uproar! The various boxes seized in my house had been brought to the guard-house of the satellites; many things disappeared then through robbery; but even in that place, every time the captain opened the boxes, the satellites carried away what suited them; they came to ask me what such and such an article was; of what use was such and such a thing. One day a satellite brought me a small cross, and asked me if it was gold; I recognized the cross bar of my pectoral cross, which contained relics. He had broken it. The whole must have been burnt or melted, for I never again saw the cross, which was silver-gilt. Other satellites brought me a bit of soap and asked me what it was. I resolved to amuse myself, and succeeded well enough; for, having shown them the way to make bubbles, all of them began to do the same as well as they could, even the mandarins, who blew strongly through a paper tube to swell the soap-bubbles, and I believe they would all have wished to have an unlimited supply of soap; a large number of them asked me for it, very uselessly, since I had no more. One satellite said to me: "Is the soap good to eat?"

"No: it is never eaten, and it may make people ill."

"My little boy, who is ten years of age, and to whom I had given a bit, thought it was a cake, ate it, and has been very sick."

I took advantage of this circumstance to tell them that in my boxes there were several European medicines, which were excellent, when one knew how to make use of them, but which used without knowledge might kill any person who took them.

"Yes," said they; "but how excellent is the grape-wine! We know it well. How strong it is!" added another; "I drank some glasses of it, and I got so finely intoxicated with it that I did not awake till the next morning." In fact, they had consumed all the altar wine of the mission.

During all this time I was not badly treated. Morning and evening they gave me rice, and in

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the middle of the day a sort of soup. The only disagreeable thing was that I could not change my clothes, and I was devoured with vermin. It was not without great difficulty that I could get occasionally a little water to wash my hands and face; and when they did give it to me, it was in the vessel which the satellites used to wash their feet in.

One day they came to me, saying: "The great judge has heard that you know how to draw, and he requests you will make a portrait for him of a Corean, a Chinese, and a European." At first I hesitated, for I do not know how to draw, and besides I was afraid there was some snare laid to entrap me. They insisted, however, and I set to work. The Corean was easily done, and so was the Chinese; but the European I dressed up according to fancy, and then sent my work to the grand judge, who returned his thanks, saying that I was very clever indeed. In the end, they were all wanting to have drawings; but I had to refuse for the sake of preserving my repuation.

Then it was that I heard for the first time of the games that follow the celebration of the Chinese New-Year's day in Corea.

These games last for a month, and are regular battles. Two armies, composed of two or three hundred men, armed with heavy sticks about two feet long, are drawn up. At a given signal they rush furiously on one another; the sticks are hit right and left until one of the parties has to yield and take to flight. It can easily be imagined the number of bruises, dislocated jaws and shoulders, and broken heads and limbs, are the consequence of this amusement: oftentimes death itself is the result. These gladiatorial combats are quite a fine spectacle for the inhabitants of the capital. When I remarked to the satellites how cruel these fights are, he replied: "Oh! it is only Coreans who have such courage, and can bear such blows, and brave in this way even death itself." On one occasion the fury was so great that the Government was obliged to interfere and forbid the performance; but two days after it began again in another quarter, outside the gates of the city. "If the Europeans are present at these games, as they ought to be," said they to me on another occasion, "they will get a high idea of the Coreans; there is no people like us."

Several times I had occasion to learn how the soldiers are punished. Among those employed in the guard-house were some fine fellows who did their duty right well; but there were others always rebelling against discipline. Two or three of them never lost an opportunity of getting drunk. One of these, a great, strong, heavy man, seldom passed a day without returning drunk and incapable of duty. They let him sleep after putting him in fetters, and then next morning the chief called him up and ordered him to get three, five, or ten strokes of the plank. Several times I was invited to be present at the punishment; but I refused, saying I pitied the poor creature, which made the satellites laugh. However, although I did not witness the execution, I knew all that took place. The man was stretched on a mat in the presence of his comrades; the chief read him a lecture, and a man armed with a board about eight feet long approached. At the command of the chief he struck the culprit, who never failed to cry out at every blow; but in order to drown his cries, two other soldiers sang aloud, each in a different key. The blows succeeded one another at short intervals, and during each pause the chief gave a little admonition, increasing in severity each time. At every blow the two soldiers sang out, and the culprit shrieked more vehemently than ever. There is a certain knack in giving the blows, so that the soldiers among themselves knew how to deal lightly, and often enough the bastinado is little more than a farce; but, nevertheless, I have seen men, after receiving ten blows, with their skin torn and their thighs severely bruised, while they lost consciousness, and took a month to recover.

The religion of all these officials of the prefecture, as well as of the nobles and functionaries, is the worship of Confucius. They honor, respect, praise, and admire him, and offer sacrifices to him. They are proud of this homage, and accuse the Chinese of indifference in regard to the philosopher. Many a time they have said to me: "We have a doctrine, the doctrine of Confucius; we have no need of any other, and we do not want any other." To enter into an immediate discussion would have been useless, and would only have irritated them. Several times, however, I showed them that the doctrine of Confucius was not complete, that the sacrifices they offered to ancestors were oftentimes a mere farce, etc. But I had to be very careful in saying all this, for the Coreans are extremely susceptible on this point. If you want to convert them you must first explain to them the Christian doctrine, show them its beauty, state the proofs of its truth, etc.; but to make an open attack on their doctrines would only irritate them, to no good purpose. Then I would add: "You say you have a doctrine, but the people have none; the literates honor Confucius; the bonzes do homage to Fo; but the people—what doctrine do they follow?"

"That is true; the people have no doctrine."

"Well, then, let us be permitted to teach the people the Christian religion; you know it is good, and that some of the great Corean literates have practised it."

"Oh, yes: so and so were truly learned men."

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Already on two occasions, that is to say in the beginning of February and about the 10th of March, European vessels were signalled off the coast. The population were terrified, and kept on the alert; others were signalled in April and May, and each time the news caused great excitement. On the 12th of March, a chief of the satellites arrived with quite a troop, and I learned that he came from an expedition in the South, where no doubt he was on the search for missioners. He confirmed the news relative to the appearance of ships off the coast. He had carried away three Christians, but had not been able to capture any priests, which annoyed him very much. He excused himself by saying it was impossible to penetrate into the country parts, infested as they were with brigands, and that the satellites of the country dared not venture to undertake the affair. Doubtless his ill-humor vented itself on me, for three days later the grand examination took place. Up to that I had been spared, and they had not treated me too badly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hidden Life of Mary at Nazareth.

One of the things most to be admired in Mary, although contrary to the ideas we sometimes form of perfection, is the ordinary life which she led. We are usually inclined to measure sanctity by what is exterior, striking and extraordinary; we can hardly believe a man to be a saint unless he astonishes us by his solitary life, his fastings and his mortifications; while, at the same time, that which makes sanctity fixed and firm is concealed within the soul.

The Blessed Virgin led an ordinary and hidden life—a life with which she was well content, and which she preferred to all that was singular and extraordinary. After having received an embassy from Heaven, and given birth to Jesus, we see her becoming a simple woman, dwelling in a poor hamlet. There was nothing remarkable in her exercises of devotion. Other women who visited her saw nothing in her which appeared to them unusual. In her manner, in her conversation—in all her actions—she ever showed the same simplicity and modesty.

Consider this august Queen of Heaven, engaged in those occupations which appear to us as most humble; either making garments for her Divine Son or preparing the modest family repast. At evening, when the women of Palestine were in the habit of going to the fountains for water, the Blessed Virgin used to set out upon the road which led to Cana. About two hundred paces from her house was an excellent spring, the waters of which, at the present day, suffice to satisfy the needs of the inhabitants of Nazareth. This spring bears the name of "Our Lady's Fountain." No one then noticed the angelic spouse of Joseph, as she issued forth from her humble home, carrying upon her head the vessel she was going to fill, and leading by the hand a sweet little Child dressed like the son of a laborer. At that hour, the women of the village assembled around the spring; they never once suspected her exalted dignity, though they admired her angelic sweetness; she would pass modestly, recognized only by a few friends, through the midst of laughing young maidens, who came to this evening gathering, at which the women of the East enjoyed an hour of recreation together. Whilst the others, after having filled their pitchers, would stop to converse about the news of the day, Mary returned immediately; and charmed with the words full of grace that proceeded from the lips of her Son, she would forget the burden she carried upon her blessed head. How beautiful to see her thus in these humble labors!—what an example for women of every age!

The labor of Mary was assiduous and constant. It was not a labor of taste or fancy, but one of necessity; a labor that was hard, obscure, humiliating, self-denying; in a word, her mode of life was that of the wife of a poor artisan.

Origen relates that the pagans, who knew not the value of humility, ridiculed the first Christians, because they gloried in being the disciples of a Man born of a poor woman—poor by choice—who gained a livelihood by her needle. There is, perhaps, no precept in regard to which men are more easily deceived, than the precept which obliges us to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. If men are not bound by this precept, through the necessity of living, there is still a necessity of a higher order, which imposes the obligation upon them; for we are obliged to suffer the chastisements inflicted upon us; we are obliged to obey the law of God; finally, we are obliged to imitate Jesus, Mary and Joseph, if we wish to be of the number of the elect.

Let lowly works be performed with humility, and under the eye of God, by dwelling upon good thoughts, and praying, from time to time, were it only by simple elevations of the heart, that the allotted tasks may be sanctified; for that alone is of value before God which is done in conformity to His holy will. Thus acted the valiant woman of the Scriptures. Her hand was industrious; habit gave it facility to work, and yet allow the mind its freedom; and therefore it is said of her hands in holy Scripture, that they were active and also intelligent. Outwardly, her work is material; in its principle, its end, it is spiritual and supernatural, worthy of heaven, and, as St. Paul says, "worthy of God."

Learn, then, from the example of Mary, that there is no ocupation, however humble it may be

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according to our way of judging, of which a Christian need be ashamed, provided it be honest; and he ought to consider himself happy, and even honored, if his state of life so resembles that of Jesus, Mary and Joseph; but to be in perfect conformity with them, he must accept with love the labor to which his profession or condition subjects him.

God loves the least act of obedience and submission to His will, infinitely more than all the services that one may propose to render to Him through mere taste or inclination. Never look to the quality of what you do, but to the honor it possesses of being agreeable to God.

Advent.

The name *Advent* is given to the four weeks immediately preceding the festival of Christmas: it is a time which marks also the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Formerly, it was of longer duration than now, extending over a period of six weeks, corresponding to the time of Lent; formerly, too, abstinence and fasting were enjoined, in order that the preparation for the Feast of the Nativity might be equally solemn with that of the Resurrection.

The obligation of fasting during Advent is still in force in many religious orders, but no longer exists for the faithful in general. However, it is always true of the Church that, though she may change in her external practices, in matters relating to discipline, yet her spirit is ever the same, and her intention is always that the faithful should prepare fervently for the celebration of the Birth of Jesus Christ, by approaching the Sacraments, by prayer, and by separation from the pleasures of the world.

With the Church, we should be entirely occupied at this time in preparing for the celebration of that great event which brought joy to the whole world—the Birth of its Redeemer. At this holy season, the offices of the Church are made up of those portions of the Scripture which express the vows, the prayers and the hopes of the patriarchs who awaited the Messiah, the predictions of the prophets, who foretold His coming, and the miseries of man, made captive under the law of sin, unceasingly sighing for his Liberator.

Who is it that comes into the world? asks St. Bernard; and what is the object of His coming? When I consider the dignity of His Person, I cannot refrain from admiring His greatness and His divinity. When I regard man, whom He comes to redeem, I am touched with His mercy and goodness. When I think of all that He comes to endure and suffer upon earth for our salvation, I am amazed and lost in the abyss of His charity. The sovereign Lord and Master of all things,—God—the Creator of the universe, comes to save weak, sinful man, and take upon Himself the burden of human nature. Angels wonder to see Him descend upon earth who is so infinitely far above them in heaven. O men! prepare to receive the King of glory; forget all else; forsake all pleasures, and attend to His august presence. He comes to save, to deliver, to heal you. You are wandering away, He is seeking you. You are in slavery, He comes to ransom you. You are covered with wounds, He comes to heal you. You are blind and weak, He brings light and strength. If He watches over you, who can lead you astray? If He is with you, who can overcome you? If He is for you, who can stand against you? Beautiful words, worthy of being embalmed in every Christian heart.

Catholic Notes.

—The Polish congregation at South Bend, Ind., of which Rev. Father Czyzewski, C. S. C., is the zealous and efficient pastor, proposes to erect a new church of brick to replace the one lately destroyed by a tempest. Between two and three thousand dollars have already been subscribed for the purpose.

—Mother Margaret Wiederman, formerly Superior of a convent in Munich, Bavaria, was chosen General Superior of the School Sisters of Notre Dame at the recent chapter, held in Munich. It was presided over by the Most Rev. Archbishop, and representative members of the order from England, America and other foreign countries were present.

—Rev. Father Major, of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Lexington, Ky., has resigned his pastoral office to become an Indian missionary. *The Daily Transcript*, of Lexington, says of him: "No man in Lexington ever had more warm and genuine friends both in and out of the Church, and it was with the sincerest regret they learned of his contemplated departure for another field of usefulness."

—The Holy Father has addressed a brief to Very Rev. Father Lecointe, Secretary General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, in reply to an eloquent letter of the same Father in the name of the Society, congratulating His Holiness on the recent Encyclical, and signifying the intention of acting on the suggestions therein contained, in reference to philosophical teaching, by making St. Thomas the guide in all the colleges of the Congregation.

—Mixed Marriages: Their Origin and their Results. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing. (Notre Dame: Indiana. 1879.)—This essay, which is printed at the office of the widely-circulated and very edifying periodical, The Ave Maria, has already gone through three editions. It is chiefly adapted to the peculiar social circumstances in which Catholics find themselves in most parts of the United States; but a large proportion of the earnest and solid instruction contained in it would be read with profit in these countries, in which Catholics are, in many respects, situated more happily than in the great Republic.—*Irish Monthly* (*Dublin, Ireland*).

—A New Story by Mrs. Dorsey.—We are happy to announce that this gifted and favorite Catholic writer is engaged upon a new story for The Ave

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MARIA entitled "Beth's Promise" which will begin in January. It will have a strong interest for the old as well as the young, for whom it is specially written. No living Catholic writer that we know of possesses in a higher degree the gift of teaching moral lessons in an attractive way and of making deep and lasting impressions for good, by the medium of fiction, than Mrs. Dorsey. The amount of innocent enjoyment, lofty example, and wise counsel her numerous writings have afforded to the present generation will be known only in the next life.

——MISSION WORK IN THE BLACK HILLS.—Rev. Father Toohey, C. S. C., whose labors in behalf of the miners in Lead City, and other places in the Black Hills, have been crowned with much success, is zealously advocating the observance of Sunday. To this end a meeting, presided over by Judge Rinehart, was lately held in Lead City. It was well attended. Rev. Father Toohey was introduced by the Judge, and spoke for nearly an hour in favor of suspending all labor and business on Sundays, arguing from a sanitary as well as a moral standpoint. His remarks were listened to with close attention, and received continued applause. Rev. Mr. Smith, a minister, and other citizens, also spoke in favor of the move, taking the same grounds.

——POOR POLAND.—Her only misfortune is not to have been divided in three shares among Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The last of these powers, being itself Catholic, has done no more than what was absolutely necessary to keep that part of Poland which had fallen to her share; and thus Galicia enjoys a large amount of home rule and the full use of its native Polish language. In the Russian and Prussian parts of Poland this is very different. Schismatic Russia persecutes more especially the Catholic Church, to which the Poles are so faithfully attached, and the atrocities perpetrated in Lithuania three years ago by Cossacks, as emissaries of Muscovite Cæsaropopism, are still fresh in the memories of all. Prussia confines herself to filching the national language of the Poles from them, and but quite recently a number of places in Poland have had their Polish names taken away from them and changed into German appellations. The people protest, but their protests remain unheeded. They are weak, and Prussia is powerful. The Catholic party, however, intend to move in this matter in the new Legislature.—*London Universe.*

——THE PROTESTANT BISHOP SPALDING OF DENVER, who is as much a bishop as his wife, made a long journey lately to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to consecrate a church. Rev. Father Personné, Superior of the Jesuit Fathers there, was invited to attend the ceremony. He declined, of course. "Bishop" Spalding says, we hear, that there is no difference between Catholics and Episcopalians except the Pope. But this, be it known, is a *very essential* one—a capital one. Christ prayed for His followers that they might be *one*, as He and His Father—a perfect unity; and He prayed for Peter that his faith might not fail, and constituted him the head of His Church. Unity is the characteristic of truth. Either Christ's prayer and promises have failed, or the Protestant Episcopal Church is not the true Church, or any part of it. Its adherents call it a *branch* of the true Church, but it is a lopped off branch, and such do not retain the sap of life. "My hand is mine," St. Augustine used to say to the heretics of his time, "but if it is cut off, does life follow that member?" A strong argument this, and one impossible of being upset. We commend it to "Bishop" Spalding's prayerful consideration.

——MISSIONARY WORK IN ARMENIA.—Wherever the Gospel is preached among infidels, heretics, or schismatics, our zealous missionaries establish schools simultaneously with churches. The city of Marsivan in Armenia is an instance. The zealous Father Pamboughian, assisted by his worthy co-laborer, Rev. Father Demirdjian, has founded there several primary schools, and one high school. Of the latter we have the following account: "The Armenian college at Marsivan, established about eight months ago, numbers already 135 pupils, mostly schismatic Armenians. The recent examinations proved most gratifying, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Rev. Father Demirdjian and the good Sister in charge. The solemn distribution of premiums was attended by the civil authorities, the schismatic Armenian Bishop, the Mahometan Governor, and other distinguished persons. Three students delivered addresses in Armenian, Turkish and French, and sang hymns of their own composition, to the great delight of the audience. The instruction imparted at the college of Marsivan will have the effect, we fervently hope, of opening the eyes of a great number of the young students brought up in the Armenian schism, and of paving the way for a general return to the bosom of the Church."

——THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DENMARK, now under an apostolic prefect, who resides at Copenhagen, numbers about 3,000 members, and possesses 12 churches and chapels. In Copenhagen there is a church and two chapels dedicated to Saint Joseph and Saint Canute, the sainted king of that country. There is also a hospital conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph in the same city. At Oerdrup there is another church, dedicated to St. Andrew, and a preparatory school for ecclesiastical students, who complete their studies abroad. At Odensee, on the Island of Fuenen, is a chapel dedicated to our Blessed Lady. A large church is soon to be erected at Aarhues, where there is already a little chapel, St. Mary's. At Randers, the most northern Catholic station in Denmark, there is a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is worthy of mention that to every church a school is attached, of which the missionary priest is the teacher. The smaller chapels have been built mainly by the labor of the priests, who apply themselves as best they can to the different trades. They live on alms, and are assisted in various ways by Protestants. There is now no hostility manifested against the Catholic religion in Denmark, which heretofore has been a great Protestant stronghold. Among the Protestants, an easy-going indifferentism in matters of religion is found everywhere, and chiefly in Copenhagen.

——THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL.—The excellent *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, a journal that always displays a praiseworthy energy as a diocesan newspaper, and which for its perseverance and success in this respect is a model that might advantageously be followed by others, gives in its issue of last week a very interesting account of the reopening of the Metropolitan Cathedral of the Assumption, Park and Mulberry streets in that city, a description of the late improvements in the building, and a full report of the sermon of Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, at the reopening ceremonies. Besides the painting and other decorative work which save transformed the whole interior of the building, Some changes have also been made, such as the extension of the sanctuary or choir, etc., which not only give more room but aid materially in beautifying the interior. The work has been done under the personal supervision of Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons and the Rev. Thomas S. Lee. It was much needed, for the

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Cathedral is an old building—erected long before we were born—and the frescoing, etc., was of an inferior kind. Now, the *Mirror* tells us, there is a marked change. The grand proportions of the principal dome are displayed to the best advantage by an artistic hand; a picture of the Eternal Father, blessing the assembled congregation, and surrounded by the heavenly court, occupying the centre, while the small dome has, principal among its decorations, a fine picture of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The walls are in imitation of marble; and the whole interior of the edifice has been suitably painted, many fine pictures being interspersed. The figure painting, etc., is from the hand of Prof. Luigi Gregori, a Roman artist of high repute, who came to this country three or four years ago with Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., to paint the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Notre Dame. Since the completion of that work the artist has opened a studio in Chicago.

——More Aid for Distressed Ireland.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit has also addressed a circular to the clergy and laity of his diocese in behalf of the suffering poor in Ireland. His lordship says: "Although no direct appeal has been made by the hierarchy of Ireland to the Catholics of other countries, and in particular to the Irish in America, who enjoy the reasonable comforts of life and temporal prosperity, yet every mail from the old country confirms the increasing terrors of the crisis through the length and breadth of the Isle, the fearful distress which prevails not only among the inhabitants of the poorer districts, but also in the more thriving portions of the country. The horrors of starvation are at the door, and the repetition of the frightful scenes of the years of the famine, are not feared in vain. In consideration of these deplorable facts, and the imminent danger of the harrowing torture of starvation, we believe it our duty in Christian charity to appeal to the faithful of our diocese, in behalf of their brethren in Ireland, and feel sure of meeting with a response worthy of the cause. It is true, that we have been obliged to call on the generosity of our people for several charities within the year, and we take great pleasure in expressing our heartfelt gratitude for their noble liberality in the collection of last month for the support of the Ecclesiastical Students; but the crisis in Ireland, the great want, and the danger of a universal famine among the brethren in the Isle of Saints, whose devotion to the Church is historic, whose faith fills the brightest pages of history, whose Christian heroism under the trials and sorrows of centuries, challenges the admiration of friend and foe, are our sufficient apology for this appeal. From personal conviction, we are proud in subscribing to the noble tribute expressed in a recent sermon by his Grace, Archbishop Croke: "*There never existed, and does not now exist this moment on the face of the globe, a more faithful, virtuous, God-fearing, sorely tried and devoted people, than the Irish. They are our pride, our crown, our glory.*"

——Catholic Civilization in India.—A non-Catholic writer, travelling in the Indies, speaks as follows of the remains of the civilization introduced together with Christianity by St. Francis Xavier: "From Panjim to Goa there is a fine, broad causeway the whole distance, between five and six miles, along the bank of the river, with a stone parapet on either side. This was constructed by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century. In the early morning it makes a pleasant walk, or for people with luggage a *domni*, or bullock-cart, can be obtained (the charge Rs 6 the day), which will take them over in about an hour. There are houses the whole way; first the village of Ribandar, and then that of St. Pedro, the old suburb of the city of Goa. Everywhere are signs of a purely Catholic country. Instead of the emblems of Mahadeo, Devi, and Hanuman, that would be seen up country, there is at every compound and every other gateway a small cross, with frequent crucifixes by the wayside, and arched recesses with paintings of the Archangel Michael and other saints. The churches too, which are nearly all large, sumptuous edifices, stand with open doors, and the villagers, as they pass, put down their bundles from off their heads and go inside for a few minutes, either to say a prayer before the image of the Blessed Virgin, or to assist at Mass, if they happen to find a priest officiating at the altar. The cottages are all built of masonry, and have a substantial and comfortable look, often with a gabled porch in front of the door, with a stone bench on either side of it, as in old-fashioned English villages; and through the open windows it may be seen that many of the rooms are decorated with sacred pictures and images. The people, too, seem not only better housed, but also better clothed and fed than in British India; and the little glimpse of Goanese village life obtained by this short drive cannot but prove to any unprejudiced observer that the work done by St. Francis Xavier was really a great and beneficial one, and that it would be a grand thing if the whole of India could be moved by a like spirit. Unlike the majority of modern converts up country, who look like mere masqueraders in foreign costume, the people, though Catholic to the backbone, have not lost their nationality, but are in all their ways as thoroughly Oriental and Indian as their heathen brethren."

New Publications.

Meditations and Contemplations on the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ and on the Blessed Sacrament; With Instructions on Prayer. Translated from the Spanish of the Ven. Luis of Granada, O. P. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, Author of "The Life of Catharine McAuley," "Life of Ven. Father Hoffbauer," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," etc., etc.

This beautiful and devotional treatise, which it is impossible to read without a feeling of spiritual refreshment, we cordially recommend to our readers. The author, the "Bossuet of Spain," is too well known to require any introduction. And we are always glad to see a fresh work from the gifted and industrious pen of the translator.

Fleurange. By Madame Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by M. P. T. Hickey & Co., publishers, No. 11 Barclay Street, New York.

"Fleurange" is a very interesting and well-written story, and, what is better, its lessons are excellent. A vein of deep religious feeling runs through the whole tale, though it is not one of the "goody" kind. Mrs. Craven is a writer who never fails to please her readers and to impress upon their minds many things worth remembering. The proprietor of the Vatican Library has been very happy thus far in his selection of stories.

——*The Illustrated Catholic American* is the title of a new and first-class weekly paper to be published by the enterprising firm of Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay street, New York, the first number of which will be issued early next month. The announcement surprised us somewhat, for the venture is a daring one on the scale

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on which it is projected, but the affair is in good and experienced hands and there is little doubt that it will prove a great success. It is only a short time since the the same firm succeeded in effecting a revolution in the book market which places standard literature within reach of the poor as well as the rich, and which in time will turn to immense advantage. The publishers says, in their prospectus: "While supplying generously, and judiciously, an abundant variety of works of fiction, we shall not forget the obligation lying on us of dealing in due proportion with the realities of life and with the sober facts of History, the Events of the Hour, the Discoveries of Modern Science, and the Progress of the Age. While gathering choicest honey from every foreign plant that blooms, we shall not forget that a principal office of such a paper as ours will be to develop and foster a school of *Catholic American Writers and Artists*, and we hope to gather around us most of the names in our literature worth having. . . . Our programme is a comprehensive one, and will be sure to give satisfaction. We enter on this new work with a long experience of American journalism in its highest walks, after successful labors in Catholic American journalism, which have been honored by the people, priests and prelates, and even by our Holy Father Leo XIII. We have been engaged in preparing for this special enterprise for many years. The ability and strength of our staff, the promised co-operation of many of the most gifted writers in the language, our accumulation of admirable matter from which to draw at will, the mechanical and artistic resources of our offices justify us, after a close survey of all the difficulties of the enterprise, in accepting the favorable anticipations of the complete, striking success of *The Illustrated Catholic American*, which have already been expressed by high critics familiar with our detailed plans. It seeks to fill no field already occupied by any existing journal. In what it attempts to accomplish, it will be without a parallel in American journalism. What is more, we are convinced that no paper of equal price, in any part of the world, will have more striking features, sterling information, or attractive and delightful matter. We therefore ask for this work the aid and support of all Catholics, more especially of the clergy, the Catholic press, Catholic teachers and Catholic parents. We ask for their kind word, so far as our work will deserve it, for their subscription, and for their help in making known this paper."

—We have received the *Catholic Annual* for 1880, but too late for more than the briefest notice. It is as bright and attractive as ever. American Catholic literature has nothing more interesting than this publication, the appearance of which is always hailed with delight in thousands of Catholic families.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 19TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 58 persons and 2 families,—change of life for 30 persons and 4 families,—conversion to the faith far 25 persons and 5 families,—grace of final perseverance for 15 persons,—special graces for 7 priests, 13 religious, 8 clerical students, and 12 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal aid and favors for numerous persons and families,—spiritual favors for 52 persons and 6 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 12 communities, 8 congregations, 12 schools, 4 sodalities, and one orphan asylum. Also 35 particular intentions, and 6 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Restoration of sight and hearing to a number of persons,—God's blessing in the choice of a state of life for many persons,—restoration or continuance of peace and harmony in many families,—a poor widow unjustly sued by her own brother for the amount of a note already paid by her deceased husband,—a particular favor for a child,—special graces for the Superiors of several religious congregations,—a young man addicted to the use of opium,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of a certain Indian mission, and of the Indian missions in general—that of several towns and districts.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

Several favors, both spiritual and temporal, are reported to have been obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Mother and by the use of the water of Lourdes. A pious lady writes: "Thanks be to our holy Mother, the Protestant lady who used the holy water is improving in health, and has begun to read Catholic books. The lady who was paralysed is also getting better. The physicians thought it wonderful that she should be able to walk so soon. I recommended my mother to the prayers of the Confraternity some time ago, for we feared she would lose her mind; but she is now well, corporally and mentally, and has become more faithful to her religious duties." . . . A correspondent says: "I wish to return my most heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for the favor of a happy and save delivery through her intercession and the use of the blessed water." . . . A remarkable cure is thus related: "A young man had dropsy of the heart, and his case was pronounced incurable by three eminent physicians. After the application of the Lourdes water he became as well as ever, to the great surprise of all." A good lady writes: "Four years ago I wrote, asking prayers in behalf of my brothers who were going to ruin through drink. The eldest one neglected his religious, duties and did not go to confession for four or five years. All have since taken the pledge and approached the Sacraments. One who came near losing his farm is now doing well, and will soon be out of debt."

OBITUARY.

We ask the prayers of the members of the Confraternity for the following deceased persons: REAR-ADMIRAL AUGUSTUS H. KILTY, U. S. N., who died lately in Baltimore. He was a life-subscriber to THE AVE MARIA. Mr. JOHN CARMODY, of Albany, New York, whose death occurred on the 23rd ult. MR. JOHN LYNCH, of Verona, Pa., deceased some time ago. Mr. WM. COUGHLIN, who breathed his last on the 17th of Sept. The following deceased members of the Presentation Order: SISTERS MARY JOSEPH (Cassin), PHILOMENA (O'KELLY), PABRICH (Cooper), PAZZI (Rice), FRANCIS (Cronin), DOMINIC (Donling), STANISLAUS (Gleason), and CATHARINE (Benard). Mrs. MARTIN TAYLOR, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who succumbed to a lingering disease on the 8th ult. Mr. TERENCE MURPHY, who departed this life on the 24th ult., and his brother, JOHN MURPHY, whose death took place about a year ago. Mr. JAMES SMITH, of Mount Carbon, Pa., recently deceased. Mr. and Mrs. JAMES WALDRON, AUSTIN WALDRON, Mr. JAMES GREELY, Mr. MICHAEL CLEARY, Mrs. AUSTIN, Miss MARGARET BRENNAN, Mr. JOSEPH WILKINSON, and Mr. VALERIAN GISSIE, all of whom died some time ago, and several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

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Children's Department.

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISFORTUNES OF THE FORESTER.

The good forester had passed many years with his family in peace and contentedness since Anthony's departure. His children were grown up, the son a stalwart young man, his daughters blooming maidens, all well raised, and of blameless life. Gradually, though, the good father felt the burden of his increasing years. He was thinking about giving his office over to his son. The prince of the estate paid a yearly visit in autumn to the princely hunting castle of Rockpeak; for the hunt was always some recreation to him in the midst of his numerous business affairs. He was a good-hearted gentleman; he listened kindly to his subjects, even the very poorest, and entertained himself familiarly with them. As on a certain occasion he visited the hunting castle again, and the hunt in the district of the old forester had particularly pleased him, he approached him, and, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said: "Well, my good forester, how are you?"

"Your highness," answered the forester, "I must say these old shoulders are becoming almost too weak for their burden; I would like to transfer it to younger shoulders."

"To Christian, your son, yonder, I suppose," said the prince. "He is a good hunter, and, what I prize far more, a very good forester. Your woods, as I failed not to observe during the hunt, are in the best kind of order. You may depend on it, nobody else shall get the office. He may meanwhile take charge of the forest. I would like, though, you would still, for some little time, superintend, and keep the title. Even the best of young people easily become vain and neglectful, when their coat-collar is too early bordered with a gold-lace galloon. It is to my benefit and yours that you remain forester for some time yet."

The forester thanked the prince warmly for his kindness, and added: "There is a circumstance connected with this I would like to tell you. My son is just now making preparations to marry the daughter of an old friend of mine, the forester Bush, long since laid in his grave. To make a long story short, the girl has lost her mother lately, and is now without a home. She is poor, but she is very pious and industrious, and is innocence, goodness and modesty itself."

"Very well," said the prince, "and I am much pleased when I see a good man in his choice of a wife look more to innocence and virtue than money or worldly goods. I give him the permission to marry, with pleasure, and add, that he may set his cap for the forester's office besides. I will give orders at once to have the papers prepared."

The forester's son, who stood at some distance anxiously awaiting the result of the conference, approached, at a sign from his father, and expressed his thanks to the prince. The marriage came off in good time. A new blessing came over the house at the entrance of the sweet young woman: peace and harmony dwelt under the roof of the good forester. The old man had the happiness, too, to fondle his grandchildren on his knee, and his aged wife became young again in the joy of tending and nursing the little ones. The daughters of the household lived with their brother's wife as with a sister. All were very happy.

But soon a great trial came over this happy house. It sprang from an event now so long past that the old forester had almost forgotten it. That young Sir Reed, who formerly had often gone hunting with the forester, became so bold after a while as to go alone, and without permission, hunting in the woods, shooting down without distinction whatever came under his gun. The forester caught him in the woods, and said to him: "It is strictly forbidden to shoot the wild game. My dear young sir, come hunting with me, as you used to, if you want to hunt. I'll take you with me cheerfully, and show you the best places, where you may shoot to your heart's content. But I cannot allow you to beat and shoot around on your own hook in the woods under my charge."

But the young nobleman kept going on the forbidden grounds as before. The forester caught him again, and took his gun from him, and said: "God knows I do this against my feelings: but I have to do it. The orders are strict; I cannot disobey them. If I catch you again, I will give notice of it, and you will not fare so well." The good man, besides, went to old Sir Reed and begged him to forbid the young man to go hunting. The old nobleman ordinarily humored all his son's whims; but this time he became very excited, for he feared the prince's displeasure. He threatened his son with disinheritance the very first time he went hunting again, unless in company with the forester. But the young man had got used to disobeying his father. Soon afterwards the forester heard a shot, hurried out and found the young noble standing beside a deer he had killed. The forester reported him. Old Sir Reed betook himself to the prince, and begged to have grace shown to his son. The prince answered: "According to the law, the young man should go to the penitentiary. I will pardon him this time, but, mind you, if he be caught a single other time, I shall surely send him; and once there, you know, I can't get him out even if he were an employee or servant of mine." The affair was thus

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terminated; but the younger Reed conceived such a fierce hatred towards the honest forester, that after the lapse of many years he burned for revenge against him.

Now, all of a sudden the prince died; the heir was yet a minor, and was away travelling. There was a guardian appointed, and many changes took place in the estate. Young Sir Reed, who was very rich and had noble connections, became head forester. He entered the hunting castle of Rock-peak with great ceremony, where a part of the building was set aside for his use. He became henceforward the superior of the good forester, and did the old man all the harm he could. There was no end to his fault-finding. The forester could do nothing to please him.

The princely heir had now come to his majority, and entered on his duties; but the high-forester, Reed, who was very sharp and oily, succeeded in gaining the favor of the master-forester, who was in the good graces of the new prince, and became more overbearing and hostile than ever towards our good friend. "You are of no more service," said he to him; "I must see about getting a man of some account for the office."

"I will be only too glad to give up the office," answered the forester. "I would have done so long ago, if his highness the prince had permitted it. My son will then be forester?"

"Ah!" laughed Sir Reed, scornfully, "I don't know about that. I think I've got something to say about that." The forester referred him to the princely decree, allowing his son to marry.

"Bah!" blurted Reed, "I know all about it." He understood well how to interpret it. "It's only a promise on good behaviour; nothing more. But the boy is of no account. I'll see to getting a better man."

The gray-haired old man struggled in vain to conceal a tear, and said: "Be not unjust, Sir High-forester! You imagined yourself insulted by me once; you ought therefore to be doubly cautious lest you do me wrong."

"What!" cried Reed, his eyes sparkling with anger; "You dare to remind me of your brutality towards me! You presume to recall to me how you robbed me of my only youthful pleasure and calumniated me at the prince's court? You are a good-for-nothing fellow. But you never had any respect for your betters, and always took up with beggars. You permitted your son to marry a girl without a red cent—a very beggar. You threw away a respectable income on that beggar-boy, Anthony. You don't know how to take care of your own affairs, and you are, forsooth, to be trusted with the property and interests of the prince? Go 'long, go 'long; nothing can be done with you. I hope we'll soon have very little to do with one another, and I'll see that you don't pester me much longer."

The forester went away. "Humph!" said he to himself on his return home, "the high-forester may say what he pleases; but my district is in the best of order. Much as he is incensed against me, he can get no hold on me; I'm not afraid of him." Meanwhile at home he said nothing to his family, in order not to trouble them without necessity.

But one day soon after, just as the old man had returned from the woods and was resting in his arm-chair, a messenger entered the room and handed him a letter from the office of the high-forester. It went on to state that the hitherto acting forester, Greenwood, was, by order of higher authority, on account of weaknsss and old age, and the thence resulting incapability, released from his office, and the duties pertaining were, until the office was refilled, to be transferred to the neighboring forester of Wildmore. As to any provision for the future support of the old man, or another place for his son, there was not a word about it. It was only added, that the former forester should from the time of receiving this order not presume to fire a shot in the woods, or let himself so much as be seen with a gun, under pain of its being taken from him.

The old forester in opening the letter was much disturbed—and his hand trembled. But he recovered his self-possession, and read the letter aloud to his family, who were engaged at different work in the room. His old wife and two daughters turned pale with fright. The young forester could scarcely contain his anger at the malice of the high-forester. His wife stood for a moment speechless, and then broke out into violent weeping. Their children, who were playing in the room and saw their mother crying, cried too. There arose a general lament. The venerable old forester alone stood quiet in their midst, and said: "Do not forget that God yet lives and reigns. You, dear grandmother, stop crying first, and give your children and grandchildren an example of confidence in God. Bad men can do us no harm without His permission. This trial comes from Him; it will finally turn to our benefit. Courage then! God is our mighty protector; He will not repel us even if the world does. The good, rich Father will never let His children want for bread. We will confide in Him, and not be disturbed. But," he continned, "I will not neglect to do what I can. To-morrow I will go to the prince himself. He is as noble-minded as his father of pious memory. He will hear me, pressed as he is with the accummulation of business at his entrance on the control of the princedom. He is just; he will not permit an old servant, who has for forty years served his house truly and honestly, to become, with his wife, children and grandchildren, a victim of want and starvation. You must go along with

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me, Christian. We can both absent ourselves without asking leave; we will journey afoot, riding being too costly for our present circumstances. The needful clothes for the journey we can carry in our hunting-bag. So make preparation for our departure early to-morrow morning."

The old forester got up the next morning before day-break and awoke his son. "I can't wait for day," said he: "we've got moonlight, and we know the roads well. Let us start."

The aged mother folded the green gold-bordered uniform nicely together, and put a clean linen cloth around it, the better to carry it in the hunting bag. Catharine fetched the linen, and prepared some eatables for the journey. Christian's wife and Louisa got breakfast and brought it into the family room. The little ones were yet asleep.

"And when do you expect to be back?" asked grandmother.

"I can't tell exactly myself. We'll hardly finish our business in a week."

"To-morrow two weeks is Christmas eve," said she; "you'll certainly be back by that time?"

"God willing, to-morrow week," answered the forester. "But happen what may, I must be back to celebrate Christmas-eve with you."

"God grant it may be with joy!" exclaimed she.

"Meanwhile," added the forester, "pray to our Lady, all of you, and trust in God."

All accompanied the travellers to the gate. It was yet dark, not a sign of daybreak appearing. But they went out with good courage into the cold and fearful December night.

All the family were much concerned about the dear travellers, especially about the old father. The first week they passed without any particular anxiety; but when afterwards day after day went by without bringing them back, and the weather became very severe and stormy, the rain pouring down almost incessantly, they began to be uneasy. "Alas!" said they, "even poor Christian will find it hard enough to hold out; but how will dear old father stand it!" The two children of the young forester ran every few minutes to the door, to see if father and grandfather were coming at last.

Thus after the first week, another week passed in sorrow and deep anxiety. Moreover soon after the departure of the two foresters, a servant of the high-forester came, bringing orders from his master. Grandmother did not like to open the letter, but suspicioned it boded no good to them. For the servant had said, with a sorrowful gesture: "It's madness for the old man and his boy to go running to the prince's. Master high-forester knows what he is about; they'll get nothing, and will come back loaded with shame." Meanwhile the family prayed daily that God would vouchsafe to give the travellers a favorable hearing with the prince, and bring them back safe; the children, too, prayed unbidden.

CHAPTER VII.

FURTHER FORTUNES OF THE FORESTER.

Things were in this state when the Holy Christmas-eve dawned. Night came sooner than usual, for the whole heavens were covered with heavy clouds. A wind-storm bellowed amongst the old oaks and the waving firs of the forest. It snowed and rained with great violence, and the gutters made as much noise as a freshet tumbling over rocks. "Oh! my God!" exclaimed the forester's wife after looking out at the window for a long time, "they are not coming yet. If they don't come to-night, some misfortune has certainly overtaken them. I feel fearfully anxious. In such weather, one would not let a dog stay out of doors; and the roads are deep enough to mire a team. Oh! if they were only home again, everything else might go as it would."

She opened the window again, looked out, and exclaimed: "Thanks be to God! they're coming."

All hurried to the door; all asked in a breath: "Well, how has it fared in the city?"

"I hope," answered the old forester, "all will be right yet. But you have been anxious about us. We remained away very long; but I was somewhat unwell on the journey, and could go no further: and when I got better, the frequent rains had so swollen the rivers and creeks that we were kept back some days more. But, God be thanked! we're at home once more!"

He came into the house, took off his overcoat, and sat down in his arm-chair by the warm stove. His wife brought a bottle of wine, a couple of glasses and a lighted lamp. "Refresh yourselves a little," said she, pouring out the wine; "you both need it badly: supper will soon be ready."

"Well," assented the forester, looking around him by the light of the brightly burning lamp, "how good it makes one feel to be at home again with his dear ones, where one sees nothing but friendly and joyful faces!"

Meanwhile the young forester had told his wife in confidence: "Things are in a very bad way; we shall likely lose the service." She became much frightened, and whispered the news to the others. The old forester saw how, on a sudden, all the faces became darkened. "Has Christian been babbling already?" asked he; "well, there's nothing so great to conceal. You shall all hear it; but for goodness' sake don't be so sorrowful. Why, a Saviour was born to us on this night: in this great joy we must forget our little earthly contradictions, at least not take them so much to heart. As we reached the prince's palace late in the evening, I went first to the old forest-board counsellor, Miller. He is a very upright man, thought I; he was in old times my high-forester, and always a friend of mine. The other counsellors that knew me are all dead or superseded. Although, on account of age, he has withdrawn from

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active life, he can anyhow give me good advice, so I thought. The noble man, indeed, received me with great cordiality. I told him my business. He said: 'You have a very bad enemy in the high-forester, who has powerful friends. He wants to entail your office on a young man of his service, and always sends the most unfavorable reports of you and your son. I fear that he will succeed in cutting good Christian out of his place.'

"'Oh!' said I, 'surely it will not come to that! but meanwhile I have a mind to go to the prince himself.'

"'That's what you'll do,' answered he; 'I will go with you. But just now, you come at the most unfavorable time. The prince is so very busy; you will have hard work to get a hearing. You, must go, too, to the master-forester and the counsellors of the board. But I am afraid you will not get a favorable reception: Sir Reed has prejudiced them all so.' I found that Miller was perfectly well informed. I had to make many a disagreeable visit. The master-forester received me coldly, and cut me off very shortly. The other counsellors didn't treat me much better; I saw nothing but black faces, and had to listen to many a rough expression. And with the prince, who had the master-forester just then with him, I couldn't get an audience at all. The master-forester managed to calumniate me and Christian very slyly. I can't just now give you the details; besides, it's only a business matter, that you can't understand. All that we can hope anything from is an examination: but it is to be feared that it will be made by such persons as wish us little good. But these things make us sad, and this evening all men in the whole of Christendom ought to be rejoicing. It is holy Christmas-eve; we must think of the Birth of our Redeemer. That will drive away all our sad thoughts."

He directed his eyes towards the painting of the Birth of Jesus, that Anthony had sent them. It was hanging in the place where the looking-glass used to be, and was covered with a light gauze to prevent its being damaged. The little grandchildren of the old forester, two lovely little ones, Francis and Clara, for many weeks had looked forward with joy to the celebration of Christmas-eve. They stood up and quickly wiped the tears from their brightened faces. "Grandmother," said little Francis, "take the cloth from the picture and light some candles, as you did last year, that we may see it, please!"

"And you, grandfather," chimed in little Clara, "get your harp, won't you? we want to sing the little Christmas hymn that mother taught us."

"Well," said the forester, "let us sing a Christmas-eve song. But, tell me, first, has nothing particular happened since we were gone?"

"No," answered his wife; "only, soon after your departure there came a message from the high-forester's office—whatever it may say." She handed him the letter, sealed as it came. He opened it, grew pale, and said, with a glance towards heaven: "Now, Lord, Thy will be done!" All regarded him in terror and expectation of what was to come.

"What is it, then?" asked the grandmother.

"We must get out of this house; nay, we should already be out of it. The high-forester orders that this house must be evacuated and cleared at the latest by Christmas-eve, in order that the new forester may move in on ChristmasDay. He threatens that if we do not obey we shall be forced out by the officers. I wonder they haven't been here already; we are not safe here a minute longer."

"Oh, God!" cried the young forester's wife, "in this fearful stormy night! Do you hear, how the wind howls outside, how it rains? Where should we find shelter from the storm and rain?" She sank on a chair, embracing her two children. "Good Lord," she sighed, "oh! have mercy on these innocents." The young forester stood by her in silence with folded arms, and regarded her and his children with eyes full of tears.

"O, my God!" sobbed the grandmother, wringing her hands, "to be driven out in our old age, with our children and grandchildren, out of the house where I was born, where my father and grandfather lived! Oh! it is terrible! Good God, let me die in the house in which I was born!"

Catharine wept in silence; Louisa stood trembling like a lamb that is about to be slaughtered. But the old forester, with his venerable face, high bald forehead and grey locks, looked long in silence towards heaven, and then spoke quietly and calmly: "Yes, my dearest children, we must all very soon leave this house. I know nobody who could take us all into his house at the same time. We shall have to be divided. I had hoped, indeed, to enjoy a quiet old age in your midst; I had hoped you, who are now assembled around me, would one day stand around my death-bed; God has disposed otherwise; we must resign ourselves to His holy will."

He looked at his grandchildren, and added: "My heart is moved when I look at these weeping children. God has a more pitying heart still towards us. When He sends such heavy sufferings upon us, He surely has the wisest ends in view. He will change our very sorrow into joy for us. The old people used to say in their long-life experience: 'When distress is at its highest, God's help is the nighest.' We have passed many happy Christmas-eves in this room; let us be willing to take *one* sorrowful one from the hand of God."

"You are right, my dearest husband," said his wife; "let us leave everything in God's hands, and

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take courage in the midst of our great sorrow. Ah! how often have I thought how Mary fared, when she not only had to pass the night in a stable, but soon after had also to leave her humble abode—as we have to do—and depart with her Divine Child for a foreign country. Great as was her faith and confidence, I still imagine that, if not for her own sake, at least for her Child's, tears must have come into her eyes. I know what a mother's heart feels. Her suffering must have been heart-rending. But everyone on earth must soone or later experience such thing: God leaves none of His children untried. That old history is in some manner repeated in us. But God, who sent Mary friends and guiding angels in the poor stable and in her sorrowful flight, will not leave us without consolation: He will send us help in good time."

All of a sudden there came a quick knock at he door. "Now they're coming," said the old forester, "to drive us away from here." Christian arose, threw a glance at his gun and said, between his teeth: "I would like to see them dare to drive out of this house my old parents, my wife and little ones, and my sisters. The first man that lays hand on you I will——"

"No, no, my son," interposed the old father, "do not speak those terrible words you have on your tongue. No resistance, no unlawful violence. God is ever over us and everyone: He alone is our protection and our refuge. If our prayers and reasonings have no influence on these men that are coming to eject us, we will go of our own will and take refuge, until the night is past, in the caves in the woods, where we have so often found shelter in storms."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

About Prayer.

HOW A SAINT HAD TO SUFFER FOR PRAYING NEGLIGENTLY.

Children, do you say your prayers with attention? Do you never hurry over them, as if you were reciting a lesson in history, without thinking of God or of what you say? If you do, you offend God instead of pleasing Him by such prayer. You may suffer, and suffer grievously in purgatory, for these acts of indifference and inattention to your prayers. Listen to what St. Peter Damian relates of a great servant of God, and the punishment that was inflicted on him for saying certain prayers in a hurried manner.

St. Severinus, Archbishop of Cologne, was a prelate of such extraordinary sanctity that God granted many miracles through his intercession. One day, shortly after his death, the Saint appeared to a canon of the Cathedral of Cologne, standing to his waist in the water of a small branch of the Rhine. The canon, surprised, asked the Saint why he stood there—he, who for his extraordinary sanctity ought to be reigning gloriously in heaven. "If you to wish to know," replied the Saint, "give me your hand in order that you may understand by actual experience the pain which I suffer."

Then taking his hand he dipped it gently into the water, and, though the canon drew it out immediately, so great was the heat he experienced that the flesh all about the place which touched the water fell off even to the bone. The Saint then told him the cause of this great suffering: "I suffer this great torment for no other offence than for having recited the breviary hastily and with distraction. For, while I was counsellor in the Emperor's court, and having a great deal of business to attend to, I did not recite the divine office at the proper hours, or with devotion. This is my only fault." Then, begging the canon to join with him in prayer to obtain the cure of his hand, and also his own liberation from his great sufferings, he suddenly disappeared, leaving the canon cured, and filled with fear of God's judgments.

Dear children, learn from this example how displeasing it is to Almighty God to hurry over your prayers, or say them with indifference and inattention. Prayer opens the gate of heaven, but only when said with fervor and attention.

The Astronomer and the Atheist.

The famous astronomer, Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him for a visit, he procured a very handsome globe and placed it in a corner of the room where it could not escape his friend's observation; the latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it made by any person; it came here by *mere chance.*" "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; surely you are jesting." Kircher, however, persisted in his assertion. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated by *mere chance;* and yet you will contend that the heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, then convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God. Remember, dear children, that no Catholic who lives up to his religion ever has any practical doubts about revealed truths. Faith never departs from a Catholic heart till virtue has gone out.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 6, 1879. NO. 49.

The Immaculate Conception.

The two ideas of Jesus and Mary are inseparably united; to attempt to sever them would be to impair the perfection of each. They are not rivals in our affection; God forbid! But they are so unspeakably dearer to our hearts when enshrined there together, that we will not, we cannot otherwise regard them. The majesty of God is so sweetly attempered and commended to us, under the form of an Infant, reposing in the arms of His Blessed Mother, and the weakness of our nature is so strengthened and exalted by its nearness to the Divinity, that we cherish the image of a union which combines, in a manner before unknown, all that is fairest and best on earth and in heaven. "Surely his salvation is near to them that fear Him: that glory may dwell in our land. Mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed. Truth is sprung out of the earth, and justice hath looked down from heaven." (Psalm, lxxxiv, 10–12.)

Such is the image that lives in the immortal works of Christian art, which fix our attention, and win our love, and melt our hearts to-day, as irresistibly as they attracted the admiration, and elevated the devotion of generations of men long since passed away; creations of the painter's spiritualized genius, in which a beauty all angelic is thrown around the holy maiden-Mother, as the fittest expression of the sublime perfection of every grace to which she had been raised; while the tender, loving Child whom she caresses and adores, reveals glimpses of an intelligence unknown to infants of our race, giving assurance to our faith that the Word has been made flesh, and has dwelt among us. As an example of the intimate and indissoluble union in which we must ever associate that Blessed Mother and Son, we may take the exquisite picture of a living master, who represents the Holy Virgin seated, the Infant Jesus lying asleep in her lap; her hands clasp one of His, and as she bends over her precious burden the thoughts of her heart find utterance in the words of the Canticles: "My Beloved to me, and I to Him." (Cant., ii, 16.)

By preserving inviolate the union of Jesus and Mary in our thoughts, we are better able to estimate the dignity to which she has been advanced. When we would measure her prerogatives, we must inquire not what she would have been by nature, as a daughter of sinful Eve; nor even what she must have been to fulfil the letter of revelation; but what was befitting the greatness and the holiness of God that His grace should make her, in order that she might become a worthy dwelling-place for Himself. We should greatly err by limiting her exemption from the laws of fallen humanity to the bare necessities of the case; it is a worthier attitude of mind, as well as more likely to lead us to truth, to believe in the possibility of a redundancy of graces, so to speak, being showered upon her. "Try Me in this, saith the Lord; if I open not unto you the flood-gates of heaven; and pour you out a blessing, even to abundance." (Mal., iii, 10.)

Any one who compares the expression in the Book of Job, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" (Job, xiv, 4,) with the assurance of the angel that "the Holy One who should be born of Mary should be called the Son of God," must admit that she was made perfectly holy, when the Divine Spirit made her His Temple, and the Word of God was conceived in her chaste womb. Again, it is equally necessary to believe her to have been a virgin when our Lord was born. To believe less would be to disbelieve all. A perfection and completeness of design pervades all the works of God. Even in the least of these, there is always a visible adaptation of means to an end: a certain proportion between them. For great designs, He provides suitable agents; for services that imply a near approach to Himself, He requires and bestows pre-eminent sanctity. He never works by halves; He never limits His gifts and endowments to the narrowest exigencies of the service to which He calls; He pours them

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out without measure or stint. The profusion and endless variety of His bounty, in the first creation, is a symbol and pledge of the inexhaustible abundance of the gifts that enrich all His works. A great doctor and saint has said, "Whatever you shall find, by sound reasoning, to be the better thing, you may know that God has done, as He is the Creator of all good things."* A golden axiom, which will prove a safe and useful guide in these inquiries. Applying these remarks to our subject, is it possible to believe that a creature whom He had destined to be His chief minister in the greatest and most stupendous of all His works should have been left unprovided with privileges and graces corresponding to the supereminent dignity and sanctity of her mission? As it excelled every other, is it possible to doubt that her endowments and immunities surpassed those which belonged to every other? If He lavished beauty and ornament in such profusion on this earthly dwelling-place, which He prepared for the first man, Adam, can we suppose that the Sacred Temple provided for the Second Man, the Lord from heaven, was more sparingly adorned? Did He inspire His ancient prophets to predict her high vocation; did He suspend the laws of nature in her regard, to leave her no more than a common daughter of Eve, undistinguished by any inherent pre-eminence? His wisdom, His power, His goodness, alike forbid the thought.

The loss of original justice, incurred by our first parents, and inherited from them by each one of us, lies at the root of all the evils that devastate this fallen world. The restoration, therefore, of original justice in the Sacrament of Baptism, is the very beginning of our spiritual life. The operations of grace are designed to reverse and undo the effects of the fall; as we died by losing grace, we live again spiritually, by regaining it. Then sanctifying grace is infused into the regenerate soul, it is gradually assimilated to the image of God, till every stain of sin is purged away, and it is united to Him forever. The body dies as the penalty of sin, but it will live again, never more to die.

This is the usual process of grace in the saints. There are higher and lower degrees of perfection and attainment as there are of size and capacity, but the order and method of reaching them are the same in all. But for some more privileged among the saints, God has anticipated their birth by restoring original justice to their souls, and sanctifying them before they came into the world. One of these was the Prophet Jeremias, who thus testifies of himself: "And the word of the Lord came to me, saying: Before I formed thee in the bowels of thy mother, I knew thee, and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and made thee a prophet unto the nations." (Jer., i, 4, 5.) Another was the holy precursor, St. John the Baptist, regarding whom the angel foretold to his father Zacharias that he should be great before the Lord; that he should drink neither wine nor strong drink, and that he should be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. (Luke, i, 15). Something of the same privilege, though in an inferior degree, seems to have belonged to Sampson. Before his birth, an angel appeared to his mother, and said to her: "Thou shalt conceive and bear a son; and no razor shall touch his head: for he shall be a Nazarite of God, from his infancy, and from his mother's womb: and he shall begin to deliver Israel from the hands of the Philistines" (Judges, xiii, 5).

Jeremias and the holy Baptist were chosen for a great and important mission, and God distinguished them by an unusual grace, and sealed them more emphatically for their work. The ancient prophet stood alone in an evil time, the one representative of God, amidst apostacy and desolation. And the Baptist was sent to prepare the way of the Lord; among those that were born of women, there was not a greater prophet than he, as the Lord Himself testified, (Luke, vii, 28). The mission of both was confessedly inferior to that which Mary was called to fulfil. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect that some higher privilege than theirs should have been granted to her; some greater gift of sanctity.

The devotion of the Immaculate Conception is a necessary deduction from the words of the first evangelical prophecy. "She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." It cannot be supposed that God would permit her, whom He had so emphatically chosen as the final conqueror of the devil, to be even for an instant his property and his slave, as an infant conceived in sin most undoubtedly is. Every such infant is the slave of sin till regenerated by the grace of God. Who can believe the Mother of God could ever have been under the power of the devil?

The first woman, Eve, was so called because she was the mother of all the living (Gen., iii, 20). The whole human family is descended from her, in the order of nature. Mary is the Mother of all living, in the order of grace; inasmuch as she is the Mother of Him who brought life and immortality to light; she is the Mother of His second and more glorious creation, which is destined to live and triumph upon the ruins and death of the first. Would it have been fitting that the Mother of this superior order should be, even for a moment, in an inferior position to the mother of the less worthy creation, which she must have been if she was conceived in sin?

* St. Aug., De lib. arbitr., lib. iii, 5-13. Quoted by Perrone, De Immac. Conc. B. M. V.

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Eve came immaculate from the hands of her Creator; unless Mary did the same, she did not reach the same equality.

Sin is, in the order of grace, what death is in the order of nature. A soul in a state of sin is dead; in regard to God and heavenward aspirations, insensible and inert. If Mary was conceived in sin, her existence must have had its beginning in this state; and there was the anomaly of the mother of all the living, in the creation of grace, the source and the fountain of life, herself in a state of death.

Out of reverence for the unequalled dignity of Mary as the Mother of our Lord, the Church salutes her, among other titles, as the Queen of Angels. But so far from being their Queen, she would be inferior to the least of them if the taint of sin had ever touched her. Those pure beings were created by God in perfect holiness; she whom we believe to be their Queen, must be at least their equal in this respect. If the Psalmist could say of man, as he came from the hands of his Maker, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," Mary, in order to be their Queen, must in her origin have surpassed, and not fallen short of, his perfection.

If the union of God and man in Christ made sin impossible in Him, the relation in which Mary stood to God, made sin, to say the least, inadmissible in her. It is inconceivable that His purity could have so allied itself to anything that had ever been infected with the taint of sin. The language of holy Scripture emphatically points to the same conclusion; as, for instance, in the words of the Psalmist: "Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, unto length of days" (Ps. xcii, 5); that pure tabernacle of Mary's womb, in which He "rested"; of whose substance His humanity was formed. More conclusive still is the language of St. Paul: "It was fitting that we should have such a High Priest, holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners" (Heb. vii, 26). How could it be said of Christ that He was separated from sinners, if He derived an integral part of Himself from substance that had ever known the infection of sin? "Not separated from sinners" would express the truth if Mary was not conceived without sin.

The relation between the Father of the Eternal Word and the Blessed Virgin confirms the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. She is called, in a figurative sense, the first-born of His creatures; and of her it is said that "the Most High hath sanctified His tabernacle." In choosing her, and fitting her to become the Mother of His Son, is it not more consonant with what He has revealed of Himself that He should fit her perfectly for so high a destination; that He should have exceeded, rather than have come short of, the limits of human comprehension, in the graces and immunities with which He endowed her? It is by deductions from His own Holy Word that we are able to infer the propriety of Mary's immaculate conception; we cannot believe that our feeble power of reasoning can go further than the limits of His inexhaustible bounty in regard to the Holy Virgin; that our sense of congruity should surpass what was actually achieved in her behalf. It is true, indeed, that this opinion is nowhere explicitly revealed; but we do not forget St. Austin's axiom. "Whatever you shall find, by sound reasoning, to be the better thing, you may know that God has done, as He is the Creator of all good things." And, after all, what has been revealed is more wonderful than anything contained in the doctrine of Mary's immaculate conception. The privilege of maternity, without detriment to virginity, is much more so, than exemption from an imperfection which would have impaired that first privilege; the intimate relation in which Mary stands to God is much more so than an immunity which could alone have made it admissible.

Finally, the Holy Spirit chose her for His chaste Spouse; and the Church, under His directing influence, has applied to that heavenly union the mystical language of the Canticles; such expressions, for instance, as the following: "Thou art all fair, My love, and there is not a spot in thee," (Cant., iv, 7).

"Let all the children of the Church," said Pius IX on the occasion of the definition of the Immaculate Conception, "animated every day by a more ardent piety, veneration and love, continue to honor, invoke, and pray to the Most Blessed Mary, Mother of God, conceived without original sin. Let them fly with entire confidence to this most sweet Mother of mercy and grace, in all dangers, difficulties, doubts, and fears. For nothing is to be feared, and nothing is to be despaired of under her guidance, under her auspices, under her favor, under her protection, who, bearing towards us a mother's love, and taking up the work of our salvation, is solicitous for the whole human race."

O Virgin, at the very moment when Gabriel pronounced the words, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena*," the God of all creation was incarnate within thee, as in a sanctuary. The heavens are great, but thou wert then far greater, thou who wert bearing the Creator. Glory to Him who made His dwelling-place in thy bosom; glory to Him who was born of thee; glory to Him who by this blessed child-bearing has delivered the world.

And thou, who hast brought forth God, pray Him to save the souls of all. Amen.—*Liturgy of Constantinople.*

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Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE INSTITUTE.

It was the hour of recreation, and the pupils of the celebrated educational institute conducted by Miss von Rosenhain, had assembled in the large hall in order to debate on an important and secret matter, quite undisturbed by the young under-teacher, whose business it was to superintend the wayward flock, and who, being manifestly of opinion that her mere presence sufficed for the accomplishment of this duty, seated herself at the furthest end of the spacious room, and sat writing letters in a deep alcove of the window. The varied mingling of speech, now loud, now softer, of the youthful group, which came in ringing tones to her ears, hindered her as little in this her favorite employment as her silent presence constrained the young lady pupils in the interchange of thought and ideas. One might have heard Italian, English and Spanish sounds mixed with fluent French tirades. German, in all the varied provincial dialects in which the German tongue utters its tones—even Polish and Russian—were represented; for the institution, which was open exclusively to the daughters of the great—nay, of the highest nobility—received willingly every nationality; and it was an interesting study to observe these various types in these young maidens, just growing out of childhood—types which, as they stood there in their simple pink summer uniforms, were brought out into stronger and more striking light.

The subject which occupied the pupils at the present moment was of a very harmless and amiable nature. It was to consider how to commemorate the birthday feast of the lady principal with peculiar splendor. The initiative to this proposal had originated with the pupils themselves. Great plans for artistic display had been formed and again rejected; but, above all, it was made a point of honor not to take any of the teachers into their confidence before the whole programme had been fully arranged and agreed to.

"What do you think about it, Edith?" said a fair young English girl to a marvellously beautiful, yet still half childish maiden with dark hair and eyes, in whom we recognize without difficulty the lovely little creature who years ago had desired to place her saving's-box at the disposal of the "beggar-man."

Edith had been here for a year. Baron Werneck, sustained in his views most zealously by Pastor Schönfeld, who had become his most intimate counsellor, had judged it fitting to give Edith "the last polish" by sending her to this celebrated institute, so warmly recommended by his friend. It was only after hesitating a long while that Dolores, with a heavy heart, had consented to the separation, but had at length acquiesced the more easily, because Edith herself, with the desire youth cherishes for novelty and strange experiences, had sided with her father; for she loved him with a far greater tenderness than she entertained for her stricter, humorsome, often ill-tempered mother. Here, in the boarding-school, the rich talents of the young maiden, receiving most careful and systematic training, developed themselves wonderfully quick, and it did not occur to any one, in this model education, to feel the loss of one thing, which a young soul feels the need of above all others—the earnestness of moral training founded on religious principles.

The lady principal of this establishment was in this respect of the same opinion as her intimate friend, Pastor Schönfeld; and therefore it formed part of her educational plan, by degrees, to obliterate every trace of piety in the dispositions of the young maidens confided to her care. Her pupils should, as she somewhat pompously declared, be as little fitted for the cloister as for a narrowly-limited family circle of the middle class; they were to be brought up and formed for the great world; added to which it was to be borne in mind that no narrow-minded timidity and excessive punctiliousness should disturb their free and secure entrance into this sphere, or hinder the splendid development of their whole being.

"Shall we get up a play?" replied Edith to the somewhat impetuous question of the daughter of Albion. "I think that would give great pleasure to madame."

"That might be; but we have not time enough left to learn our parts"; called out a little phlegmatic Dutch girl; and a merry French viscountess added: "We speak too many different languages for that; and we cannot select one nationality for the performance, and let the others have nothing to do but look on. For instance, you North Germans speak French too badly to be able to play in a French comedy; and as for English, we are not advanced enough for that."

"I thought only of a German play," replied Edith, in an excited tone; "we are in Germany, and Miss von Rosenhain is a German."

"That would be fine, indeed!" said a little Russian, scornfully. "How low! a German play!"

This remark raised a regular storm of indignation among the German pupils. All exclaimed at once; all spoke together; the noise was ear-splitting.

"Silence, silence, young ladies, if you please!" commanded the teacher, in a raised voice, looking up from her letter.

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The tumult was instantly appeased; only a few voices growled under their breath.

"We *have* comedies though!" said a pretty little Wirtemberg countess, in the purest Suabian dialest. "But your poets are thinly sowed!"

"People are too melancholy there," said Edith, laughing; "and in too great anxiety about the father being angry, they can't bring out anything merry."

The Russian sprang up angrily; the little British girl laid her hand heavily upon her arm, and the others did not allow her to come to words; they all made a noise together.

"So it cannot be a play! But what then? what did Nellie mean?"

"Shall we have *tableaux vivant*?" The shrill, clear voice of the viscountess rang through the loud questions of the others.

A storm of applause greeted the proposal.

"But what shall we represent?" The discussion again became so animated that no one could hear the other's words or understand her own.

"Mais, mesdemoiselles, je vous en supplie!"* called out the poor governess, in the most pitiful tones—without, however, making any inquiry as to the cause of the disturbance, which, notwithstanding, this time as the last, was quelled by her words as by a charm.

Edith now began: "I once saw, when I was a child, a beautiful picture of Esther kneeling before King Assuerus, and, for fear of his anger, sinking half-fainting in the arms of her women, the while the dark man extends to her his golden sceptre. The picture, with all its incidents remains firmly set in my memory. How would it be if we——"

"And Haman near, on the gallows!" interrupted the angry little Russian, in bitter scorn.

The malicious witticism met with no applause; only a few of the smaller pupils giggled half surreptitiously, but Nellie said softly and half-sorrowfully: "That won't do, dear Edith; we must not take anything from the Bible history, that would only make madame angry."

"Why, she is a Christian!"

"I do not know about that." The eyes of the two maidens met, and they took a long gaze at one another.

After a little pause Edith began again: "Then take the scene from Paradise and the Peri, where the poor banished peri kneels before the angel and offers her three gifts. We could bring three changes to bear on that. Twice she was rejected, but the third time the radiant door opened its light-streaming portals to her."

"Pretty enough!" called out several voices; "only still too religious!"

"In that case," said Edith, provoked and irritated, "take the fairy queen, with her ass, out of 'Midsummer Night's Dream'!"

They all laughed; but Nellie stepped up to Edith and seized her hand. "How do you manage to know all that?" she said, in a low tone; "you are so young—younger still than I am."

"I was a great deal alone with papa in his library," was the reply, in tones equally soft, "when he was at business or study. Then, no one took any heed of what I did, and I read this and that, indeed everything that fell into my hands."

"But who taught you English? You speak it well."

"Papa; he speaks all languages, from his voyages; but he likes English best."

The entrance of Miss von Rosenhain suddenly put an end to the under-toned conversation, equally with the loud debate. They all stood up to honor by a respectful bow the lady of the house.

The principal of the institute displayed in her exterior a singular mixture of pretentious dignity and a make-up of youthfulness. She was strikingly little, and somewhat crooked. Many of her pupils, especially the tall and slim Edith —whom, however, she affectedly called the little Werneck whenever she mentioned her—overtopped her by a whole head, in spite of the high heels of her half-boots; and in spite also of the high tower of scaffolding of false hair that covered the scanty remainder of her own, which had long since grown grey. Some of the most mischievous of the pupils wanted also to maintain that the delicate color which adorned her angular features, as well as the brightness of her green-gray eyes was also the result of long and painful labor. These disrespectful assertions certainly found an appearance of justification in the time, out of all reasonable proportion, which the lady every morning devoted to her toilet; before the ending of which no human eye, save that of her confidential attendant, was allowed to see her. This attendant, who was alone in her department, surrounded herself with a wall of grumbling silence against all prying and pressing questions with reference to her misstress.

She made her entrance into the room, rustling in the ell-long train of her silk-dress.

It was thus in full splendor, and in a very rosy frame of mind, that Miss von Rosenhain came into the midst of the assembled maidens, and answered their respectful greeting with that half condescending, half amiable friendliness which she assumed every year as her birthday drew near, in pleasant anticipation of the rich gifts which never failed her on this occasion.

"Mesdemoiselles," she began, with a smile that seemed to promise much, "I have good, even great news to communicate. Sharpen up your wits to guess what!"

* "But, young ladies, I beg of you!"

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"News that concerns us all?" rang from the youthful circle.

"Not exactly all; only such of you as may boast of special musical talents."

Several of the faces so lately excited with pleasure grew strikingly long at this unexpected answer. All were silent for a time, in almost painful meditation.

"May we go to the Fir houses?" asked the viscountess at length.

"Or to Dom Pablo's violin concert?" added Edith.

"Neither of the two," was the answer. "You know the rules of the institute in this respect,—rules which I did not make, and may not alter,—more's the pity! You do not guess what I mean; then listen. My unceasing endeavors have at length succeeded in inducing the far-famed singer and musician, Signor Biondetta, to consent to devote some of his few leisure hours to your musical, but particularly to your vocal development. Naturally, this much-occupied artist can only devote his time to such of you as are by nature endowed with rich voices, or have a peculiar talent for the piano-forte, his chief instrument; I mean such as have already overcome the technical difficulties, and reached a certain degree of facility. So follow me now to the music-room, where he is waiting for you, to put you through an examination, and according to the result of this to select his future pupils, who will doubtless be much envied. You, too, mademoiselle," she added, turning to the governess, in the tone of command, "gather up, now, that eternal writing, which I can never understand, and follow us."

The lady thus scolded obeyed in silent subjection, and humbly tripped after her commander, who, closely surrounded by the youthful group, all in a state of excitement of mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety, proceeded to the room where the examination was to take place.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR BIONDETTO.

Signor Biondetto was sitting at the piano in the music-room, and his hands were flying in fantastic, wildish phantasies over the ivory keys. He was a strikingly handsome young man, with dark locks on an Apollo-like head; and fiery dark eyes, which at times, however, when he thought himself unobserved, were disfigured by a singularly lowering look. He had but lately arrived in the city, and this without the public knowing whence he came or what induced him to come. He took a very modest dwelling, and laid his papers, which were all in form, before the police. As his native place was Naples, and his profession given as a musician and teacher of singing, there was nothing suspicious in this. Then he presented his letters of introduction, which were from some distinguished musicians of his own home, and addressed to some musical great people of the city; and these, united to his real, genuine talent, his technical education, and his remarkable voice, procured for him a very obliging reception. The manager of the theatre offered him a position in the orchestra. He declined it; he would not bind himself. He would only give instruction; he would esteem himself happy if he succeeded in developing the talent of this or that young person. After he had been greeted with a storm of approbation as pianist, and as singer of Italian songs of the people, in a concert given on his account, by the "Union of Artists and Friends of Art," and after he had been mentioned in the daily papers, not as a star of the first magnitude, but as a "new sun in the musical heaven," the best houses were open to him; and it soon became the fashion for even the best families to consider it an honor to obtain the "renowned Signor Biondetto" as singing-master for their young daughters—and, as a matter of course, to pay rich fees for it. Miss von Rosenhain was also among those who exerted themselves to obtain this honor. She was very anxious that he should attend the institute. But either Signor Biondetto's speedy success had already turned his head, or he had his own reasons for not being too complacent; he let the lady pray and beseech a long while, and then explained without circumlocution that he had a great aversion to waste his valuable time on pupils without talent and to let his senitive sense of sound be injured by false hammering or yet more pernicious singing; it was not to be supposed that among the great number of young maidens who were being formed under her wings there should be nothing but sheer talent.

"At least examine them all," exclaimed the lady; "and then let those receive your instruction who appear worthy of it, to the exclusion of the rest. Only, dear signor, do not deprive my establishment of the invaluable honor of ranking you among the number of its teachers!"

The Italian agreed to this, and day and hour were appointed. Until then, the whole matter was to remain a secret to everyone else.

Signor Biondetto was accustomed to put on somewhat high-flown manners. Instead of rising from his seat at the entrance of the superior, accompanied by her blooming and glowing troop of maidens, he struck more wildly than before at the strings, and ended with a harsh dissonance; then summoning the class by a movement of the head, he struck the chord of C major.

"Shocking!" said Nellie, half aloud; "very shocking!" The refined young lady had never been treated with so little ceremony before.

Miss von Rosenhain had placed the young ladies in a large semicircle behind the piano, and

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now put forward the viscountess first. But the high, fine voice of the poor child was, from sheer nervousness, much more slender than usual, and she was frequently out of tune in singing the scale. Nellie, who was the next in turn, had not yet overcome her indignation, and with half-opened mouth sang purposely false—fully resolved at no price to become the pupil of this impolite man, whom she at once set down as "no gentleman"; and to her, no talent, no genius, in fact nothing, could compensate for such a deficiency as that.

The lady president was absolutely in despair; her grey-green eyes shot angry glances; bringing Edith forward, she said: "My little Werneck, collect yourself at least; save the honor of the house."

At the mention of the name of Werneck the Italian was visibly moved. He let his hands sink from the keys, while with a bashful yet searching glance he turned a look at the pupil who was so named, and as he caught sight of the lovely countenance that with childlike artlessness looked down upon him, a violent yet powerfully suppressed expression passed over his dark face; it was with trembling hands that he struck a full chord. He said in a low voice: "Is it agreeable to you, Miss?"

Those present looked on with a smile of wonder; the lady president shook her wise head at this inexplicable behavior, in which Edith alone seemed to see nothing remarkable. She sang with her clear, bell-like voice from one end of the gamut to the other without missing a note. As the last note rang out, the Italian sat at the instrument with folded arms and bowed head as if lost in deep, gloomy meditation. But as Miss von Rosenhain led forward a fourth scholar, he exclaimed, vehemently: "Impossible! it is quite impossible to continue the examination; another time, perhaps!"

"But, sir," said the lady, quite frightened, "what has happened to you, my dear signor, to induce you so suddenly to change your resolution? You promised me——"

"What I promised I will perform," he said, and in his hoarse tones rang what seemed like a mysterious threat; "only, to-day, excuse me, madam; I am giddy, I must go into the air."

"Yet you seemed satisfied with little Werneck," she persevered.

"O yes, very well!" Then turning hastily to the confused young girl, he asked: "Are you a relative of the renowned seaman, Baron Werneck?"

"He is my father," she replied, quickly, in a pleased tone.

"His daughter!" he murmured, in a hollow voice, and remained standing a while, as if undecided; then he suddenly stretched out his hand and seized his hat.

"You are really going, then?" asked Miss von Rosenhain, in the most melting sounds she could induce her harsh voice to attune itself to.

"I will come again," he answered, and hastily left the parlor, without saluting.

He stormed forth into the winterly, deserted streets; into the snow-covered parks, over the hard-frozen field pathways, over the brown turf meadows, without knowing whither he wanted to go. From the city-tower the hour struck out, but he heeded it not; he no longer remembered it was the time fixed for him to give some singing lessons.

The neighboring forest received him into its shades; the dark pine trees shook off their burden of snow on the solitary wanderer below; the frost trembled through his every limb, but he felt it not. He felt nothing but an interminable woe in his heart, and in his ear one name, "Werneck," was menacing incessantly. The whole disgrace, the whole unhappiness, the whole joylessness of his first youth overwhelmed him at this name. He saw himself again as a boy by the death-bed of his mother, who, some twenty years before, had died in the greatest misery in the beautiful, pleasure-loving city of Naples, and had left nothing to her only son save the glowing hate, the vow of revenge against the hard man who bore this name. It seemed to him as if that had occurred but yesterday, so lively was the remembrance that rose before him. He saw the miserable little room, the poor pallet; he saw once more the pale, emaciated countenance of the sick woman, and he heard in the narrow streets the joyous song of the more happy companions of his own age. And then his mother had called him to her side, and on his knees, beside her lowly pallet, he had heard from her pale lips the whole, till then uncomprehended, misfortune of his parents, and himself.

They had been poor people, but not in misery; they had had no absolute want to endure, although no superfluity was to be found in their modest dwelling; they lived in Margaret's paternal home, which had come to her as the only child of her parents when they had met an early death. The child's father, her husband, was an engraver in copper; he had no workshop of his own, but was frequently employed by other masters, sometimes even by artists. Thus they lived in cheerful contentment, the father earning the needful, while the mother took care of the little household, chatted with the neighbors and taught her little boy to chime in with his childish voice in the pious hymns sung by the larger boys before the images of the Madonna. He was so beautiful, this her little Joseph, and she loved him so much! She loved nothing on earth but her husband Giacomo, and her boy Giuseppe [Joseph], and in heaven the Madonna and her Divine Child; in this circle her heart rested with all its feelings, all its desires.

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This peaceful happiness was cruelly disturbed. Giacomo, till then so good and pious, a model husband and tender father, fell into the company of dissolute young men, foreigners, of whom the neighbors whispered dark things without precisely knowing anything distinctly; they spoke of secret nocturnal doings in the hidden corners of a remote, half-fallen house, which, shortly before, these men had bought of a Jew.

"They call themselves Christians," said Margaret's honest friend Theresa, "but there is as little of the Christian to be seen in their house as in that of the old Jew himself when he lived there; no cross, no Madonna, no holy-water vessel! My husband was to bring them fish—I, milk; but God keep us both from it! The money we should earn from them would certainly bring us no blessing."

Margaret thought so too; she took her husband severely to task about his intercourse with the strangers, and wished to know what he was doing there, why he neglected his work, which till now had supported them honestly, if not richly. She complained bitterly of his altered temper and of his absence for long days together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

(CONTINUED.)

On the morning of the 16th of March, I noticed a certain commotion which I could not understand. I was just then shut up in a little chamber, the door of which opened on the court-yard; through this half-open door I saw they were bringing a litter, and immediately the chief came and said to me:

"Bishop, get into this."

"To go whither?"

"You will find that out before long; get in quickly."

I wanted to take my breviary.

"There is no necessity," said he; "leave it here; I will take charge of it."

I seated myself in the litter. Two porters raised it, and two satellites attended; one of them, as he passed the door, let fall an exclamation: "Poor wretch!" he said; "if they would only send him back to his own country!"

During the transit I asked myself whither they were taking me. For the rest I was ready for whatever might befall, and I recommended myself with entire confidence to Divine Providence, having no other desire than to do the will of God. We arrived in front of a large building, and the litter stopped. The door was open, and everyone might go in; but as I was a prisoner I could not enter by that way. I had to pass through a little door reserved for criminals. We found ourselves then in a vast court leading to the tribunal. I was set down in a small room adjoining. Hardly had the satellites exchanged some few words between them, when I understood all: I found myself transported to the tribunal of the Left. But for what reason? Generally, when the tribunal is changed it is that the trial may be more rapidly conducted, or take some new turn. For a long time they had appeared to be taking no notice of me, and I was anxious that some determination should be come to.

Several of the persons employed about the courts came to see me. I knew some of them, whom I had seen at the tribunal of the Right. It would have been useless to ask them any questions, for they would only have given evasive answers, or told untruths. The best plan was to listen to them as they talked one to another. I soon learned that there was question of a trial before the two criminal judges of the Right and the Left, who had met for this purpose, and who were, in the end, to pronounce sentence on me. I prayed the Lord to strengthen me, and to put words of wisdom into my mouth, so that I might answer according to His Spirit, and for the good of this poor mission.

Were they going to allow me to remain? Were they going to send me back to China? Were they going to put me to death? This last hypothesis appeared to me the most probable, and I hoped that after a few days of suffering I should be at last delivered from the trials of this life, and attain the happiness of seeing God for all eternity. The grace of our Lord was not wanting under these circumstances. Relying on this assistance, I felt myself strong, and I left myself completely in the hands of God. Around me were the satellites—talking, crying, laughing, and smoking. After a long delay, they came to tell me that the judges had summoned me.

Immediately I rose, and the satellites hastened to lead me into the court-yard, where they handed me over to the executioner, who held a red cord in his hand. This cord is used for binding great criminals, such as robbers and assassins. It may be about two fathoms long, having at one end a dragon's head in brass, by way of an ornament, and about a dozen balls or rings of the same metal hung on it. The executioner took me gently enough and began to bind me. Passing the cord over the shoulders and crossing it on the breast, he fastened it behind, and kept in his hand the extremity representing the dragon's tail. I was then made to advance towards the place where the trial was to be held. The public were not admitted, but there were present a number of the soldiers of the garrison and of the palace, who came out of curiosity, and also the officials of the Government. We advanced between two lines, formed by the inferior servants

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of the prefecture of police. There were about thirty on the right hand, and the same number on the left; they wore white trousers, and black or dark blue vests; all were armed with enormous red batons eight feet long, and as thick as one's arm. These were the executioners. I was made to stop on a sort of straw mat, which had been laid in the middle of the court. In front and at each side were the chief satellites; and the scribes, stationed in the midst of the satellites, made their preparations for writing. Beyond, at ten paces from me, was the chamber where the two judges of the Right and the Left were seated on mats, having silken cushions as a support to lean upon. They were in full uniform, wearing hats or mitres of horse-hair, with lappets all round, and dressed in rich robes of blue silk confined by a belt handsomely ornamented with tortoise-shell or precious stones. The judge of the Right was named Kim. I had seen him before. He has a round, jovial face, and appears to be between forty and fifty years of age. The judge of the Left, Ni-kyeng-ha, the same who tried Mgr. Bernieux and the other priests, and famous for his numerous executions in 1866–68, looks to be sixty years of age; he has tigerish eyes, expressing cruelty and scorn; he listens to neither supplication nor advice, and likes to decide everything himself. The judges are now seated; the attendants remain standing, ready to execute the orders of their chiefs, or rather their chief, the judge of the Left; for he alone speaks, he alone gives orders; the judge of the Right seems to be only his assistant. Having cast a glance on all these surroundings, I remained standing. The satellites cried out:

"Kneel down."

I remained standing.

"Kneel down! kneel down! kneel down!"

But I never changed my position. The judge looked on at the row, and then addressed me, saying:

"Sit down at your ease."

Whereupon the satellites and executioners, with a smiling countenance, as if they themselves had given the order, cried out:

"Sit down, sit down."

I seated myself on the straw, crossing my legs in the Corean fashion, and the examination began:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Ni-Pok-Myeng-i."

In the Corean language Pok means felicity, happiness, or happy; Myeng-i signifies clearness, or clear; this being the translation of my two baptismal names, Felix Clair: Ri, or what comes to the same thing, Ni, is the first syllable of my family name.

"What is your age?"

"I am forty-nine years of age."

"In what year were you born?"

"In the year Kyeng-in (1830)."

And then having set about counting, they said:

"Yes that is quite right; forty-nine years. When did you come to Corea?"

"I came in the 7th moon."

"Who are the other missioners in Corea?"

"There are four."

They knew them, and had often named them in speaking to me.

"Where are they?"

"How should I know where they are, seeing that I have been two months in prison without hearing from them?"

"With whom did you come?"

"If I were to give you such particulars, many persons might get into trouble. I cannot, therefore, tell you how or with whom I came."

"What is your native country?"

"Poul-lan-sya."

"Write it."

A piece of paper and a pencil were handed to me, and I wrote *Poul-lan-sya* in Corean. The judge looked at it, and said:

"Write it in the language."

I wrote *France*. A cloud seemed to pass over my heart. Poor country! poor France! and yet I felt a sentiment of pride.

"Have you any dignity in your own country?"

"I have no dignity. I do not exercise any functions."

"When you return to your own country will your Government give you great employ, a high rank?"

"When I came to Corea it was to live and die here; my intention was to remain here until death. Even if I returned to my country I should have no employ."

"Your passport has been shown to me. From whom did you obtain it?"

"I obtained it from the court of Peking, which gives such to all the missioners, so that they may pass freely, without being arrested or interfered with."

"What is the seal appended to it?"

"I think it is the seal of the Chinese Government."

"Is it the seal of the tribunal of Rites, or of another?"

"I cannot answer, for I do not know."

"Was it you that asked it of the Chinese Government?"

"No; it was the minister of France, residing at Peking, who asked it for me."

"What is the name of that minister?"

"His name is Louis de Geofroy."

"What do you say?"

"Louis de Geofroy."

Thereupon all present, listening attentively, tried to repeat the name, and I could hear the

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cleverest among them pronouncing as they pursed up their lips, and pulled no end of faces: "Nui te So-poa." I then repeated the name, dwelling on each syllable. The judge tried once, without success, to pronounce the word: it would have compromised his dignity to insist. But the others were determined to get the pronunciation by main force—with, however, the same success. I could not help laughing, and I explained to them that the name, being French, has different sounds from those of the Corean language.

"But, then, you pronounce the Corean words very well."

"At first I did not pronounce them well, and you often found it hard to understand me; afterwards I had a great deal of study and practice; in the beginning there were words which I could not pronounce."

After this interruption the judge continued:

"Why, having once left, did you return?"

"The sailor, voyaging on the sea, and surprised by a tempest, takes shelter in some port; but then, as soon as the storm blows over, he steers for the open sea once more; thus it is that I have done."

The judge smiled, and said in an undertone: "Oh! it is not the same thing at all. What was it you came to do?"

"To preach a great doctrine."

"What doctrine?"

"The Catholic religion, which teaches the worship of the Master of Heaven, God."

"Who is God?"

"The Creator of Heaven and earth. He who created the first man, from whom we are all descended. Everyone ought to honor his parents, and with greater reason ought he to honor God the Father of all men. He it is, moreover, who governs the universe and is the Master of all."

"Who has ever seen God?"

"God has spoken to men: it is God Himself who gave the Ten Commandments, which all men are bound to obey. Moreover, the proofs of the existence of God are to be found everywhere, and our Christian books, which you may have seen, give many of them."

"What is there so very good in this doctrine?"

"It teaches us to love God above all things, and all men as ourselves; it teaches us to do good and to avoid evil, to regulate our morals, to bear patiently the ills of this life, in the hope of reaching eternal happiness after death."

"When you die where shall you go?"

"Every man after his death will go before God, to be judged according to the good or the evil he has done during his life: the good go to heaven, and the wicked into hell."

"But you, where will you go?"

"No one can answer for himself."

"But, at any rate, where do you hope to go?"

"I hope, through the mercy of God, to obtain Heaven."

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"All men fear death."

"But, as a matter of fact, would you not be frightened if you were going to be put to death?"

"I am only afraid of one thing, and that is sin; if here, in this place, and at this moment, you put me to death for the cause of God, I should have no fear."

"And then where would you go?"

"To heaven, in the presence of God."

"For how long?"

"For all eternity."

"But our bodies go into the earth."

"Yes, our bodies go into the earth, where they putrefy; but the soul never dies; and moreover, one day the bodies shall all arise and be united to the soul in the place where the latter was before the resurrection, and this forever."

During this last reply the judge made a grimace, and smiled as if in pity.

"It is enough," said he, disdainfully; "let him be removed."

I had gone but a few steps when I was called back. The judge ordered the sleeves of my coat to be turned up to the elbow, and the two judges, examining my arms, began to laugh. I think they merely wanted to see the color of my arms, or perhaps to ascertain whether I was very strong. At length I was led away. I was unbound by the removal of the red cord, and I was brought to the guard-house, where the satellites immediately surrounded me. The two judges remained in deliberation far into the night. Their followers crowded all the rooms; it was impossible to get a spot to lie down on, though I was overcome with sleep. At length I contrived to stretch out my feet in the place where I was, and in spite of the noise and uproar I fell soundly asleep, with my head resting against the wall.

What would be the result of the deliberation it would be very difficult to guess. I was astonished at the examination they had put me through; for with all the outward show they had displayed, I had supposed that something more rigorous was in contemplation; I dreaded some perilous question being put, but there was not even an allusion made to the French expedition of 1866.

I fancied that I should soon learn the result of the deliberation, and the sentence pronounced on me; but the hope was not realized. Later, I merely learned that the Government was in great embarrassment about me. Some, as in the preceding case, wanted to have me put to death; but the king and another party hesitated. I was even told that the frequent appearance of European vessels on the coast frightened the authorities, who could not make up their mind to sentence me to death. Others said: "He is a good man;

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he never deceived us; he has done nothing wrong. It would be much better to send him back to his own country, for then we should not be afraid of war; but as Christians go in search of Christians, it would be necessary, in order to prevent them coming here, to put all of that religion to death." The grand judge, Ni-kyeng-ha, did not approve of such a measure. He is reported to have said that it was impossible to think of rooting out Christianity by persecution. "The Christians are so numerous," he is said to have remarked, "that some would always remain, and it would therefore be quite useless to begin again putting them to death." The regent was not disposed to occupy himself about my business. His old friends, who remembered the executions of 1866–68, having gone to him, and tried to excite him against us, he thus made answer: "This is no affair of mine, and besides I have no authority; but it would be much better to shut one's eyes in the matter and let this European alone; the Government has nothing to fear from him; on the contrary, by putting him to death, you would bring on unpleasantness with his Government; in sending him away, you make an enemy for yourself gratuitously." I have been told that Queen Min expressed herself to this effect: "Why put this man to death, seeing that he is innocent? If an innocent man is put to death like a criminal, how am I to bring up my children?"

Whatever truth there may be in all these reports, one thing is certain, namely, that they do not know what to do. After the examination, I remained for some days in the satellites' chamber, quite near the prison, making acquaintance with the officials of this new post. They were far from being amiable, and seemed still more knavish and double-dealing than the others, and greater liars, if that were possible. One can hardly believe how difficult it is to live with men who disguise all their thoughts, who swear to the truth of a thing they know to be false. Such was my position; but I got accustomed to this state of affairs, and in the end did not believe one word of what was said to me. When they talked among themselves it was different, but then they spoke in a low voice.

On the 19th of March, the chief of the station received a letter. The satellites showed it to one another, read it with an air of stupefaction, and whispered together. Evidently the matter related to me, and was something unforeseen. The chief of the post was changed every three days; and this evening brought a new one. They hastened to inform him of the contents of the dispatch: "What!" said he, "all was going on well this morning, and now have they changed their mind! It cannot be possible; bring me the letter."

The letter was brought, and having read it he asked: "At what hour did you receive this?"

"In the afternoon."

"It is very extraordinary; I have just received contrary orders."

A few minutes after this, a satellite came and said to me: "You are not left quiet there; the judge wishes you to be placed in an apartment where there will be less noise."

"Where are they going to put me? At what side?"

"Away from this side."

"Among the robbers, then!"

"Oh, no!"

"Shall I be alone?"

"No: I am going with you."

There could now be no doubt that it was a question of transferring me to the robbers' prison. And, sure enough, in the evening, they said to me: "They are going to bring you to the apartment you were told about." One of the satellites stepped forward, opened a little door, and we found ourselves in the prison yard. A turnkey led me into the cell pointed out by the head jailer. To my great surprise, the first person I saw was my poor old John Tchoi, whom I supposed long since dead. He was no less astonished to see me; I spoke to him, but he hardly answered me.

The jailer pointed out to me the place I was to occupy. The other prisoners were obliged to close in somewhat, and one of them stood up. The turnkey perceived this, and immediately gave him a blow of the cudgel, and when the man uttered an exclamation a second blow was administered, and then a third. I tried to quiet the brute, who, without any provocation, treated an innocent man so barbarously. The satellite retired, and also the turnkey. I went on addressing questions to John—who, however, hardly answered me. At length he said: "All here are Christians except that old pagan away there, who seems to be here for the purpose of watching us; we cannot speak, therefore—especially of things relating to religion." I understood that this pagan was a spy, and that it was imperative not to infringe the regulations. In my simplicity I asked him what was the rule. He answered in a hoarse, abrupt manner: "The rule! the rule! It is to sit down on the straw, and keep quiet." According to these instructions I sat down in the spot indicated, where I could also kneel, say my prayers, and go to sleep. Next morning I awoke before the dawn, and I saw John, who had already begun his prayers, profiting by the darkness to be all the more recollected.

Now let us take a glance at the prison, and prison life.

The prisoners were divided into three principal categories: the robbers, the debtors, and our class, in which the Christians were in the majority. Each of these categories occupied a special locality.

The robbers were the most to be pitied. There

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were thirty of them, with their feet in the stocks day and night, and all of them sick. They were devoured with itch; their sores were festering; they were suffering from hunger; and some of them were such skeletons that they could walk only a few steps, when, in the middle of the day, they were allowed to go out. It was as horrible a sight as one could imagine. Everything is done to brutalize the prisoners. They are forbidden to sleep; during the night they are watched by keepers armed with heavy batons, and if, overcome with drowsiness, one of them fall asleep, the keeper immediately wakes him with blows on the back, or legs, or head. How often we have heard the blows which these wretches, who are oftentimes intoxicated, inflict on the unfortunate creatures that have hardly a breath of life left, and, who often, indeed, expire under the blows! Day and night they are at the mercy of wretches more like tigers than men. When a robber expires, it is reported that he died of a fit of sickness; the body is carried away and left in the dead-house until the following night, when the people in charge of the highways take it away and throw it into a wood outside the ramparts.

In prison, the robbers are almost naked; some of them, when made to go out, take a piece of dirty cloth, like a belt, and cover their loins with it. They count themselves happy when they are allowed to go out and dip their hands in a pond of stagnant, stinking water, and wash their face and breast and limbs a little. Moreover, they are covered with a thick coating of scabs, and some of them are attacked with scurvy. Among them are some great criminals; but many are imprisoned merely for having stolen some trifle. If all the robbers were to be taken, most of the turnkeys should first be seized, and even a certain number of the satellites.

The food consists of a small cup of rice, without seasoning, morning and evening—a totally insufficient nourishment. Consequently, those who come in fat, are reduced in twenty days to the condition of skeletons.

The prisoners confined for debt, or for other causes than robbery, are not so badly treated. They are called *tcha-kal*, a name applying to all prisoners who are not robbers; they may communicate with their friends, receive their food from without (the prison does not feed them). They lead a rather pleasant life, and enjoy good cheer, under the eyes of the starving robbers. Those whom I saw were for the most part Government officials. They remained in durance until they had paid the last sapeque.

The Christians are fed like the robbers. They cannot hold any communication with persons outside; generally their feet are not in the stocks, at least in the prison of the Left; they belong to the tcha-kals, but out of contempt they are called by the opprobrious name of *kouang-pang-t*.

With regard to the prison regulations, they are as follows. In the morning a turnkey comes at daybreak, crying out, "The gates are open." With the exception of the robbers, those who wish to go to the yard may do so. In the evening, some time after sunset, the prisoners are counted; the turnkeys are assembled, and one is placed on guard in each dungeon; then the doors are fastened on the outside by a great transverse bar fastened with chains. It is impossible to get out, for the man who barred the doors goes to sleep in the town; if the building took fire all the prisoners must inevitably perish in the flames. I have heard many of the prisoners say that the most miserable moment of the day was that in which the doors were closed. And then, to prevent their falling asleep, the robbers are compelled to sing, the noise during a part of the night being like nothing so much as the uproar of a lot of lunatics; the louder they shout, the better pleased are the jailers.

Food is served out twice a day, morning and evening. John and I got, in addition, a cup of soup in the afternoon.

Our dungeon was like the rest. The only opening in the walls was a door, which was fastened at night, and, overhead, some bars of wood in the form of a dormer window admitted a scant supply of light and air. The walls were covered with disjointed planks of lime-tree timber. On the floor was a heap of straw; and when I entered, some fresh straw was strewn, but without the old, stinking mass being removed. John, who had been transferred the same day as myself from the prison of the Left, found his condition bettered. He told us that in the other the Christian prisoners were huddled together with the robbers; and so crowded was the place, that one could not turn round without disturbing his neighbors; all were in bonds, like the robbers. He had been tortured two or three times; here they treated him well enough, and he was fed as I was; nevertheless, he suffered greatly, and was often ill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ST. CYRIL, the great Bishop of Alexandria, who flourished in the fifth century, vindicates the dignity of Mary as Mother of God in the clearest and most concise terms. "I am astonished," says he, "how any Christian can call in question the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or doubt whether she is to be styled the Mother of God. For if our Lord Jesus Christ is God, and that He is so the Scriptures clearly teach, the holy Virgin, His Mother, who brought Him forth, must consequently be the Mother of God."

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The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.*

I.

A pilgrim from the sainted isle,
On which, amidst the darkest storm,
The "Ocean's Star" ne'er ceased to smile,
And guard its ancient faith from harm;
'Twould ill become no voice to raise,
To sound the sinless Virgin's praise.

II.

Nor need our harp be here unstrung
On willows hanging, from sad fears
That, should it breathe our native tongue,
Its tones should melt us into tears.
On Tiber's banks no tongue is strange,
Rome's faith and tongue embrace earth's range.

III.

Let's hail, through distant time, the star,
Whose feeble, yet auspicious ray,
Announced our recent feast afar,
Like morning kindling into day;
Of which the heaven-taught seers of old
Have in prophetic glimpses told.

IV.

Let each one raise his choral voice,
Gushing from the heart's deep well,
And whilst in concord we rejoice,
Let that concord be the swell
Of mingling streams, that bear along
The precious faith of sacred song.

V.

That sacred song, whose spring we trace
Back to the dawning of the world,
When, ere the parents of our race
Were from their blissful Eden hurled,
Th' Almighty Father cheer'd the gloom,
Which sin cast o'er their future doom.

VI.

From out the darkness of the shroud
Which veil'd the Word's eternal birth,
Came forth a voice that pierc'd the cloud,
Shadowing His descent on earth,
Of woman born, doom'd to tread
And crush the wily serpent's head.

VII.

The bush that fixed the prophet's gaze,
When in Egypt Israel groan'd,
Remained intact amid the blaze,
Nor its fierceness felt or own'd.
Bright types of her, whose spotless soul
Had never known the fiend's control.

VIII.

The garden closed, the secret bowers,
Impervious all to mortal eye,
The fountain sealed, the lonely flowers
Of richest fragrance, fairest dye—
All but emblems, yet how faint!
Of her whom sin could never taint.

IX.

Since th' Ephesian trumpets roll'd
God's Mother's glories through each clime,
No bells from church's roof e'er toll'd,
To waft o'er earth a sweeter chime,
Than that to hear on this day given,
Lifting up the soul to heaven.

X.

Hail thou, to whom God's angel bright
Brought down the tidings from the skies,
That, full of grace and heavenly light,
Thou wert all lovely in His eyes!
Hail thou, of all God made, the best!
His virgin Mother, ever bless'd.

XI.

When in this darksome vale of tears
Our weary pilgrim days are run;
When death's approach awakes our fears,
Do thou, sweet Virgin, with thy Son,
Plead and show forth thy gracious power,
And light our passage at that hour.

*These beautiful verses possess great interest. They were written in Irish at Rome, on the occasion of the dogmatic promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, by the venerable and beloved Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam. This version is the work, we believe, of the distinguished Irish scholar the Rev. Ulick J. Bourke.

Public vs. Catholic Schools.

We supposed, from all that has been said and written on the subject by Bishops and priests, by Catholic editors and representative Catholic laymen, during the past few years especially, that our people were fully convinced of the propriety of sending their children to Catholic schools, and also of the danger to faith and morals they were exposed to by attendance on the public schools. But we were mistaken. Rev. Father Scully, a zealous pastor of Cambridge, Mass.,—one, too, whose efforts to establish Catholic schools have been conspicuous and eminently successful, is having any amount of trouble, it seems, with certain of his parishioners who see no reason why Catholic children shouldn't attend the public schools. If there are any of these among the subscribers of THE AVE MARIA, we have a little lesson to read them. What the common Father of the Faithful, the one who holds Christ's place in our regard, has so often and so urgently recommended,—what the Bishops and priests have labored so zealously and self-sacrificingly to carry out,—what the Catholic press is advocating so earnestly and so unanimously, ought to commend itself to the hearty acceptance of every one who claims to be a Catholic.

The malcontents say: "We see no further objection in regard to the public schools, provided that our children receive proper religious instruction on Sunday." This is a notion which could never enter the head of a Catholic who hadn't been breathing a Protestant atmosphere; and, moreover, who wasn't poisoned by it. "Keep religion for one day in the week," is essentially a Protestant rule of conduct,—and one, too, that is pretty closely adhered to, as we know from experience. God wishes to be loved and specially honored on the one day in seven devoted to prayer and rest, His day; but He doesn't want to be ignored on other days.

Any Catholic, no matter whom, who says that

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there is no danger in Catholic children attending public schools, either does not know them or is prejudiced in their favor. If our opinion in this matter is worth anything to our readers, here it is, and it is based on experience: *The public schools are fraught with dangers on the score of morals and religion. For God's sake, keep your children away from them.* There is not even the shadow of an excuse for not doing so in parishes like Father Scully's, which are supplied, we hear, with excellent parochial schools.

Moreover, who are the judges of what is best for the spiritual welfare of children, if not those whom God has given as their spiritual guardians? To most parents, their children are sealed books. Be sure of it that those who administer the Sacraments—who hear confessions, who know *what the gates of hell are, and where they are*, are the ones to determine what is beneficial to souls and what is detrimental.

Proposed Bill to Reorganize the Corps of Army Chaplains.

In my former communications, I referred to the cost which Catholic soldiers are compelled to submit to in procuring the attendance of priests, and hinted at a practical solution of the difficulty open to the Government. In my last letter, I particularly referred to a bill to reorganize the Corps of Army Chaplains, which was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. McCook, of New York, read twice, referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and ordered to be printed on the 15th of April, 1878. This bill has since remained, so to speak, "in the tomb of the Capulets," and, there it is likely to remain unless extraordinary effort is made to revive it.

When I wrote last I had not the bill in my possession; since then I have procured a copy. All my former objections are made stronger by a perusal of its several sections, twenty-four in all. It is cumbersome, unpractical, and certain of defeat. It should, therefore, be abandoned at once, and I am glad to think that those having it in charge are considering the alterations proposed.

It is well, before going into a consideration of the proposed new bill, to answer certain objections raised by those who have thought no bill necessary.

The appointments to chaplaincies are within the patronage of the President of the United States. He fills all vacancies from lists of applicants kept in the War Department, or by direct appointment of those who have not taken the trouble to apply. Catholic priests have already too much work devolved upon them to look for either employment or support in this direction; nevertheless, there are, or were, two names of priests recorded either by themselves or their friends. One has remained there since 1871, and has been onslaughted from the beginning.

There is positively nothing but the will and inclination of the Executive controlling the appointments. Without intending any disrespect to the chief magistrate of the nation, it is plain to be seen that he will make appointments either in accordance with his own form of religious belief, or to satisfy the political requirements of friends. The demand for Catholic chaplains has been constant these many years,—that only one has been appointed, and he from personal application, continued sometime, aided by influence, is sufficient to show that as in the past, so in the future, unless the law compels, there is no surety that army Catholics will be satisfactorily recognized in the appointment of priests.

Those who still think that the rights of army Catholics will be cared for as well without law as with it, either cannot see the point or will not.

Now, in regard to the proposed bill. All those sections to, and including the seventh, provide for a retiring board, in order to weed out ineffective clergymen.

Section 8 discontinues the present system of *post* chaplains. Section 9 places the appointments in the hands of the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, in such manner that there shall be at least one Roman Catholic chaplain and one Protestant chaplain, who shall be stationed at each military department headquarters, and whose duties shall be as hereinafter set forth in section twelve of this Act. Provided, that if the number of vacancies in the active list of the chaplains be not sufficient to allow of such assignment, then as vacancies shall occur thereafter, they shall be so filled as to make such assignment to duty, of one Roman Catholic chaplain and one Protestant chaplain to each military department headquarters." Section 10 limits the number of the corps to thirty. Section 11 requires clergymen to be regularly ordained, and show proof thereof, together with a recommendation from proper ecclesiastical authority; while if withdrawn, said chaplain ceases to be a part of the army; requires the age to be not greater than fifty years; requires a certificate of physical ability, and if, within three years, he is found physically disqualified, he is dropped from the rolls of the army, unless such disqualification came from actual service. Section 12 prescribes the duties of chaplains, causes them to itinerate their charges, and guards against interference with them, or interference on their part. Section 13 prescribes monthly reports from the chaplains. Section 14 allows chaplains under certain conditions to accompany troops in the field. Section 15 provides that chaplains are not to be required or permitted to minister to those not of their religious faith,

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as also they are not required to perform religious service contrary to their faith and discipline. Section 16 fixes the rank, pay, and emoluments of chaplains. Section 17 omits all negro regiments from the operation of the Act. Section 18 provides for payment of mileage, and for transportation; and Section 19 repeals all acts inconsistent with the foregoing Act.

Such in brief is the proposed bill to be presented to Congress. What are its main features?

First: An honorable retirement is provided for those who are now serving and whose health and age prevent further service.

Second: A fair division is made of the appointments; doubly so, when we remembered that army Catholics outnumber their Protestant comrades.

Third: An itinerant system is devised by which with the greatest economy the greatest number are reached.

Fourth: Provision is made by which efficiency, as well as character, is obtained.

To none of these provisions, I feel sure, can valid objection be offered. Minor points may be open to discussion, but with these no impartial mind can find fault.

The withdrawal of the recommendation causing loss of commission, need not of necessity convey reproach. Such a withdrawal among Catholics may, and no doubt will, convey no other idea than that the subject is needed by his diocesan in more imperative fields.

Among other points considered by Catholics who have had this scheme in preparation, are the two important ones of the recommending or nominating power, and the procurement of authority to confer general faculties for the administration of the Sacraments throughout the United States, for military purposes. The determination of these points is in the best hands, and will undoubtedly be settled by the time the bill shall have passed Congress and become a law.

But to present a bill to Congress, and to procure its passage, are two widely different things. In the case of the bill objected to, it has been lying in commtitee for nearly two years without action. The discussion of the means by which Congress may be induced to give our respectful petition consideration, will form the subject of my next and last letter on this question.

A Catholic Army Officer.

The error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life.

The first book printed in the Northern States west of the Alleghanies, was the Epistles and Gospels, in French and English. It came from a press set up at Detroit by Father Gabriel Richard, a Catholic priest, who was at one time a member of Congress.

Catholic Notes.

—Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., of Stratford, Ontario, paid Notre Dame a welcome visit last week. Father Kilroy is one of the earliest graduates of the University.

—Another illustrated paper for children, called *The Chimes*, has been started in Baltimore, by Messrs. Wentworth & Reilly. The first number made its appearance last week. We wish *The Chimes* great success, and length of days besides.

—Rev. Father Drumgoole, the generous-hearted Director of St. Vincent's Home for poor boys, in New York city, provided a grand dinner on Thanksgiving Day for his four hundred charges, to which a great number of the poor of the city were also welcomed.

—Verdi.—This celebrated composer is engaged in setting to music the "*Pater Noster*" and "*Ave Maria*" of Dante. The first of these compositions is a chorus for five voices, without accompaniment; the second a melody for mezzo-soprano voice, with an accompaniment for six stringed instruments.

—Rev. Father Bixio, S. J., a priest well known in this country, having been a chaplain in the Southern army during the late war, pastor at Alexandria, Va., missionary in California, etc., has been recalled by his Superiors from Melbourne, Australia, where he has been stationed for about a year. He will return to San Francisco.

—Father Luigi Tosti has been nominated General Superintendent of the Sacred National Monuments in Italy, and the Minister of Public Instruction has given special orders to the superintendents of monuments throughout the kingdom to furnish all necessary aid and information to the learned monk in the fulfilment of his important office.

—We are sorry to learn from the *Pilot* that the venerable Father Fitton of East Boston, now in the 52d year of his priesthood, is threatened with loss of sight. He is at present an inmate of the Carney Hospital. We join in the hope that with the excellent care and treatment he will be sure to receive at the hospital he will soon recover the use of his eyes.

—In Catholic countries the churches are open all day. It would be well for our churches to be in like manner. The poor man, before he returns home after his hard day's work, could stop there before the altar of God, and return Him thanks. The business man could spare a moment to drop in; all could find some part of the day to say a short prayer in the temple where the Lord dwells. This would be much better than to keep our churches closed during the week, as they are in many places.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

—Our Lady of Czenstochawa, Poland.—The pilgrimages to this place, which had been forbidden since the Revolution of 1862, have this year been allowed to take place again. The pilgrims came from all parts of Russia, from Posen and Galicia. The crowd was so great that there was lack of bread. Many had to camp out in the open air part of the time, and could not get admittance into the church. Some of them were obliged to return home without having had the consolation of seeing the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin. The number is estimated to have been over 300,000.

—An Apparition of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and St. John.—Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., a zealous missionary priest, writing from Dublin last week, tells us of a well-authenticated apparition of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John, at Knock, in

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the diocese of Tuam, to no less than fourteen persons. The affair attracted so much attention that the venerable Archbishop, Dr. MacHale, sent a deputation of four priests to investigate, all of whom are agreed that the apparition was real. Father Murphy was on the spot, and heard the account from the persons who witnessed it. He has kindly promised to write a report of the occurrence for THE AVE MARIA. We expect it with much interest. Truly this is an age of miracles! What St. Augustine said of the times in which he lived, may be said of our own: "He who in our days asks prodigies in order to believe, is himself a prodigy."

——THE CHURCH IN BOSNIA.—Very Rev. Father Franciscus, prior of the Trappist Monastery of Mariastern, at Banjaluka, in Bosnia, has lately introduced the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood into his mission. A temporary frame building for their use was dedicated on the 8th of October, but a more substantial structure of brick and stone is to be erected next spring, upon an extensive farm purchased some time ago from a Turkish nobleman, for about five dollars an acre. The object of this new foundation is chiefly the education of youth. "These good Sisters," says the zealous prior in his report, "exiles from Germany, have found at last, six years after leaving their fatherland, a home in the mansion of a Turk; and another Gospel seed, wafted from ungrateful soil, has fallen upon a fertile spot in arid Bosnia. Here is a chance for brave women of every rank and sphere of life to increase the number of a devoted band, and to work for the salvation of souls. Both teachers and lay Sisters are much wanted." We also learn that the Franciscan Fathers, who until now have been with the Trappists, the only Catholic priests in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are making zealous efforts throughout the country in the department of Christian instruction. In the Orah district, a school has been erected in every town and village. The four schools of the parish of Tolico, lately established, are attended by 225 pupils. This grand result is chiefly owing to the efforts of Very Rev. Father Dobroslaw, O. S. F., guardian, and pastor of Tolico. New schools have also been established at Vidovaco with 96, and at Tisina with 82 pupils. The eight schools already existing in the four congregations of the Domaljvac district are attended by 584 pupils, thanks to the zeal of the good missionaries.

——COWARDLY CATHOLICS.—Strange as it may seem, there are persons born in the Catholic Church who are actually ashamed to acknowledge before the world that they are Catholics. It is true that they are Catholic only in name, yet they prefer that they shall not be known as such in any sense. Especially is this true of a certain class of young people who fancy that it is not exactly "the thing" to be Catholic, and not altogether respectable. Evidently they consider Protestants as superior and better than themselves—which is no doubt the case. Frequently it does not accord with the supposed worldly interests, social or material —of these young people to be Catholics, and they keep the fact that they ever were such in the background. They fear to incur the displeasure or to see the sneer of their non-Catholic associates. Usually, however, these individuals are found out, and they earn the contempt which they deserve. Candid people of any belief respect the man who has the courage of his opinions, and despise a moral coward. It is inconceivable how one with brains can be ashamed to acknowledge belonging to the Catholic Church, even from a worldly point of view, for it is assuredly and incomparably the grandest, most perfect, most benevolent, and most magnificent organization that the world has ever seen, compared with which the various sects of Protestantism in every sense are utterly insignificant.—*Catholic Advocate.*

——A NEW WORK BY A CATHOLIC ARTIST.—The famous Hungarian painter Soldatics has lately completed for St. Benedict's College, Fort Augustus, Invernessshire, Scotland, in charge of the English Benedictines, a grand picture, *The Vision of St. Benedict.* "In order to portray accurately the scene of the miraculous vision," says the Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet*, "the artist made a special visit to Monte Cassino to see the cell wherein St. Benedict lived for twenty-three years (A. D. 520-543). It was from the window of this cell that the great patriarch saw towards sundown 'the whole universe in a ray of light,' and in that mystic light the assumption into heaven of the soul of St. Germanus, Bishop of Capua. Advantage was also taken by Soldatics of the old paintings of St. Benedict to enable him to give the true character of the features of the Saint. The life-size figure of St. Benedict is seen as he beheld the marvellous spectacle. His form is half averted from the spectator, and on it is reflected the supernatural light of the vision. The lay-brother summoned by the Saint to witness the scene is kneeling, overcome with awe. The strange apparition itself is of course conventionally rendered. The sun, moon, stars, meteors and zodiacal signs are represented, and the terrestrial globe forms the central point. Above, angels with golden hair and beaming faces of extreme beauty, and with wings delicately tinted in many pale colors, bear aloft the soul of St. Germanus. Bright descending rays of mingled sun and moonlight mark the path to heaven. The subject is one of the most difficult that could be imposed on a painter, but all must admit that the devout and most Catholic artist has succeeded in making a very impressive and original picture. The expense of the painting, which was very considerable, was defrayed by a benefactor of the monastery. St. Benedict's, Fort Augustus, is further adorned by two other paintings by the same artist, one being a St. Joseph holding the Divine Infant, the other a portrait of Father Augustus Baker, O. S. B."

New Publications.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for 1880. Compiled by J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 25 cents, including postage.

No one, we think, who invests twenty-five cents in this attractive little volume will regret it. We are not surprised to hear that it has become very popular, and that its appearance is looked forward to with such interest. It would be hard to have a greater variety of useful, entertaining, and instructive matter in a small compass than is contained in this *brochure*. Together with the usual astronomical calculations, calendars, etc., we have the latest postal regulations, tables of the movable feasts, holydays of obligation, days of abstinence, fasting days, and even some astrological predictions which are highly amusing. Besides this, there are sixty or more pages made up of short essays, sketches, and poems, many of which are of considerable literary merit. "The Old and New Notre Dame" is set off with two excellent engravings. Chief among the more solid articles are "The Truth about Galileo," "Shall and Will," and "Golden Words of Counsel to Young Men," the Oration delivered at the Thirty-fourth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame by the zealous and gifted Bishop Spalding. Any one of

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these articles is worth twice the price of the pamphlet.

——We were not aware that we possessed here a Catholic periodical in the beautiful and expressive Portuguese language; but a copy of the *Jornal de Noticias*, published at Erie, Pa., by the sons of John M. Vicente, received a couple of weeks ago, convinces us that we have one, and a good one too. It is well called the *Jornal de Noticias*, for it has an excellent summary of news, secular and religious, from all parts of the world, condensed in a masterly way by the editor, Mr. Antonio M. Vicente. Besides this, there are short literary articles of an excellent character from able pens both in America and Portugal, interesting sketches, original and selected poetry, etc. We are pleased to see that a sound moral and truly Catholic tone pervades all the literary articles. Among those in a late number was a poem on the Immaculate Conception in which the ancient devotion of the Portuguese to the Holy Mother of God, and the defence of her Immaculate Conception enjoined on the University of Coimbra by King John IV, is alluded to in beautiful terms. We congratulate our Portuguese fellow-Catholics on possessing such a newspaper as the *Jornal de Noticias*, and hope they will give it the encouragement it so well deserves. We wish the publishers and editors continued success; they have our best wishes in their good work. The publication office of the *Jornal* is 1022 W. Sixth Street, Erie, Pa. Price of subscription, $2.50 a year.

——*Donahoe's Magazine* for December upholds the high reputation it has already gained, notwithstanding the short time it has been in existence. The contents are varied enough to suit all tastes, and excellent besides, if we except one article, "Shall I go West?" by an able writer, but one who is evidently a poor judge of the benefits that must accrue to those who join Catholic colonies in the West. We would recommend for the perusal of the writer, and those who believe with him, the chapter on this point in John Francis Maguire's "Irish in America." It can scarcely fail to bring conviction.

——Messrs. Burns & Oates have in press "The History of St. Catharine of Siena, and her Companions," compiled from original sources, by the author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 54 persons and 3 families,—change of life for 121 persons and 30 families,—conversion to the Faith for 46 persons and 12 families,—grace of a happy death for 12 persons,—special graces for 3 priests, 9 religious, 3 clerical students, 3 persons aspiring to the religious state, and 12 others,—temporal favors for 26 persons and 9 families,—spiritual favors for 32 persons and 7 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 6 communities, 4 congregations, 6 schools and one hospital,—also 50 particular intentions, and 7 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Recovery of a lost vocation to the priesthood,—3 neophytes preparing for baptism,—means to build churches and chapels in a number of poor missions,—means for the support of some orphan girls,—peaceful settlement of an inheritance,—several persons travelling,—the safety of crops in certain districts,—restoration of health, and conversion to the Faith for a poor Protestant lady deprived of reason,—the missions in charge of several religious communities,—several desperate cases of intemperance,—a Bishop and his diocese,—several persons neglectful of the Sacraments,—restoration of peace and charity in several families.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The favors we publish from week to week, on account of their similarity may not interest that class of readers who always look for something new and striking; but those who read them in the light of faith will readily discern their value, and will find in their number a remarkable manifestation of the unfailing patronage of our Blessed Mother. A pious correspondent writes: "Since recommending the change of life of five men to the prayers of the Confraternity, four of them have become better Christians, and temperate." . . . Another says: "I wish to inform you of the cure of an old lady by the use of the water of Lourdes, which took place last winter. She was prepared for death, and expected it every moment, as both priest and physician had given up hope of her recovery. A friend, more to ease her than in expectation of a cure, gave her some of the miraculous water. The result was that she fell asleep, and when she awoke was so much better as to astonish her friends. She is now as well, for such an old person, as could be expected." . . . Other correspondents: The cure of a Protestant lady by the same means; the reformation of a drunkard, recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity sometime ago; the happy death of a mother and daughter; the happy termination of an unjust suit, it being thrown out of court; and the favorable decision of four others.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the souls of the following deceased persons: Dr. EUGENE McGRATH, a former resident of Boston, who died a happy death at Fall River, Mass., on the 17th ult. Miss MARY McCARTHY, whose death occurred at Philadelphia, Pa., last September. Mrs. MARGARET HENNESSY, who lately departed this life at the residence of her daughter in Jasper Co., Ill. Mrs. ANNE HEARONS, daughter of B. J. Reid, of Clarion, Pa., whose bright and beautiful life was closed by a precious death on the 16th of November, in the 24th year of her age. Mr. DANIEL McDEVITT, who rested in peace at Boston on the 22d of October. Miss MARY FARRELL, who passed out of this world at Grass Valley, Cal., on the 7th ult. Mr. PHILIP B. KING, of Merced, Cal., who breathed his last on the 18th of October. Mr. O'HARA, of Antioch, Cal., who died very suddenly last month. SISTER MARY BERNARD (Boyle), one of the oldest, and a fervent member of the community of the Sisters of Charity, near Emmettsburg, Md., who was called to her heavenly reward on the 17th of last July. Mr. PATRICK BALL, of Lawler, Iowa, who slept in the Lord last month. Mr. MICHAEL REDDY, of Chelsea, Mass., who met a sudden death on the 20th ult. Mrs. JULIA McCLOSKEY, ANDREW DUMLEY, Mrs. C. FORET, Mr. PATRICK McINTYRE, Mr. THOMAS GARRITY, Mr. ROBERT CHRIST, Mrs. MARY MATHEWS, and Mr. ELISHA PLUMMER, deceased some time ago. Mr. MICHAEL KEEGAN, Mrs. DELIA KEEGAN, Mr. M. C. HUGHES, Miss CLOTILDE SAINT-JULIEN, Miss ELIZABETH STABSH, JOHN DERMOND, PATRICK LYNCH, BRIDGET LYNCH, JEREMIAH CREEDEN, JOHN PURCELL, JAMES DONOVAN, JOHN and MARY HURLEY. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

PERSONAL.—"M. C. M., Mich." All right.

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Children's Department.

A Legend of the Pyrenees.

J. C. H. in the Montreal "True Witness."

Here is a poetical version of the beautiful Spanish legend published in THE AVE MARIA some time ago. We are sure all our little readers will remember it:

Deep in the Pyrenees dwelt Pierre the drover,
With six small children clamoring for bread
While he had none to give them, and, moreover,
A seventh child was coming to be fed.

Poor Pierre went forth at night and wandered lonely,
He knew not where, with heart so sad and sore,
His thoughts were centred on his young ones only
Whose cries rang in his ears still more and more.

"Halt!" said a threatening voice, "your gold count over,"
(It was the robber chief El Capitan)
"Alas, my lord, I'm but a wretched drover
Flying from hungry mouths as best I can."

He told his story to the lawless ranger,
"Here take this gold and buy your children food,
And when the stork comes with the little stranger,
I'll stand as gossip while I'm in the mood."

The outlaw kept his word, thus lightly given;
A boy was born, but after three short years
He died, and his young soul took flight to heaven,
And at the gate he stood with ravished ears.

"Enter, my child," said Peter, "swell the chorus
That surges round the Throne of the Most High,"
"I cannot," said the child, "Apostle glorious,
Except you also let my godsire by."

"And who is he?" "A robber of the mountain."
"My son, a robber cannot enter here,"
At which the boy sat down, and like a fountain
Dropped from his eye tear after bitter tear.

But then approached a lady robed in splendor,
Celestial brightness shone around her head,
To him she said in accents soft and tender
"My child, why weepest thou? Come in, nor dread."

It was our Mother Mary, Queen of Glory,
Who spoke thus sweetly to the drover's child,
Who, gathering courage, told his simple story,
Which, having ended, Mary, Mother, smiled.

"Take to thy godfather this cup—a measure
From which my Son drank vinegar and gall
When sore athirst, and, when 'tis filled with treasure,
The gates of Heaven will open at his call."

El Capitan outside his cave lay sleeping,
A pistol and a dagger in his hands;
But, when the shades of eve around were creeping,
He wakes, and starts, for lo! beside him stands

A cherub with a lovely face and holy,
And wings of silver. "Spirit, who art thou
Who comest from high Heaven to me so lowly,
A man of crime—'tis written on my brow."

"My godfather, the Blessed Virgin Mary
Sends thee this cup to fill it with thy tears.
For thy salvation's sake, then, be not chary
Of them, and weep away the sins of years."

Years fled. St. Peter stood at Heaven's portals,
And saw approach two figures robed in white;
And well the Guardian knew that they were mortals,
Redeemed and saved, who came to claim their right.

One was a cherub, with the stamp of Heaven
Set on his face; the other, meek and mild,
Seemed as a sinner who had been forgiven
Through penitence. Thus spoke the angel child:

"Behold this cup; 'tis filled to overflowing
With tears of anguish for the misspent years."
"Enter," Saint Peter said, with face all glowing,
"There is no passport like repentant tears."

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Meanwhile the knocking continued. "Go, Christian," said the old forester, "and open the door."

Christian went. After a minute or two there entered a fine, handsome gentleman they did not know; his figure was enveloped in a dark green mantle, and he wore a fur cap.

"That is the new forester!" thought their terrified hearts.

The unknown seemed to be scared himself at seeing so many red eyes and terror-stricken countenances. He took off his cap, stood still a few seconds, and said:

"And can it be that you don't know me any more?"

"Oh!" cried Louisa, "it is Anthony."

"Anthony!" chimed in Catharine; "is it possible!"

"What are you thinking about?" said the old mother; "why, this gentleman is much taller and stouter than Anthony."

"It is he, surely," said Christian; "it is Anthony. For heaven's sake, how came you here?"

The old father rubbed his eyes, as if he hardly trusted his sight, slowly approached nearer, then suddenly rushed with outstretched arms towards Anthony, folded him in a close embrace, and could only articulate: "Oh, my son Anthony!" They embraced long and fondly. Then Anthony greeted his revered foster-mother, his brother Christian, and Catharine and Louisa with the greatest heartiness. The young forester's wife and her children, whom he saw now for the first time, he welcomed with visible joy and affection.

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Deeply sorrowful as they all were a few minutes before, now all were as deeply rejoiced. The unexpected happiness dispelled all sadness, as the rising sun dispels the shades of night.

"Oh, Anthony!" at last exclaimed the aged mother, "you find us in very sorrowful circumstances. You saw our tears as you entered the room. Do let us tell of our distress!"

"I know all," answered he; "but be perfectly easy, dearest parents! You are all right again. I am just from the prince's. He sends kindest greeting to you, dear father."

"To me!" exclaimed the old forester. "How came you at the prince's? I don't understand you."

"Sit down there in your arm-chair, dear father," answered Anthony; "and you, dearest mother, sit down here by me, and let me tell you the whole affair." He laid aside his cloak, and drew up a couple of chairs. The overjoyed foster-parents placed him between them. All the rest stood around, looking at him in eager anticipation.

"Our present gracious prince," said Anthony, "was, as you are aware, when heir apparent, a short time ago in Italy. On a certain occasion there was at Rome an exhibition of the paintings of young artists. He went thither, and was particularly pleased with one of the many pictures on exhibition. He was told that a young artist by name Anthony Croner, from his own princedom, was the painter of the piece. The prince had me pointed out, praised me to the skies, and showed himself very gracious towards me. He asked me what I demanded for the painting, and with princely munificence paid me much more than I asked. As he desired to see the most famous paintings at Rome, he had me accompany him very often, allowed me to sit beside him in his carriage, and even sometimes to dine with him. Now, there were numerous old paintings of peculiar beauty offered just then for sale. The prince had me go with him to see them. He asked my opinion about every piece that particularly pleased him, and determined to buy a good number. A day was fixed for their public sale. But the prince could not remain over; he had to return home and take charge of his estates. He commissioned me to buy the pictures and to make arrangements to have them sent to him. This honorable commission was now my most anxious concern. He told me the very most I was to pay for the paintings, and delivered to me a corresponding sum of money. I was fortunate enough to purchase them for a much less sum than he had allowed me. As I had already seen all that was worth seeing for a painter in Italy, and a ship lay just then ready to set sail, I took passage on the same vessel on which I had shipped the paintings. I arrived safely with my costly treasures. I hired a special conveyance for the pictures, and went with them myself to see that no harm befell them, until they were safely landed at the residence. I immediately had myself announced. The prince had just risen from dinner and had retired to his cabinet. I was introduced without delay. 'Ha!' said he, kindly, 'welcome to Germany! What good news do you bring me from Italy?'

"'The paintings,' I answered, 'which I purchased at your highness's orders.'

"'Well, how many, then?' asked he.

"'All.'

"'All!' he exclaimed, much rejoiced. 'That is indeed fine!' He gave orders that the pictures should be unpacked and hung. I helped to do it myself. All were in perfect order. The prince was in his happiest mood. He is really a judge of paintings. I handed him the receipt for the price of what I had purchased. 'The sum is much smaller than I allowed you,' said he.

"'Your highness,' answered I, 'will please give your orders as to what I shall do with the sum remaining.'

"'Now about that,' said he, graciously, 'we'll have no words. I owe you a debt of gratitude. Keep what remains. But you must be tired after your journey, and have besides fatigued yourself still more by the unpacking; you need rest.' He then had me shown an apartment in the palace.

"As I was sitting in my room in the evening, the thought struck me to go to see the old forest-counsellor, Miller. Except the prince himself, he was the only person I was acquainted with at the residence; and I remembered distinctly how, when he was high-forester, he used to visit you, dear father, and was a most sincere friend of yours. He asked me how I came to be there. I told him.

"'Well,' said he, 'you come at the most favorable time'; and he commenced to relate how the high-forester was treating you, my good father, how you came to seek an audience of the prince, and that just a few days before my arrival you had gone back without having met with success. I wished to go to the prince on the spot. 'No, no,' said he, 'that won't do. To-morrow morning ask for a private audience: I will go with you. Affairs are just now in such a fix as to warrant a favorable hearing.' We obtained our audience the next morning very early. I immediately commenced to speak of you, and harangued with great zeal. I related how I came to your house, and what you had done for me. I related everything in detail. The counsellor interposed several times: 'To the point, to the point!' But the prince only smiled, saying: 'Let him alone! the gratitude of a good son towards his foster-parents pleases me much.' I now came to Sir Reed, and told straight out why he was so bitter against you, and that he was on the point of being sent

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to the penitentiary as a trespasser, if the prince's father, of happy memory, had not graciously pardoned him. I then showed him the letters you, dearest father, had written me in Italy. The night before, I had locked them up in my trunk. There isn't a single one amongst them in which the best wishes and blessings were not invoked on the illustrious heir apparent, who was then living in the same country as myself. The prince not only read the passages I pointed out to him, but also, with much condescension, begged my permission to read the letters entire.

"'Aha!' exclaimed he, 'I remember now what you told me, when in Italy, about the good man. A man that can write like this, and has raised such a good son, cannot be a bad person.'

"'Then,' said I, 'your highness must punish the high-forester, and give the forester's son his father's office.'

"The counsellor looked at me sadly, and said: 'And is that the way to speak to our gracious prince?' But the prince only smiled, saying: 'We can't do that as quickly as you imagine, young man. I must hear the high-forester first.'

"He made a sign to the counsellor to go aside with him to a recess at a window, and spoke with him some minutes. The counsellor thereupon sat down and wrote something. The prince came back, and said to me: 'Be easy: it will all be right.'

"Whilst the counsellor was writing, the prince spoke to me about pictures. 'My deceased father,' said he, 'has left me a very pretty collection. I am curious to hear what you will say about them. But they must all be retouched. This work I intend to give you, and hereby offer you the undertaking. Are you willing to accept it?'

"'With the greatest pleasure,' answered I. 'After the Christmas holidays I shall be free to begin the task. I saw my revered foster-parents for the first time on holy Christmas-eve, and I would wish to see them again on the same occasion; especially now, as they are in such sorrow, and I can rejoice them with good news.'

"'That is no more than right,' answered the prince.

"Meanwhile the counsellor finished his writing, and handed the sheet to the prince. He signed it. 'Greet your good foster-father for me,' said he to me, 'and tell the dear old man he shall be placed above want.'

"'But how boldly you spoke to the prince!' said the counsellor to me, as he accompanied me to my room. 'I tried to check you, but you paid no attention to me. You may thank your love for your foster-parents that you were borne with. But, in truth, I find myself 'that the straight road is always the shortest.'"

"I now asked the counsellor what the prince had said to him, and commanded him to write. After much pressing, he finally acknowledged that the prince had said: 'I was on the point of being led to do an injustice. There lies an order, in which another man is appointed in the place of the old forester. But I had some scruples about it, and have not yet signed it, though some were of opinion that I had done so. I am now determined to examine the affair more closely.' What the counsellor was commanded to write was a special order to the high-forester, somewhat to this effect: 'His highness has learned, with the greatest displeasure, how cruelly the high-forester has been treating the worthy forester, Greenwood: the high-forester is hereby strictly forbidden, until further orders, to disturb either the old forester or his son.' The counsellor was to send this order off immediately by a special courier. 'For,' said the prince, 'I have it much at heart to set the honest old man at rest as soon as possible.' The counsellor commissioned me, besides, to greet you, and say to you that the examination, for which the prince has given orders, would result to your benefit, and that your son would certainly succeed to the office.'"

The old forester often, during this relation, brushed the tears from his eyes, as did indeed all the rest. He now arose, embraced Anthony anew, removed the covering of the painting of the Birth of Jesus, glanced gratefully towards heaven, and exclaimed: "Now let us join the angels in their hymn of praise: 'Glory be to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!'"

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

A Miracle of St. Dominic.

There once lived in the city of Saragossa a nobleman named Peter, who was a relative of St. Dominic, but a most wicked man. One day whilst the saint was preaching he saw Peter enter the church. He begged our Lord to show the congregation the miserable state of his relative's soul. In an instant Peter appeared as a monster from hell, surrounded and dragged about by many devils. Every one, even his wife, who was in the church, and the servants who accompanied him, began to fly. St. Dominic then sent him word by a companion that he should recommend himself to Mary and begin to recite the Rosary. Upon receiving the message Peter humbled himself, and then saw, to his great horror, the devils who surrounded him. Without delay he went to confess his sins with many tears to the saint, from whom he received the assurance that God had forgiven him. He persevered in saying the Rosary, and ever afterwards led a most edifying life

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 13, 1879. No. 50.

E. de M.*

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J., AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL."

"Child of Mary." Name of honor,
Prouder far than kingly crown—
God Himself to win that title
From His heavenly throne came down.
He the First-born Child of Mary
Calls us to His Mother's side,
Shares with us His dearest treasure:
"Mother, 'twas for these I died."

O Immaculate, unfallen,
Tarnished by no breath of sin!
Yet I dare to call thee "Mother."
Open, Mother, let me in!
Thou of Mercy's self art Mother,
And thy heart is meek and mild;
Open wide thy arms and take me
As a mother takes her child.

God forgive those erring Christians
Who would spurn the tender name
Which with joy, at Christ's own bidding,
Mary's loving children claim.
"Lo, your Mother!" said He, dying;
Yet some coldly turn away.
Ah! forgive them, sweetest Mother!
For they know not what they say.

"Child of Mary." May my feelings,
Thoughts, words, deeds, and heart's desires,
All befit a lowly creature
Who to such high name aspires.
Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only)
From my sinless Mother sever—
Mary's child till death shall call me,
Child of Mary *then* forever.

* These initials are appended to their signature by many *Enfants de Marie*; to a certain Irish congregation of whom, nestling under the mantle of Our Lady of Loreto, these lines are specially dedicated.

TRUTH is an intuition of the infinite, a perception of God in creation, a divine instinct reaching to the life beyond life, uplifting the soul with a sweet and powerful might of inspiration, and compelling it to seek its abiding place in that boundless realm above.—*Ozanam.*

The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

(CONTINUED.)

In the depths of the dungeon was an old pagan noble who had been ten months in prison on account of rebellion. He protested his innocence, and I think they found out later that he spoke the truth; for he was set at liberty on the 18th of April. He had a bad reputation, and had grievously maltreated the poor Christians, loading them with abuse and insulting their religion. We were told that our arrival had wrought a change in him; nevertheless, we had many opportunities of seeing how badly disposed he was. His son came now and then to see him at the prison door, and through him we got some little news of the outside world.

Three Christians had lately been brought from the province of Tchyoung-tchyang. They were poor husbandmen, strong and healthy. After fifteen days of prison life they could hardly be recognized, so much had they suffered from confinement and want of nourishment. Whenever we could do it without attracting observation, we gave them a share of our rice. Three times they were put to the torture, and when they came back they were trembling all over, and could hardly breathe. Later, they were transferred to the robbers' prison; and on the 12th of May two of them died of hunger and ill-treatment.

Three Christian women of the capital, arrested at the same time with us, were also in the dungeon. One of them was attacked with the pestilence, or typhoid fever, which is always raging in prison. She was twenty-six years of age, and the mother of two beautiful little children, the youngest being only six months old. Having married a pagan during the persecution, she had instructed and converted her husband, who was prepared to receive baptism, as well as her father-in-law and her mother-in-law. Unhappily, she had had the weakness to apostatize. Seizing an opportunity when no one was observing her

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she made the Sign of the Cross several times, looking at me the while; and at night she said to the Christian woman who attended her: "My real sickness is that I had the misfortune to apostatize. Oh! how guilty I am!" and so saying, she shed floods of tears. As it was impossible to hear her confession, I gave her to understand that I would give her absolution. She made her preparation, and in the morning, at a given signal, I pronounced the form. What a blessing it was for her! It was the true remedy for her sickness, for from that moment the danger was past, and she began to recover. I was never able to speak to her, but many a time I admired her virtuous character, her piety, her confidence in God, and her upright mind. Her husband, who passed for a pagan, obtained from the jailers the favor, not of seeing her, but of speaking to her through the opening which served as a sewer. The two other female prisoners were poor old creatures. All three had been tortured; but what pained them most was the obscenity of the executioners and the indecency with which they were treated.

A fourth had died of the pestilence two days before my entrance into the dungeon. This was Catharine, the wife of old Mark, the catechist of the capital, who was put to death in 1866. Denounced by the traitor, Paul Hpi, her nephew, whom she had reared, she was arrested at the same time with us. It was five or six days after my arrival when they came to carry away her remains, which had been forgotten. They placed the corpse in a sedan; and one of the keepers came to me laughing, and saying: "There is nothing but bones left of that body, for the rats and weasels have eaten it all." And another added: "It's a funny thing; and only right that the weasels should eat up those rascally Christians." As for the Christians, while offering prayers for the poor departed, each one might well think that his own turn would come next.

The head jailer was one of our friends, and often came to spend the evening with us before the doors were closed. Little as he knew of us, and even illiterate though he was, he had sound qualities under a rough exterior. For twenty years he fulfilled his functions, exacting implicit obedience, but always blindly submissive himself to the orders of his superiors. Several times catechised by John, he acknowledged how good and beautiful was the Christian doctrine, but yet was not touched by it himself. In fact, he never ill-treated nor abused us; and sometimes he even appeared to entertain feelings of compassion for me and for the other Christian prisoners. Nevertheless, at an order from the Governor, he would have strangled us without a moment's hesitation. One day he was asked had he ever seen any Christians:

"I have seen hundreds."

"Were they good, peaceable men?"

"Oh, they were the best men in the world: gentle, quiet, peaceable; never speaking badly of their neighbors, nor injuring anyone; and always recollected in their manner."

"Were many of them put to death here?"

"At that time the prison was full of them, and for the purpose of making room, we strangled a certain number of them every day; they were kept hardly more than two or three days in the prison."

The other jailers did not ill-treat us; but what knavish, bad-tempered, spiteful wretches they were! I have seen them laughing while they were doing their work as executioners; it seemed to be an amusement to them to strangle a man. Without the smallest pretext, they flew into a passion and beat the robbers. When the head man heard the noise of the blows, he would come to prevent such work. At length, that they might gratify their malignity without attracting notice, it came into their heads to fasten an iron spike, like a goad, to a stick, and with this they would prick the poor sufferers, whose sighs and smothered cries we often heard. Once, a Christian suffering from violent fever, asked them for a drink of water: "Ah! we'll give you water enough, you rascal of a Christian!" and they forthwith began to prod his breast with their pointed sticks; and to such purpose, that in two hours' time the unfortunate man expired. It was given out that he died of an illness. The body was carried away and thrown outside the walls of the city, and no one took the trouble of inquiring as to the cause of the prisoner's death.

One would suppose it difficult to find wretches more vile, cruel, and bad every way; and yet there are such: namely, the underlings or executioners, properly speaking. They strike, flay, break legs and arms, laughing all the time at the pain of their victims, whom they assail with offensive jests. Their mere appearance in the interior of the jail throws the prisoners into a state of terror. How did human nature ever sink to such a depth of degradation, meanness and cruelty? Had not my old Christian good reason when he said that the prisons of Corea are an image of hell! I say prisons, for it would appear that all are of the same character, and that sometimes, according to the accounts I have received, those of the provinces are still more frightful.

It is here then, that our Christians are confined, and worse treated than the robbers; for one might suppose, from what they have to endure, that the contrast presented by their virtue excites the barbarity of the turnkeys and executioners. They suffer without complaint, and willingly bear the injuries heaped on them; no one can do anything

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for them outside. They are victims condemned to all kinds of tortures, and even to death. From the moment they become Christians they cease to be Coreans, or even men.

Such was the prison where I had the happiness to live, and where I was fully expecting to die for the greater glory of God. If I suffered much during those days of captivity, I was greatly consoled by the sight of the fortitude displayed by our Christians. Never did an abusive expression nor a bad word escape their lips. They began the morning with prayer, made a meditation during the day, and again in the evening they said long prayers. One can pray well in prison. God seems to be more visibly present, and one feels very sensibly one's own nothingness. I made a rule of life for myself. I said Mass in spirit, or was present at the Holy Sacrifice in the same manner. I had no breviary, but supplied the want of it by my beads. I loved to transport myself in thought to some church to make my visit to the Most Holy Sacrament. Another exercise which can be very well performed in prison is the Way of the Cross. Many were the graces which God bestowed on me in those days of retirement. I was free from all inquietude, and I left myself entirely in the hands of God, determined to do in all things His holy will, firmly persuaded that nothing could happen to me unless with His permission.

So passed the feasts of the Passion. Fortunately I had preserved my ring, which I kept hidden in a little bag, and on Easter Sunday I told the Christians that I would bestow a solemn and special benediction on them and on all the Christians of Corea. To do this I was obliged to watch for a favorable moment, for amongst us there was a bonze and another old pagan. The the bonze caused us little embarrassment, for he slept constantly; and the old pagan fortunately took it into his head to go away for an instant, whereupon the Christians immediately knelt and received the benediction. This was our Easter Sunday; all were in good spirits, and the rest of the day was spent with more than ordinary fervor. The benediction of a Bishop in a prison of Corea! Was it not a ceremony calculated to give us new courage to support the privations and sufferings of captivity?

Sufferings we had, indeed, of many kinds. For instance, we were obliged to wear always the same clothes, which were soiled, worn, and torn; and we were devoured by vermin. Rats were numerous: we saw them in the day, and we heard them at night. They walked, ran, and leaped as if quite at home, for great care is taken of them here, and a superstitious respect forbids their destruction. Our foul straw formed a perfectly secure shelter for them. We had neither knife nor pen-knife. For a long time we had no needle. At last we were able to procure one, and then we made use of threads drawn from some shreds of silk, the remains of the dress of the Christian woman who had died in prison.

Fearing we should lose count of the days of the week, I marked on the wall, with a piece of coal, a record of the Sundays as they came. Once we nearly made a mistake about the Sundays of Lent; but fortunately I remembered that this year Easter Sunday fell on the 21st of April, the 19th of the third moon.

After this glance at the state of things in the prison, let us return to the narrative of events.

What was the reason of our having been transported to the tribunal of the left? Upon what charge had we been committed to prison? Even at this moment I cannot guess. We could do nothing, and there was nothing for us to do but to keep our souls united with God, our wills in submission to His holy will, and to hold ourselves in readiness to appear before His Divine Majesty, whenever and in what manner He desired. We were inclined to hope it might be soon, when, on the morning of the 21st of March, a rumor went about which was calculated to excite our imaginations. It was said that the queen had got a son, and that on this account the greater part of the prisoners expected to be pardoned, or at least to obtain a mitigation of their punishment. According to the law or custom, neither on this day nor on any of the hundred days following could an execution take place, nor any prisoner be examined or tortured. During the course of the day, the rumor was confirmed. Queen Min, the wife of the reigning king, had given birth to a son, her second son, brother of the heir presumptive, who, two or three years before, had been recognized by the Chinese Government as having the right to succeed to his father. I give these particulars because the king has many other children, by different wives.

All trials ceased, and no more executions took place, but from time to time new prisoners made their appearance. One day we saw one arrive whose appearance attracted our particular attention: he was covered with mud and dust, his face was pale, and there was a small cangue round his neck. It was our courier of Pyen-moum, changed so much that I recognized him with difficulty. He had been arrested in the beginning of January, had been subjected to cruel tortures, and had been finally sent to the capital to undergo his sentence. They threw him into the robbers' dungeon, and for want of care and nourishment he grew weaker and weaker. We saw him again several times when the robbers were permitted to walk in the court, and we were even able to give him a little rice. One morning, towards the middle of the month of May, we saw him again, and on the evening of the same day his

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corpse was thrown into the dead-chamber. In spite of this, the chief of the satellites doubted whether he was really dead, and sent in the evening to know. The jailer replied that he was dead; yet the chief issued an order to put his corpse in chains; doubtless because he was a Christian.

On the 20th of April they brought amongst us a woman of about seventy years of age, who was placed at the bottom of the dungeon. On entering, she cast a glance of contempt around, and seemed greatly astonished at finding herself in such company. "Oh!" said she, "I cannot be kept here long. They must have brought me by mistake. I am no thief; still less a *htyen-tjyouakn*" (an abusive name given to the Christians by the pagans). She refused the prison food, and made them bring her wine. It was all right so long as she had money; and she behaved arrogantly and disdainfully towards the Christians, whom she even did her best to injure. However, her affairs at last took a bad turn; nothing more was brought to her from without, and finally she fell ill of typhoid fever. In spite of her evil character, her contempt and injuries, the three Christian women devoted themselves to her night and day. She lay for five days without consciousness, and, as no person from outside troubled themselves about her, she would certainly soon have been dead were it not for the charity of our poor Christians. Later on, she acknowledged her fault, and endeavored to excuse herself. When I left the place she was still in prison.

The arrival of a new fellow-sufferer always causes painful emotion among the prisoners; while, on the contrary, there is great joy when anyone is set free, general congratulations being poured out to the happy being who is making his escape. When a prisoner arrives, the soldier who escorts him cries out loudly, at the door of the court of the tribunal: "A criminal is coming." One day towards the middle of April, this disagreeable cry saluted our ears, and a few minutes afterwards three prisoners made their appearance. From their first words we knew they were not Christians. They were flung into the thieves' dungeon and chained, and we heard the noise of the blows as they were being cudgelled, and their cries and groans of pain as they leaped about, trying to free themselves from the two great pieces of wood in which their legs were horribly caught. After this scene, a turnkey came to our cell and said: "Ah! those ones will never go out of this alive; they have beaten satellites."

Two days afterwards, a bonze was brought to us in the same manner, and later he was removed from the robbers' dungeon to the debtors' division, where he took ill with typhoid fever. The occupants of this department insisted on ejecting him from their quarters into ours, and for eight days he lay among us as dead. We did what we could for him, but nothing seemed of any use. Little by little, however, he returned to life, and we found him quiet, gentle, and inclined to be silent. It was hard to think he was a great criminal. He told us his story as follows:

At twelve years of age he had gone to live among the bonzes, where he took to the study of Chinese writing, afterwards learning to make artificial flowers, and finally, for the last ten years, having devoted himself to the study of painting. He was in his bonzerie, working at a picture, when the satellites seized him and carried him off to prison. The reason of his arrest was, that some stolen articles had been bought from thieves by his master, whom the satellites had come to seize in consequence. Not finding the master, they took this young man instead. They also wanted to arrest some of the inhabitants of the village, and, though they met with resistance, suceeded in carrying off the three prisoners of whom I told you above. I often saw them afterwards in the yard, and they were fine, strong, and vigorous men; on their dress I saw large blood-stains, the marks of their cruel treatment in the prison. In the end they were admitted to be innocent, and, after a month in prison, were set free—without any indemnity, of course. Such is justice in Corea.

About this time arrived another, a voluntary prisoner, named Pack, a young fellow of twenty, who came and said: "I hear you have arrested the Bishop, my master, and that you arrest all Christians. Well, I am a Christian too. You haven't been able to take me; but here I am, a Christian from my childhood! In 1868 you killed my father and mother, but I have borne their instructions in mind. I honor God, the Creator of Heaven and earth, who rules all, bestows our food, and preserves our life. He has suffered for us, and I wish to suffer for Him. I desire nothing better than to endure your tortures. Afflict me with hunger and thirst; break my arms and legs; my life belongs to Him who gave it." The satellites took him for a fool at first, and wanted to send him away, but he insisted on remaining. They hunted him off, but he returned, always begging the favor of being permitted to suffer. At last the judge ordered him to be admitted. From the time of his childhood he had never seen a missioner, or been acquainted with Christians; but he knew that his parents had died for God, and he wished to do as they had done. The satellites spoke to me about him several times, praising his gentleness and goodness. He spent two days in our dungeon, but was afterwards put among the robbers. They never tortured him, but, being otherwise treated like his companions, he suffered much

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from hunger. The turnkeys amused themselves with his simplicity, making him recite his prayers, the Commandments of God, etc. When I left the prison he was still in the dungeon, among the thieves.

From time to time we saw the corpses of thieves who had died of hunger, thirst, or misery, carried away. When a robber is ill, they take care not to procure him remedies, or anything to allay his disease. Illness gives him no privilege, and does not save him from the cudgel. They allow him to expire without even taking off his fetters. When he is dead, four robbers seize him by the feet and hands, and, under the superintendence of a keeper, take him away to the dead-chamber. During the following night, inferior servants come for the corpse, hide it under a mat, and carry it off to be thrown outside the walls of the town.

It seemed that the chief judge was weary of his holiday. The prison was crammed with robbers, and no trials were held. At last the truce of a hundred days was broken, and we were told that affairs would take their usual course after the fortieth day. On the 1st of May, accordingly, they began once more to question, torture, execute, strangle, etc.

The person they chose to begin with was a robber, only newly-arrived, who had been denounced and arrested by a satellite who was his cousin. On the 3d of May, the jailers opened the door of the corpse-chamber, and threw a rope into it, leaving one end outside the door. John remarked to me that they were going to strangle some one. Who was it to be? No one knew, and each thought of himself. A few minutes afterwards they closed the doors of all the dungeons. When it was about time for the evening meal, the turnkeys came into the robbers' prison and said to the unfortunate man whose doom was sealed: "Come, you are going to be strangled." At this terrible news, the thieves, though accustomed to all sorts of persecutions, and devoured by hunger, put down their cups of rice. The condemned creature was led into the corpse-chamber, the cord put round his neck, and the door shut. Then four keepers seized the end of the cord, and pulled it with all their might, like sailors hoisting a sail. When they had drawn it as tight as they could, they made it fast to a piece of wood, and the execution was over. Two hours afterwards, a young turnkey looked in at the window of the door and said, laughing: "He still moves his legs." They then tightened the rope still more. This execution took place in silence; we heard neither groan nor sigh from the victim. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of Christians were executed in this manner in 1866 and 1868. When evening came, they opened the door, and immediately the prisoners began to spit with all their might, in order to hinder the soul of their dead companion from coming to inhabit the prison. We had among us two female sorcerers, who distinguished themselves particularly in this performance, and for more than three minutes, they kept flinging saliva at the door in the most solemn manner.

Let us say a few words about these sorcerers (*mastang*). It is their business to foretell good fortune, and especially to drive away disease, being most often called on to protect people from smallpox. They appear in dresses of various colors, with a tambourine, which they strike while reciting certain formulas, first in a slow tone, afterwards more quickly. Armed with a sabre, the blade of which is silvered wood, stained red to imitate blood, they dart it forward, strike the air right and left with it, run here and there, shout, howl, and frisk about, and when they are quite exhausted the evil spirit is supposed to be expelled.

The prefect of police took it into his head to drive away all sorcerers from the capital, but a few contrived to hide themselves, and perform their functions during the night, as they find their business very lucrative. The satellites pursued them, and arrested a certain number of them, one after another. I have, myself, seen fifteen of them. They were only kept seven or eight days in prison, and then set free. All were confined in our dungeon; and on their first arrival gave way to tears and lamentations; their grief was such as to prevent their taking food; but they were not long in recovering their spirits, and as they were able, through their families, to get everything they wanted, they kept up a perpetual junketing. They were certainly very generous, and divided all their good things with the Christians. Several times they even offered me some rice-wine, which I was obliged to refuse; but John, who had not my reasons for doing so, was glad to accept a few cups of the beverage. I have seen all sorts of these poor creatures, old, young, sad, merry, etc. Some of them conducted themselves well enough, but others behaved with a terrible recklessness. On the whole, what a contrast they were to our modest Christian women, who, by their gentle charity, won upon the poor quarrelsome creatures, and attracted their love and respect?

I also saw in the prison four mountebanks, or comedians, hideous, degraded creatures, who passed all their time at play. There were a great many prisoners for debt, and at this period the total number of the incarcerated amounted to sixty-five.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIUS IX once said to some Puseyite ministers: "Be no longer like bells, that call all the world to church and go not in themselves."

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Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

SIGNOR BIONDETTO.

Instead of answering her, he threw a handful of bran-new sesterces (an Italian coin) on the table. "Be easy, wife," he said proudly, "and don't trouble me with your useless questions; we, men, cannot tell everything we do, to you, prying, chattering women. We are the masters, just for that reason; and you must obey us, and be properly contented with what we undertake, even if you do not understand it."

"So!" she answered, in an excited manner; "that is a new wisdom! I have always heard and believed that man and wife should be one, and that there should be no secrets between them."

"Priest talk that!" he exclaimed, angrily. "A wise man and a foolish woman are not one in a whole eternity. And as for no secret! you might as well tell me to shout out my business affairs in the open market."

This was too much for the patience of the Neapolitan woman, and a scene began that beggars description, and ended by Giacomo's bursting through the thick crowd of female neighbors who had been attracted by the noise, and rushed out. In doing so, he ran over the little Joseph, who fell between his legs, and the confusion was increased by the pitiful crying of the child. When the master of the house had departed, all the neighbors, who till then had been but spectators, spoke at once to Margaret, pitying, consoling, advising. One of them wanted to sink the money in the lake; "It's like enough to be the devil's magic," she said. Another advised that it should be given to the Madonna.

Margaret was not inclined to do either the one or the other; she swept the beautiful shining silver pieces carefully together, and locked them in her cupboard. "If it's devil's magic," she said, resolutely, "they will vanish; the evil spirit has nothing in common in a house where the Madonna is honored; but if it is rightly acquired, we want it badly enough; it is the first money Giacomo has brought home for many a week."

But when, the next morning, she took one of the coins to purchase something needful for the house, the merchant examined the impression and inscription with unwonted attention; then, with a very thoughtful shake of the head, he rang the silver piece on the counter to prove it. To poor Margaret's inexperienced ear there was no unusual sound, but the merchant gave her the coin back. "False!" he said; "that is false money; have you any more like it?"

She ran back to her home in great trepidation and brought her whole stock back with her; there was not a single good piece among them; it was all false coin.

"Santa Madre di Dio!" cried the poor cheated woman, ringing her hands, "Theresa was right, then; she had a misgiving it was the devil's work."

"Not so," answered the merchant; "it appears to have come to hand in a much more natural manner. This money is not the only money of its kind. False bank notes, false gold pieces are running through the city. From the first banker to the smallest storekeeper, we are all become wise through loss, and now, therefore, on our guard. From whom did you get the money?"

"From my husband," she confessed, unguardedly; "he got it by hard work."

The merchant smiled in a singular manner, and wrote some words in his note book. She could not read currently enough to see what they were. The generous man permitted the weeping woman—from special good-will, as he said—to take some of the articles on credit, that she had bought with the false coin. This consoled her somewhat: her little Joseph would not have to go hungry to-day. She then put the money carefully together, intending to read Giacomo his lesson about it when he came home. But she waited for him the whole day in vain.

In the evening she took the boy by the hand and went over to Theresa, who lived somewhat above her, on the opposite side of the way. The two women were sitting on the bench before the door of the house, and Margaret was just in the best disposition to ease her oppressed heart, and give vent to her grief by a circumstantial relation of these events, when a patrol came up the street in the uniform of the royal gens-d'armerie, headed by a martial looking sergeant with a white beard. Margaret, apprehending nothing, although her curiosity was excited as to what might be the aim and object of the patrol, drew the boy closer to her, in order to clear the way. Then, suddenly, she broke into a shrill cry. The troop was stopping before her own house, and the leader knocked at the low door with the handle of his sabre. "Open in the name of the king," he called out.

The neighbors, frightened and curious, drew near; but Margaret rushed forward, in the wildest anxiety, to the soldiers. "What do you want?" she said, out of her mind with terror: "what do you seek in my hovel?"

"We are seeking a maker of false coin," was the answer. "Is it your husband?"

"My husband is the copper-engraver, Giacomo Baldi."

"That is the right one; let us in, woman!" The door was only on the latch, the soldiers crowded in. They searched the whole house with torches,

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examined every corner; even the straw of the mattrass was pulled out.

Margaret, even yet, did not comprehend the reason of the search; she sat as if stunned, and only mechanically tried to hush the child who was screaming, and had taken refuge in her arms. Theresa, half unnerved from anxiety, and yet kept fast there by an invincible curiosity, stood beside her, ringing her hands.

Suddenly one of the soldiers uttered in loud tones: "I have it! I have it! See, sergeant, I have found it!" In the open drawer of the table was seen, by the dim light of the smoking torch, the shining heap of false money.

"We have got it!" said the leader, triumphantly. "You are a good fellow, Mario. I shall not fail to give information of your heroic deeds in the proper place. Where did you get the money, woman?" he thunderingly asked of poor Margaret.

She sank upon her knees, in utter confusion, as if conscious of guilt. "It is my husband's wages for work," she sobbed, almost inaudibly.

"Wages for work! Pretty wages that! Have you any more such wages for work, hey? and where is your fine husband? Will you speak?"

"By all the saints I do not know!" she exclaimed, in bitter, desolate anguish, stretching out her hand in wringing supplication. "I have not seen him since yesterday."

"Not since yesterday? Now, meantime, come with us; perhaps through the night you will recollect where you saw him to-day."

"I am innocent!" she cried out, in despair; "I have done nothing bad; I know nothing about anything."

"Now, that will be seen; bind her hands, that she may not escape. And now, forward, right about, march!"

Theresa mastered herself so far as to be able to loosen the child's hold of its mother's clothing, and take him in her arms. "He shall stay with me," she said, consolingly, to the prisoner, who was weeping loud; "I will take care of him till you come back."

But when, some days after, Margaret was discharged from prison, because her complete innocence, her ignorance of the criminal employment of her husband came to light with overwhelming certainty, then her faithful Theresa communicated to her the mournful tidings of Giacomo's violent death.

In consequence of the quantity of false money that for some time had passed current in the city, the attention of the authorities had been aroused; and suspicion attached itself to those foreigners, whose secret employment, within closed doors, had long been a source of mistrust to the neighbors. The suspected persons were, therefore, subjected to secret but searching scrutiny; and before long, sufficient evidence was obtained to warrant their arrest. The house was surrounded at night time, the doors forced, and the dwellers surprised in the cellars, surrounded by the implements of their light-shunning trade. After a desperate resistance, they were overpowered and taken prisoners. Only their helper, Giacomo, succeeded in effecting his escape during the scuffle. Acquainted with the intricacies of the house, and of the surrounding neighborhood, he passed through a hidden door in the garden wall, into a remote, almost uninhabited street. He already thought himself safe,—when, in the clear moonlight, one of the watch espied the flitting form and gave the alarm. Then began a chase for life or death, in which the light-footed and lightly clothed Neapolitan gained considerably upon his armed pursuers. More than once they lost him in the maze of streets, the dwellers in which looked lazily on with idle curiosity. The people are seldom inclined to assist an armed force against one of themselves. But after awhile the cry was raised: "Stop the false coiner!" and this excited interest. Too many had been injured by this false coin not to wish the evil-doer punished; and so, more than one of the lazzaroni ran a race with the soldiers after the unlucky man, to whom despair seemed to have lent wings.

There, before him, glistened the deep blue of the sea, promising him safety; and, darkly threatening, Castle Nuovo stood out prominently against the clear night sky. The hunted man had reached the haven. With a bold plunge he was in the water, and swam, animated with new strength, to the nearest vessel anchored there. It was a trim three-masted ship, and on the very point of weighing anchor, to begin her voyage with the favorable wind that had just risen. With the quick perception of dire necessity, Giacomo observed the active and busy stir that usually precedes the moment of departure. Here was safety,—help—flight! How he managed to climb up the ship's side, whether a compassionate sailor threw a rope's end to him unseen by anyone else, the good woman did not know. She had only been told that none of the balls that had been sent after him had hit him. But as he reached the deck, he encountered the captain, a hard man, and strict.

"What do you want here, man?" he thundered; "where do you come from?"

"O save me, captain!" exclaimed the luckless fugitive, falling at his feet; "I am pursued: shelter me, save me."

"My ship is no refuge for criminals," was the answer; "away with you. Four men in the small boat!" was the order given. "Bring the fellow back to land; if it is needed, bind him." Then turning to his first lieutenant, who seemed as if he wished to find some way of mitigating this severe command, he said: "I shall know how

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to protect the planks of my ship against such fellows. I shall make a strict examination as to who helped him up." He turned away at these words and walked to the main deck, where the grating of the windlass betrayed that they had already begun to weigh anchor.

But a bloody strife took place behind the commander's back. Four sailors were not sufficient to master the desperate man. Armed with a short dagger, striking right and left, he made room for himself, and ran between those appointed to seize him, to the other side of the deck, and before they could reach him he sprang overboard. They looked after him, as with powful strokes he swam for the open sea. Then a shot came from the shore—then another, and another—a loud, long cry rang out from the water—then all was still and blank. Only the four sailors thought they saw a red stain glisten on the water where the dark head had last been visible.

"He has enough," said one of them, while he wiped the blood from his hand which had been wounded by Giacomo's dagger; "pity for the man!"

"I shall hear his death-cry a long while," rejoined the other, "in spite of the whistling winds and roaring sea."

"But we," added a third, as he bound a cloth round his bleeding forehead, "we are guiltless concerning it; we must do as we are bidden. The captain, indeed——"

"Ah, what?" interrupted the fourth; "the captain was right, according to the letter. What matters it to him that such a poor, hunted human being perishes! Let us say an 'Our Father' and a 'Hail Mary' for the poor soul, and then to work."

This terrible news threw Margaret on a sick-bed. For long weeks her youth fought with the hot fever which deprived her of consciousness and the power of thought. And when, at length, she came back to life, it was a life of bitter poverty and oppressive care that lay before her. Deprived of the providing hand, thrown back upon the labor of her own inexperience, she might have borne her hard lot without murmuring, had it been for herself alone; but to see her boy, her idol, in want—sometimes hungry, when she had naught to give him—this tore her heart to pieces. Her anxiety for her child took away her strength, instead of increasing it. She became weaker and weaker, and finally found herself quite incapable of earning anything. For long years, her only means of nourishment for herself and child were the alms she begged at the church door.

Joseph knew nothing of this; he lived in careless mirth; sang with his comrades before the images of the Madonna, and if now and then a coin or two fell into his hat, these were quickly disposed of for macaroni or some plaything.

At length came a time in which Margaret's last resources vanished, for her increasing weakness kept her in her hovel. The good neighbors, Theresa above all, now certainly cared for mother and child as best they might, but they could not check the illness. Margaret, herself, felt that the vital power was diminishing day by day, and prepared herself with courage and the resignation of a faithful Christian to meet her approaching end. But then, before she departed, something pressed upon her mind to induce her to unfold to her son, who was now growing out of childhood, the melancholy enigma of his and her lot, by relating to him the history which had made her a helpless widow, and him a fatherless orphan. She did it without malice, without a thought of hatred or revenge. She was reconciled with her God, and had forgiven from her heart all who had injured her. She might perhaps, in relating this, at intervals, interrupted by weakness, have had a dim, confused idea that she was performing a duty; perhaps, too, she cherished a faint hope that the man whom she blamed for her unhappiness might, at some future time, through a fortunate dispensation, compensate the son for the injury done to the father by his inexorable harshness.

But there were quite other feelings that took Joseph's heart by storm at this sad account. At that hour he ceased to be a boy—the full passions of a man, of a fierce man, glowingly awoke in his young breast. Until that time his poverty had been to him a necessity of nature, he had not given it a thought; he knew nothing beyond it, and had not felt it as a disgrace. Now, he knew himself the son of a criminal; and a man lived who could have saved his unfortunate father, and yet who, without mercy, had consigned him to a miserable death. He felt a boundless compassion for his father, and almost forgot in that compassion that, by his own fault, he had rendered himself amenable to punishment. He saw in him only the unfortunate, persecuted man, who had been pitilessly handed over to destruction, when imploring succor in his utmost need.

Margaret's voice had long since died away in indistinguishable sounds, and Joseph remained by her side on his knees, his face hidden in his hands. Then he felt a cold touch on his head—the coldness pierced through the thick fulness of his locks. He started up; his quick movement caused the hand of his mother, which she had laid on her son's head for the last blessing, to slide heavily down,—and when he, frightened, looked in her face, it was the face of the dead!

"Mother!" he wildly exclaimed, "don't die yet! you must not die yet! Mother, one word more! tell me the name of the captain who hunted my father to death! Tell me his name before you die!"

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The appeal was in vain: the pale mouth opened no more. His anxious entreaty was unheard.

With a loud cry of anguish the young man threw himself on the corpse—but, shuddering at the coldness of death, he started back. A feeling of utter bereavement took possession of him. His mother had been the only being on whom he had any just or natural claim; she was his only stay in life, though that stay might be a weak one. Now she was gone, and he remained alone with a sensation of hatred and revenge in his heart altogether unknown till now—a powerless hatred, a revenge ignorant of its object.

"I will find him out though!" he murmured to himself, in a fury; "yes, if I should have to seek him through every sea!"

He closed the eyes of the dead; pressed another kiss on the pale forehead, then tore open the window; he felt as if stifled in the narrow room,—there, alone by the corpse. Almost bewildered, he stared into the street. Everything was going on in its usual, careless, noisy way. On the corner of the street, some children were singing before the Madonna; lemonade-sellers were offering their wares with deafening shouts; girls were laughing and chattering at the nearest fountain; the copper-smith, who lived close by, was driving his noisy trade; and farther off, the pillar of smoke from Vesuvius rose over the lowly dwellings, like a threatening monitor in the clear air. Everything was as it had ever been, as far as his memory could reach,—only here, in the silent chamber of death, the warm pulse of life stood still; here, no other sound was to be heard, but the gnawing of the wood-worm in the old furniture, and the ungovernable beating and hammering in Joseph's heart!

The door opened. It was Theresa, who had finished her housework and came once more to look after the sick woman. "How is she?" she asked, in a voice purposely hushed.

Joseph pointed gloomily to the corpse: "She is well," he said, in hollow tones; "better, I hope, than she was till now."

"Holy Mother of God!" screamed Theresa, after casting a quick glance at the bed,—"she is dead, the poor soul! Why didn't you call me? when did she die?"

"Tell me, Theresa," broke in the youth, without noticing the question, "what is the name of the captain and the ship where my father sought safety and did not find it?"

"What do you want to know that for, child?" asked Theresa, alarmed at his disturbed appearance and behavior, "and who has been speaking to you of the sad story?"

He replied, sneeringly: "My mother has sent a message by me to the dear man; but she died before she could tell me his name."

"Had she to tell that to the hot-headed boy?" murmured Theresa, displeased to the highest degree. "Your dear mother," she continued to Joseph, "is certainly gone out of the world in peace with everybody; what can she have told you to say to the foreigner?"

"Perhaps just that," he replied. "That she died at peace with him and everybody in the world."

Theresa reflected a moment. It might be so, she supposed; "But I do not know his name; I doubt if ever she did. The only person who knows him for sure is outside there on the quay,—old Matteo. He was steersman on that very ship when the ill fortune took place. But we have something to do here besides chattering."

She arranged the position of the corpse, put a crucifix in her hands, placed two candles and a holy-water stoup on the table, then knelt down, and with a loud voice said the litany for the dead. Joseph knelt near her, and made the responses as if he were in a waking dream.

As soon as he could get away, he went to find old Matteo. He had an undefined idea of taking service as cabin-boy in the first ship about to sail. When, however, he communicated his plan to the former steersman, with the whole of the circumstances that had induced him to think of it, the old sailor—a sound-hearted, well-meaning man—did his best to dissuade him from it.

"It's no light thing to be a cabin-boy," he said, "and leads to nothing better, in the best of cases, than some fine day to become a sailor; and that same is not easy. Till that takes place, the cabin-boy is everyone's servant, and it rains cudgels on every side of him."

"Cudgels!" exclaimed Joseph, springing up, indignantly; "cudgels for me!" The child of poverty had been spoiled; never yet had he been struck, except now and then in a tussle with his comrades, where the blows were equally divided on both sides, and he gave as good as he received; no hand, save that of his tender and caressing mother, had ever been laid upon him. The word "cudgel" touched him to the quick, and overthrew his whole design. Matteo laughed in his sleeve.

"Cudgelling for breakfast, and blows for supper," repeated Matteo, anxious to follow up his advantage. "I know the whole thing, from one end to the other—have in my time given many a thump, without taking long to consider where it fell. That is No. 1, young one; as for No. 2, it would not be of any use to you to become cabin-boy; for that ship, the 'Esmeralda,'—a gallant sailer it was,—has long since passed into the possession of another. Her former captain—his name was Werneck, and they say he was a German of high birth—has abandoned the sea, and is become a proper land-rat, as it often happens to other married men when youth's passions have subsided, and the horns are worn down a bit. "It is well, at such a time," he continued, casting a

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contented look at his small cottage encircled with vines, and at his fragrant, well-kept garden, "if a man can find a snug nest in the old home and a true heart to dwell there with him. As for the rest, young man," added he, more earnestly, "I advise you, as meaning well to you, and as a good Christian, to let those mad thoughts of revenge and paying him out go, once and forever! Now, what can you, little one, do against one who belongs to the great ones of the earth? No. 3 was the fate your father met,—God rest his soul!—not altogether so unmerited as you seem to think, my poor Josey! I am far from wishing to offend you, and we should not speak ill of the dead, but it is no little matter, do you see, to become the helper of those who coin false money. I knew many who fell so low at that time of false money, that to this day they have not fully recovered from it. If, indeed, the German captain had thought like one of us—or even, for the matter of that, as the first lieutenant on the 'Esmeralda' did, he would not have given the poor fellow up, but have left him time to repent of his sins, and begin a new life. But you have nothing to do with that. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord. Keep God's Commandments before your eyes, and strive to become a good and able man, earning your bread honestly, so you can look everyone in the face unabashed. So," concluded he, standing up, "my work is done, and there I see my old woman making signs that supper is ready; will you be our guest, my boy?"

Joseph declined the invitation, thanked the old man for his good advice, and crept back to the house to brood over many plans which were not less impracticable than the one Matteo had just talked him out of.

In the first place, none of them came to maturity. The present moment established its peremptory claims on the poor youth. Daily bread had to be procured. Theresa, who had so kindly come to the aid of the poor orphan, was too poor to support him gratuitously. There was nothing for it but to employ the means with which nature had endowed him. He began by being a street-singer; and, later on, when his boyish voice developed into a beautiful tenor, he joined a company of young people who gave musical entertainments in coffee-houses and public gardens. Soon, from his strikingly handsome person, as well as from his musical voice, he became one of the most popular among these national musicians. He had even acquired, almost without suspecting it, a sort of celebrity; and had earned so much that he was able to take regular instruction, and even buy himself a guitar. He now thought himself a Crœsus, or at least that he was in the best way to become one; and to his honor it must not remain unmentioned, he expended a great part of his, at times very rich, but still precarious earnings, to compensate the good Theresa for the attention she had paid his mother, and the care she had taken of his own helpless childhood.

Gratitude for good received was a prominent trait of his character; but, alas! it was coupled with a vivid revengeful remembrance of all the evil that had been done him. In this he resembled a savage. His interior life was rooted in the principles of the natural law, not ameliorated through the influence of men ennobled by Christianity. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! His religion was merely a matter of habit, a lip work, whereby the heart remained cold, that it could neither enlighten his understanding nor give a good direction to the will. In order to rise above the common, he had merely the art of music, the world of notes, the radiant and rich doors of which kept opening for him wider and wider, promising him success.

It occasioned surprise that Joseph constantly refused to accept the advantageous offers of various stage-managers, who strove, by promises of high remuneration, to win for their boards this tenor hero. The real ground of refusal was to be found in his boyish, never-forgotten vow of revenge. He had a dark feeling that he was called, and in duty bound, to become the avenger of his father's blood. This feeling lay underneath every one of his transactions. He sang in concerts, and every now and again took an opera part, but could not be persuaded to bind himself by a formal contract. When greeted by a storm of applause, when flowers and laurel-wreaths fell at his feet, he forgot for a short time his gloomy thoughts and gave his whole soul to the art he loved, which raised him to the dazzling heights of triumph; but these were only passing emotions. It was after such a triumph of skill that a Russian prince, who had resided a long time in Naples, and had heard Signor Biondetto (that was his artist name) very often, and always with fresh delight, made him a proposal to accompany him back to St. Petersburg, through France, Switzerland and Germany, as his room-singer and companion. This appeared to the Neapolitan like an indication from Heaven. If he came to Germany as companion and favorite of a man of such high standing, it would not be difficult for him, among the circles of nobility, to find the one he sought. What did it matter to him that the son of his patron—who as yet was but a youth, but a youth of genuine Russian despotic nature—often displayed his hatred of him, in every, even the most humiliating manner? He was sure of the favor of the prince, who, when he could do so, compensated for his son's misbehavior by redoubled tokens of friendship. His situation was, however, changed most suddenly and unexpectedly through the death of the prince, who fell sick in Heidelberg of diptheria;

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and sank its victim in the course of a few days.

The first care of the son and heir was to get rid of the hated musician, and this he did before he set out for the North with the corpse. His dismissal was announced to the young artist in so humiliating, almost brutal a manner, that his offended feeling of honor did not permit him to accept the large emolument tendered him at the same time. With haughty thanks he sent this back, not suspecting, probably, that the money, which would have supplied his wants for a long time, never reached its destination, but simply vanished into the pocket of the lacquey who had brought it to him.

Joseph was now again alone, and without means, in a foreign land, with the manners and inhabitants of which he was unacquainted, and the language of which he knew but a few words. But he was in Germany, and in his talent possessed a resource which was the richer for him because he was a foreigner, and doubly so because he was an Italian. His concerts ever brought him an over-full house, gold, and fame. Did he announce himself anywhere as a music teacher, pupils flocked to him—above all, female pupils.

In this manner, like the minstrel bards of old, he wandered from place to place, from city to city, till he came to the North German capital where the celebrated Rosenhainish female institute is found, and where the first name that he heard uttered in the music hall was the name of the man whom he once as a boy, by the deathbed of his mother, had vowed to pursue through every sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

True Story of a Conversion.

Lady Herbert in "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

I was just settled down one morning to my usual writing-table, with a heap of unanswered letters on one side and of uncorrected proofs on the other, and was hoping to have a quiet and undisturbed hour or two for both duties, when the door opened, and my old servant's head appeared, though with some hesitation, as he knew I was very busy.

"If you please, my lady," he began, and then stopped, looking compassionately at the heap of work before me.

"Well, James," I said, resignedly, "who is wanting to see me this terribly wet day? I thought I should have been free from visitors in such a downpour as this!"

"It is a young woman, my lady. Very well-mannered and respectable; a servant, I think, who seems very anxious to speak to you, and says you knew her in your old home."

"Show her up," was my reply. And in a few seconds the door opened to admit a pleasant-looking girl of twenty-six or twenty-seven, whom, however, I failed to recognize.

"Don't you know me, my lady?" she asked, when I had begged her to be seated. "I am Mary D——, the baker's daughter at W——."

"What am I to do," I replied, laughing, "when all you children grow so quickly into men and women, and make me feel even more of a grandmother than I am already? Yes; I see now it is you by your eyes. But what can I do for you? I hope you are not in any trouble?"

"No, my lady," replied Mary, coloring; "at least not exactly. And yet I am in great trouble," she added, after a moment's pause; "and you are the only person in the world that can help me, I think, if I may tell you about it."

"Tell me everything," I replied; and, making her sit down, I prepared to listen.

"Well, my lady," continued Mary, "you know that you advertised for me some two years ago, and got me a very nice place as lady's-maid to Mrs. L——. She was a good, kind lady, and I was very comfortable there, and worked for her and the young ladies, and never had a cross word for her till——"

"Till what?" I asked, seeing Mary hesitate.

"Till something happened which I am going to tell you about," she replied. "About a month ago, my mistress had gone out of town for the Sunday, and was not to return till late at night. It had been very hot all day, and as I had not my lady to dress, I thought I would take a walk in the cool of the evening. In passing by Brompton, I heard some beautiful singing in a large church near the road, and saw a lot of people going in. Curiosity prompted me to follow them, and I found myself in a large, long building, crowded to excess, the men being on one side and the women on the other. There was a great quantity of lights and flowers at the further end, and I stood there, wondering what on earth was going to happen. At last, a kind of procession of clergymen came out at a side door, one of whom was beautifully dressed, and they knelt in a wide space, which was railed off before the Communion-table, which, as I said before, was all covered with lights.

"'What are they going to do?' I whispered to a woman near me.

"'Hush!' she replied, 'don't you see? There's going to be Benediction.'

"What she meant by that, I couldn't imagine. But all of a sudden, as I was watching, I saw one of the clergymen put something round his neck, and then go up to a kind of a large square box which was on the table, and open the door with a key. Then he seemed to take something out, and he knelt, and then put it in a beautiful gold

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thing looking like a watch-case; and then he went and carried it somewhere behind the table; and, I suppose, up some steps, for suddenly I saw it, high above all the rest, on a sort of throne; and some one gave a pull to my gown, and I looked round for a moment and saw that it was to make me kneel, as every one else was on their knees. And so I did. But when I looked up again at the throne—oh! I never shall forget it, my lady, no, never!"

"What did you see, Mary?" I exclaimed.

"I saw Jesus Christ in His glory," replied Mary reverently; "I could not distinguish the watch-case any longer, but there was a wonderful light, and in the middle was our Lord, just as He is represented in the pictures, with pierced Hands and Feet. And He seemed to be beckoning to me to come to Him, and it filled me with such joy and yet such fear too, I don't know what I felt. And I don't know how long He was there. But I know I remained kneeling on, ever so long after the people round me went, and at last a clergyman came up to me, and I asked him where I was? And he said: 'In the Oratory, my child.' And seeing that I didn't understand him, he added, 'In a Catholic church. Were you never in one before?' I only said, 'No: never, sir.' But I was afraid to say more, and went away. But all that evening and all that night I thought of nothing else. I felt just as Samuel must have felt when God called him. And of one thing I was very sure—that I must become a Catholic, and go again to that church. After a day or two, my mistress remarked that something was the matter with me, and asked me if I was ill? I said 'No,' and tried to go about as usual; but I could not rest. Whenever I knelt down to say my prayers, especially, I used to see that vision of our Lord more plainly, and He seemed to be reproaching me for delay. At last I took courage, and spoke to Mrs. L——. She at first laughed at me, treating the whole thing as a delusion. Then, when she saw I was really in earnest, she became very grave, and said she would speak to her clergyman about it, and added, that I was to be sure to say nothing to the young ladies, or in the house, about my feelings. In a day or two I was sent for to go into the drawing-room, and there I found Mrs. L—— and the clergyman. Mrs. L—— got up and said: 'Mary, this is a very good friend of mine, and I want you to have some talk with him about what you told me the other day.' I curtsied and said nothing, and Mrs. L—— went away. The clergyman made me sit down, and talked to me for a long time about the sin of joining the Church of Rome, and leaving the church of my baptism; and I listened to all that he had to say, but felt more strongly than ever that somehow he was wrong. At last he got impatient at my silence, and said, 'Why don't you answer me?' I replied, 'Sir, I'm but an ignorant girl, and can't argue with a gentleman like you. But I believe with my whole heart that the Catholic Church is the only true one, for it's the only one where I have seen our Lord.'

"'Who has been putting these silly thoughts into your head?' he answered, quite angrily. 'You have been tampered with by some Romanist or other.'

"I replied, 'No, sir; I don't know a single Catholic, and have never, that I know of, read a Catholic book.' The gentleman looked very uncomfortable when I said this, and got up, saying, 'I will speak to your mistress; you may go.' What he said to her I don't know; but in the evening she called me into her room and said she was very sorry for my obstinacy, but that I must clearly understand that if I persisted in becoming a Romanist I must leave her service. 'I am very much vexed, Mary,' she continued, 'for you suit me very well; but I can't have a Papist about my children. I only hope you will think better of it.' I felt ready to break my heart, for I knew I must go. I couldn't disobey our Lord. So I went to my own room and had a good cry, and then prayed with all my heart that I might do what was right. But, I thought: if I am sent away, where can I go to? My father will be more angry with me than Mrs. L——, and I had no money and no home. Then all of a sudden I remembered your ladyship had become a Catholic, and though I was but a little child at the time, I recollected all the fuss there had been about it in our village. And so I asked leave this morning to go out, and I come to you, to ask whether you could advise and help me, and tell me what to do to become a Catholic, for you are the only one I know in the world."

I need not say with what a joyful, thankful heart I heard this poor child's simple story. I settled at once that she was to come to me when she left Mrs. L——, and then placed her with a great friend of mine, who devotes her whole life to preparing souls for the great grace of entering into the True Fold. Soon after she was received into the Church. I got her a nice place in an old Catholic family, as she said truly that she could not go home, and then I lost sight of her for a year or two, till she was recalled to my memory by the following letter, which I will transcribe literally:

"DEAR AND HONORED LADY:—I hope you will forgive my taking the liberty of writing to you, as you begged me to let you know if any change came to me. Last year poor father was taken very ill, and he got worse and worse, and my brother said he was always looking round as if he wanted somebody. And at last Henry (that's my brother) said to him, 'Father, do you want Mary?' 'Yes, I do,' he answered. Now you know, my lady, ever since I came into the Church he has never seen me or written to me, or let my name be

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mentioned in the house, which vexed Henry very much, for he and I were very fond of each other. Henry didn't lose a moment, but ran off to the office, and telegraphed for me to come down. And my mistress gave me leave directly, and said, 'Who knows, Mary, you may perhaps get the grace for your father too?' Well, I got home that evening, and as soon as ever I came into the room, father opened his eyes, and called feebly, 'Mary.' I flew up to the bed and threw my arms round his neck, and kissed him, but couldn't help crying to see how he was changed. After a minute or two he said, 'Mary, my lass, I've been hard upon you. Can you forgive me?' I could only answer by my sobs; but from that time he never could bear me out of his sight. And one day he began to talk to me about religion, and asked me what made me change. And I told him, and we talked for a long time. And at last he said, 'Do you think the priest would come and see me?' I could scarcely speak for joy. But I sent off for Father C —, and he came by the train, even sooner than I dared hope. And, to make a long story short, my lady, father was received, and had all the last Sacraments before he died, and he died, so happily, two days later. So your words have come true, my lady, and I have been rewarded even in this life for the step I took in such anxiety and fear."

I need add little more to this touching story. Mary went back to her mistress, and a short time after married an excellent young Catholic carpenter, who had been attached to her for a long time. I have written this account of her conversion for two reasons: first, to show the marvellous action of God's grace in the Blessed Sacrament; and next to encourage the many halting, fearful souls who, at this moment, are longing to follow Mary's example, yet hesitate for fear of losing their places, or being turned out of their homes to face life alone. To all such I would say, trust in God, who never will permit a generous sacrifice to remain unrewarded. Go forward simply and fearlessly, following the inspirations of His Holy Spirit. And if even the path be full of sorrows, and the future uncertain and dark, yet that peace which passeth all understanding will fill your hearts, and, in God's own time and way, even earthly consolations will be granted you.

An Actual Occurrence.

From the Catholic Standard.

Some two or three years ago, a friend, whose veracity is beyond all question, related to the editor of the *Standard* the following occurrence. We felt bound not to use it at the time, because it might then have furnished a clue to the personality of the parties. Lapse of time has removed that objection, and we now publish it. It shows very clearly how subtle is the influence of the secular system of education for evil, and how it deteriorates the moral and spiritual character of those who imagine that the Public Schools do them no harm. We remember the language of the conversation related quite distinctly, from the deep impression it made upon us at the time, and from frequently recalling it since; and we now give it substantially in the very words that were employed.

Our friend was sitting in a room much frequented by Catholics, when an elderly gentleman near him asked a younger one:

"Were you at the Cathedral at the late Mass last Sunday?"

"No," said the gentleman accosted.

"You should have been there," was the reply; "you missed something."

"How so?"

"Well, the Archbishop addressed us very earnestly on the subject of Catholic education, and a collection for the Cathedral Parochial Schools was taken up."

"Oh, then, I am glad I was not there. I am not enthusiastic over Catholic schools. I think too much fuss is made about this subject of Catholic education. The fact is, in my opinion, the Archbishop and the clergy are extremists on the subject."

"I am utterly surprised at you. What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. I don't believe in the opposition made to Catholics sending their children to the Public Schools. I was a pupil in them, and am a graduate of the High School. I am a Catholic, and I don't feel that the Public Schools ever did me any harm. Besides, I don't like Catholic schools. There is *too much religion* in them."

"I have always regarded you as a Catholic, though not a very strict one," was the reply; "but I must say that you are not talking now as a Catholic should. As you never attended Catholic schools, and take no interest in them, I suspect you know very little about them. Why are you opposed to them?"

"Well, I judge from their influence on my *sister*. She was educated in them; and she seems saturated, perfectly *saturated* [he repeated with emphasis] with religion. It annoys and disgusts me."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed his friend; "I know your sister and your whole family, as well, perhaps, as you do yourself. Do you pretend to tell *me* that your sister *obtrudes* or *parades* her religion on any occasion, or in any way whatever?"

"Oh, no: I don't mean that."

"Well, then," exclaimed his friend (still somewhat excited), "what do you mean? You know that I am, and for years have been intimate in your father's house; and I know that your sister is a model daughter, and *you* ought to regard her as a model sister. She relieves her mother of a great part of the cares of the household, is industrious at home; and in society is universally admired as a true lady; intelligent and accomplished —more so than *yourself*, for that matter."

"That's rather plain talk," said the other, somewhat nettled.

"It's plain, but it's true," was the rejoinder. "Pardon my bluntness; but I take the liberty of

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an old friend, and a friend of your father's. I was his friend when you were a mere boy, and have been your and his friend from then till now. But what fault on earth have you to find with your sister and her religion?"

"Well just this: My sister is *too* religious, or conscientious, whatever you choose to call it. She won't go with me to amusements which the clergy denounce; refuses to dance some of the most fashionable dances; she won't stay away from church on Sundays and holydays on any account; observes all the fasts, as though her very life depended on it; has regular times for saying her beads and prayers, and—and in fact, her strict regard for the rules and routine of what she calls her *duty* annoys and vexes me. I am a Catholic, but I don't believe in being so strict about religion."

The rejoinder of this we cannot give, inasmuch as our friend, who narrated it, unable any longer to repress his feelings, got up and left the room to avoid indignantly calling this LIBERAL Catholic (with whom he had no personal acquaintance) to account.

What we have related, however—and it actually occurred between well-known persons here in Philadelphia,—is quite sufficient to show how the Public Schools sap the very foundations of faith and obedience; and how persons attending them may still cling to the *name* of Catholic, though, owing to the pernicious influence of those schools, they have lost the very life and soul of true devotion and religion.

A Remarkable Reformation through Prayer and the Intercession of the B. V.

THE EFFECT OF FERVENT AND PERSISTENT INVOCATION OF THE AID OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.

There lives to-day in one of the most prominent cities of the Eastern States a young man of respectable parentage and good position, who, like many other young men, has not always made the best use of the advantages given him by God. Being an only son, this young man's parents gave him all the advantages of a first-class education, and he graduated as Master of Arts in one of the most noted universities in the country. Shortly after taking his degree, he took up the study of one of the leading professions, and in due time graduated with the highest honors that could be conferred. He then entered upon the practice of his profession with fair patronage and brilliant prospects. Envying the happiness and the bright future of the aspiring youth, the evil one urged him to join with and become the associate of dissipated young men. Little by little the coil of the decoyer was tightening around the young victim, and he gradually drew him away from the helps of his early faith and moral training. His previous standing in society was lost in proportion to his descent in the path of fashionable dissipation, and his business diminished as his bar-room associates increased. Remonstrance and supplication were of no avail. Heart-broken and sorrowful at seeing the bloom and vigor of the cherished youth withering in the blight of dissipation, his father moved West, a lonely widower, with nothing left but the one encouraging thought that while there is life a remnant of hope still remains. He had recourse to the prayers of the Church, and especially invoked the aid of the Blessed Mother of God. Novenas and rosaries constantly besieged her; good results seemed slow in coming, but this did not diminish the repetitions of prayer, accompanied with the tears of a parent's grief, until at length (thank God!) the appeal found favor, and the angel of repentance was sent to effect a reformation in a most miraculous manner.

The young man, whose rooms adjoined his office, became so strangely affected one night at the retrospective view of his mad career which constantly haunted him, that he arose, dressed himself, and, with a bed-quilt wrapped around him, he went into a blacksmith's shop near by, where he placed himself on the cinders scattered over the hearth and went to sleep, not awaking until the workmen arrived in the morning. When questioned as to what brought him there, he told his story and begged not only secrecy but permission to continue the self-imposed penance. Of course the secret was not well kept; still, remonstrance could no more dissuade him from his purpose than temptation could allure him to indulge in his previous dissipation. When asked by some friends how he could endure such humiliation, his reply was that being brought to such a depth of degradation by unbridled indulgence, it needed the most humiliating mortification to bring him to a sense of his miserable state and effect a cure. The work of reform soon became evident, and his well-known ability soon restored him to his former rank and standing. Confidence in him was fast becoming restored; his former professional associates reinstated him in their ranks, and overlooked his temporary fall for the sake of his professional ability, and to-day he ranks among the foremost in his profession.

Who so lost that the invocation of the Blessed Mother of our Lord and Saviour, and her intercession with Him on behalf of poor human nature, cannot be reclaimed? * * *

How Catholics were Treated in Pennsylvania in Olden Times.

A. J. D. in "The Catholic Mirror."

No doubt in theory at least, and, it is not to be denied, partially, if no more, in practice, Catholics were allowed the performance of their religious worship. It was well to keep it out of sight, however; and, at no time in early provincial days was there a hearty acquiesence in the *allowance*. In a letter from Governor Morris to Governor Hardy, of New York, under date of the 5th of July, 1756, the former writes that "the Roman Catholics in this and the neighboring province of Maryland are allowed the free exercise of their religion." Hardy, replying, on the 9th of July, commenting upon the French war, thinks that certain facts regarding the colonists had transpired "through the treasonable correspondence of Roman Catholics with the French," and quite naively observes, "I have heard you have an ingenious Jesuit in Philadelphia," probably referring to poor Father Harding. In those days, the few Catholics in Philadelphia were worshipping in Willing's Alley, in old St. Joseph's Church, now so enclosed in the growth of the city that few strangers

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can find it. No doubt divine service was fairly allowed in 1756.

There seems to have been a strange fear that Catholics were, of necessity, traitors to the country. One result of this fear was the taking of a census of the faithful, which can be found in the Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. 3, and, as it is of curious interest, I give it here in full:

A LIST OF ALL THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN PENNSYLVANIA, 1757.

(That is of all such as receive the Sacraments, beginning from twelve years of age, or thereabouts.)

Under the care of Robert Harding:

	Men.	Women.
In and about Philadelphia, being all Irish (or English)	72	78
In Chester county	18	22
Under the care of Theo. Schneider:		
In and about Philadelphia, being all Germans	107	121
Philadelphia county, but up country	15	10
Berks county	62	55
Northampton county	68	62
" " Irish	17	12
Bucks county	14	12
Chester county	13	9
" " Irish	9	6
Under the care of Ferd. Farmer:		
In Lancaster county, Germans	108	94
Irish	22	27
Berks county, Germans	41	39
Irish	5	3
Chester county, Irish	23	17
Germans	3	
Cumberland county, Irish	6	6
Under the care of Matthias Manners:		
In York county, Germans	54	62
Irish	35	38
		673
Total sum	1,365	

APRIL 29, 1757.

A most formidable showing, and well calculated to inspire a salutary dread of unknown and terrible deeds! Perhaps some may fancy that this census does not necessarily indicate a fear of what Roman Catholics might do, but simply gathered as historical data, as it were. To such I recommend a study of the following provisions of "An Act for Regulating the Militia," passed by the Provincial Assembly 29th of March, 1757, the same year. I give only those sections referring to "Papists," and omitting much of the involved phraseology of the past century, but not so omitting as to make a case against the province.

"And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all arms, military accoutrements, gunpowder and ammunition, of what kind soever, any Papist, or reputed Papist, within this Province, hath or shall have in his house or houses, or elsewhere, one month after the publication of this Act, shall be taken from such Papist, or reputed Papist, by warrant, etc., etc.; and, if any such Papist * * * shall attempt to conceal such arms, etc.; etc.; * * * any such person so offending, shall be imprisoned by a warrant from said justices for the space of three months, without bail or mainprize."

"And, whereas all Papists, and reputed Papists, are hereby exempted from attending and performing the military duties enjoined by this Act; * * * and, nevertheless, will partake of and enjoy the benefit * * thereof. * * * Be it enacted * * * that every male Papist * * * between the age of seventeen and fifty-five years * * * pay the sum of twenty shillings."

From 1757 to 1776 was how many years? My arithmetic makes it just nineteen. Almost time sufficient for the baby in arms, who was not old enough to go to the Sacraments, being not "twelve or thereabouts," to have but a dim remembrance, if any, as he took "arms and accoutrements" for his country, that his father or grandfather was not allowed a squirrel gun to go a shooting!

But there were Catholics in those days who did remember this law, and the consequent numbering of their people, to enable it to be carried out. Not with bitterness perhaps.

Certainly George Meade, the grandfather, and Garret Meade, the great-uncle of General Meade (who bore "arms and accoutrements" on a certain day at Gettysburg, in the whilom Province of Pennsylvania)—certainly *they* did not remember it with bitterness when they gave royally of their substance to help defeat the enemy, and secure the independence of their country. Nor did Thomas Fitzsimmons, when the people who had helped to frame this law sent him to the Continental Congress, remember it with bitterness, as he signed the Constitution of the United States as a member from the whilom Province of Pennsylvania.

Penn may have had liberal sentiments in regard to the free exercise of religion, but, if so, he was a coward when he wrote those letters, the quotation of which has inspired this communication. Pennsylvania may have been liberally disposed towards Roman Catholics, but her acts belied her disposition. She has more than 1,365 Catholics within her borders to-day, and her people perform military duty creditably, whether Protestant or Catholic, and it is well,—but apologies for the past and explanations are useless. Let the dead past bury the past. Pennsylvania is a grand old commonwealth now, and ready enough to acknowledge what she owes in the past to her Catholics, and ready to trust them in the future.

Letter from the New Vicariate of Dakota.

DEVIL'S LAKE AGENCY, DAKOTA, Nov. 23, 1879.

DEAR "AVE MARIA": In the northern part of Dakota Territory is a pretty large lake, called the "Devil's Lake." Its length from east to west is about 24 miles; its breadth about 12, and numerous islands lie embosomed in it. On the south side is a reservation for some tribes of the Sioux Indians. This reservation is assigned to the Church. The Indians on the reservation deserve praise, being docile, industrious and to a great extent also a religious people. The mission buildings for these Indians are located only a few rods from the lake, about midway its length. The situation is a delightful one; the visitor is charmed with it and the beautiful and romantic scenery by which it is surrounded. The constant roaring of the lake, day and night, is very striking, and reminds us of the Lord of nature, whom even "the winds and the sea obey."

My chief object in writing is to inform your readers of an interesting ceremony that took place here to-day; namely, the laying of the corner-stone of a new church edifice, not at the mission buildings for the Indians (there was a new chapel built there only last year, and dedicated on the 10th of November, 1878), but seven miles further west, at Fort Totten. The Fort is also located on the south side of Devil's Lake, but west of the mission buildings. The garrison consists of three companies of soldiers, the majority of whom are Catholics, and near by are the buildings for the Indian Agent and the employees. Hitherto there was only a private room for a chapel, but the few residents have decided to erect a building exclusively for divine service. The agency employees furnished logs for the

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purpose, and the soldiers will in the course of the winter contribute their share in money to buy the necessary lumber. It is intended to finish the work next spring, as the cold weather will not permit more to be done this fall than the laying of the foundation. The body of the new church will be 35x26 feet, besides a convenient choir 15 feet long. The whole will be built on a solid foundation of stone and of logs sawed square. The building will be plastered inside, and weather-boarded on the outside. When finished it will be a solid, warm and neat structure, and moreover will be a little monument of the zeal and dovotedness of the agency employees and the Catholic soldiers at the post. The new church is to be dedicated to the great St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, the pattern of a true citizen, a good soldier, a devoted monk, and a zealous priest and Bishop.

At the hour appointed for the solemn ceremony of laying the corner-stone, the procession defiled from the Agent's residence, in which the present temporary chapel is located, to the place opposite, where the new church is to be erected. The religious rites were performed by the Rev. Claude Ebner, O. S. B. In the corner-stone were enclosed a copy of THE AVE MARIA and *Northwestern Chronicle*, medals of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and St. Benedict, also a rosary blessed by our Holy Father the Pope, together with the following document:

✠

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

In the year of grace, 1879, November 23d, the corner-stone of this church, dedicated to the honor of God and under the invocation of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, was laid; it being the second year of the Pontificate of our Holy Father Leo XIII; Most Rev. John Martin Henni being Archbishop of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Rupert Seidenbusch, O. S. B., Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Minnesota, and Rt. Rev. Abbot Martin Marty, O. S. B., Bishop-elect of this newly-erected Vicariate of Dakota; Major James McLaughlin, United States Indian Agent at Devil's Lake Agency, and Joseph Conrad, Major 17th U. S. Infantry, Commanding Officer at Fort Totten. The corner-stone was laid with the solemn rite of the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. Claude Ebner, O. S. B., Indian Missionary at Devil's Lake Agency, and Pastor of this new church.

Catholic Notes.

——Ground has been purchased for a Catholic Protectory in the diocese of Hartford.

——The monks of the hospice on Mt. St. Gothard have harbored in one year 11,101 necessitous travellers of various nationalities.

——The death is announced of Rev. Father Scott, of Mazomania, Wis. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss is deeply regretted. *R. I. P.*

——The election of Very Rev. Father Bonaventura Soldatic, O. M. C., formerly Provincial at Padua, as Superior-General of the Franciscan Minorites, has been confirmed by the Holy Father.

——A SPLENDID ALBUM, worth $1,000, presented to Archbishop Williams of Boston by the Emperor of Austria, was raffled for at the fair recently held in Boston for the benefit of the Cathedral.

——The Sisters of St. Augustine's Convent, near New Orleans, have become quite famous as silk growers. A few years ago a gold medal was awarded to them at an exposition in the Southern States.

——Rev. Father Burke, O. P., mourns the loss of his venerable and pious mother, whose death, at the age of eighty-five, is of recent occurrence. She had the consolation of her son's presence during her last illness. *R. I. P.*

——We give elsewhere in our columns this week an excellent and timely article from the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*,—and we hope all our readers will peruse with care, and ponder upon, the moral conveyed in this account of "An Actual Occurrence."

——RIGHT REV. TIMOTHY O'MAHONY, Bishop of Armidale, Australia, has been appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Lynch, of the See of Toronto, who has been in failing health for some time past. Bishop O'Mahony is a native of Cork, and was consecrated Bishop of Armidale in November, 1869.

——The *Voce della Verita* says that the recent Catholic Congress held in Modena has clearly demonstrated that the action of the Catholics in Italy is daily becoming more vigorous. A great mistake would be made, however, in charging Italian Catholics with being torpid or indifferent. They are anything but that.

——THE POET WHITTIER has contributed for the relief of the suffering poor in Ireland. "Will thee do me the favor," he says in a letter to Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, "to send the enclosed $10 to Sister Mary Francis Clare, Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, County Kerry, Ireland, for the suffering poor in her neighborhood. I only wish I could do more; but there are many calls nearer home which I must heed to the very extent of my ability."

——THE POPE'S HEALTH.—There is no truth in the statements of the Liberal papers that the Holy Father has been attacked by the fainting fits from which he suffered so terribly while Bishop of Perugia. It is a singular fact that while the attendants and prelates whom he called from Perugia are subject, off and on, to attacks of the Roman fever, and are obliged to revisit Perugia at intervals, in order to recuperate, the Pope is always well.

——HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING has purchased a spacious mansion, formerly a club house, for $180,000, on the site of which the great Westminster Cathedral will be erected, in sight of the old Abbey. His Eminence does not intend to commence his Cathedral till he has collected into his schools all the Catholic children of his diocese; he builds up first the living temples of the Holy Ghost. It is as it should be everywhere.—*Correspondence of Abp. Lynch.*

——AN HISTORICAL CHURCH.—A chiselled inscription over the entrance to the old Cathedral on Walnut st., between Second and Third sts., St. Louis, informs the passers-by that the edifice was dedicated to the service of God in the year 1834. It stands upon the very spot where, more than one hundred years ago, the Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered up in the forest home of the Indian, and where, later, a rude log structure served as a church for the early French Catholics.

——A MONUMENT TO LUIGI GALVANI, the founder of the science of galvanism, has been inaugurated at Bologna, in the piazza which bears his name. It was erected at the expense of the municipality. It is worth noting that although the Italian Government now honors the memory of Galvani, he was thoroughly opposed to the policy of that Government. He refused to take the oath of fidelity to the cis-Alpine Republic, established in Italy by the same means as Victor Emmanuel established his rule in Bologna. He was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and a good Catholic all his life.

——DR. WARD HONORED.—The Holy Father has conferred upon Dr. Ward, of the *Dublin Review*, the

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Commenda of the Order of St. Gregory, "in testimony," says the Cardinal Secretary, "of the high esteem in which his Holiness holds the services rendered by you to the Church and to science, especially in philosophy, by the publication of your works, and of the great satisfaction with which the Holy Father sees a Catholic layman employing the lights and talents which Divine Providence has bestowed upon him for the defence of the rights of the Roman Pontiff which have been violated, and for the diffusion of the doctrines against which the self-called philosophers of our times direct their attacks."

——SACRILEGIOUS SALES IN ROME.—The announcement of a sale by public auction of the ciboriums and altars of the demolished churches of the Incarnation, St. Teresa and St. Caius, has excited profound displeasure among the Romans, and even among the Italians who approved of the usurpation of the States of the Church. The *Popolo Romano* says that the religious sentiment of the great majority of the subjects of the King of Italy, is offended by this scandalous sale; and the *Avvenire* says that the great majority of the Romans are disgusted by this insult to the Catholic religion, which was the patrimony of their fathers. It should be remembered, says the *Avvenire*, that Napoleon I, when he suppressed monasteries and churches, handed over to other churches the sacred objects, such as altars and ciboriums.

——RELIGIOUS RECEPTIONS.—On Friday, the 21st ult., the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Rev. Father Prendergast, pastor of St. Malachy's Church, assisted by the Rev. Father Mullen, gave the religious habit at the Convent of Mercy, Broad street and Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, to Miss Ada Carr, of the same city. It was a very interesting and impressive ceremony. A discourse was delivered by the Rev. J. J. Donnelly of St. John's, who congratulated the young lady religious on her happy choice of a life entirely devoted to the service of God, and deplored the misery of those whose only desire is to procure and enjoy the perishable goods of this world. The ceremony concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the morning of the same Feast, Miss Kate Mattingly (Sister Mary Alphonsus) received the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, in the chapel of the Franciscan Sisters at Shelbyville, Ky. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Reed.

——FATHER CURCI.—Apropos of stories, the newsmongers tried to get up a sensation on the subject of Father Curci. His reconciliation with the Pope is well known. One of the first effects noticed in the eloquent Jesuit after this reconciliation is his avowed resolution not to occupy himself further with politics. He has given himself up, heart and soul, to his exegetical studies, and has recently published an Italian version of the New Testament, accompanied by learned commentaries. The Pope deigned to accept a copy of this work, and praised the author. The Liberals construed this act of kindness into an indirect disapproval of the censures inflicted by the late glorious Pius IX on Father Curci. The inference is ridiculous, and has been declared such in a semi-official note published by the *Osservatore Romano*, a journal acknowledged to be in the full confidence of the Vatican.—*Roman Correspondence of the Catholic Standard.*

——A SUGGESTION.—Baltimore and Washington have already far advanced the cause of popular education by the formation of parochial branches of the excellent Young Catholic's Friend Society, which has for so many years done good service for poor boys in the city of Baltimore. Why should not a similar society be organized by the Catholic ladies throughout the United States to aid poor girls? Will not some of our charitable ladies take the matter in hand? The object of the Young Catholic's Friend Society, as already existing, is the decent clothing of poor boys wishing to attend the parochial schools. All who do attend regularly receive a full suit of clothes every year—from cap to shoes. If such societies were organized in every parish, and school-books and stationery included with the clothing, on a certificate from the pastor, much would be done towards reclaiming the thousands of children who are every year lost to the Church and to God.

——THE SULTAN AND THE POPE.—The letter of thanks which the Sovereign Pontiff addressed to the Sultan of Turkey, after his act of justice to the Armenian Catholics, has elicited the following gracious response:

TO HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

Our beloved, glorious, majestic friend!

I have received the friendly letter which it has pleased your Holiness to address to me, that I might share the joy which you experienced in consequence of the recognition of His Excellency Mgr. Hassoun as Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians. In expressing to your Holiness my gratitude for the friendly sentiments which it has pleased you to offer me on this occasion, I am happy to tender you on my part the assurance of my earnest desires for your glory and happiness, and I am sure that, inspired with the benevolent intentions of your Holiness, Mgr. Hassoun will loyally fulfil his mission. I pray your Holiness to accept the renewed expression of my sentiments of sincere friendliness, and to continue to grant me tokens of your kind and valued friendship.

Given at Constantinople the month of Chaban (August), 1879.

In Memoriam.

Of your charity pray for the soul of MRS. ANNA J. HEARONS, wife of James T. Hearons, of Bradford, Pa., and eldest daughter of B. J. Reid, Esq., of Clarion, Pa., who died November 16th, 1879, aged 24 years.

In less than a year after leaving the paternal roof a happy bride—fairest hopes gilding her future—she was called from earthly happiness to the possession of that which God has prepared for those who love Him, leaving an infant daughter to fill her place in the hearts so bereft. Though death came unexpectedly, it did not find her unprepared. Ardently enjoying during her brief, bright life, many temporal blessings, she never forgot the eternal brightness beyond. Not one of her earthly joys was purchased by compromise between earth and heaven. She loved her friends, especially her "own dear ones," with intense devotion; but her love for God surpassed all other love. She was remarkable for true humility and a forgiving spirit: no jarring element could exist within the sphere of her influence. There was no lukewarmness in the performance of her religious duties; half measures never suited her. Hers was one of those spirits who carry sunshine wherever they go. Her words of cordial sympathy and cheer, her ready, helping hand, her glad smile of welcome, will never be forgotten by her numerous friends. Our loving Father took her home while yet "from earth's tarnish free," and before that heart, with its immense capacity for loving, should be bound to earth by cords too many and too strong. Her memory will remain as a bright vision of the past, and an example of the truth that a pure Christian life is the only one that calls forth universal love and admiration.

K. A. R.

BRIDGEWATER, PA., December 1, 1879.

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Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3D.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 63 persons and 3 families,—change of life for 32 persons and 3 families,—conversion to the Faith for 14 persons and 4 families,—special graces for 5 priests, 4 religious, 3 clerical students, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state,—temporal favors for 55 persons and 8 families,—spiritual favors for 69 persons and 20 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 4 communities, 4 congregations, 3 schools and 1 hospital,—also 48 particular intentions, and 5 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: A young mother in very delicate health, that she may be spared to her little ones,—several children specially recommended by their mothers to the Blessed Virgin,—persons afflicted with scruples,—recovery of a priest slightly affected with paralysis,—success of several enterprises undertaken in the interest of religion.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

The goodness of our Blessed Mother is truly inexhaustible. Every week we are informed of cures and other favors obtained through her intercession. Thus, a pious correspondent writes: "The young lady for whom I wrote has had the happiness of obtaining a cure. She suffered great pain in her head, and could not endure any light. Hearing of her affliction, I sent her word that if she had faith I would give her some of the miraculous water to use. She is a good Catholic, so our Lady cured her. The cure was spoken of even in a secular paper, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*." Another client of our Lady writes: "The water was also given to a friend, so much advanced in consumption that her case was considered hopeless by the doctors. Yet, strange to say, an application of the Lourdes water, together with the Sign of the Cross, gave her so much relief that she was able to get up the next day, and was as strong and healthy as ever a few days afterwards." "A grateful parent says: "I send these few lines to inform you of a favor bestowed on us by our Blessed Lady. Our baby had whooping cough in its worst form, but to our great surprise, the affliction disappeared entirely after the use of the water of Lourdes."

OBITUARY.

We recommend the following deceased persons to the Confraternity: Mr. AUSTIN MCDONNELL, of Chatham, Ont., who departed this life on the 16th of October. Mrs. M. GASSANE, whose death occurred lately in Ireland. Mr. MICHAEL CARMODY, of Co. Limerick, Ireland, who slept in the Lord at Mohawk, N. Y., on the 15th ult. Mrs. MARGARET SCHWARZ, recently deceased at Chillicothe, Ohio. Mrs. ANNA J. HEARONS, who died a happy death on the 16th of November. Mrs. GRACE DOUGHERTY, of Burkville, Pa., who closed a long and edifying life by a holy death on the 15th ult. Mrs. MARGARET MCCARTHY, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who departed for heaven on the Feast of St. Stanislas. Mrs. SULLIVAN, of Medford, Mass., Mr. M. GALLAGHER, of San Francisco, Cal., and Miss ELLEN KENNY, whose deaths are of recent occurrence. BERNARD QUIGLY, and CHARLES ROURKE, deceased some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Children's Department.

The Story of an Orphan Boy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "AVE MARIA" FROM THE GERMAN OF CANON CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

After Anthony had finished his narration, he inquired minutely after the health of his dear parents. He had remarked, not without pain, how much older they seemed to have grown since his leaving them. Their grey hair and multiplied wrinkles were hard for him to behold. But he pretended not to notice them, in order not to sadden his parents. On the other hand, he was astonished to see Christian, Catharine and Louisa now in the full bloom of life. He called to him Christian's two children. "Well, well," said he, "how time does fly! Why, eighteen years ago, Christian and Catharine were children like these; Louisa, smaller still. Now these children have come into our places." He gazed at the two little ones with pleasure. "Well," said he, "have you got your Christmas-gifts yet?"

"No indeed," said little Frank; "the high-forester has spoiled our fun: he's a very Herod." His mother chid him for speaking so.

"Anthony," said little Clare, "an angel must 'a' sent you here, sure. Have you brought us any Christmas-gifts?"

"Yes indeed," said he; "I haven't forgotten you. But you must wait till my trunk comes; they're all in it." The children were satisfied with this.

The supper was then brought in: but there was more talking than eating. After supper the children were put to bed. But all the rest remained up. "Early to-morrow morning we must prepare a special surprise for the dear little ones," said Anthony: "we must raise a Christmas-tree for them: that's the custom in some places, as it is in others to make a crib. Christian, out of love for his children, must make it convenient to go out to-night and hunt us up a young fir-tree. I have brought with me the wherewith to adorn it. I left my coachman, whose horse was worn out, in Ashdale, and hurried here on foot over the hills; but he'll be here to-morrow before break of day with my trunk and the rest of my baggage."

The following morning, whilst the children were yet softly and sweetly sleeping, all the grown up persons in the house were busy with the erection and ornamentation of the Christmas-tree. A fine young fir, with thick green boughs, was placed in the corner of the room, between

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the windows. When the coach came, Anthony opened a large box, filled with everything to please children. He hung round on the branches of the tree all the little gifts he had purchased abroad. He knew how to arrange it all very artistically. Now he took out a couple of dozen of small tin lamps, with wax-tapers in them; these he hung carefully around on the boughs, that they might at the same time illuminate the tree, and not set anything afire. When all was ready, Catharine and Louisa went to awaken the children. "But they mustn't come," said Anthony, "till I have lighted the lamps and mother calls them."

When the children heard of the Christmas gifts, sleep departed. They couldn't be dressed quickly enough. Finally mother called: "Now come!" The children sprang into the room, but all of a sudden stood still, blinded by the glitter and blaze. At first, they were so astonished and charmed at the unexpected vision that they could not utter a word. They stared at the wonderful glittering tree with big eyes and open mouths. The green glaze of the branches; the lights, twinkling like stars between; the deep-red brilliant apples, the nuts yellow as gold, the numberless colored and sparkling objects, seemed to them like witchery. They knew not whether they were asleep or awake. At length they cried in the greatest transport: "O how beautiful! how glorious!"

Frank said: "Such a tree as that, so beautiful and bearing such different kinds of fruit in winter, we haven't got in all our woods."

"What do you say?" said Clara, "such trees as that grow only in paradise or in heaven. Mother, didn't St. Nicholas send us that tree?"

"Not exactly as it is there," answered she. "But Christ, who once lay in a manger and is now in heaven, has prepared you this pleasure. For if He had not been born, we should know nothing of Christmas joys and Christmas gifts."

"Well then," said the children, "we must love Him more than ever. He is *so* good! No-body in the world has such joy as we have."

"Innocent children are the happiest creatures on earth," said grandmother; "their joys are pure and unmixed. Oh!" continued she, turning to the others, "how well we know that the pleasures of adults are often mixed with sorrows and cares,—embittered by ambition, avarice and other bad passions! That is a beautiful saying of our divine Redeemer: 'Unless you repent . . . and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!'"

Grandfather added his reflection. "The idea of the Christmas tree pleases me greatly. It was prudent and wise of our forefathers, that they bethought themselves how they should make the beautiful Christmas feasts days of joy to children in many different ways. Henceforward, on every Christmas, we must raise in this house a green Christmas tree for the dear little ones. Even if it be not so magnificently decorated as this one, it will be a source of no less joy to them. It takes but little to please children; a few apples, pears and gilded nuts are enough.

The parents and grandparents now thanked Anthony for the great pleasure he had given the dear children. "Oh! it's nothing worth talking of," said he. "But I have brought some little Christmas gifts for you too." He opened the trunk that stood in the corner of the room. "This trunk you once filled for me for my journey to Italy; it is no more than right that I should not bring it back entirely empty." He gave grandmother some costly furs and silk stuff. "It is the duty of good children," said he, "to keep their old parents warm in the cold season of the year." To the young wife and the two girls, he presented green taffeta for dresses, silk kerchiefs from Milan, and other articles of female apparel. The young forester received a splendid double-barrelled gun—the stock, of walnut, being beautifully inlaid with silver. "You, dearest father," said Anthony, "must not go hunting any more; you must rest now from your labors. You need strength in your old age. That basket is filled with bottles of the best old Rhine wine, and here is a goblet." Anthony handed him a silver goblet, splendidly gilt inside. Outside, within a wreath of oak leaves, there was this inscription: "To my dear Father, Frederick Greenwood, as a Memento of the Christmas-eve of 1740, presented on Christmas Day, 1758, by his grateful son, Anthony Croner."

The good old forester embraced Anthony with tears in his eyes. But Anthony now gave him, besides, a great roll of gold coins. "Dearest father," said he, "you have spent large sums on me; it would not be right that on my account the rest of your children and your grand-children should be stinted." The noble old man was taken by surprise and did not wish to accept the gift. "But," argued Anthony, "it is nothing but a little present from me. The most gracious prince has munificently paid me; and his generosity has given me double pleasure, because thereby I am enabled to pay you a part, at least, of an old debt that I can never repay in full."

All the company were greatly astonished. But the old grandmother expressed the feelings of all when she said: "Oh, Anthony, how little we thought on that Christmas-eve, when you entered our house for the first time, that you would one day prepare for us such a happy Christmas! By your influence with his highness, the prince, you have saved us from great distress, and now repay us so richly for all we have done for you."

"That has been God's doing," said Anthony. "He led me to this house in order to bless you

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and me abundantly. His Name be praised!"

"But now," continued Anthony, "you must allow me to depart immediately."

"What!—why?" asked all, astonished.

"I must go now to Mr. Riedinger's. I expect to be in time to attend Mass in town, to give my excellent teacher an agreeable surprise, and then bring him back with me here this evening. Then we will pass the Christmas holidays and the remaining days of this year right joyfully together."

All accompanied Anthony to the carriage. In the evening, Anthony returned with his teacher; and the old forester's residence in the gloomy woods entertained in those days as happy people as ever lived on earth. Whatever is worthy of mention of Anthony's further history is contained, in short, in the following: Anthony demanded of the old forester and his wife their daughter Louisa in marriage. Both joyfully assented. "Indeed, Louisa," said her mother to her, "I little thought when you gave that little apple to Anthony as a Christmas gift, he would one day lead you to the altar as his bride." The marriage feast was indeed the happiest occurrence that had ever yet gladdened the old forester's mansion. Anthony bought a house of his own in the city; being a very skilful artist, he had always plenty of work, and lived with Louisa in the happiest concord.

In the following spring, the prince came unexpectedly to the hunting Castle of Rockpeak, in company with Counsellor Miller and a foreign gentleman. The high-forester was much put out, and promised himself little good from the illustrious visit. "You have overstepped my commands, sir," said the prince to him. "I had, it is true, relying on your reports, dismissed the old forester from my service, and was willing that the young forester should be changed to a much inferior place. But to drive the whole family so inhumanly from the house, as you intended to do, never came into my head. But we will first examine the forests in question."

The high-forester's own district was found in a miserable state. "On the papers he sent me," said the prince, "all was nice and fine. Everything was as nicely written and lined as if it had been printed. But in the forest, I find it very different. In many places there is evidently less wood than his report calls for. He has deceived me."

As the sequel showed, the high-forester had, little by little, given a neighboring iron-foundry several thousand cords of wood more than he had accounted for. To meet his enormous, almost princely expenditure, he had not only squandered his own income and run himself into debt, but resorted to dishonesty by cheating his prince. The prince discharged him, and sentenced him to repay the damages. Poor Sir Reed now had to live on a little country estate in very poor circumstances.

The forest district of the old forester, the prince found in excellent order. He came in person to the house, testified his satisfaction to the old man, had his whole family presented to him, and spoke a kind word to each one. Before he mounted his charger, which a servant held by the bridle before the forester's house, he said to the young forester: "I make you forester; only do as well in the future as you have done in the past. As for you," he said, turning to the old forester, "though you are advancing in years, you are far from being the worn-out old man Sir Reed represented you. Despite your age, you are yet hale and hearty, and I cannot dismiss you from my service. You will understand me when I say 'Adieu, Mr. High-forester!'"

Pius IX and the Peasant.

Some years ago, a poor and aged peasant went to Rome for the purpose of being admitted to an audience with the Holy Father. His countenance betrayed deep emotion, and scarcely did he find himself in the waiting room, when, overcome by the feelings which agitated him, he fainted away. The officers of the household pressed round him, and in about a quarter of an hour he returned to consciousness. It was necessary to remove him into the open air, but his Holiness not wishing to deprive him of the favor to which he attached so much importance, ordered that as soon as he was in a fit state he should be recalled. When the poor peasant was admitted he threw himself, in tears, at the feet of the Pope, from whom he received marks of the most paternal kindness.

Many years ago, a noble family of Rome went in the autumn, according to their custom, to a country seat about six miles from the city. Amongst the members of this family was a child named John. One day this child was walking in the fields, accompanied by a young peasant, and in their ramble they came to a deep dyke filled with water. The child, admiring the fishes which swam in the water, amused himself with their movements, and, wishing to take hold of them, approached the edge, lost his footing, slipped, and fell in. He was almost drowned, but Providence, which, in the secret of his counsels, watched over the life of this child—saved it from the danger—the peasant rescued the child. The peasant was the old man now in the presence of the Pope, and the child was—Pius IX. The old man had come to Rome, to see him of whom all the world spoke with praise. We need not add, that his Holiness sent the poor man away with substantial proofs of his kindness.

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 20, 1879. No. 51.

Christmas Time.

The Feast of the Nativity of our Divine Saviour is pre-eminently one of joy and gladness. Its advent is hailed with innate feelings of delight by the youthful and the aged, and by all conditions of life. On this great festival, the mind reverts to the sacred scenes of other days. We stand in spirit on the plains of Judea, and hear the joyous anthem of the angelic hosts, rending the midnight air, proclaiming the glory of the Great Jehovah, and announcing peace to fallen man. We are invited on this solemnity of the Church, as the shepherds were invited by the angelic choirs, to approach the manger, and contemplate the humility and poverty of the Divine Infant:

"No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things—
A manger for His cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings."

We are invited to draw nearer, and with His virginal Mother and Saint Joseph to mingle our adorations of the Infant Son of God.

Apart, however, from the religious reminiscences connected with this sacred festival, its return brings with it many pleasing associations. It is the season devoted in a special manner by our Catholic ancestors to innocent amusement; a season during which sorrow and care were banished from the social board, and joy beamed in every countenance. When

"Christmas came, the time of gladness,
Which our fathers gave to mirth,
Then no room had they for sadness—
Joyous at the Saviour's birth!
Then each homestead, deck'd with holly,
Bay and ivy leaves, was seen;
Winter's brow of melancholy
Cheering with a chaplet green.
Then kind looks with pleasure beaming,
Blazing hearth, and festive fare;
Hearts with social feeling teeming,
Welcomed joy and banishd care.
While with early salutations
Loud the parish bells were rung,
And in tones of gratulations
Many a village carol sung."

The reminiscence of this holy season, which the poet has so graphically pictured, is nearly all that has descended to the present time. This once happy, religious, and truly joyous festival has long since ceased to be what it was in days of yore. The cold materialism of our age, which has frozen the very soul of modern society, has divested it of its religious spirit and vitality; and has left us little else than the "shreds and patches" of its former sociality. If then we present to our readers a picture of what "Old Father Christmas," with his venerable, smiling, frosty brow, was in olden times, we shall lay before them much that is interesting and worthy of their imitation; much that will amuse and instruct the young and edify the old.

First, however, we will glance hastily at the history and antiquity of the festival.

From the time of Noe to the Nativity of our Divine Lord, amid all the corruptions of mankind there were preserved several leading truths, such as the fall of man, the promise of a redemption, the future state, and the like. Among the Oriental nations, a knowledge of these truths was especially prevalent, and, no doubt, handed down by the priests to their successors, but concealed from the people. These nations had numerous festivals, and among the most universally celebrated was that of the return of the sun, which generally took place after the winter solstice. The Romans celebrated this festival on the 25th of December. The Greeks, Persians, and other nations had similar festivals at this season of the year. The Nativity of our Lord thus took place at a period of the year already marked by festal rejoicings, and became the festival of festivals; the rising of the Christian Sun, whose effulgence should absorb the lesser rays of the glimmering stars of prophecy, tradition, and customs, and mark the time when the heavens should open and "bud forth a Saviour."

THE ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTMAS.

The celebration of this great festival may be traced to the days of the Apostles. St. Clement, the third from St. Peter in the See of Rome, in an

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epistle addressed to one of the churches about the year 70, directs that the commemoration of the Nativity of our Lord be observed on the 25th of December. In the fourth century, we learn that feasting at this festival was carried to excess, and that St. Gregory Nazianzen preached and wrote against these excesses. About the same time we find it recorded that the Christians had assembled in the church at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, to celebrate the Feast of the Nativity, and the tyrant Dioclesian, the Roman Emperor, ordered it to be closed and set on fire, and about 20,000 persons perished in the flames. Previous to the fourth century, a slight difference existed between the Eastern and Western churches as to the day on which the feast should be kept: the Eastern Church keeping it on the 6th of January, and the Western on the 25th of December. The question was referred to the Apostolic See, and was there decided that it should be universally kept on the 25th of December.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AND AMUSEMENTS.

In former times, and even in Catholic countries at present, the Christmas festival proper extended from the 24th of December to the 6th of January, or Twelfth-Day, and even as far as the Feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady. This period with our ancestors became a season of relaxation and merriment. The nature of man may be said to be threefold: he is a physical, mental, and moral being; and everything which tends to the healthful development of these powers must be legitimate and good. It does not alter the truth of this position that these recreations have been misapplied; this would be to admit that our faculties themselves are evil because they are frequently abused. For ourselves, we admire the philosohpy of our forefathers, who originated these festivities, far more than the grasping and avaricious spirit of the present day, which practically evinces that wealth and sensuality are the chief pursuits of the great mass of mankind. It is well known that exercise, laughter and judicious merriment are conducive and even essential to health. The anticipated meeting of long-separated friends, usual at this festival, the receiving and returning of visits; the giving and receiving of Christmas gifts, the fond meeting of parents with their absent children, the charities peculiar to this holy and love-inspiring season—each and all form so many aids to the developing of man's physical nature. Man's mental powers are benefitted by the return of the festivities of Christmas. By excessive application to business, the mind loses much of its social qualities, even those which constitute the very soul of domestic life. In our eager pursuit after the good things of this world, we are apt to forget the claim of the great brotherhood of man, and to ignore the labor and toil endured for our benefit by those who have gone before us. The annual recurrence of Christmas is to man what spring is to the other seasons of the year; it expands and transplants his thoughts to a wider sphere; he is induced to look back to the past, and to value more the giant labors of the men of other days; the hospitality of the time tends to develop those high social feelings, which should always be found among families and nations. What season or festival is better calculated to awaken the moral feelings and affections of the Christian heart? From the contemplation of the lowly manger of Bethlehem, the rich may learn a thousand salutary lessons; and those in humble life who may be inclined to murmur at their hard lot, are consoled and encouraged in the poverty around them, by the remembrance of Him "who being rich, yet for their sake became poor." The renewal of family friendship, the interchange of kindly affection, are also well calculated to produce happy and moral results; and indeed we scarcely know a single virtue or grace which the proper celebration of this beautiful festival does not call into exercise.

Many of the customs practiced in olden times during this holy season are not only interesting, but exceedingly instructive. They are striking evidences of the lively faith and fervent piety of our Catholic forefathers, with whom they originated. The custom of decorating the houses, and more particularly the churches and chapels, with evergreen, was prevalent—a custom that prevails, to a certain extent, to the present time. The plants used for these decorations are various, but there are a few which seem more especially appropriate to this joyous season, such as the laurel, holly, ivy, mistletoe, bay, fir, box, cypress, and rosemary, and these, from remote antiquity, have had symbolical meanings. The laurel speaks of victory; the holly of vigor, and its glowing red berries, of affection and good works; the ivy, which clings with such tenacity to whatever affords it support, suggests a close adherence to our Christian duties; the mistletoe, having medicinal qualities, reminds us of the birth of Him who was to heal the wounds of our souls, and its white berries, emblems of purity, remind us that our thoughts and affections should not be of earth.

Among other things, the ceremony of lighting candles and the Christmas or *yule* log, on the eve of this sacred festival, was exceedingly interesting. This custom was doubtless designed to commemorate the light which shone on the plains of Bethlehem, an apt emblem of Him who came as a "light to enlighten the Gentiles." The *yule* log was to be lighted with a brand saved from the previous year, symbolical of

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perpetuity, and was introduced with music and ceremonies. The truth of Christianity was symbolized by its light also, and the spirit of charity is truly emblemized by its heat and warmth.

The Midnight Mass, which still prevails, is peculiar to the august festival of Christmas. It is usually followed by two others, every priest being required by the rubrics to say three Masses, in commemoration of the three Births of our Divine Saviour. First, His Birth from all eternity; secondly, His natural Birth in the stable of Bethlehem; and thirdly, His spiritual Birth in the hearts of the faithful.

In the "Records of Norwich" we find the following account of an ancient Christmas pageant: "A certain John Hickman, a worthy citizen, made disport with his neighbors and friends, and was crowned king of Christmas. He rode in state through the city, dressed forth in silks and tinsel, and preceded by twelve persons, habited as the twelve months of the year, their costumes varying to represent the different seasons of the year. In this way they rode through the city, accompanied by numbers in various grotesque dresses, making disport and merriment."

During the reign of Elizabeth of England, a check was given to these innocent and joyous pastimes by the violence of the so-called Reformation, and during the reigns of James the First, and the unfortunate Charles, the Puritans waged a furious and successful war against all kinds of diversions.

CAROLS.

Carols are of very early date; indeed the first Christmas carol may be said to have been sung by the angels to the shepherds on the night of the Nativity, when they chanted in seraphic strains the well known "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus.*" We have many very early Christmas carols founded on the appearance of the angels to the shepherds; and this subject was also, during the early and middle ages, the subject of public representations.

During the last days of Advent in Catholic countries, more especially in Rome, it is the custom for minstrels to visit every shrine of our Lady to chant carols and play before her their wild traditionary music; out of respect to St. Joseph, they also play before each carpenter's shop.

The deep religious feeling and sentiment that pervaded the ancient Christmas carols, form their chief subject of admiration. The wild and touching beauty of the following verses cannot fail to be appreciated:

"As Joseph was walking,
He heard an angel sing,—
This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.
"He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall."

Carol singing prevailed somewhat in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it is worthy of remark that the religious spirit breathed forth in the ancient carols was lost sight of for that of a gross and sensual character. Take the following example from Horne:

"So now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy-leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

"Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English Ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors, old or new.
Every neighbor shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep;
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drown his care in sleep."

But among the many peculiar modes of rejoicing which distinguished the celebration of this sacred festival in olden times, there was one that deserves not only to be remembered, but also to be practised—namely, the boundless hospitality with which the rich, at this season, were accustomed to supply the wants of their poorer brethren. In former times whole districts met together to celebrate Christmas; the old baronial halls and the mansions of the wealthy were thrown open to friends, tenants, and retainers, and the opulent proprietors delighted to distribute their bounty among the humbler members of their immediate neighborhood. This festival was a feast of joy to all, and care and sorrow, as far as possible, were banished from the land. Such indeed was the hospitality of the wealthy in Catholic times, while celebrating the Nativity of the Infant of Bethelem, that they seemed not to enjoy fully the viands that loaded their own tables, unless the poor were made partakers of their abundance. Beautiful and Christian-like charity! Let us imitate it. Let the poor be remembered at this sacred time; let their hearts be rejoiced by the free offering of a tithe of our abundance. But, above all, let not the friendless orphan be forgotten. Kind reader, touch not the Christmas feast until the nearest abode of the fatherless be honored by an offering from your table; until the Christmas dinner be blessed by the orphan's prayer.

ON the site of the cave of Bethlehem, where the Saviour of the world was born, there is a magnificent basilica which was built by St. Helen. Over the sacred spot is written in letters of gold: HERE WAS JESUS CHRIST BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY. (HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.)

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The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

(CONTINUED.)

Since business had been resumed, we had been expecting daily to have our case looked into, not thinking it likely that they would leave us to rot in our dungeon much longer. On the evening of the 11th of May, I heard the Christian girl say to John: "Tell the Bishop."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Bishop will know to-morrow," replied John.

"And why not tell me, at once, a thing that is known by everyone else?"

"The order of the Government has come. The Bishop and I are to be led outside the walls to be beheaded, and all the other Christians are to be strangled, opposite, in the corpse-chamber, with the exception of the young Christian girl, whom the jailer refuses to strangle, and to whom will be given a poisoned drink. The whole thing is fixed, and all will be over by the 19th of the month."

This news, coming from the chief jailer, could not, of course, be doubted. We had nothing to do but prepare ourselves for immediate death. As we had always some pagans with us, the Christians could not make their confessions, but I told them to prepare themselves, and that the next day I would give them a general absolution.

On the following morning, Sunday, the 12th of May, on opening the doors they drew forth a corpse from the robbers' prison. It was that of a Christian who had died during the night. I afterwards learned that on the evening before he had asked for a little water, but the turnkey only answered by dealing him a shower of heavy blows from the cudgel, and when the last blow had fallen he expired. It may be that all the Christians will be martyred thus. Towards 9 o'clock, I made a sign to express that I was going to give absolution to all the Christians in the prison; but, unfortunately, it was impossible to apprise those of it who were confined among the thieves. Those who were around me put themselves in a state of recollection, and I pronounced the words of absolution.

Two hours later, they brought another corpse out of the robbers' dungeon, another Christian, who had fallen a victim to hunger, misery, and savage treatment. As John was able to speak to me easily, I heard the half of his confession. Each of us retired more and more into himself, that we might spend in interior recollection the few moments which remained to us to live. The pagan women respected our silence, and when they did speak it was to blame the cruelty of the Government towards our poor Christian women, whom these pagans had only known a few days, but whom they loved and esteemed, and who all showed a truly noble courage at this terrible emergency. Then, the decision arrived at in our case was spoken of openly around us, and even outside the prison doors.

On Monday, the 13th, at nearly 4 o'clock, a servant brought the fatal rope and hung it before our eyes on the door of the death-chamber. They were evidently about to begin their work. I kept myself in readiness to bestow a last absolution on our Christians as they passed out; and I also prepared myself to walk forth to death. In a few moments I should exchange this prison for heaven, see God, the Blessed Virgin, the angels, the saints; —possess happiness without limit or end! How solemn was that moment of my life!

At five o'clock the chief jailer entered our dungeon and, sitting down, said suddenly: "What a catastrophe! they have just got the order to strangle Kim-tjyo-si this evening." Kim-tjyo-si was a functionary whose duty it was to collect the taxes levied on his province. A deficit of more than 20,000 dollars had been discovered in the accounts. He had been in prison two months; and, in spite of his large fortune, he had been unable to repay this debt to the Government. The judge was tired waiting, and, after having caused him to be tortured several times, had at last given the order for his death. In a few moments the preparations were made, and the chief jailer informed the unhappy man that his hour had come. I heard the jailer say to him, as they crossed the yard: "Come, we are going to do it for you in the handsomest manner, and with all possible respect." Three minutes afterwards he was a corpse in the death-chamber.

This event fell like a thunderbolt on all, especially the prisoners for debt, who, until now, had been spared. As soon as the door was opened we saw the poor, terrified pagans spitting till they were exhausted, so as to drive off the soul of the executed man, and hinder it from doing them any harm. This proves, at least, that they believe in the existence of the soul. The body of this man was claimed by his family, who took it away and buried it in their ancestral tomb. All who knew the deceased said: "He was unfortunate, but he was not guilty."

On Tuesday morning, we said to ourselves: "This is, perhaps, our last day." But this day, and many following, passed without incident. Had they changed their minds about us? We did not know.

John grew weaker and weaker every day, and was often ill; I myself felt much exhausted. The satellites who came to see us remarked the change in us. Formerly I had been able to take a little air in the yard, and walk a few steps, but the prisoners had become so numerous that it

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was impossible for us to move about. Besides, the heat began to make itself felt, our dungeon became more and more intolerable, especially after we got among us three robbers' wives, two of whom had with them little children of two or three years old. These women were remarkably dirty, their tempers were exceedingly bad, and their conduct more than indecorous.

About this time one of the chief satellites came and said to me:

"There is no news of the Fathers. They are not to be found. I believe they are really gone, and it is useless to search for them. What do you think?"

"In here," I answered, "I cannot know anything about it, not having any communication with the world outside; but seeing how difficult it is to remain in the country, I think they have done well if they have gone away."

"Yes, yes: that is what I think. I believe it is uesless to search for them."

"So do I," said I; "you will lose both your time and your trouble."

From time to time, satellites came to the prison. On a certain day one of them appeared whom I did not know, and as he addressed me in a very improper manner I did not answer him. "You rascal!" he said, "do you refuse to answer me? How dare you remain sitting in my presence? Take care!" he added, showing me his badge as a satellite; "you know now who I am!" I maintained my silence and immovability, and he retired in a rage, repeating his abusive language. A few minutes afterwards the chief jailer arrived, and the prisoners indignantly described what had happened. He was much displeased. "Who is the person who has said such things to the Bishop?" he inquired; "who would dare to abuse a man whom we all esteem so much?" Soon after, all the other satellites came to apologize.

So passed our days, nothing new happening. Occasionally we heard the sinister cry of the officials, bringing new prisoners to the dungeons; but sometimes, in happy contrast to this, rang the joyful shout of the same officials as they declared that a suffering creature was set free. At these moments, everyone rejoiced. The deliverance of one gave hope to all; and, naturally, each took it home to himself. When a rich prisoner left us, he generally made a present of some measures of rice to the poor thieves. On these occasions there was high festival in the prison, and double the usual amount of food was cooked. Under these circumstances, the cook, who was a thief, never failed to offer a sacrifice. When the table with the rice was brought in, the cook took a spoonful which he handed to an official, who in his turn, went and deposited this rice near a painting in the interior of the robbers' dungeon. Then he took another spoonful and threw it across the bars of the chamber of execution, repeating the following formula of prayer to the demon of the place: "Let such a one get out of this place, speedily!" If the sacrifice was a general affair, he exclaimed, "Let all the prisoners be set free to-morrow morning!" "No, no," the pagans would cry, "this evening; it must be this evening!" And the person who offered the sacrifice would add, "Let them, every one, get out this evening. Do not let a single one remain!" They all laughed while this piece of humbug was being done, and joked and frisked about; but they did not dare to dispense with its performance. The sorcerers specially insisted on it, and would have trembled to omit it, as they trembled at night when the light was put out. They saw goblins and devils on every side, and were terribly afraid of them, though they were themselves appealed to to chase away the evil spirits.

At the end of the month of May, we had some terribly hot days. The stifling air could not circulate in our dungeon, and I felt how difficult it would be to exist through the summer in this hole. John was often ill. If he were to die, what would become of me? His age and wisdom gave him a certain authority. He was the king of our dungeon; and more than this, he acted as a barrier between me and all the rest of the inhabitants; while, as a foreigner, I was enabled to hide behind him to a great extent. As a matter of prudence, I spoke to no one else, and John, on his part, was sparing of his words, but behaved with much caution and reticence.

We still wore, of course, our winter clothing, which had never been changed for five months; and it was dirty, tainted, and almost rotten. I had often begged for a change of dress, but though it had been promised to us, we expected it in vain. We were obliged to scrape out the cotton with which our coats were interlined; but this, though making them a little lighter, could not render them more clean. Vermin continued to devour us, and our beds of straw were foul.

These details will show you in what a position I was placed. How often I thought of Pope St. Marcellus, condemned by Maxentius to live in a stable and take care of beasts! The thought strengthened me. Then, in later times, I had the example of my predecessors, three Bishops, and many of our own brotherhood, who had languished in this prison, built during the last fifty years. Perhaps they inhabited this very dungeon. If the walls could speak, what tales they could have told us! I also thought of the many other Bishops imprisoned in Russia, Germany, and Brazil. Had Mgr. de Macedo, my friend and fellow-disciple at St. Sulpice, been better treated than I had been, by his jailers?

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Hunted down, in exile as I was, did I not suffer in common with the Bishops of Switzerland and Poland? Always and everywhere persecution had existed, and it is not those who suffer that ought to be pitied. Pity rather their executioners, and those who allow themselves to be vanquished by persecution.

Our persecutors seemed to have forgotten us anew, and we experienced what a terrible trial for Christians this long incarceration most certainly is. Every day is one long martyrdom: the head grows more weary, the body weaker, even the temper, in time, becomes irritable. A lively faith, constant piety, and, above all, sincere humility can alone, with the grace of God, sustain human weakness, and prevent our poor nature from breaking down under weariness and discouragement. But if the trial is hard, the help of grace is felt. The Christians with me persevered in prayer, in confidence in God, and abandoned themselves completely to Divine Providence. Nevertheless, they would sometimes say, "How long are we to remain like this? If they are going to put us to death, would that they would do it as quickly as possible!" At other moments the hope crept into their hearts that they might yet be released. The memory of family, children, and parents, came before them like a dream, from which they awoke to find still the prison—still endless confinement. They prayed continually for their relatives, and asked strength, courage, and perseverance for themselves.

On the 31st of May, the day after the Ascension, we learned that the two prefects of police were to come on the following day to hold their tribunal in the satellites' apartment, the antechamber of the prison. This was good news. For what could happen to us that would be worse than a further prolongation of our confinement in this dungeon?

Next morning, the 1st of June, there was a great commotion outside the prison. One of the prisoners, a friend of ours, came to tell us privately that I was to be brought up again before the two judges who had come to examine me. A few minutes later, a satellite presented himself and bade me follow him. We crossed the yard, the door of the prison flew open, and I found myself between two files of satellites in presence of the judges. They were now dressed as civilians, in fine robes of silk, wearing a large hat surmounted with an ornament in jade called *ok-nou*. They held a fan in their hands, and tranquilly smoked, in long pipes, the excellent tobacco produced in the northern provinces. The two files of satellites were composed almost entirely of chiefs. They looked at me with a somewhat patronizing air, and smiled as if we were all friends. What can all this mean? I said to myself, while a thousand different thoughts floated through my mind.

I was desired to sit down on the mat in the middle of the floor; and then the judge addressed me thus:

"How is your health? Have you been ill? How greatly changed you are!"

Whereupon the satellites smiled and observed to one another:

"Yes indeed: he is certainly very pale and thin."

"I am pretty well," I answered. "How could one be in prison without suffering from the confinement? I have not been sick, but I am weak, and I feel my strength decreasing every day. And, also, I would observe that exposed as I am here to the burning rays of the sun, which I have not seen for five months, I may easily get a severe headache, if not a sun-stroke."

"That is true," said the judge. "Let him come over and sit down close to us in the shade."

My trial did not begin badly. The judge took a sheet of paper, and having spread it out, said to me:

"Do you know Ni-yak-mang-i?"

"No: I do not know him."

"What is the meaning of yak-mang-i?"

"I cannot say; I do not know the name."

I was very much pressed, but could not possibly give any other answer. Later, old John informed them that yak-mang-i meant John in Chinese; and the explanation appeared to afford them satisfaction.

"Ni-yak-mang-i is a Christian; do you not know him?"

"No: I neither know where this personage comes from, nor who he is."

"What is the meaning of Paik-na-ri? do you know him?"

"No: I do not know him; nor indeed do I know whether the word signifies a person or a place."

Then they went on for a long time trying to decipher the name; and I cannot tell you all the absurd questions they put to me with a view of obtaining an explanation, to which, it would appear, they attached great importance. At length the proceedings took a comic turn.

"How do you pronounce this name in your language?"

"I cannot possibly give the pronunciation of a word which I do not know."

"But in French how do you pronounce Paik-na-ri?"

"Well, I shall pronounce it Paik-na-ri."

"No: that is not it."

One of the chiefs of the satellites then drew near to me and said, smilingly:

"You yourself are called Pok-Meing-i in Corean."

"Yes."

"Pok means Ilpe-ris-se."

"Yes, Felix."

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"Myeng-i means Ke-lai-ra."

"Yes, clear."

"Now, tell us in the same manner what means Paik-na-ri."

"Let me see the letter."

"There is no occasion; how do you translate Paik into your language?

"But of which Paik are you speaking? In Corean, one signifies *white*, and the other *hundred*."

"Well, write the word in Corean."

They gave me a pencil, and I wrote *seng* for hundred.

"And *na*, how is that pronounced in French?"

"*Na* is a pronoun which signifies *me*."

"Write that."

I had written in Corean *moa* for me. The chief was triumphant; he found that all had gone well.

"And *ri*, how do you pronounce that in French?"

"There are many *ri's* in Corean; which do you mean?"

"*Ri*, the measure of distance."

"In French, there is no *ri;* but ten *ri's* make a league."

"Write the word."

I wrote in Corean *rieu* for *league* as well as possible. I had then written *Seng-moa-rieu*. The great Judge, who had followed with much interest and patience this little play, read *Seng-moa-rieu*.

"Now," said he "ask him does he know a personage of his own country called *Seng-moa-rieu*."

I could not help laughing, and, without much exertion of memory, I answered:

"No: I am not acquainted with any one of that name."

There was a general feeling of disappointment. Evidently we were on the wrong track.

However, they were not discouraged; and we had to proceed in the same manner with two or three other names with which they were unacquainted, and which I did not know any more than they. The result was the same in every case. The whole examination, which was very long, was thus spent in explaining names which no one knew.

Generally, European names are translated into Chinese characters according to the sense, or according to the sound; while sometimes the translation of the first syllable only has to suffice. In China, it is difficult enough for anyone who does not know the person, to discern the European name by looking only at the letters; but in Corea, where the letters have oftentimes a different meaning from the Chinese, the difficulty becomes an impossibility. Thus, one day as I recounted the scene of the *Seng-moa-rieu*, a priest who was present told me that Paik-na-ri probably meant the name of Father Brenier, which the Chinese pronounced much like Pai-re-ni. This was possibly the case, especially as the judge, towards the end of the proceedings, said to me:

"What is the name of your present minister at Peking?"

"The minister of France, at present, in Peking, is called the Viscount Brenier de Montmorand."

They all did their best to pronounce the name, and succeeded splendidly with the single word Montmorand. But that was a great way off from Paik-na-ri; and the distance was just as great in the case of my translation *Seng-moa-rieu*.

"Are you acquainted with your minister?"

"Yes: I know him; I have seen him several times."

"How long is it since he came to Peking?"

"Two or three years."

Here the conversation languished, the judge not seeming to know what more he could ask me; and I took advantage of the pause to address him in the following words:

"It is now a long time since I was thrown into prison, and the Government has come to no decision. If I could see the king I would lay before him a petition; but not being able to present myself, I beg of the judges to be so good as to convey my words to him. You know enough of religion to be aware that it teaches nothing but good, that it teaches men to regulate their conduct, to become just men and worthy citizens. Up to this time it has been prohibited, under one futile pretext or another. I do not know what the king thinks of it, but I venture to beg of him to be so good as to allow us to remain in Corea, to preach and teach religion; the people and the Government can derive nothing but advantage from it in many ways. This is the great desire of my heart, and these are the words which I wish to address to the king."

The judge, Ni-kyeng-ha, looked at me, smiled disdainfully, and with an abrupt, hardly articulate exclamation, ordered me to be led out of his presence.

I was, therefore, brought back to the prison, where all fixed their eyes on me, trying to find out what the decision of the judges had been. As for the decision, I had no idea what had been arrived at; nor did I really know what the meaning of the whole affair was, so much had the examination surprised me. I suspected, however, that some despatch had been received from without; but whence it came, or what it was about, I could not tell. I told John what had occurred, and he was equally astonished. One of the chief satellites came to me from the judge, to ask for more explanations; he even questioned John, who could tell him nothing, and who only lost his time trying to make the man understand that if one knew the European name of a personage, it did not follow that he should know his Chinese name, etc. The judges left; one going to the

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royal palace, and the other to the house of the grand master; and then all was quiet again in the prison.

There had been in the prison for some days, a pretorian of the town of Y-y (province of T-l). Immediately on his arrival he came to see me. He said that he had often heard religion spoken of, and that a great many of his friends had retired from business to devote themselves to its practice; adding that they were all good, honest fellows, against whom nothing could be said.

"And you, why do you not practice it?"

"Because," replied he, "I hold to my position; I do not like to give up my fortune; I follow the customs of our country; but I esteem and love the Christians."

"Have many of them been arrested in our province?"

"No: not one has been arrested; nor are they even sought for. And, indeed, what would be the use of arresting people who are doing no harm to anyone?"

"Do you know whether the Fathers have been arrested?"

"A search was made for them, but it was impossible to find them; and I know that up to the present moment not a single one has been arrested."

This news, which appeared to me certain, gave me very great pleasure. It is rare to find people who speak with such frankness. He told his history to John. He was in prison for debt, and had not a sapeque wherewith to pay. "I know well I am going to die," said he, "but one dies only once." Alas! one dies only once, certainly; but then his poor soul! How I longed to convert him!

On the 3rd of June, he came according to his wont into our dungeon, and said to John: "It is currently reported that they are going to send him back to his own country, because his Government has claimed him." We had become so used to these reports that we gave no credence to them. As for the pretorian, I saw him again a few days after. He was cited before the tribunal, and carried from the court on the back of a servant, quite unconscious, with his head falling on one side, so great was the violence of the torture to which he had been subjected. His entrance created a sensation in the prison, and nearly an hour was spent in restoring him to life, and dressing his wounds. Since then I have seen nothing of him.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

GREAT minds are commonly humble ones.

THERE is no position in life, however humble, which to fill to perfection does not argue superiority of character.

[For the "Ave Maria."]

Our Christmas Crib.

Come to the Christmas Crib, and here
Fair Bethlehem's mystery view,
To Christian hearts forever dear,
The "Ancient ever new";
The Saviour-Child, the Mother sweet,
The Guardian true are seen;
Here Jesus, Mary, Joseph meet,
And wait with welcome mien.

Come to the Christmas Crib, bright throngs
Who wear life's freshest bloom:
Young children, with your guileless songs,
And gifts of sweet perfume;
Bend down before the Holy Child,
And offer Him this prayer,
"Oh, like the shepherds' lambkins mild,
May we grow 'neath Thy care!"

Come to the Christmas Crib, fair girl,
The sinless Mother see;
Beg her to win the priceless pearl
Of purity for thee.
Youth with the bounding pulse and heart,
Bend low and humbly pray
For Him to guide thy steps apart
From all that leads astray.

Come to the Christmas Crib, ye who
Stand strong in mortal prime;
Here come the soul's strength to renew
From an immortal clime;
Leave every care, and hasten swift,
Illumed by heavenly rays,
And with the angel choir uplift
The *Gloria* of praise.

Come to the Christmas Crib, sad hearts,
Sore wounded with earth's woe,
To whom this joyous day imparts
Keen pain than none may know;
Enter the Temple and draw near,
With trusting spirit kneel,
"The young Child with His Mother" here
Each wounded heart can heal.

Come to the Christmas Crib, all come
Who mortal vesture wear,
And, like the Orient monarchs, some
Heart offering to Him bear.
Still shines the star as once it shone
Above Judea's plains,
The star of Faith, which can alone
Guide where the Saviour reigns.

A. M. G.

IF asked whether science has solved, or is in our day likely to solve, the problem of the universe, I must shake my head in doubt. Behind and above and around us the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages.—*Tyndall.*

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Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

CHAPTER VI.

REVENGE AND LOVE.

It was some few days before Signor Biondetto returned to the institute in order to fulfil his promise concerning the examination, which had been so singularly and so suddenly interrupted at his first visit. With the insolent arrogance of an over-estimated artist, he rejected the greater number of the young ladies as pupils, setting them down as being too mediocre in talent to deserve the honor of his instructions. This great good fortune was reserved for two or three only, besides Edith; the exceptions having been long recognized by other teachers as gifted with musical genius, thus affording him no excuse for not receiving them.

The lady president was much discontented with this selection, since it tended to reduce the reputation of her establishment, which she had intended should be enhanced by the co-operation of the Italian. But that, at least, this reputation might not be quite lost, she finally acquiesced in everything he desired; and even went so far as to shut her eyes to the inattentive and negligent manner in which he performed the duties he had undertaken to those selected. Edith, alone, formed an exception. To her he dedicated all the time he could withdraw from the others; he occupied himself with her musical proficiency with the greater zeal, seeing that her superb talents unfolded themselves, beneath his efficient and experienced care, every day to a richer and more beautiful degree. It occurred to no one to surmise that the artless girl, in the pleasure given her by her proficiency, should look with ever-increasing gratitude to her teacher, who initiated her in all the mysteries of his calling, until, at length, art and artist became united in her thoughts as the object of one and the same aspiration.

The inexperienced child had no idea whatever of the danger which threatened her on the path she was now treading; and here no mother's care was watching over her, no faithful father's eye was keeping guard over the untouched sanctuary of her heart. Both of them had laid their obligations upon the shoulders of strangers; and, with the levity which is a prominent feature of modern education, had given the pledge entrusted to them by God into the hands of hirelings. In Miss von Rosenhain's institute, the supervision of the pupils was mostly at fault; the more so in this case from the fact that it was entrusted to the letter-writing young governess, with whom we are already acquainted; and that she did not understand Italian—which Edith, who had a singular talent for languages, spoke pretty fluently. This gave rise to long conversations between teacher and pupil. In the harmonious tones of his mother-tongue, Signor Biondetto described to the maiden, who listened to him with eager curiosity, the paradisiacal beauties of the old Parthenope, painted to her his own youthful life amid this enchanting world, with all the glowing colors of romance, while he carefully veiled the deep, dark shadows that had been cast over it. He acknowledged, indeed, that he was a son of the people—whereby he, as if without design, enhanced the gifts of genius, the rich talents that had raised him from his low position; and besides this, he knew how, by his eloquent tongue, in describing manners and characters, to cast a highly poetical nimbus over the light-hearted, fiery Neapolitan people. Following up this advantage, he taught his docile pupil to sing the people's ballads, the merry fishermen's songs, boat songs, and pious hymns to the Madonna.

In this way a web of enchantment was woven around Edith's innocent heart, which, by degrees, took her whole being captive. The principal of the house was enraptured at the information conveyed to her from time to time, by the governess, concerning the distinguished manner employed by Signor Biondetto in conveying instruction; for she not only raised him to the clouds as a singing-master, but mentioned, as especially deserving of praise, that with the singing lesson he was accustomed to unite lessons in Italian conversation, in the most amiable, unsought-for manner.

"Yes," said Miss von Rosenhain, when this was communicated to her, and casting a self-satisfied glance at her large looking-glass, "this singular being interests himself for me; therefore he manifests for my undertakings, for my establishment, a warmth that far outstrips his duties. But how could it be otherwise? Genial souls never meet without either attracting one another or consolidating. Good for me, that between me and him the latter should be the case."

She exerted herself from that time forward, with most amiable importunity, to attract the *maestro* (as she styled him, by preference), into her evening circle, to which, until now, only some of the elder teachers who had been long working-members of the institute were admitted; and, against her hope and expectation, he freely and willingly accepted the invitation.

The birthday celebration, so eagerly anticipated by the young ladies, had, meantime, been drawing nearer and nearer; and all other plans had been laid on one side, to give place to a *soirée musicale*, under the guidance of the new friend of the house. In this, the former music-teachers were offered the opportunity they desired to bring forward their pupils to display their skill on the piano, while Signor Biondetto was to sing the choicest pieces alone with Edith.

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The assembled guests were not a little delighted to have the opportunity of hearing the celebrated Italian in so cheap and convenient a way; while the lady in whose honor the celebration took place was revelling in the regions of rapturous excitement; and the other pupils sought to cover, by a pleasing outward demeanor, the real vexation they felt at the prominence given to Edith.

It was only Nellie who showed her displeasure; and she spoke to her friend with her wonted freedom: "It is not proper," she said, "the way you carry on with the Italian! You have eyes only for him; he, only for you: if he was a gentleman, he would not permit himself these marked attentions, which are not fitting to his subordinate position; at least, it seems so to me."

"He is my teacher," said Edith, somewhat frowardly, "and a great artist; how can you speak of a subordinate position?"

"I tell you," said the young lady, "I do not trust him—never did from the beginning; do as you will," she added, turning to her; "I thought it my duty to warn you."

She held out her right hand to her friend; but Edith, excited and offended, turned her back upon her, without touching the offered hand.

The well-meant warning was unheeded, and they who had been friends till this moment, were divided now; at which the sensitive Nellie was so disturbed that further residence in the institute became distasteful to her, and she wrote to her parents to beg them to take her home. She must have given strong reasons for her wish; for the Baronet, her father, came in the shortest possible time to take her away.

"Beware of the Italian!" was the last word she spoke to Edith at parting. "Beware you of rash judgements!" was the impetuous answer; and so they parted.

Edith attached herself so much the more to the dangerous teacher, and the letters which she wrote home were, in her childish artlessness, filled with his praises: in fact, the glory of his great friendliness, and of the preference he had given her over all her fellow-pupils, was a never-ending topic. These letters were well seconded by the notices given by the principal herself, who, in well turned periods, congratulated the parents on their daughter's eminent talents, especially for music; taking occasion to vaunt her own merits in developing this glorious natural disposition, until a result was obtained which promised to place the young baroness side by side with the most celebrated singers of the day.

In fact, the performances of the teacher and pupils deserved, according to popular rumor, the applause that the principal and Edith bestowed on them. But what took place, meantime, in the interior of the Italian? What was the secret spring of his striking and persevering devotion? Was it revenge or love? It was both together.

Joseph, till now, had never been in love; his gloomy youthhood had never been cheered by a single ray of the tender passion; he had never before seen a female being, the sight of whom awakened the softer feelings that were slumbering in his breast. And now such a being he encountered in the daughter of his enemy. Edith Werneck was his first love! but it was no blissful, no hallowing feeling. Not because the object of this love seemed out of his reach, but because with the new love the old hate flamed up hotter and wilder than ever in the heart of the passionate Southerner. No thought of being appeased ever came into his mind, and just as little did he intend to give up the thought of making Edith his own. No: rather did he intend to possess her at any price; but it appeared to him an indispensable duty, a sort of necessity of nature, to take a bloody revenge on her father for the death of his own. Out of the struggle between these two feelings, there arose suddenly, like a demon, the thought that he could not revenge himself in a harder, more frightful manner, on the man through whom he had become a fatherless orphan, than by robbing him of his only child. That was the very thing! Life for life: the child for the father!"

"Then," he said to himself aloud, in gloomy triumph, "when the high-born daughter of this proud race becomes the wife of the wandering musician; when her name is effaced from the leaves of the family genealogy; when the childless father tears out his gray hairs in despair, and hardly ventures, even in the deep silence of night, to utter that name which was once his pride and joy, but now is considered as the disgrace of his line,—then is my vow accomplished! then is the spirit of my poor father appeased! What need to shed blood, if I can poison the heart's blood of my mortal enemy, by immeasurable, by endless grief? But she, the pure and innocent one, she shall be the wife of my heart; and by my side, in the beautiful land of my home, shall she forget alike parents and the paternal home. I will conduct her to the dazzling heights of art, of fame, of triumph, which shall compensate her in full measure for the honor of birth and of riches. All that I am or may be, shall be dedicated to the one purpose of making her happy, and when her lovely mouth tells me that she misses nothing of that which she abandoned for my sake, then, at length, will peace return also to my own restless heart."

Such were the phantasies which regulated Joseph's conduct, and his actions were formed on this plan. The confidence reposed in him by the principal came to his assistance unsought for,

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without the need for him to cater for it; and the little overseer was a cipher, whom he had enlisted in his favor by a few friendly words in his broken German. Nellie's departure came as at a wish; it was extraordinarily favorable to him. Her clear blue eyes, which cast so proud a glance on him, had been a constraint to him from the beginning; and her departure presented him with a good opportunity of manifesting a seducing sympathy for Edith, as being alone, and in the companionship of strangers.

"When any one is really interested with ones' whole soul for another," he said, "he becomes quick and sharp-sighted in everything that concerns the beloved one; so, I could not fail very soon to discover, that you, Miss, have here a great number of acquaintances but not a single friend; not one harmonizing with your feeling soul. How lonely you must sometimes find yourself amidst all this crowd!"

Whether in this remark he had hit the right nail on the head, probably Edith herself did not exactly know; but at this particular moment, under the illusion cast by his commanding spirit, she was herself thoroughly convinced of the fact.

"Ah, yes!" she replied with a low sigh; "at times I am really homesick."

"I comprehend that perfectly," said he, consolingly; "certainly nothing and no one can ever compensate you for the life in your paternal castle, and there is only one thing I cannot understand." He paused:

"What is that?" she asked, uneasily and with some excitement.

"Excuse me, Miss; my sympathy for you was carrying me away, to speak of things in which I have no right to interfere; and——"

"But it is precisely your sympathy which gives you this right," interrupted she, eagerly and excitedly. "You, Signor, are the only friend I have here; besides which, you are my teacher."

Unremarked by the maiden, a flash of triumph passed over his dark countenance. "Then you take me for your friend, dear young lady?" he whispered, casting a hurried glance at the governess; but she, buried deep in her letter-writing, was paying no attention to the "Italian conversation."

"Certainly," said Edith with glistening eyes; "and how proud you make me with the precious gift of your friendship! How grateful I am for it! but, now, what is it you cannot understand?"

"You wish it: well, then, I do not comprehend how it is that your parents could send you, their only child, from the peace and cheerfulness of home-life in the paternal mansion, into this world so strange to you, which is so little suitable to you, for which you are (your most faithful friend declares it to you) much too good, much too noble."

"Peace!" said Edith, "cheerfulness!" She turned her dark eyes up towards him, with a melancholy gaze. "Ah, my dear sir, I had indeed many pleasures at home; I love my good parents with all my heart: especially am I attached to my dear father with every power of my soul; but—since you are my friend, I may say to you what I have never confided to any one. In our house, between my father and my mother, no real, no lasting peace reigns."

Then she began to sketch a very melancholy state of things as existing in Castle Werneck. She related how her father and mother would be out of humor with one another, for days together, for a mere trifle; often for an impatient or angry word, which one or other of them might have spoken. She acknowledged that she herself often, it might be innocently, was the occasion of this difference; for it was, for the most part, occasioned by their difference of views in regard to her education, and as to the persons who should be called in to take part in it. Finally, Parson Schönfeld had settled the matter, and she was sent here.

This indiscreet, quite unnecessary, and very unfitting communication filled the heart of the Italian with savage exultation; it smoothed the way to his object, in a manner he could scarcely have wished, much less dared to hope for.

The governess had ended her letters, as if wakened from a dream. She gazed at the pair still carrying on conversation in low, yet animated tones; they sat before the instrument, yet were quite forgetful of the music. At times, indeed, the hand of the *maestro* touched the keys with a stray run; but Edith's eyes were full of tears; her cheeks glowed, her whole being seemed feverishly excited.

"Amica mia!" the governess now heard the Italian say, and the words were spoken in a tone of such melting sweetness, they contained something so consoling and convincing, that she felt her own young and lonesome heart beat tremblingly at the sound.

Then the great pendulum clock on the chimney-piece began to strike the hour; it was half an hour beyond the time allotted for musical instruction. She sprang up in a fright. "Excuse me, signor," she said, timidly, to the Italian: "Miss Edith is expected for her history lesson."

He arose silently, and, to the utter astonishment of the governess, he extended his hand to Edith, who, looking up with a cordial glance to his face, laid her hand in his. He pressed a long hot kiss on the little right hand, made a very low bow to the governess, and hastened out.

"My God, Miss, what was that?" said the poor governess, utterly confused.

"An Italian custom, mademoiselle," was Edith's short reply, and the two betook themselves to the

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great study-room, where the learned Professor of History was explaining Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War to his eager pupils.

Meantime, at Castle Werneck, the spirited communication of the Superioress, as well as that of the so much preferred pupil, had brought a result, the very reverse of the one aimed at. And herein, at least, the opinions of husband and wife were in perfect accord.

"Stupid stuff, this," said Werneck, "that this Rosenhain writes; it is offensive, rather than flattering. Can she really think I want to educate my only child to become a theatre-princess? And Edith's zeal for this *maestro*, who, probably, at home, is but a first-rate clodhopper! I knew that sort of people long since—this surpasses my patience."

"And it is dangerous in the highest degree," supplemented Dolores. "Therefore, I see no other way out of it than to take her away from there as soon as possible, and bring her back to the paternal home, which she had better never have left. Write to her."

"Write!—write another long sheet-full?" he continued; "make another long pen-tirade? Tomorrow morning I start to fetch her home; and, Dolores, I should be very glad if you would go with me, and set matters right with this Rosenhain, who appears to me to be an old enamored fool. I hate these settlements at parting; yet they are unavoidable."

She was silent a long while, as if in deep reflection, while he was striding uneasily up and down the room; at length she said: "Certainly I will go with you, Arthur; but, much as I long to bring this business to an end, yet I would ask you to reflect if it is advisable to adopt such sudden measures?"

"What do you mean by that?" he asked in wonder, dropping into a chair opposite to her. "Just now you wished to——"

"What I wished then I still wish," she replied; "but remember that Edith is sixteen years old now; therefore, not precisely a child. If we take her away in this sudden, impetuous manner, it might eventually cast a shade on her reputation, before she has as yet set a foot in the world of fashion. The half-year is almost at an end; so, I would write to her, and set her head straight, that she be warned from further follies; and as a balm to the wound, I would tell her at the end, that we will come ourselves at the vacation, and bring her back to remain with us. I am convinced that the joy she will feel at this news will put all the nonsense out of her head that has found its way into it."

After many objections, the Baron finally acquiesced in the views of his wife, and wrote to Edith. His letter contained a remarkable combination of severity and paternal love, together with pride of rank. It was, moreover, in its expressions and tone, too full of obvious design, too harsh to make the impression the baron intended, on a sixteen-year-old head, under the excitement of a new passion, just sprung up in her heart.

At the same time, an announcement in the shortest possible form was sent to Miss Rosenhain, to inform that lady that Baron Werneck felt obliged to withdraw his daughter from her care, at the end of the session, and that he and his wife would come for her.

To these letters no reply came from Edith, but the principal wrote back in the sharpest accents of wounded self-love. This last could not occasion surprise; but Edith's obstinate and quite unwonted silence made the already anxious parents so uneasy, that Dolores, at length, set all other drawbacks aside, and declared she could not any longer endure this torture of waiting in vain for Edith's reply, but wished to set out immediately. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Baron, who had long been burning with feverish anxiety.

When, however, they had put their sudden resolve as suddenly into execution, and had arrived at their destination, they found the educational establishment in a state of indescribable confusion and excitement. The principal was in fits, and no one could gain access to her. The underteachers and pupils were running about the house weeping and wringing their hands. To the repeated and boisterous demand of Baron Werneck for his daughter, the stunning, stupefying answer came at last: Edith was missing, and nowhere to be found.

During the recreation hour, she had left her companions, who, engaged in a game of ball, had been too eager to take particular notice, further than that she had strolled towards a shady arbor. There, she must have gone out by a door in the garden wall, which was generally kept locked; but now, the key was in the lock, the door only on the latch, and no trace of the young baroness had, up to this moment, been discovered.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLLISION.

Edith was sitting in a first-class carriage of a railway-train going south; Joseph was beside her. On the seat opposite sat a lady, apparently of high rank, whose first words, by their accent, betrayed her to be an Austrian; her two sons, with their tutor, a young clergyman, occupied the remaining places.

Closely wrapt up in a cloak and veil, the young maiden pressed herself into the corner, and wept as if her heart would break. Helpless and embarrassed, her misleader essayed many times to console her; she pushed him back crossly, and even the kind Austrian lady could only obtain a shake of the head to her repeated compassionate

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questions; Edith refusing to answer in words, while she continued to sob most bitterly. The poor child had in fact suffered herself to be deluded by the intriguing sophistry and ardent vows of love of the Italian, and she had almost become convinced she could not live without her dear *maestro*. While in this frame of mind, the announcement of her parents' speedy arrival to take her away had filled her with mortal dread, while the degrading, contemptuous manner in which her father mentioned her friend and teacher excited and angered her. She communicated the sorrowful news to her "friend" with tears, and he endeavored to prove to her, with the most plausible reasonings that it was by no means her duty to separate herself from the man of her choice in compliance with old, long worn-out prejudices. On the contrary, he begged of her to let the binding knot be tied, in the nearest parish outside the borders; that done, he would immediately take her back to her parents, and their displeasure at the deed enacted would, doubtless, be the more easily and quickly overcome when they saw the daughter they deemed lost, restored to them as the honored and beloved wife of the artist. He represented to her that one chance alone remained—either flight with him, or never to see him again. And what would follow this separation? In those exclusive circles of the high nobility, where the bond of marriage was not the free choice of the heart, but the result of conventionalities, she would have to allow herself to be forced on a husband she did not love, and be compelled to separate herself from her parents and leave the paternal home just as much as if, now, in love and truth, she yielded to him the guiding of her fate.

His reasoning shook her, the magic of his presence conquered her reluctance: she consented to flee with him. She suspected nothing of the difficulties attending the marriage of a minor, without knowledge or consent of father and mother, and took all that he promised with unconditional trust in his word.

She stepped out of the door in the garden wall, the key of which she had managed to secrete. On the outside the Italian was waiting for her, with her hat and water-proof cloak. With an exclamation of joy he hastened to her, wrapped her carefully up and led her to a carriage which stood at a little distance. He assisted her into it, and sprang in after her; the driver closed the door. "To the railway station, quick!" he cried.

The carriage began to move; at the same moment, however, the young girl was seized with sudden repentance, and she realized with fearful clearness of vision the abyss into which she had fallen. Now, she perceived at once, as if from a higher inspiration, that the feeling she had for Joseph was not love,—not the love which in her half-childish dreams she had painted to herself as the highest happiness of life. It was a mixture of flattered vanity, of the spirit of contradiction against Nellie's warnings; it was, perhaps, a demoniacal spell cast over her; but love—warm, genuine, heartfelt love—it was not! She was now with him, soon to be united to him by a holy bond, and she would have given worlds to be able to flee from his presence forever! A powerful struggle was raging within her soul. Perhaps now safety and return were possible if she sprang from the carriage. But her courage failed her: the unhappy step was taken; her absence, her flight had already been remarked in the institute: should she, in spite of this, venture to return and ask to be forgiven?

Suddenly the Italian closed both windows; he had watched her closely, and probably read the combat written on her face. She saw herself a captive; the carriage rolled faster and faster; the rattle on the street pavement made all explanation out of the question, and before Edith had come to a definite conclusion she found herself on the steps of the station. It was already high time for the train to depart. "Get in quick!" called out the conductor.

On the platform, an indescribable crowd of comers and goers seemed to roll, like waves, all around her, and before the maiden rightly knew what she was doing she was sitting in the carriage, opposite the friendly Austrian lady, who quickly bade her boys leave the place by the window free for the young lady, and again Joseph was by her side. The signal was blown,—the train rushed forward, then the poor child broke out into a convulsive fit of sobbing which could not be quieted.

Again the Italian attempted to soothe her by tender words—she only wept the harder; and the sympathetic questions of the elder lady brought no better results. But the cheerful conversation of the travellers was dashed, and they but exchanged words in whispers concerning the singular pair. Joseph was in the greatest possible embarrassment; he could find no means to help himself. Although from the thundering noise of the train the German conversation was unintelligible to him, he saw the suspicious glances of his travelling companions directed towards himself, and Edith's inconsolable condition made him fear every moment a definite refusal on her part to follow him further. In that case he would lose not only what he termed his love, and his well-planned revenge would be turned into a laughable farce, but he would run the risk of coming into undesirable contact with the officers of justice as a maiden-abductor. He gazed on the poor child with bashful looks, not having courage to address her again; now, that the sympathies of their fellow-travellers had been

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aroused, her answer, whatever it might be, might change their suspicions into certainty. To his inexpressible solace, Edith became pacified by degrees. Her continued violent weeping had exhausted her strength; her sobs became less frequent; her tender form sank back on the cushions, and at length she slumbered like a little child who had cried itself to sleep.

He breathed a long breath; for the moment, the danger had passed away, and he could now quietly consider what he should do on her awakening, to change her present disposition, whether to reconcile her to the step she had taken by kind and endearing words, or to frighten her in such a manner that she should not venture to show any more signs of falling away from him.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The American Catholic Colonization Movement.

THE ACCOUNT A LIVERPOOL PRIEST GIVES OF IT.

As is well known, Rev. Father Nugent, the great apostle of temperance, who for so many years has distinguished himself by his unwavering zeal for all classes, and especially the poor in Liverpool, England, came to this country a few months ago in order to ascertain beyond a doubt what advantages the colonization movement afforded. On his return he gave a glowing account of what he had seen, which we transcribe with pleasure from the excellent paper of which he is manager, the *Catholic Times:*

Father Nugent, who, on coming forward to speak, was received with prolonged cheering, said he had the pleasure of unexpectedly meeting them on the previous Monday evening, and if it was a satisfaction to them to see him again amongst them in renewed health, and, he trusted, with fresh vigor for his work, it was also a great comfort to him to find that they did not flag in the temperance work, but that in his absence it had gone on successfully and perseveringly, and was bearing abundant fruit. Referring to his journey through America, he said that if there was one thing more than another that impressed itself upon him, it was the prosperous condition of the Irish people in those places where they had the good sense and the courage to forswear drink. He then remarked upon the sobriety of the people both in Canada and America, observing that in both these contries public opinion was against drunkenness, and that the people were not tempted to indulge in intoxicants, as they were in England, at every street corner. Strong drink was not upon every table, and amongst five or six hundred people dining at a hotel, you would not probably see a bottle of wine, whilst the use of beer was in many places unknown at a dinner-table.

TEMPTATION

was, in a great measure, removed from the people, and a drunken man was looked upon as a disreputable person, so that if an individual felt himself under the influence of drink, he hid himself and shunned the public gaze, lest he should forfeit his character in the eyes of his neighbors. The first place in which he (Father Nugent) made inquiries about the condition of the people, was in the town of Lindsay, in Ontario, where their old friend, the apostle of temperance in Canada, Father Stafford, exercised the office of Catholic pastor. When Father Stafford was on the League Hall platform he made statements which some people were inclined to question. He (Father Nugent) had had an opportunity of verifying those statements. He had seen the magnificent church that Father Stafford had built, the parochial house, the splendid convent, and the various public schools in the district in which he was pastor, and he had heard from Father Stafford the same statements that had been made to them from that platform. Father Stafford had said to him, "Father Nugent, come with me and hear the testimony of an unbiased person!" He then took him to the jail, introduced him to the jailer, and said, "This is Father Nugent, who has charge of the Liverpool Borough Prison. Will you let him look inside your prison, and tell him what is your experience as regards the temperance question in this town?" Lindsay was a very considerable town, and in the jail accommodation was provided not only for the town itself, but also for a large district surrounding it. Now, how many persons were imprisoned in that jail? Only three.

AND HOW MANY CATHOLICS?

Not one. "How many Catholics have you had during the past year?" he inquired of the jail-keeper. "Not one," was the answer. He then asked, "How many were you accustomed to have before Father Stafford took up the temperance work?" "We used to be crowded with them," was the jailer's reply. That was the first lesson he had had in Canada. Father Stafford then took him round in his carriage to his parishioners, comfortable farmers with from fifty to two hundred acres of land. They were simple Irishmen, and you could judge from their appearance that every one of them was the architect of his own fortune. He found that they were, without exception, prosperous, and that nearly every one of them, as they themselves admitted, owed their prosperity to habits of temperance. The reverend gentleman then proceeding to speak of

THE CATHOLIC COLONIZATION IN MINNESOTA,

said some of them were already familiar with what Bishop Ireland was doing in this matter. For years, he had lifted up his voice and asked the Bishops and clergy of America to join with him in preaching that the Irish people should not only give up drink, but also leave the crowded Eastern cities, and go into that immense Western country where there was land for every man who was willing to till it. Bishop Ireland had succeeded, and he (Father Nugent) hoped, before many weeks, to lay before them a map in which they could read the signs of his success. He could show them on that map the names of Irishmen who had, some 80, some 160, some 400, and some even 900 acres of land—men who a few years ago possessed not more than £60 or £100. The first Catholic colony he visited was that called

ROSEMOUNT,

some twenty miles from St. Paul. He was driven out there in a carriage, and met by the pastor, who took him to one of his parishioners—a man who, a few years ago, went into that district with only seven hundred dollars. He had now a magnificent two-story farm-house, situated in a beautiful and well-stocked orchard and garden; it was elegantly furnished, and in the drawing-room stood a piano which had cost five hundred dollars. Around the house there were sheep and cattle of every description, and the whole place

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had an air of comfort and abundance. He found that the owner of that farm was a straightforward, hard-working, simple man, who, if he had been in Liverpool, would have worked at the docks, or possibly stood in Brunswick street or Chapel street looking for a few days' work during the week. When he examined into the circumstances of that man, he found that he possessed 900 acres of land, his own property, and that he had amassed $50,000, which he had securely invested at an interest, not of two and a half, or three or four, but of ten per cent. He had spoken to the pastor about his people, and he found that they had succeeded, one and all. This visit took place on a Saturday, and on the next evening he made his way to De Graff, where the Bishop had secured a district of land some twenty-four miles long by twelve broad. Twelve miles further on, was the equally successful colony of Clontarf. Then again there were the Catholic colonies of St. Adrian and Graceville—the latter called after the honorable and venerable Bishop, Dr. Grace—and the still newer one of Avoca, a name that filled the minds of Irishmen with pleasant recollections. He had spoken to the colonists, and all of them with whom he had conversed had told him that they were succeeding; and they attributed their success to the exertions of their good Bishop and the temperance principles which he had instilled into them. He wished this subject to be known far and wide, not merely in Liverpool, but also throughout Ireland, so that those who had now a dark cloud of want and suffering overshadowing them, might be lifted up and helped to cross the ocean and settle in a land that teemed with abundance; and where they would not be subject to a varying climate, or to the oppression of landlords, but where they would be the owners of the soil, and would have no one but themselves to blame if they did not succeed. In this colony of Avoca the price of the land was from five dollars to six and a half dollars per acre, and might be had on the following easy terms: At the time of purchase, all that was required to be paid down was the first year's interest in advance, at the rate of seven per cent.; at the end of the first year, the interest only for another year; at the end of two years, one-tenth of the principal, and a year's interest on the balance; at the end of three years, one-tenth of the principal, and interest on balance; at the end of each year, after this, twenty per cent of principal, and interest on balance, until all is paid.

To better illustrate: Supposing a man on the 1st of January, 1880, contracted for eighty acres of land at five dollars an acre, that would come to four hundred dollars, with seven per cent. interest added, which he would pay as follows:

January 1st, 1880, At time of purchase, one year's interest in advance, at 7 per cent.....		$28 00
January 1st, 1881. One year's interest in advance, at 7 per cent.....		28 00
January 1st, 1882, Ten per cent. of principal.....	$40 00	
One year's interest on balance $360, at 7 per cent.....	25 20	
		65 20
January 1st, 1883, Ten per cent. of principal.....	40 00	
One year's interest on balance $320, at 7 per cent.....	22 40	
		62 40
January 1st, 1884, Twenty per cent. of principal..	80 00	
One year's interest on balance $240, at 7 per cent.....	16 80	
		96 80
January 1st, 1885, Twenty per cent. of principal...	80 00	
One year's interest on balance $160, at 7 per cent.....	11 20	
		91 20
January 1st, 1886, Twenty per cent. of principal...	80 00	
One year's interest on balance $80, at 7 per cent.....	5 60	
		85 60
January 1st, 1887, Twenty per cent. of principal ..	80 00	
Total.....		$537 20

Thus for about £112 paid in easy instalments, the first two years not exceeding more than £5 12s. 0d. a year, a man might become the owner of eighty acres of good land, and obtain a comfortable home and living. In the first year, if he sowed wheat in April, he reaped the produce in August. He might remark that the average return of wheat throughout Minnesota was seventeen bushels to the acre. Thus a man at once became owner of the soil, and lived in his own house, and worked for himself and his children,

HE HAD CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

at his door, and also a church—for in each of these colonies, almost the first building erected was a Catholic church. If he had placed before them facts which he had noticed during his hurried visit to America, it was not that they might leave Liverpool at once and rush away to the West, but he thought this subject of Catholic colonization was worthy of their best consideration, and he asked them to turn it over in their minds. Why should a poor man who had a knowledge of agriculture, and five or six children able to help him, be wasting his time in these islands, where so many are grasping for the same loaf? After speaking of the fertility of the land in Minnesota, and the comparative ease with which it is cultivated, the reverend speaker said he had no desire to overdraw the picture for them. If a man went out there without forecasting what he had to encounter, he would find himself in awkward straits; but if they had £100 in the savings bank—and he had urged them for the past six or seven years to lay by what they could spare—an industrious wife, and grown up sons or daughters, he said to them, in the name of God,

"GO OUT OF LIVERPOOL—

out of this atmosphere of poverty and misery and immorality." Let them write to Bishop Ireland, tell him that they were going to take thirty acres of land next year, that they wanted him to have fifty acres ploughed for them this "fall," and that they also required a farm house. He would have the house built, and the land ploughed. With £100 they could purchase a span of horses, a plough, and as soon as they had paid up five hundred and thirty-seven dollars the land was their own. They could grow excellent wheat and potatoes, raise stock and poultry, and they would soon become prosperous. They or their children would not be exposed to the temptation to drink, because in the Cath olic colonies no grog shop was allowed to be set up. Blessed, thrice blessed—socially, physically, and religiously—were the people who were delivered from those pest-houses.

The pledge was afterwards administered to a large number of persons.

THE MONKS OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.—Every night they rise at twelve, and meet in the chapel for matins; two hours they remain there, and at 2 they go to bed for three hours more. At 5 the day begins—a day spent in the solitude of a cell, and devoted to prayer and study. On Sundays and feast-days they dine together, but a reading from the Lives of the Saints prevents all conversation: for the tongue of a Carthusian, said St. Bruno, should only be used for prayer and praise. On such great fasts as Good Friday they taste no food, but on an ordinary fast day, perhaps a little bread and water will be passed into the iron grille through which all their meals are supplied to them. Fires are only allowed for two months in the year.—*All the Year Round.*

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A Merry Christmas!

Before another issue of THE AVE MARIA makes its appearance the great solemnity of Christmas, for which, during the past weeks of Advent, the whole Catholic world has been in devout preparation will have passed, so we anticipate the joyous occasion and now have the pleasure of greeting our readers far and wide with the customary salutation which though old never grows obsolete. More with the heart than with the lips we say

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

In closing another volume of THE AVE MARIA we beg leave to tender our warmest thanks to all subscribers, contributors, agents, and all who have in any way encouraged the magazine or promoted its circulation. Our Blessed Mother will know how to reward each one befittingly. We ask in her sweet name a continuance of the patronage so generously bestowed; and we promise on our part to do all in our power to make THE AVE MARIA more and more worthy of the cause to which it is devoted. There are still, as there always have been, many obstacles in its path, but they are happily diminishing, and the little magazine seems to become better established as it advances in years.

We have made extensive plans for the new year, to which, however, we can make only the briefest allusion here. New features of interest have been added, and provisions made for various improvements in the departments already existing. Considering what has been done and the aid that has been promised, we think we can predict an era of renewed prosperity for THE AVE MARIA.

Among the contributions already at hand for our new volume are: a story of great power and interest by Mrs. Dorsey, so well and favorably known to Catholic readers; a charming sketch of the life of Henry Perreyve, by Miss Kathleen O'Meara, especially prepared for our pages; and numerous other MSS. of equal attractiveness.

Again we cordially wish the friends of our Lady's messenger

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

ALTHOUGH oil and rosin were poured on the fire which was kindled round her, St. Lucy remained unscathed; and even when the sword was buried in her heart she did not die. Our Lord willed to visit her once more during her earthly pilgrimage, and to take her to Himself. For after she was already transfixed by the sword, a priest came to her side bearing the Blessed Sacrament. She received her Love beneath the Eucharistic veils, and then went to behold Him forever face to face.

Catholic Notes.

——The Established Church costs England $58,000,000 annually.

——We regret exceedingly to state that the venerable Archbishop of Milwaukee is in a very low state of health.

——The French Catholics of Millbury, Mass., are to have a French priest and have purchased the Methodist church.

——A collection has been taken up in the diocese of Vincennes for the benefit of the suffering poor in Ireland by order of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

——Rev. Arthur Wagner, of Brighton, England, a prominent clergyman of the Established Church, is reported as having "gone over to Rome," and the *Rock* is inconsolable. The convert is wealthy, and that "is where the hen scratches."

——The diocese of Pittsburgh mourns the loss of a devoted priest in the death of good Father Hughes, of Braddock's Field, Pa. He was loved and respected by all classes of citizens irrespective of creed, and his death is deeply mourned. *R. I. P.*

——THE HOLY FATHER has addressed a Brief to the Salesian Fathers in South America in reply to a letter of congratulation from them, in which he expresses his solicitude for the increase of the faithful flock in the pampas, and exhorts the missionaries to realize their plan of establishing a central mission in Patagonia.

——DEATH OF MGR. GAUME.—It is our painful duty to record the death of this well-known, devoted champion of the Church, which occurred at Paris on the 19th ult. His virtues and apostolic labors, of which it would require a volume to speak adequately, were admired and appreciated throughout the Catholic world. He died at the venerable age of seventy-six. *R. I. P.*

——THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF LILLE.—A generous benefactor has presented to the University the sum of 100,000 francs for the purpose of founding a new chair of the Faculty of Theology, to be placed under the patronage of St. Thomas Aquinas. During the past year the University has received from another benefactor 200,000 francs for the University buildings. The library now contains about 36,000 volumes.

——THE MARCH OF INFIDELITY.—Prof. von Oosterzee, the Evangelical teacher of Holland, recently affirmed that a wave of infidelity was steadily advancing over Protestant Europe, which not even the most favored country would escape. "They have had it," he said, "in Germany, and now we have it in Holland. They are beginning to get it in Scotland. In twenty years they will have it to their full, and all their theology will not save them." In the Catholic Church only can salvation be found.

——THE CHURCH IN CANADA.—Rev. Father Dawson delivered a lecture recently in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, on the growth of the Catholic Church in Canada. In 1867 Canada, east and west, counted 10 dioceses and 779 churches, including Sherbrooke, Chicoutimi, and the vicariates apostolic of Northern Canada. There are now thirteen dioceses in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, while, during the seven years anterior to 1876, there was an increase of 173 churches, making in all 1,171. In the same period religious institutions had increased from 73 to 296. There are now 3,139 parochial schools for a population of 1,882,000 souls altogether, and 3,630 elementary schools.

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——CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN INDIA.—Saint Francis Xavier's College at Bombay, in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, which holds a first rank among the educational institutions in British India, is attended by more than 700 pupils, of whom only one-half are Catholics. St. Mary's College, in the same city, also conducted by the Jesuits, has 400 pupils, with about the same proportion of Catholics. Among the students of these institutions are a great many Hindoos, Parsees and Mahometans. The British officials acknowledge that prejudices against Europeans are dispelled by these colleges, and noble sentiments inspired in the hearts of the natives. The other schools established in India for this very purpose are said to be complete failures.

——THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has presented to Maynooth College, which she visited during her sojourn in Ireland, an equestrian statuette, in solid silver, representing the symbolic encounter of St. George and the dragon. The group of figures—dragon, steed and knight—stand fully eighteen inches high, and weigh nearly 34 lbs. They were cast, as an inscription testifies, in the imperial foundry at Vienna, and, as a work of art, are pronounced by connoisseurs to be exquisite in design and finish. The figures are supported on a pedestal of hard, dark wood, resembling ebony, carved after a delicate shell-like pattern, and embellished with emblematic silver medallions, conspicuous amongst which is the two-headed eagle of Austria.

——DEATH OF REV. FATHER O'BRIEN.—We are sorry to learn, through a telegram from Mount St. Mary's College, of the death of the Rev. John O'Brien, a professor in that venerable institution, and author of that valuable book "The History of the Mass." Father O'Brien was a native of the diocese of Cashel, and received his theological training in the seminary of Mount St. Mary's, with which his whole American life has been identified. He brought with him from the old land its old faith, and he sought to serve it by keeping it alive in his own example and in his teaching. Visitors to Mount St. Mary's, and its students, will long remember him with affection, and will read with regret of his early death, while perhaps rejoicing that, for his own sake, his great sufferings have been peacefully terminated. *May he rest in peace.—Catholic Review.*

——RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—In the convent Chapel of the mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame P. O., Ind., a number of young ladies received the habit of the Order on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, from the hands of the Very Rev. Father Granger, C. S. C., Rev. Fathers Shortis, chaplain of the Sisters, and several other clergymen being present at the ceremony. The names of the young ladies are as follows: Miss Rose Mary Chambeau (Sister Mary of St. Evarista), Miss Catharine Toomy (Sister Mary of St. Germanus), Miss Alice Teresa Thomas (Sister Mary of St. Hildegarde), Miss Elizabeth Robinson (Sister Mary of St. Lawrence), Miss Catharine McHugh (Sister Mary of St. Columba), Miss Catharine Andrews (Sister Mary of St. Gertrude), Miss Mary Frances Purcell (Sister Mary of St. Engelbert), Miss Alice Kelly (Sister Mary of St. Emerita), Miss Bridget O'Neil (Sister Mary of St. Pauline). An impressive sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Corby, President of Notre Dame University.

——A GOLDEN JUBILEE.—Sister Felix, of St. John's Convent, Albany, N. Y., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her reception among the Sisters of Charity, on the 8th inst. The occasion was made one of great rejoicing by her associates in religion, the pupils of the academy, and numerous friends. Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeirny and a number of clergymen attended the celebration.

"Fifty years of shade and sunshine,
Fifty years of toil and care,
Fifty years of self-renouncement,
Fifty years of constant prayer."

Mere words of congratulation fail to give utterance to the sentiments inspired by such a life; not till the hand of God lifts the veil that separates Time from Eternity will the real worth and beauty of such a life be known, and never till then will its full reward be realized. For the sake of those who still need Sister Felix, may that day be long deferred; and may her eternal rest in heaven be sweet beyond measure when the laborer is at last called home!

——EDUCATION IN SPAIN.—Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, says education has been neglected in Spain. But the latest official reports say that Spain has 10 great universities, while England has only 4, the greatest of which was established by Catholics; and the United States, not one that is recognized as such. The Statesman's Year Book says Spain has a million and a half pupils in the secondary schools alone; and it has, besides, a great variety of other institutions, 58 colleges, with 757 professors, and 13,881 students. The figures of the American Bureau of Education say that neither England nor the United States can excel this in proportion to population. The *New York Tribune* and *New York Times* expressed astonishment at the educational exhibit made by Spain at the Philadelphia Exposition; and Professor Laing, a Protestant traveller testified that the "Papist" clergy in Spain keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community, not by keeping the people back, but by advancing themselves. —*Pilot.* The truth is, the Spanish clergy are chief among the most learned bodies of men in the world. The erudition of the Spanish Bishops and theologians who attended the Vatican Council was greatly admired by that august assembly. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where education is less neglected than in Spain.

New Publications.

GREETINGS TO THE CHRIST-CHILD. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is indeed a beautiful collection of Christmas poems for the young, containing some already well known and of justly established popularity, by such authors as Longfellow, Faber and Goethe, but others quite new, and the greater part anonymous, although we find among the acknowledged authors the familiar names of Eliza Allen Starr, M. F. Egan, Rev. A. J. Ryan, Dr. Cummings, and Anna Shepard. Among the anonymous poems we prefer "The Star of Bethlehem," "Christmas Offering of the Children," and the "Child Jesus Teaching in the Temple." The little volume appears very seasonably as a Christmas present, and its external appearance is attractive and appropriate. It is plentifully and tastefully illustrated with wood engravings, so delightful to the young. We cannot conclude our notice better than by quoting from the opening lines:—

A book that tells of the Holy One,
That dearest Child, the Virgin's Son,
Dear children is the best for you,
You'll tire not as you read it through.

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With joy you'll hear the angels' song,
And join the shepherds' happy throng;
Wish, with the kings, the Babe to greet,
And cast your treasures at His feet.

OLD IRISH LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, No. 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1879.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. Father Grene, S. J., the editor, for a copy of this ancient Irish Litany in the original Irish, accompanied by Latin and English translations, the Brief of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX of glorious and saintly memory, granting an indulgence of one hundred days for its recital, and the testimonials of Cardinal Franzelin, several of the Irish Bishops, and others, to the value and excellence of this antique document of the Faith of Ireland and her devotion to the Holy Mother of God from the earliest ages,—the whole forming a 16mo. *brochure* of 20 pages, for sale at the low price of a penny. A short time ago we published a translation of this ancient Litany in THE AVE MARIA, with a brief account of its origin. It is taken from the celebrated *Leabhar Breac* (the Speckled Book) in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, known in former days as the *Leabhar Mor Duna Doighre* (the Great Book of Dun Doighre), and Book of Clonsost (now Clonsast, in King's County), which contains a great number of pieces of the same class, and of a like ancient origin. It is considered probable that this ancient Litany of the Blessed Virgin was used by St. Berchan's community, at Clonsost, about A. D. 725. There the *Leahbar Breac* was first compiled, as a devotional work. The original MS. of the *Leabhar Breac* is still preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin.

——The current number of the *Deutscher Hausschatz*, which begins the sixth volume, is on our table. It is full of good things, as usual. We take occasion to congratulate the editor and publisher on their enterprise, and the success of their efforts to produce a first-class magazine. Periodicals like the *Hausschatz* deserve a wide circulation.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 10TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 29 persons and 3 families,—change of life for 10 persons and 2 families,—conversion to the Faith for 59 persons and 6 families,—special graces for 5 priests, 8 religious, 3 clerical students, 8 persons aspiring to the religious state, and 9 others,—temporal favors for 32 persons and 18 families,—spiritual favors for 35 persons and 16 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 5 congregations, 11 schools, 2 orphan asylums, and 2 sodalities. Also 21 particular intentions, and 6 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Information about several young men having left their homes for distant countries,—recovery of 3 insane persons,—conversion and happy death for a person near his end,—reparation for all the insults offered to our Blessed Lady in Rome,—situations and employments for a number of persons and families,—the particular intentions of a religious,—the intention of a sick person, and his recovery,—relief of a family in temporal distress.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

In a letter from the Far West we find the following interesting relation: "Some eighteen months ago, I solicited the prayers of the Confraternity for my dear husband, who was sadly remiss in his religious duties, never approaching the Sacrament of Penance. The position he occupied, while a very lucrative one, forced him into the company of men who scoffed at religion, and whose daily lives plainly evinced their utter disregard of a hereafter. For a long time it seemed as if he could not be brought to the fulfilment of his religious duties. Suddenly he lost his position, and with it the so-called friends who fawned upon him in his prosperity. It seems a miracle the complete change this seeming misfortune wrought in him, for he is now a most devout Catholic, and although he has been out of employment ever since, his family have not suffered, and ways and means have been provided in an almost miraculous manner. I attribute his conversion to our Blessed Lady of Lourdes. I feel confident that since every other prayer has been granted, our good Mother will guide him to some employment."

OBITUARY.

We recommend the following deceased persons to the devout prayers of the members of the Confraternity: Mrs. ADELINA MITCHELL, of Washington, D. C., who departed this life on the 18th of November, after a long and painful illness borne with patience, and resignation to the holy will of God. Mr. RICHARD J. POWER, whose death occurred last October, in New York. Miss MARY ANN RYAN, of Toledo, Ohio, who died on the 12th of November, also her brothers MICHAEL and PATRICK, deceased some time ago. Mr. PATRICK J. MORIARTY, who met with a sudden death in Arizona Ter. Mrs. MARY E. JAMES, of Waterloo, Ill., and CHARLOTTE SCHOWALTER, only daughter of Mrs. John Schowalter, whose deaths were of recent occurrence. Mr. JOHN MALONE, and his wife ELIZABETH, of Newry, Pa.; also their daughter, Mrs. LUCY DONOGHUE, of New Castle, Pa., all of whom died some time ago. And several others, whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

Obituary.

The Rev. FATHER CROWLEY, of St. Patrick's Church, Cumminsville, Ohio, received word the other day of the death at San Francisco, Cal., of his estimable brother, Dr. William F. Crowley. The deceased gentleman was an honorable graduate of the Queen's University, Ireland. He was for some years a civil engineer in Dublin, and during that period his brother, the pastor of Cumminsville, lived with him while making his studies at the Catholic University. Dr. Crowley is much regretted by the poor of San Francisco, for whose service he was always ready. At his death he had all the consolations of religion. A *Requiem* Mass was offered at Cumminsville one day last week for the repose of his soul. *Requiescat in pace.—Catholic Telegraph.*

For Rebuilding Notre Dame University.

Mr. James Edwards, $2.50; Mrs. Anne Dean, 75 cts.; Bridget Nally, $2; Mary A. Clary, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; Mrs. Rose Mitchell, $2; Mary A. Kean, $1; Mrs. Cecilia Durkin, $1; Mrs. Evans, $1; J. Doyle, $1; Mrs. Moran, $1; M. A. Kernan and family, $1.50; A Friend, $1; Patrick and James McQuade, $10; Mrs. John Hartnett, $1; Mrs. H. J. Lagarde, $1.50; Mrs. M. Dollard, 50 cts.; Mrs. L. Short, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Welch, $1; Mrs. G. F. Markle, $4; Mrs. J. Burns, $1.

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Children's Department.

Christmas.

'Tis Christmas-eve, and the children are dreaming,
Angels' wings through their soft slumbers gleaming,
While the CHRIST-CHILD's glance upon them is beaming.
Ah, innocent joy,
Without alloy!

For they know while they sleep the CHRIST-CHILD wakes,
And of their heart's wishes a kind notice takes:
His gifts they shall find when the glad day breaks.
Trusting completely,
Slumber they sweetly.

Hark! Christmas has come! and no child is sleeping,
But from their warm nests are the little ones leaping,
And into each stocking bright eyes are peeping;
Where rich gifts they find,
For Jesus is kind.

When Judea's shepherds first saw the blest light,
And heard the glad song of the angels so bright,
Then opened on earth the first Christmas night;
O'er Bethlehem appeared
The star of the Lord.

Obedient shepherds their flocks leave behind,
And haste to the Crib, their Redeemer to find;
And *we* this dear Saviour, so loving and kind,
Hasten to greet,
And bow at His feet.

The kings of the East bring treasures most meet,
Myrrh, and fine gold, and frankincense sweet;
With the Magi, we children now kneel at His feet,
Offering there
Our young hearts in prayer.

For the contrite heart is more precious than gold,
And the incense of prayer has a value untold;
May the Lord gather us, like the lambs, in His Fold;
That, free from all harms,
We may rest in His arms.

Though precious the gold of the mine may be,
And pure the pearls from the depths of the sea:
A Gift far more precious we have in Thee,
Dear Infant Christ,
On Mary's knee.

SISTER ALOYSIA.

A Christmas-eve Story.

Willie Taylor had just returned home for the Christmas holidays. The evening before, he had rushed into the comfortable room and nearly upset the tea-table in his eagerness to embrace his dear mother and his sister Mary. The next morning was very stormy, and heavy showers of sleet and rain fell steadily upon the splashy streets. And notwithstanding Willie's delight to find himself once more at home, we are obliged to confess that this weather had some influence over him, for he had expected to have a glorious day for skating. Now, in such a rainy, sloppy time, he seemed to have nothing better to do than lounge from room to room, and to give occasional half-resigned, half-impatient glances out of the windows.

On one of these occasions his eye rested upon a mean-looking house, which had escaped, for a time, being pulled down to make way for its betters. It stood nearly opposite to a corner window, and Willie thought it was looking quite ashamed of itself in the presence of its grand neighbors. It seemed to have no business there, nor no fellow-feeling with the fine buildings around it. Poor old house! Willie began to feel quite sorry for the old house; it looked so woe-begone; its roof was quite out of repair; the half-loosened boards rattled in the gust of wind that every now and then came sweeping round the corner. The rain poured down its front in two streams, for all the world as if the old house was crying.

Willie continued to gaze at it and wonder if it was true that it was really haunted, as he had sometimes heard. It looked so dark and dismal, he almost believed the stories must be true; when suddenly his attention was directed from it by the appearance of two ragged little boys who came along the street, with a hop, skip and a jump. They were laughing heartily: it must have been to keep themselves warm. They were so cold and hungry-looking, that they could not have laughed for any other reason. They were pretty little fellows, and could not have been more than six and eight years old.

As Willie kept watching the boys, where should they go but straight into the old house! No wonder Willie was astonished; how could such hearty laughter gain admittance there?

At this moment his sister Mary entered, and he hastened to ask her who lived in the old house. Mary did not know; they had so lately come, there had been no time to inquire. Willie declared he must find out, and he would send over old Joe to learn all about it. And the two young people began to talk, and got more and more interested as they talked;—but I will not tell you what they said, for it was a secret at that moment. I only know that their guardian angels smiled, and that our Mother Mary looked down from heaven and blessed her little children.

Willie ran down stairs to find Joe, who was busy making a fresh bed of straw for the horse, in the stable.

"Joe," said Willie, "I want you to find out for me all about the family that lives in that old house round the corner. I am sure they must be very poor; and *nobody* should be poor at Christmas, Joe."

The old man understood all that was in the boy's heart; he was used to it; for he had seen the same in his father and grandfather.

Next morning, after breakfast, old Joe beckoned Willie out of the room; and Mary, thinking she

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would like to hear what he had to say, followed immediately. Joe told how, when his work was done the evening before, he thought he would take a look at the folks in the old house. The outside looked very dark and grim at first, because the moon was behind a cloud; but when it shone out again, and cast a ray of light on the building, it put him in mind of the smile with which the Blessed Virgin would regard an old, grey-headed sinner who intended to reform.

He stopped at the threshold, as he fancied he heard low, wailing sounds, and then a soft gentle voice speaking words of comfort. As he listened, he could distinguish the words of a prayer he knew right well: "Remember, O most holy Mother, that no one ever applied to thee without obtaining relief!" Then he felt like an old friend, as he knocked at the door, which one of the little boys came and opened. When he went in, he found the father with a high fever, lying on a poor cot-bed, and the mother, with a little babe, only a day old, lying on another poor bed. She had been teaching the two little boys their prayers when Joe knocked. She told him that they had been living in New York, where her husband and all the family fell sick. Five of the children died; and as her husband continued sick for more than a year, they were in great distress, when her brother wrote for them to come to Kansas, promising to help them; but when they got so far on their way, Dennis grew worse, and as she was also taken ill they were obliged to stop. The good Sisters, to whom they applied, had got them that house; but as she knew they had so many to care for, she did not like to tell them how very poor they were.

Joe saw it all at a glance; so he took them over plenty of wood and a good supper. So much for old Joe's report.

After much deliberation between the three, it was concluded that at an old clothes shop the boys might be rigged out for a small amount, and Willie could *afford it*, for he had saved all his pocket money, and was rich that Christmas; and they would send them some wood and some blankets.

All this while Mary was thinking that what they were doing gave them so much pleasure that it was no sacrifice, and she knew the Catholic religion was the religion of sacrifice, and that Jesus and His Blessed Mother teach us this lesson in an especial manner on Christmas night. Just then something came into her head. You must know that Mary had a very large doll, quite as large as a real baby, and she had supplied this doll with a most abundant wardrobe, for day and for night, till her mother thought her rather foolish and extravagant; but, like a good and wise mother, she waited her time for convincing Mary that her money and labor could be better applied.

Mary had some suspicions that her mother doubted the propriety of the attentions she lavished on her doll, but she was very fond of it—it was her pet, so she shut her eyes, or winked very hard not to see what her mother thought. Now everybody knows—that is, every Catholic—that there are certain seasons in which God sends down from Heaven more especial graces on His children than at others, and Christmas is, of course, one of these; and our guardian angels, flying about, catch those graces and shed them over our souls, warming them up with the heavenly light of faith and the fire of divine charity.

Mary's guardian angel had not been idle; he whispered to her that the doll's clothes would keep that little baby in the old house very nice and warm. One moment, one moment only she hesitated, and then the sacrifice was made.

Some grown up young ladies may think it a very trifling sacrifice, but they will please remember the "long, long ago," when they played with dolls.

It was Christmas morning. Willie and Mary were waiting for their parents to accompany them to Mass. They were not speaking to each other, for they were thinking of the Sacrament they were to receive, full of the thought that they were soon to be one with the Infant God, born on that day. They prayed the Blessed Virgin that she would herself give them her Son, by the hands of the priest.

When they entered the church they saw two little boys kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. They looked toward the brother and sister and smiled, then the youngest one approached and pointing to the statue said, "She will reward you." They were the little children from the old house. They had come to thank the Infant Jesus and the Blessed Mother for all the good things they had received the day before, and they asked their Mother in Heaven to bless their benefactors.

Our Lady has blessed them abundantly. Willie is now a zealous missionary priest of a religious order, and Mary is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

My children, it is like a person who has a slight illness: he need not go and see a doctor; he may cure himself without. If he has a headache, he need only go to bed; if he is hungry, he has only to eat. But if it is a serious illness, if it is a dangerous wound, he must have the doctor; after the doctor, comes the remedies. In the same way, when we have fallen into any grievous sin, we must have recourse to the doctor—that is, the priest; and to the remedy—that is, confession.—*Curé of Ars.*

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

VOL. XV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 27, 1879. NO. 52.

The Captivity of Monseigneur Ridel, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

(CONCLUSION.)

On the 5th of June, I celebrated the anniversary of my consecration; I had given notice to the Christians, and we kept the festival. The chief of the station, in gala dress, presented himself at our door: "Put on your good clothes," said he, "and follow me." I shook John's hand, gave my blessing to the Christians, and followed my guide, who conducted me to the satellites' apartment outside the prison, and then into the court of another prison which was empty, where water was given me. It was quite an enjoyment to wash my face, my hands, and feet. The sun was shining, and I saw some blades of grass which had sprung up; how long a time it was since I had seen anything of the sort! I looked at the sky, and could see the mountains in the distance. All seemed new to me, and beautiful.

Several satellites came to see me. They told me that I was about to be sent back to China; that I should go to Peking, and be placed in the hands of Europeans of my own nation; that new clothes were to be made for me to wear on the journey, and that, when all was ready, we should set out. It struck me that if I was really to be sent home, the judge would have intimated the fact to me in some way, and I awaited an official communication before putting implicit faith in all these words.

Presently the news was spread abroad that I was released from prison, and lodged in apartments where people might come to see me. Immediately the tribunal was invaded by an inquisitive crowd. They shut me up in a yard; but the walls were soon scaled. The satellites brought their relatives and friends to visit me, and I had to receive them all and reply to their questions. The inhabitants are truly good folk; they addressed me with great politeness and affability, even the nobles, who sometimes came in parties of thirty. The mandarin, governor of the prison, who had his apartments in the tribunal, brought me to his residence, and there in the company of some of his friends we talked at our ease. They were all much interested; and I had even an opportunity of speaking to them of the doctrine which I had come to preach. In the evening, the governor called for me; and I remember that I had to go out twice, quite late at night, to answer his questions. He seemed to be much pleased with my responses. He was struck by the explanation I gave him of the creation of the world, and said that the doctrine of the Ten Commandments was beautiful. Through him I had an opportunity of also seeing several of the officials of the court, who asked him to introduce them to me.

Everyone was talking of my departure, and many said among themselves: "It is a good thing to send him away: it is the only proper course." However, the thought of my poor Christian prisoners was always running through my mind. One day I said to the judge: "Oh! I wish I could see old John Tchoï."

"You want to see him! why nothing can be easier. I shall have all the Christians brought to you."

Immediately an order was issued to assemble the Christians. The very sight of them was a consolation to me. I tried to animate them to great patience and confidence in God. I was set at liberty, and they remained in prison. This was indeed a severe affliction to me. Old John was destined to remain there a long time. I asked the chief what was going to become of the Christian prisoners.

"They are all to be sent out. What would be the use of keeping them when their chief has been liberated?"

"Is this certain?"

"Quite so. After your departure they will be sent home, and Tchoi-Laing-ouen (John) is to get the house which you inhabited, with all its furniture."

John left us in very low spirits. "Ah!" said he, "I shall never again see the Bishop's face!"

"Keep up your courage! we shall certainly meet in heaven."

He returned to the prison, and I have never seen him since. My trunks had been carried over from the tribunal of the right to that of the left. In the presence of several of the officers they drew an inventory of the different articles and brought me the list, asking me to sign it.

"Sign what?" said I to them.

"This list, in which you will find the articles belonging to you, and about to be restored to your possession."

"What! more than three quarters of the things seized in my house have disappeared! No, I cannot, and will not sign that paper."

Nothing more was said to me about the signa-

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ture, which indeed I had fully made up my mind not to give. In fact a great number of articles had disappeared. They had all taken whatever they liked in rummaging the trunks. Everything of value, such as watches, chalices, etc., even to the phials for the holy oils, had disappeared. I found the little box belonging to a ring which I greatly prized as a souvenir of Mgr. Jacquemet, Bishop of Nantes, from whom I had received Holy Orders. I sought for the ring; and the chief of the satellites said to me: "It must be here, for I saw it yesterday." But our search was in vain. And so, even after the Government had decided on restoring whatever belonged to me, I was still plundered. The articles were replaced in the trunks, which were then closed with great care, and sealed. The latter precaution was rather late.

All the satellites, especially those of the tribunal of the right, came to congratulate me on the success of this affair, and the delight I must feel in being about to return to my own country. I did not altogether share their sentiment, and so one of the chiefs said to me.

On the 10th of June, they gave me a new suit of clothes, made of poor material, telling me that I must leave the capital on the morrow. Late in the evening, some satellites of the tribunal of the right, with their captain Ni, came. "You are going back to your country," he said to me; "consequently you will have no need of Corean or Chinese books, which no one can understand there. The prefect of the police has ordered us to take all these books from your trunks, and to burn them here before you." I would have protested, but it was useless; the order came from the prefect of police. They then again opened my trunks, put aside the books written in Chinese or Corean, and even the European books, in which some Chinese or Corean types were found. All our manuscripts, all our labors on the language thus perished. Happily, I had left in China a copy of our most important books. There were, however, some works recently translated, of which no copies existed. When they had taken out the books, they threw, helter-skelter, into the boxes the greater part of the rest of my things; I say the greater part, for they took care to render invisible some of them, even that evening, in which there were certainly neither Corean nor Chinese writings to be found. Although extremely tired, I wished to pack my boxes; but they hindered me. "How is this?" I said; "you leave the boxes half full, and in such disorder! At the end of the journey all my things will be broken up, spoiled, lost." The only reply the satellites gave was to burst out laughing. They shut up the boxes, which they sealed again, and bound with straw ropes. They lighted a fire in the court-yard, and threw into it the books they had taken. They invited me to be present at the spectacle, but I refused, remaining seated in a corner of the chamber, in the midst of the cries, vociferations and laughter of all these beings, who did not go away till far on in the night.

I found it hard to sleep, and I had to rise very early. It was raining; I was warm and cold at once; and I felt greatly weakened. I commended myself to the loving Heart of Our Lord, who had endured such agonies in the Garden of Olives; I implored the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, confiding to her my mission, my dear children whom I was going to leave, and all our Christians. "How long this noble mission of Corea has lived in the catacombs! it seems always to be in agony! grief and tears are its soul. What ruins! what a long martyrdom! and here am I again compelled to leave it. My God, may Thy holy will be done! Lead me as Thou wilt, I am always and forever Thine, ready to endure the greatest sufferings, to drink the bitter chalice to the last for Thy greater glory and Thy love."

Thinking thus, I fell asleep. In the morning (the 11th of June), we rose early. We had to wait a long time for the porters and the horses. At length they told me we were going to start; a number of people were collected in the court-yard of the tribunal to see me. Those who knew me wished me a safe journey. I got into the sedan chair, where they shut me up as in a cage, taking care to lower the curtains. Two porters carried it, and we set out. Through the lattice, which served as a door, I could see the great street down which we went. It is a real boulevard, prolonged almost out of sight; on every side there are mud houses, thatched with straw, so small, so low that they look more like the residences of beavers than of men. In the capital they are so accustomed to see such processions go by that no one paid any attention to us. We soon passed the city gate; here many of the satellites left us, and continuing our journey we found ourselves in the country, and came to a halt. I was able to get out for a moment and to examine the staff of our caravan. A petty mandarin had joined us on horseback; they told me he would accompany me to the frontier, escorted by two satellites, who would be relieved from station to station. When we had rested for a short time, I got into the sedan and we continued our journey. Seated with my legs across, and softly rocked, I could collect my thoughts at my ease; I could also breathe the salubrious air of the country, and purge my lungs of all the infectious miasmata which I had inhaled during the past five months. The environs of Seoul are charming; hills slightly undulating; in the background, high mountains, amongst which is the Sam-Kakasan. Towards the middle of the day we came to Ko-yang, a small town distant 40 lys (10 miles) from the capital; the mandarin came to see me, and soon the whole population of the village followed suite. In the afternoon we made 40 lys more, and stopped at the town of Patjyou, to pass the night.

I have no intention to conduct you from station to station in this way; that would be monotonous; I will content myself by relating the principal incidents. When we came to Patjyou, we saw the pretorians, who were practicing shooting with the bow. They all came to see me; they had so many things to tell and to ask me about, that we could not get to bed till very late. The next morning they gave me water in a block of granite hollowed out in the shape of a bowl, having in the lower part an orifice to let the water escape. This system is very convenient; a pail is placed on one side, and a little cup full of salt on its brim to clean the mouth and the teeth, which the Coreans do every morning. They served up to me a very plentiful breakfast. I must say here that throughout the journey I was well treated, and had always plenty of nourishment.

That day I was astonished by the sight of two

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gigantic statues. They were rocks which sprung perpendicularly from the side of a mountain. They have carved them into the shape of statues. The artist was skilled enough.

In the evening we had to rest at Syong-to or Kaiseng, the capital of Corea, under the dynasty of Kaoli. We came soon, in fact, on great tombs and bridges of stone, the ruins of which attested the splendor of the ancient capital of the Kaolis. It is still the greatest commercial city of Corea, and the inhabitants of Syong-to are remarkable for their mercantile tastes, which is the cause of their being looked down on by their conquerors of the tyos-yen dynasty, at present in power. The latter disdain all commerce and business, esteeming only government offices and agriculture, which is highly honored in the country. However, the people of Syong-to return scorn for scorn, and await patiently the happy day when the capital will be transferred from Seoul to their town.

When we entered the town, we went along a large street of the mercantile city where, on every side, the most diverse objects of Corean indnstry are exposed for sale; the produce of the eight provinces, and all the goods come from Europe by China. In the street, and I may say in the town, all the houses are shops, all the passers-by are hawkers, crying, in various tones, their different articles of merchandise. We passed this quarter without being remarked, but when we came to the gate of the walled city, all were on the alert; in a moment the news spread, and from all sides a crowd of curious people collected. We could hardly get on; the satellites and the soldiers of the country came to open up a passage through its inquisitive, but by no means hostile, population. They appeared to be of a gentle disposition. All were neatly, and even richly, dressed.

Finally, we came into the Government house; it seemed that we were now at last to be at peace. But not at all; the position was carried by assault, and in a moment the whole place was invaded. I went out once or twice to satisfy their curiosity. "Ha!" they said, "why, he is a man just like us; if he was travelling without anyone being informed, who could recognize him?" Those who were near me asked many questions, and wished to hear me speak. Here, beyond anywhere else, they asked me what sort of trade I had come about to Corea; they could not conceive that I had made such voyages, had exposed myself to so many dangers, simply to preach a doctrine.

The next morning, the 13th of June, we started early; we left the province of Kieng-keui to go into that of Houang-hai. In the evening, we crossed the river Tot-nye-oul (the passage of the park), to spend the night at Hypeng-san. On the road I had the opportunity of meeting many mandarins. One of them came to see me in the large room where they had placed me, and we had, in presence of many listeners, a long and serious conversation. I was going to lie down, when he returned. "I had so much pleasure," he said, "that I wished again to hear you." I received him as politely as possible, and took advantage of the opportunity to lay before him the principles, the proofs, and the moral teaching of the Christian religion. "How! that is their religion! But it is indeed truly noble!" said the assistants. "He is a good man; all the Europeans, and the Christians, their disciples, are so. It is not to be wondered at; their religion forbids them to be angry, to fight, to do evil to their neighbor, to steal, to calumniate, to get drunk, to seize on another man's wife," etc. I asked if they arrested the Christians. "No," they answered me; "here we have never arrested one; there are none of them in this district; but in the vicinity there are many."

But let us leave this town, and, continuing our journey, examine the country. There are always mountains, some of them well wooded; there are fertile rice fields in the valleys, here and there villages and hamlets are scattered. We follow the high road; the post-changes are numerous, the inns near enough to each other; we only stop for a moment to eat or to give the porters time to rest. Beyond Pong-san we go by the side of a mountain following the road, which winds on every side. It is a dangerous place; two or three travellers dare not venture alone; they collect together in a caravan to defend themselves from the tigers.

I had gone on foot over the whole pass, to stretch my limbs, and also to relieve the porters. Unfortunately, I had no hat: they would not give me one at the capital. This was a constant source of inquiry along the road, for no one travels without a hat. I even got a sun-stroke, in consequence of which my head suffered greatly; and I was seized with dysentery. What plagued me most was the crowd in the room where they put me to pass the night. After the day's journey, I was assailed by a lot of people who remained to such a late hour, that I had not time to get sufficient rest.

On Sunday, the 16th of June, we were at Tjyoung-hoa, the first town of the province of Hpyeng-an, 130 miles from Seoul. In this province the language differs somewhat from that of the capital and the south of Corea. The next morning we were due at Hpyeng-yang, the capital of the province, a large city surrounded with walls, and pleasingly situated on the right bank of the river Tai-tong-kang (great confluence of water). This river is navigable, and the large barks of Seoul discharge their merchandise under the walls of the city. The inhabitants of Hpyeng-yang are blustering and impudent. It was they who set fire to the small American galley stranded on the bank of the river, and massacred the crew. They were the people who offered themselves to hunt the French from Kang-hoa. Commerce is very active in the town.

After having passed over a vast plain cut up by mountains, we came to the banks of the Tai-tong-kang, which we crossed on long flat-boats. We were soon on the other side, and went into the town through a large dark gate. The moment I was recognized, there ensued an indescribable hubbub and confusion: the crowd became so compact that the porters could not advance a step; and I was soon hidden from view. "We must see him! we must see him! open the sedan," was shouted on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye the curtains were withdrawn, and the crowd pressed closer and closer. The mandarin issued orders, but his voice was lost in the uproar; the porters did their best, and the satellites, armed with sticks, struck about right and left. I was

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brought into a tribunal, the crowd following; then I was taken to another place, and they all rushed after me; finally, the battle having lasted for about three hours, I had to be shut up in a remote chamber, where, however, I was besieged ere long. "Why is he sent away? It would be better to put him to death. What is our Government about? are there no soldiers in the capital? He ought to be killed."

"How could that be! The Son of Heaven has ordered him to be sent away, and even to be well treated; he is a man of renown in his own country, and in China he is a personage of importance."

"Is it then the order of the Emperor of China?"

"Yes: certainly! He has sent a courier expressly to claim him."

This last announcement had some effect in calming the excitement, for the Emperor of China enjoys great prestige in Corea. We stopped for half a day at Tjyang-hoa. Our mandarin had to get a suit of mourning for the death of Queen Kim. We were to set out next day, but there was the same concourse in the street.

At length, about eleven o'clock, when our mandarin had gone through the customary ceremonies in I don't know what tribunal, we left the town, and soon found ourselves on the great high road which, from Tjyang-hoa to the frontier of China, is frequented by chariots, a rare thing in Corea. After the baggage came my sedan, carried by two men, who got assistance from two others in difficult parts of the road. I remained seated, and had every opportunity of speaking to the porters, who asked me all manner of questions and related innumerable stories. The satellites, generally speaking, took part in the conversation. The mandarin, mounted on a little horse, brought up the rear, and kept a watch on the caravan. On perceiving that he was not a good horseman, I offered him my sedan. At first he refused, but afterwards he came of his own accord and asked me if I were really willing to accept his horse. So in my turn I was finally mounted on a little Corean horse, like a mandarin on duty. The porters said: "When the European is on horseback no one knows him, and there are much fewer idle gazers."

We passed through Tyeng-tjyou, a fortified town, and then stopped at Koath-san to pass the night. According as we approached the frontier, the fortifications became more numerous, and the towns were all enclosed within walls.

One day, having reached the summit of a hill, I went to examine the statues of a pagoda, and while doing so I saw an old man, with snowy hair, come out of a house to which our porters had gone to refresh themselves: "Is it possible he is here!" cried the old man. "Surely he is a saint, and I have been long wishing to see one of these men!" And then perceiving me, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and, pressing my hand, exclaimed: "Oh! I have heard of you, and longed to see your face. A great happiness has been reserved for me in my old age; I may now die, for I have seen the face of one of those venerable men who have left all and exposed themselves to a thousand pains and trials in order to come and teach us a beautiful doctrine. They are saints indeed; and I have beheld the countenance of a saint." And then, turning to the porters, he added: "This is a man such as we have not in our country; he has not come among us, as some people fancy, to get possession of our country; he and his companions have no other object in view but to instruct us. And we, Coreans, ill-treat them. At the capital, they were taken and put to death. What a misfortune for our country to kill in this way men who desire nothing but our welfare! What madness! What injustice! Never have they done harm to anyone; they are models of every virtue. Oh! how cruel and blind our Government is!"

He told me that he was born in the isle of Tjinto, to the southwest of Corea, where he had formerly seen some European monks; and that some years ago he had emigrated and settled in this country. He was seventy years of age, and wished to learn more about our religion.

"The doctrine which we preach," said I to him, "is the only true one; it teaches us to know God, our Father; to honor Him, to do good, and shun evil; and it obtains for us eternal life. I cannot instruct you; but seek, and you shall find men who know the truth, and will teach it to you; for God desires to save you. I am not free; the Government has arrested me, and is hunting me out of the country; and I am forced to go without trying to do the good which I should have wished to accomplish."

"Oh! what a misfortune for our country!" cried he, with tears in his eyes. "What madness for our Government thus to reject what would be for our happiness! Come into my house for a moment; it will be a blessing for me and my family; I have some wine, and you must stand in need of refreshment."

"I do not drink wine; and, besides, here comes our mandarin, and I should be sorry to bring you into any trouble Keep yourself calm and tranquil; what you have said has done me good in the midst of the trials which afflict me. I shall not forget you, and I will pray to God for you. Take measures for finding out Christians to instruct you."

The mandarin arrived; and I had to move away lest I should compromise the good man, who did not cease to hold forth in my praise, although I was quite unknown to him. This meeting consoled me for many troubles, while at the same time it increased my sadness; for I had to quit the country in which were many souls in the like good dispositions.

Having passed the districts of Syen-tchyen and Tyelsan, we arrived at Nyong-tchyen, where we met two interpreters of the Chinese, who had been three days waiting for us. They came to see me on my arrival, and told me that the Corean Government had sent them to conduct me to China, and place me in the hands of the Chinese authorities. They spoke to me of Peking, which they knew very well, having accompanied the Corean ambassadors every year as interpreters.

We had nine leagues to traverse before arriving at Ei-tjyone, the last town of the Corean territory. We set out, and in the evening, from the submit of the mountains, descried the river which forms the boundary of Corea; and beyond that, the territory and mountains of China. Before long, we were at the gate of the town. The mandarin's residence, to which we were going, was at the other extremity. We got in very quietly; but soon, despite all precautions, I

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was recognized; and immediately the people rushed in crowds, shouting, and giving full occupation to about thirty satellites, who were trying to keep order. The mandarin's residence, which we reached at length, was immediately invaded. All the superior officers hastened to visit me, and the mandarin came in person to inquire after my health.

It was at Ei-tjyone, which is a large town, that our couriers were arrested, and I learned from one of the interpreters that three Christians were still in prison there.

We resumed our march, and as our departure was expected, a dense crowd awaited us. The satellites, armed with sticks, set about dispersing the multitude. I said to the mandarin: "All these people are anxious to see me; tell the satellites not to strike them." "Don't strike, don't strike!" immediately cried the mandarin; "the European does not wish the people to be beaten." Thus, we advanced in the midst of the accompanying crowd; we traversed the shore and got on board great flat boats. It was curious to see such a multitude assembled on the shore. The children plunged into the water to have a nearer view of us, surrounded our boat, smiling in the most friendly manner. Others jumped into canoes formed out of the trunk of a tree, which they managed with grace and agility. All these people are ours; they were my own children. Our Lord, through the agency of the venerated Pontiff Pius IX, had confided them and given them to me; and now I was abandoning them!

We crossed without difficulty, and reached the first island; great Corean barks were ascending and descending the river; and on the far side of the island, in the other branch of the river, a number of Chinese junks could be descried. Having stepped on shore, I turned round to gaze once more on that lovely country, my dear mission. What a magnificent spectacle! what a panorama! Corea seemed to be irradiated with a smile. Saluting the cherished land with all the fervor of my heart, I wafted to it my tenderest benediction, and said: "May we meet again! and God grant it may be soon!"

After six leagues' march, we arrived at Syckson, where the Coreans have a house, serving as a halting-place on the way to Pyen-men. We stopped there, and the mandarin spread before me all his little boxes of preserves, inviting me to partake of them. I did so without much pressing; and thought the cold repast delicious. In the evening we travelled six leagues, and it was night when we arrived at Pyen-men, where the Coreans have a large establishment. There we passed the night, at more than one hundred and twenty leagues from the capital, on Monday evening, the 24th of June, after fourteen days' journey. A crowd of Government officials, courtiers, and merchants, were in the place. The house seemed to me a great magazine of merchandize, brought from Peking and destined for Corea. The Chinese town of Fon-hoang-chang, where I was to be given into the hands of the Chinese authorities, is situated three leagues from this post; and next day I was conducted thither by the same escort. The journey was easily made, and we put up at the hotel. I had plenty of time to speak to our mandarin, while awaiting the decision of the Chinese authorities, who are invariably slow in such cases. Some of the Chinese gazed at us; and all took me for some Corean dignitary.

At last, about midday, the two interpreters who had gone to arrange my affairs, returned. They told me that the Chinese mandarins would receive me, and that I was to be conducted to Moukden, where I should find Europeans, to whom they would deliver me. We went to the Ya-men, where all the necessary formalities were gone through, and the papers signed by each party. Thus I was transferred to the Chinese authority, and the moment of separation had arrived. I was loaded with compliments and good wishes, and I responded with the best possible grace. The interpreters gave me a rendezvous for the autumn at Peking, but I could not promise to keep it.

The Chinese left me in a kind of chamber, where immediately I began to metamorphose myself. I lowered my Corean top-knot, and turned it into a Chinese plait; put on a little black soutane which I extracted from my baggage, and then sat down, expecting they would bring me something to eat, for I had not tasted anything since morning. But I waited in vain. I addressed myself to a Chinese who appeared to be the guardian of my domicile. He informed me that the dinner-hour was passed, and began to play on his violin in a manner to frighten all the cats in the neighborhood. Then I applied to a second and a third, and received for answer that no provisions were to be had. A boy who was selling little cakes presented himself, but how was I to buy? I had six Corean sapeques; I gave him three, and he handed me the same number of cakes about the size of my thumb, and seeing that I eat them with avidity, he gave me five more into the bargain which I accepted. In the evening, I waited in vain for my supper; and was told that I had been forgotten, and that no one knew who had the charge of feeding me. I asked to see the mandarin to whom I had been given in charge, and who was to accompany me; but where was he to be found? At length, fortunately, while the violin-player was still practising, another official arrived: "How!" said he, "has he had nothing to eat? But what can be got at this hour? What can the great man eat?"

"Give me whatever you like; you can get meal cakes at any rate."

"Oh! if that is all, we can easily manage." And, thereupon, he went out and bought me three little Chinese loaves, which sufficed to refresh me, and then I went to bed.

Next day, I took my seat in a chariot, the mandarin did likewise, and we set out with an escort of about a dozen soldiers. I do not intend to describe the journey across the mountains; the heat was overpowering, and the jolting of the vehicle over the rocks was not calculated to rest me. Five days later, on the 30th of June, we arrived at Moukden. The parleys were long, and I had to wait in the chariot in the middle of the street, where I soon found myself surrounded by a peaceable crowd. It was in vain I protested that I was a Frenchman: they insisted I was an Englishman. In the crowd there was a young man, an expatriated Corean, who acted as my interpreter. Finally we entered the inn. The mandarin approached, and stretching out his hand

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exclaimed: "Yes! let us shake hands in the English fashion"; and then putting up his fingers one by one to show off his learning, he declaimed in English: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. You are an Englishman?" he then added?

"No, I am a Frenchman. There is a Catholic church here, and there must be a missioner also. I would like to see him." A message was sent to the house, and the priest came to the inn. I was conducted to the room in which he was, and I recognized Father Chevalier, whom I had met years before at Our Lady of the Snows. How delighted he was to see me! He could hardly believe his eyes; for it would appear he had been told I was dead. The mandarin said to him: "Do you know this missioner? Is he a Frenchman?"

"Yes: surely, as much a Frenchman as myself."

"Can you answer for him fully?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure."

"Well, you can take him away with you." And he placed me at his disposal. I was free at length, after six months' captivity. We went in a carriage to Father Chevalier's house.

It was on that evening I heard of the death of Pius IX, and the election of Leo XIII, the death of Monseigneur Verrolles, of Victor Emmanuel, etc. I also had news from our brethren in Corea, who were alive and still at their posts. I spent three days at Moukden, to recover from my fatigues. The good care lavished on me brought me round completely. I had the great happiness of saying Mass on Easter day; I had been for such a long time deprived of the Holy Sacrifice! The mission has a noble establishment in the town; I admired beyond everything the magnificent church which Fr. Chevalier has built here. It is a splendid building, the two towers of which overlook the whole country.

In the mean time, I was loitering on the way to Our Lady of the Snows. I started on the 4th of July, and in the evening took Father Boyer by surprise at Cha-ling. The next morning I went to Niou-tchouang, where Father Riffard was equally astonished to see me. On the 6th, Father Riffard and I set out, he on horseback, I in a vehicle. At some distance from Ing-tse, Father Riffard rode forward to bring the news of my arrival. The missioners mounted their horses and came to meet me: I had just entered the town when I saw the cavalcade of which many European merchants formed a part. It is impossible to describe the surprise and joy of all. Twelve years ago I arrived in almost the same circumstances, on the coast of Tche-fou, on the 6th of July, the eve of the anniversary of my birth, and of the feast of Saint Felix of Nantes, my patron. That evening Father Dubail, Superior of the Mission of Mandchuria, announced that solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament would be given, to return thanks to God for my deliverance. With great joy I blessed the congregation, holding in my hand our Divine Saviour, and thinking of my relatives and friends! I shall not attempt to describe the testimonies of affection and congratulation which were showered on me by my brother priests and a number of European residents, without forgetting the good Nuns of Providence from Portieux.

I remained three days at the port of Ing-ste, and on the 10th of July, accompanied by MM. Dubail, Raguit, and Lalouyer, I went to Yang-kouan. Father Richard, being informed by a letter from Niou-tchouang, hastened to meet me. I started the next morning and arrived at Our Lady of the Snows on the 12th. A mile and a half from the village we met a procession of vehicles laoded with children, holding flags in their hands, horsemen with guns and crossbelts, etc. A small carriage was ready to receive me; I got in, and the procession went forward to the sound of music, amidst the crowd of pagans. On entering the town I put on a rochet and mosette, and the procession went on to the church, where a *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving; I then blessed the congregation, who knelt devoutly.

Thus ends my narrative. I have changed my residence, not my home; for all the missioners in Corea form but one family, and continue to live in the union and charity of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor glory and love forever and ever! Amen.

F. C. RIDEL, Bishop,
Vicar-Apostolic of Corea.

October 20th, 1878.

Christmas Song.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

Their shepherd crooks laid down, the weary toilers sleep,
On rocky steeps repose beside their bleating flocks;
Lo! down the rugged hillsides falls the snow,
And all is dark.

Lo! o'er the misty mountain heights breaketh the day—
The dawning day of glory and of power;
The star, the immortal star, its zenith reached,
Illumes the night.

"Lo! dawn is breaking o'er the Galilean heights,
Comrades, awake, 'tis day; the quiet night is o'er;
Nay, never dawn like this broke o'er Judea's plains,
This! this is heav'n."

Hark! hark! 'tis wondrous music stirring on the wind;
The air in thousand-voiced choral chants the strain;
The dark-blue silent night singeth in joy.
The shepherds trembling cry:

"Not mortal voices sound upon our wond'ring ears;
Not mortal light illumeth Galilean shores,
Shadows the darksome plains, or quivers on the streams,"
And terror fills their souls.

Lo! part the ether vaults for scarce a moment's space,
And beings animate, refulgent, earthward pour,
Gleaming the concentrated splendor of the spheres,
Down speed, through the night.

Hark! "Glory, glory in the highest to the Lord!"
The voices swell in one immeasurable strain,
Far upwards soaring 'mid the angelic choirs,
Through endless space.

"*Gloria! gloria!* the Saviour-God is born.
Et pax hominibus! et pax hominibus!
To men of righteous will for evermore be peace,
Peace of the God Eternal."

O blessed, thrice blessed that midnight faded in the hush

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Of dead, forgotten centuries; its hymn sublime
Still haunts the midnight skies of ev'ry land and race.
But sing we lowlier songs:

Christmas stars are gleaming,
Angel voices seeming
In their spirit dreaming
To greet the natal night.

Christmas lights are gleaming,
Human voices seeming
In their gladsome dreaming
To greet the natal night.

Heav'n's stars soft gleaming,
Earthly lights, bright beaming,
Meet in one glad seeming
In honor to the King!

O'er the dim hills ringing,
Men and angels singing,
Glorias upringing,
As wond'ring shepherds heard.

So we with Christmas singing,
With Christmas bells clear ringing,
Our hearts to God upwinging,
Do greet the natal night.

Into Port.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NATHALIE."

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

THE COLLISION.

The train was an express-train; it rushed forward without stopping at any of the smaller stations. The priest drew forth his breviary; the conversation stopped; the children cuddled up close to their mother and shut their eyes. A considerable time elapsed.

Then signs of uneasiness appeared in the long row of cars; the conductors were calling out one to the other, the engineer rushed from one carriage to another, and then a shrill whistle gave the signal to put on the brakes. The train went slower and slower, and finally stopped. The countess put the window down, to see what had happened. The conductor came quickly up and opened the carriage door. "Would it please your highness to descend? we must stop here for a short time."

"How long?" said Frank, the elder of the two boys, rubbing his eyes.

"Cannot exactly say, young sir; half an hour, or perhaps longer." He went on to open the other doors.

"Let us go out, mamma," the boy entreated; and the other one added, with a yawn: "One gets stupid sitting so long!"

Meantime the mother had become convinced that they were at an intermediate station, where express trains were not accustomed to stop. Yielding to the importunity of her sons, she descended the first from the carriage; the boys sprang tumultuously after her, the clergyman following more slowly.

"We will remain here," said the Italian, half entreatingly, half commandingly to Edith, who, as if newly endued with life, had taken heart and already stood on the first step.

She gave him no answer, but sprang lightly down and hurried after the countess.

"*Maladette!*" he uttered, gnashing his teeth.

The countess was standing at the door of the waiting saloon, in animated conversation with a gentleman who had obtained information respecting the unexpected detention. A train had slipped off the rail before the next station, the ruins of which covered the road; some passengers were hurt, but none killed.

The countess returned thanks courteously for the information, then went into the thickly-thronged waiting-room with those belonging to her, and had some trouble in finding a seat. Edith followed close behind her, and remained near her, fighting in her inmost soul a very hard battle. Should she make use of this unforeseen detention in order to interest in her behalf this lady who appeared so kind, and who had shown so much sympathy for her, which, unfortunately, in her fearful excitement she had not appreciated? Should she confide in her, and trust to her protection, and ask her mediation with her greatly offended parents? She had already stepped nearer to her, then hesitated. How should she begin in the difficult confession, here, before all these people, to one entirely unknown to her? And Joseph? Then she felt her hand seized, and looked up into his excited, clay-colored face.

"Yonder is room for us both," he said, in a hoarse voice, and dragged her along; she followed him without a word. The moment for saving her was delayed!

Meantime something must have occurred in the telegraph office, which was close to the waiting-room—something which disturbed the usual quietude and regulation of the day's servants, in a very remarkable manner. One after another of those attendants came in at the half-opened door and cast a sharp glance over the assembled crowd, while *gens d'armes* were posted at every entrance.

Joseph addressed his companion at times with tender words, at times with vehement reproaches at the unaccountable change which had come over her; she let him talk on a long while without answering, then suddenly raised her head with an energetic movement and jerked out the words: "I will go back."

"You will go back!" he exclaimed. "Yes, if the time for that were come! Where will you go? Where can you go?"

The Italian began to be aware of the presence of the police. How if Edith opposed him, and at length called in the police to her assistance against him? He was exposed on every side, and endeavored now, with such words as passion and anxiety afforded him, to make his peace with the young maiden. She, on the other hand, moved farther and farther away from him, without vouchsafing a single word in reply to his entreaties, his representations, his fiery adjurations, his promises made on oath, and finally she began again to weep most bitterly.

That completely upset him. "If there is not an end to these everlasting tears," he hissed through his clenched teeth, "I will put a bullet through my head, here before your eyes!"

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At this moment a shrill whistle was heard, and a few seconds later an extra train came up to the station. The unexpected incident excited universal attention among the passengers, who were weary of waiting. They all flocked eagerly to the windows,—even Joseph, to whom every unexpected sound rang like a signal of a misfortune at hand, turned his head round to observe; only Edith gave no heed to it. From the carriage a gentleman and lady sprang out quickly, and came up the steps of the platform. The doors of the waiting-room were suddenly and violently opened.

"Have you carried out my commands?" asked the traveller, as he entered.

"Yes, indeed, my Lord Baron," answered the station-master, in the most polite manner; "we have kept close watch that not a single passenger should leave."

At the first word of the stranger, Edith rose suddenly—now she rushed towards him with a loud cry: "Father! my dear, dear papa! O forgive me; save me!" She lay at his feet, weeping, yet rejoicing; she clasped his knees, and bedewed his feet with tears and kisses.

Werneck bent over her in deep emotion. "My poor child!" he said, softly, and drew her lovingly to his arms. "Mamma, comfort the child; let us go out of this."

Edith threw herself into her mother's open arms; the Baron turned to the entrance.

Then Joseph sprang like a madman in the way. "Murderer!" he shrieked, foaming at the mouth with rage; "murderer of my father, there —take that!"

A steel blade glittered in the air,—a gendarme sprang to the spot. Too late! Werneck fell back and sank with a light groan into the arms of the station-master, who was standing behind him.

This sight changed the inactive astonishment of the crowd of passengers who were looking on, to the most lively sympathy. The gentlemen pressed forward to offer help to the wounded man; the station-master placed his dwelling at the Baron's disposal.

Werneck had not lost consciousness, but the wound bled freely and he was not able to stand. His servant and some of the gentlemen bore him carefully from the place; while the ladies, —above all, the Austrain countess—hastened to assist the wife and daughter, who were in a most pitiable state.

Dolores had fainted outright. Edith lay upon the ground before her, tearing her hair in sheer despair. "Through me! through my fault!" she exclaimed, in the wild, loud tones of madness; "I am the murderer of my parents: my father is dying on my account; grief is killing my mother! Woe! woe! woe to me!"

All endeavors to comfort her or to soothe her in any way, failed; words fell as if wrecked on that wild burst of grief, until her father's servant came to her and with the measured tones of habitual respect announced: "His lordship wishes to speak to Miss Edith."

Then she sat up and stared fixedly at the old man, as if she had not understood what he said. He repeated his message, and then she shot up as if lifted by a spring: "He wants to speak to me, my beloved, my kind father—oh, thank God!" and she rushed towards the door.

Dolores called her back: she had revived, and consciousness had returned to her under the exertions of the good-natured Austrian lady. "Edith!" she called out, as her daughter was hastening away; "come, lead me: I will go with you. I thank you, ladies!"

She hung wearied and tottering on the arm her daughter offered her. Both left the hall, followed by the servant.

Joseph was arrested immediately after the deed; he offered no resistance, and seemed to be in a contented or rather in an exultant frame of mind. "The aim of my life is attained," he said, in the preliminary judicial examination before the magistrate; "my revenge is satisfied. I wanted to strike down my father's murderer. I have struck him down—and, as I hope, done it well."

CHAPTER VIII.

KRONTHAL.

Kronthal, one of the little bathing places on the southern slope of the Taunus, is frequented by invalids who seek neither the pleasures of society nor the more dangerous excitement of gaming, such as are offered by our more fashionable bathing places—invalids who are really in search of health, and of repose. Here, as in a pleasant oasis sheltered by the forest, Baron Werneck was reclining in the garden of a country house appropriated to the sick, his wife and daughter by his side. Dolores was trifling with some fanciful crochet-work; Edith was drawing a pretty landscape. The Baron, still pale and sick, was half sitting, half lying on a convenient lounge, and was reading a somewhat voluminous sheet or sheets of manuscript which had been brought to him that morning by the post. Not a word was spoken, not a sound disturbed the reader; only the birds in the branches above him sang after their accustomed fashion. A deep melancholy peace hung over the family picture, in which was represented all the fragrance and glory of the beautiful summer day.

The wound made by the dagger of the Neapolitan was almost closed, but a weakness remained which raised the fear that some interior injury had been sustained by this heretofore strong man. He coughed, and at times spat blood, and the physician would willingly have ordered him to the South. But he refused this ordinance; he wished to remain near enough to be able to follow the course of the prosecution; and, besides, he desired not to exhaust what strength still remained to him by a longer journey. So his advisers had fain content themselves by sending him to the strengthening skies and healing springs of the Taunus baths. He found here what he wished; above all, undisturbed repose and a temporary seclusion, which, especially on Edith's account, he deemed advisable; in order, as he energetically expressed it, to give time for grass to grow over the sorrowful history.

The young maiden was suffering so much mental trouble that her tender frame was scarcely able to endure it, and it even threatened to disturb the development of her youthful charms. She reproached herself incessantly for having occasioned the misfortunes, the sickness, perhaps even death before his time, of her beloved father, and for what? For an imagined passion, the last trace of which was effaced from her heart, and this by taking a step which under any circum-

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stance was unpardonable, and for which no valid excuse could by any possibility be framed. And was it not in consequence of this step that the hot-blooded Italian had become a murderer? Did not the responsibility for this, and for all that might ensue from it, rest on her soul? In her terrible excitement she had not heard the words he had addressed to her father,—she looked on herself as being the only cause of the crime, and thus did it not virtually become her own deed? Thus reasoning, she lost her peace and was torn by a tormenting repentance. The poor child could find no means of absolving her soul from its heavy guilt. No consecrated mouth could announce to her, in God's stead: "Thy sin is forgiven."

It was in vain that both of her parents essayed to comfort the stricken girl; in vain that Werneck, almost forgetting his own bodily sufferings in the grief of his darling child, for the guilt of which she accused herself, sought to diminish it in her eyes. The voice of her conscience spoke too loud; the kindness of her parents in forgiving abased her but the more.

Werneck had never shown anger to the "child"; he felt only an inexpressibly tender pity for her. Much as he lamented the false step she had taken, yet his fatherly heart did not lay upon her all the responsibility of the act, still less the blame of the melancholy results. She was so young, so inexperienced,—why had he sent her forth from the secure protection of the fatherly homestead to give her in charge to strangers? Why have trusted his heart's dearest treasure to the hands of hirelings? He was angry with himself for having done this, and above all, with Pastor Schönfeld, who had enforced the necessity of his doing it in so urgent and eloquent a manner.

Joseph's act lay like a dark enigma before him; nay, the whole story of the abduction showed itself in such a monstrous light, that by no reflection could he compass the motives that had led to the event. The Baron knew enough of the character of the Neapolitan people to be aware of the excesses of which they might be capable in given cases, but to abduct the daughter of a distinguished house, a mere child, without any other motive than to drag her down to the misery and indigence of the life of a wandering musician—and then to make a murderous attempt on the life of the injured, much-offended father, instead of seeking to appease him at any price, and to ask his forgiveness—that surpassed Werneck's comprehension so much, that he could not get rid of the idea that some concealed motive underlay all this. "Murderer of my father!" had the Italian exclaimed. Might it not be a case of mistaken identity?

In a very easily understood aversion from everything that could painfully excite him, he begged of his wife to examine their daughter in as delicate a manner as possible, but also to obtain exact information of everything that had passed between her and Signor Biondetto. It was with a heavy heart that Dolores applied herself to carry out this injunction, the necessity for which was obvious. She was full of anxiety as to what she would hear; but Edith, who desired nothing more ardently than to unbosom her overladen heart at the feet of her mother, gave a circumstantial and fully sincere account of almost every word that had been spoken between her and Joseph. In reference to their daughter, the minds of both parents were much more at ease after this account; but so much the more enigmatical to them was the conduct of the Italian throughout.

It was his inspection of the evidence in the law-process that first enlightened the Baron on this matter. From the first, he was cited as chief witness, and as his illness hindered him from appearing, the magistrates had come to him to take his and his wife's testimony in due form. At the urgent request of the parents, Edith's testimony was not required; it was the more easily dispensed with, in that, being a minor, she was not validly entitled to make statements upon oath. At this moment Werneck was engaged in overlooking the process of the trial, which had been sent to him, and he remained silent for a long time after he had brought the reading to an end, while his eyes rested with an inexpressible love on the drooping head of his child. Then he saw a great tear fall from her eyelashes on her drawing, and at this sight he raised himself upright on his couch.

"My child," he said, in a soft, almost inaudible voice, "what will you give me if I prove to you that the dagger of that unhappy man struck me for quite another reason than on your account?"

She looked at him as if she had not comprehended his meaning.

"There—read that," he continued; "and give it to mamma to read. You will both see that my mishap was but a just punishment of my hard-heartedness."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Dolores, astounded.

"It is an old story," he answered. "It dates back to the time of the haughty days of my youth; but a word of the Father missionary fits in here, about the mills of God—I forget the context, but this much bears upon my case—every sin bears its punishment."

Dolores, deeply moved, held out her hand to him; he grasped it eagerly. In all the years they had been together she had never heard him speak in this way; and at this moment, in his present illness, he appeared to her far more worthy of love while thus reproaching himself, than ever he had been before.

Edith had finished her reading; she sprang up, threw the paper on the table, and herself on her knees, beside her father's seat. "My father, oh, my father!" she exclaimed, with the tears streaming down her cheeks; "could he find no other tool for his revenge but me? Must I be the one—I, your only child?" She hid her face on his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"Poor child!" he said, consolingly, "I thought to tranquillize you, but it seems to me as if your self-willed sorrow shuts itself out voluntarily from every consolation. While we, your parents, have forgiven your fault, and are ready to forget it if your despair, your ever recurring tears, did not perpetually bring it to our remembrance; it is as if you were anxiously seeking, at every turn, occasion to torment yourself. Repentance is good, but let it be a peaceable repentance; let amendment follow it, and at the present time that amendment should be that you return to your

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former amiability, and with your old self of bygone days endeavor to make our residence here, at this wearisome place, where we are seeking a cure, as agreeable as you can, so as to shorten the time, and beguile our *ennui*. Don't you see that, my darling; and won't you try to do this?"

She threw both arms around his neck and laid her tear-moistened cheek on his. "Yes, papa," she whispered.

"That's right! and now I must mention how anxious the poor fellow has been to spare you in his declarations. You were displeased at the institute, and so anxious to return home, that he, your teacher, offered to accompany you thither, while he himself was but laying hold of the opportunity to strike at his enemy—and, if possible, to take a bloody revenge. However improbable the invention, it was good of him to give utterance to it."

"How you can find anything to praise in that man," said Dolores, vehemently, "I do not understand! Get up, Edith," she added listening to sounds from the house; "I think I hear strangers."

The young girl started up quickly, kissed her father's hand, and returned to her place by her mother's side. Immediately afterwards the landlord came into the garden and approached them with a respectful salute. Werneck invited him in a friendly manner to take a seat beside them, and Dolores took her work-basket from the only unoccupied chair and placed it near the table.

"I thank you, my lord and lady," said the polite man, "I am only come to you to present a little petition."

"Let us hear it, Mr. Black. If it is in our power to do you a pleasure——"

"Not only for me, but more for a sick lady, who wishes to retire here from the noisy Soden."

"Well, what?"

"I have no room to give her," explained Mr. Black, with some hesitation, "and I thought——"

"We might vacate one of ours in her favor?"

"Oh no, papa!" said Edith; "Mr. Black can give the lady my room, and I will go in with mamma's lady's maid."

"If you would; but will not that be unpleasant to you?"

"Certainly not, papa. Lenchen is my foster-sister, and I like her very much; besides which I only go to my room for sleeping and dressing."

"I thank you, my child; will one room be enough, Mr. Black? Is the lady alone?"

"Alone with her maid, for whom I can find a corner; and her son, who will content himself with a room under the mansard roof. There is the count himself."

At the open door of the house, the slim figure of a man was visible, looking expectantly in their direction. The landlord signed to him; he stepped through the low, latticed gate into the garden; Black hastened to meet him.

With a bow, he turned back to the house, while the stranger came forward to the party; first saluting the ladies, with the polished grace of the great man of the world, he then addressed himself to the Baron, who with some difficulty arose from his seat.

"I beg, I beseech you, not to incommode yourself!" said the newcomer, in quick, earnest tones.

Werneck willingly fell back on his cushions: "So," said he, "you will excuse an invalid, and take a chair beside us."

Before the stranger availed himself of the invitation, he handed his card to the Baron, who then gave the introduction: "Count Herold of Heroldeck—my wife and daughter!"

"It is a very indiscreet request that I allowed to be made to you, my lord Baron," said the Count in opening the conversation; "and only my loving smypathy for my good mother in her suffering condition could have induced me to take such a step. So much the more thankful am I to you for your gracious acquiescence."

"I hope your mother is not seriously ill?" asked Dolores, in sympathetic tones.

"Not ill, in the strictest sense of the word," he replied. "She has been sent around a good deal. Every thing has been tried. She experienced some slight alleviation, but no radical cure; and she declared she would undertake no more long journeys. The physician advised Soden, principally on account of the fir forest close by. That is what brought me here, to seek a peaceful place for her, which your great goodness will so kindly afford her."

"I hope," said Dolores, obligingly, "that the Countess will find herself comfortable here. We will do what we can to make her so."

"Does your estate lie in this duchy?" asked Werneck.

"The estate of my family does, my Lord Baron. My brother resides on it, with his young wife, since my father's death. I myself am the ducal circuit bailiff of a small city of the Rheingau."

"I am glad of that," said Werneck; "I am glad we are to live together for a time. Are you going already, my dear Count?"

"Mamma is somewhat impatiently waiting for me, or rather for the answer which I shall have. May we come here to-morrow, gracious lady?"

"Certainly," answered Dolores; "everything shall be ready for the reception of the Countess."

"Till we meet again, then," said Werneck, offering him his hand.

The Count shook it heartily, bowed low to the ladies, and withdrew.

Life took a very agreeable form from the addition of the new inmates. The two ladies felt themselves attracted to each other by mutual sympathy; and through her earnest, yet modest reserve, which fell like a veil over her youth, Edith gained the good will of the weakly-nerved Countess from their first interview. On the other hand, Werneck found in the young Count a companion who understood how to excite his spirit, and by this means, perhaps, did more to quicken the progress of his cure than the physicians had been able to effect. Leaning on the arm of his young friend, he was soon able to undertake short walks.

At times, however, the conversation of the two men took a more earnest aim. Herold was a pious Christian, a zealous Catholic, and it pained him to find that the man whom he daily learned to prize more and more, and whom he sincerely loved, should cherish principles directly opposed to his. With the zeal of firm conviction, he set to work to conquer the prejudices which, owing mainly to Pastor Schönfeld's systematic cal-

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umnies, had been infused into the soul of this, in other respects, well-meaning man. The Baron was frank enough to see that Edith's false step as well as Joseph's crime were the consequences of his own acts. This conviction had brought him to reflection, caused him to enter into himself, and shown him the deficiencies that lay at the root of his manner of thinking and feeling. Now a man came before him, one who was not a priest but a man of the world, a member of the nobility, who, besides this, was a Minister of State,—one whose birth, mind and knowledge were equal to his own, if not superior; yet this man spoke to him of the same faith that the missionary so joyfully professed, with the same steadfast conviction—although, in the prevailing atmosphere of the upper regions of their rank, his career could by no means be forwarded by his fidelity to grace. This impressed him; his opposition grew weaker and weaker; yet, intrenching himself behind his last bulwarks, he said: "You are quite out of your part as Minister of State. The Catholic Church, with its foreign Head, is a state within a state. Now, can we expect that Government will ever go hand in hand with it? It appears to me your vocation strictly prescribes that you should choose which side to take in the inevitable conflict."

"Before I took office I was a Catholic," was Herold's answer; "and besides," he added, now really forgetting his part, "your state dates only from the year 1815; while the Church dates from that miraculous Pentecost, in the year 33, when the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles in the shape of fiery tongues!"

"Yes, if you go back so far, those were the Apostles: but since then——"

"Do you think the Holy Ghost, who then came down, the Comforter, whom the Lord Jesus Christ had promised to the young Church, has since that time withdrawn Himself, leaving this same Church to itself in its unceasing strife with the world, as also with the powers of darkness?"

Werneck was a long while silent, buried in deep thought. "If it was thus, as you maintain," he said at length, "then of necessity the most glorious event of the 16th century would resolve itself into——"

"A falling off from the true Faith," interrupted Herold, abruptly; "a revolt against the holy Church of God: is not that what you meant to say?"

"I was certainly about to bring it forward against your assertion; but that you yourself fling it in my face as a veritable occurrence, I, being a Protestant, must say I consider that somewhat strong."

"Excuse me: I only said it to you, because I consider you, better than any Protestant I know, capable of apprehending the truth, and worthy of knowing it."

Werneck smiled a little, being somewhat flattered; yet his reply was not by any means an encouraging one. He said: "All attempts to convert me are in vain, because I am resolved under all circumstances to remain faithful to the traditions of my house. My wife is the first and only Catholic Baroness Werneck; all have been Protestants, from the beginning."

"From the beginning! In the Thirty-Years' War, a Werneck fell as an imperial captain under the much calumniated Tilly, in a battle against the Swedes; I think, my dear Baron, you wrong your name by this assertion. Think of the great Stolberg," he continued, warming with his subject, "when, after a long search for truth, conscientiously and zealously carried out, he found what he had sought, he did not delay an instant to acknowledge it, and to return to the religion his fathers had abandoned."

"Stolberg!" exclaimed the Baron; "we are not so far as that! I will think it over," continued he, breaking off; "not now, and not here,—but later, at home. I do not promise more than this."

"I accept the promise," said Herold, joyfully; "and I promise you, on my side, to pray for you daily—even here and now;—which indeed I have done daily since I came to know you more intimately."

Werneck looked at him wonderingly. The mutual prayer, one for the other, in matters of serious and important interest to the soul, was altogether unknown to him. Many thoughts were awakened within him at its mention; the glimmer of a presentiment of the spiritual world, whose existence till now had been veiled from him in darkness, seemed to shed light on his soul.

In this exalted state of mind, the natural magnanimity of his character made itself more than ever felt, and occasioned the earnest wish that the life which was now restored to him should also bring good to the enemy who was so much to be pitied. Therefore he wrote a letter to Joseph's defender at law, and expatiated on many ameliorating circumstances which he considered cogent enough to place the matter in a more favorable light before the jury. In this letter he expressly, and even with some exaggeration, brought forward that, as for him, the only one injured, the consequences of the murderous deed had been averted; he would greatly prefer that as far as this might consist with the majesty of the law, all further punishment should be refrained from. He concluded with a direction to his banker at Frankfurt to place a certain sum apart, which the attorney was to hand to his client on the day on which he was set at liberty.

When the letter had been dispatched and he spoke of it to his family, Edith with a cry of joy threw herself on his breast: "Thank you, thank you, father; oh, my noble magnanimous, father!" she said joyfully.

"But, child," said the startled mother, "you assured me that you did not love that unhappy man; how is it you express such sympathy with his fate?"

"Because I am to blame for it," cried the young maiden, excitedly. "Had I not followed him, he might not have done the deed for which he is now in the house of correction. You have forgiven me, but so long as he has to suffer the consequences of his deed, I cannot forgive myself; so long the feeling of blame does not lift itself from my soul."

"How exaggerated!" said Dolores, reprovingly.

"Yet quite comprehensible," chimed in Werneck; "I am now doubly glad that I wrote the letter. Punishment he has certainly deserved; but now I hope, on your account, that it will not go hard with him."

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The admiration which Count Herold felt for the beautiful yet sedate maiden, became too visible in his whole demeanor not to be noticed by the little circle. The mothers especially with inward satisfaction exchanged observations with each other, and agreed how in every respect such a union was desirable for them both. But when Dolores spoke to her husband on the subject, he threw cold water on her maternal projects.

"At the present moment, she will rather content herself under the protection of her father," interrupted he; "for it does not appear to me that she in any way encourages Herold's attentions. As to what concerns him, it cannot be denied that Edith pleases him in an extraordinary manner; but whether, when it becomes a question of a bond for life, difference of religion will not prove a hindrance to so strict a Catholic, that is another question."

"And who," asked she, warmly, "is to blame for this difference?"

"Alas!" he said, very seriously, "I myself; I know it well."

She looked at him, thinking she had heard amiss. What a confession lay in those words! She would willingly have questioned further, but he was already again deeply engrossed with his newspaper, so she kept silence.

The season was well nigh ended. Both the invalids might well be content with their cure; the Baron was almost fully recovered, and the nervous suffering of the Countess was much alleviated. Werneck would not listen to any proposal for a southern journey; he longed for home, for his business, for the undisturbed repose of his solitary hours, in which he hoped, alone with God, to weigh the important, yea, even the most important of all questions, and come to a decision. For the Count, too, his furlough of absence had expired. The bureau of office, with its dry work and dusty parchments, again demanded his presence. Before they separated, however, the two men had a long private interview. Herold, with the openness and confidence of a son, acknowledged to the Baron the impression that Edith had made upon him from the very first moment —an impression which daily intercourse with her had strengthened and augmented in his soul. After he had detailed his own very satisfactory circumstances to the minutest particular, he concluded with the question whether the Baron believed he could give him any hope as to his affection being returned.

"It is as yet too early," said Werneck, evasively, "to think of betrothal and marriage for her; she has but just left the institute, and, so to speak, has not yet worn out her child's shoes."

"I know that well," answered the Count; "and I also know that in her young heart no decided tone has yet made itself heard in my favor; my question rather regarded the future than the present. I acquiesce, even if against my will, in waiting a few years. But when the bud shall have unfolded itself to a full blossom, may I then hope to be an acceptable suitor in your eyes?"

"If you do not alter your mind before that time, and have not found a more suitable companion."

"Never, oh never!"

"I do not know a more desirable son-in-law than you, always provided that my daughter returns your love; but we must not overlook two things, that are better considered before a binding promise is made than after."

"What do you mean?" asked the suitor, uneasily.

"The first is difference of religion. Will you, who are an Ultramontane to the very backbone, take a Protestant for a wife?"

"I was prepared for this question," answered the Count; "but permit me openly to acknowledge that I see nothing unalterable in all this. Divine truth is ever the same; the views and opinions of men are changeable until they have found the truth, the full, the whole truth. At a future day I hope for Edith the right faith and the true love."

A few months ago, such an expression as this would assuredly have excited Werneck's anger: to-day he appeared not to heed its import. "Were the future already arranged and at hand," he said, "there would yet remain a painful event, that happened quite recently, to be considered."

Then he related to the listener the whole history of that bloody scene on board his ship—in which he by no means spared himself—till the moment in which the dagger of the Italian struck him. "I was bound in conscience," he said, "to disclose the truth respecting the great error committed by my daughter, to the suitor for her hand; it is for you now to decide."

The Count delayed answering for a while; he had become very serious. "My dear friend," he said at length, "it was a great fault, as you said yourself; but repentance followed so close on the act——"

"As long as I live," exclaimed Werneck, breaking in, "I shall see the child dissolved in the tears of repentance at my feet, and yet rejoicing over my appearing as she lay there on the ground."

"And you overtook the fugitives on the very day of the elopement?"

"Thanks to the railway mishap, which hindered further travel."

Herold's clouded face brightened up. "But from all I have seen of Edith, and from what I have now heard from you, this deeply-repented fault of the child is a pledge for the spotless future of the young woman; her soul will be lifted aloft by this repentance. You have shown favor to my suit: I now renew it with undiminished love, with a like hope, with the same truth."

A hearty, manly pressure of the hand sealed the given word. During the few days that yet remained to them, Herold's behavior towards Edith betrayed remarkable tenderness; it seemed as if he wanted to console her, to compensate her for all she had lately suffered. At parting, he held out his hand to her with a look fraught with deep, interior meaning, and said: "Shall we see each other again?"

"Certainly," she answered, as she laid her little hand in his; "our sojourn here has done our dear invalids so much good that I do not doubt it."

"And do you wish we should meet again?"

"She blushed to the deepest purple and drew her hand away from his: "I have enjoyed myself here," she whispered.

"We shall see each other again!" he exclaimed, and hastened to rejoin his mother, who was already seated in the carriage.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE GUIDE IN THE CATACOMBS.

In the church of the Gesù in Rome, arrangements were made for an imposing ceremony. The high altar streamed in a sea of light; two prayer-benches were placed close to the steps, a third was a little more on one side. The Fathers were assembled in choir; the celebrating priest stepped up to the altar; he read the Mass of the Holy Ghost. After the Benediction three persons drew near to the altar; our old acquaintance, Baron Werneck, who together with his daughter Edith was about to lay his confession of faith in the hands of the priest, and Dolores who wished to be present at the solemn act.

Werneck took the great step, which severed him from all the traditions of his former life. He took this step—not hastily—nor influenced by any exterior consideration; he was not the man to yield without conviction. He had seen the happiness of his married life, the peace of his household vanish more and more, without giving it a thought that it was owing to what in good faith he termed the religion of his fathers. Then misfortune came to him through the being who was the dearest to his heart, and during the constrained repose of his sick couch, he had leisure enough to reflect maturely on the causes of this lamentable event. He thought he had brought up his beloved child so well; he had procured her knowledge of many kinds, it had been his greatest pleasure to plant in this plastic soul the germs of every kind of science, and to assist the unfolding of her rich talents with his own many-sided acquirements. She had grown up under his own eyes, in the most perfect ignorance of the night-side of life, protected from the approach of the commonalty by her rank and station, and the first wind of temptation which had touched her had shown him how hollow the ground was on which he had built the proud edifice of her education. In the long nights of his sickness the image of the poor missionary, in his simplicity, his humble dignity, often appeared to his interior vision, and he asked himself whether if to this teacher Edith's religious instruction had been confided, a different result might not have followed? Whether in that case she might not have had more interior strength to withstand temptation, more prudence to distinguish the false from the true? Above all, would not her sense of duty, of virginal modesty have been tended more perfectly in her soul? Then, again, as in the act of prosecution, he read the confession of the Italian, would he fail to acknowledge the interior, mysterious connection between guilt and its punishment? He, with merciless hard-heartedness, had hunted a man to death, and the punishment struck him in his only child—through the son of the very man. There were moments when Joseph's murderous attempt appeared to him purely incidental; and it was with a sense of humble gratitude that he took up the new life which, against hope and expectation, was restored to him, as a gift of the special grace of Providence.

In this frame of mind, the acquaintance with a character like that of Count Herold could not fail to make a deep impression on him. In intercourse with this clear manly spirit, his own interior contradictions came to light more and more, and every day he began more clearly to discern the immovebility of the foundation on a rock in which the convictions of the Count had taken root. On returning home from the baths, the first and most zealous care that occupied the Baron was to renew his intercourse with the priest of the mission. He found him much altered; the burden and troubles of the apostolic mission had consumed his strength before the time; he looked older than his years. Werneck cherished the idea of turning a wing of the castle into a chapel, and offered to install the missionary as chaplain of the stronghold. "It would be a good resting-place for you, Father," he said.

But when the zealous priest assured him he would at no price leave his scattered flock, the Baron let the project rest provisionally; but now he himself encouraged his wife to fulfil her religious duties, he lightened the performance of them in every possible way, and he and Edith accompanied her in her visits to the missionary to whom he once more presented large gifts. As often as opportunity offered, he engaged the reverend gentleman in a long conversation on religious questions, and to his greater confirmation it happened that he thus received the same instruction, couched in almost the same words, as that he had obtained from Herold. The feeling of unity worked upon him with a beneficent force, and the desire grew stronger and stronger to become himself a member of this world-encompassing unity. He studied with great earnestness the books recommended to him by the missionary; they were the same which had been already recommended by Herold; what he had hitherto deemed fit only for women, he now read in common with his family.

Dolores learned with the zeal of a neophyte. Her soul had long been exiled to a zone in which the light of faith came to her only in single, weakened rays. She now joyfully welcomed the increasing light, doubly blessed through the change of mind in her husband, who now developed treasures of spirit and heart which until now had been unknown to her. But Edith listened with a joyful longing to the announcement of the glad message. Peace was beckoning to her from this quarter, peace which she feared she had lost forever. Here the gnawing torment of conscience could be quelled in true Christian repentance, full of humble hope and steadfast trust. She listened eagerly to the instructions of the priest, and faithfully followed every advice he gave her. He recommended her especially to have recourse to the protection and intercession of the Mother of God. Then she showed him the little picture which he once had given her and which she had ever carefully preserved. "Now, first, I know the value of the gift," she said, "which the beggar-man bestowed on the wayward child."

Thus passed the winter away amid serious studies and pious practices. When spring came, Dolores became urgent that the step should be no longer delayed which was to unite them all in one Faith.

Werneck, however, had plans of his own; he wanted to make his Catholic confession of Faith in the central point of Catholic unity itself,—in Rome. "Last year," he said, "you wanted to send me to Italy, in order to regain my bodily

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health; now we will all go thither to seek healing and salvation for our souls!"

Edith greeted the proposal with transport, Dolores revelled beforehand in the hope of seeing again the flowery soil of the South and enjoying its sunny sky after having lived so many years on the shores of the North Sea. Even the missionary approved the plan. Happy as it would have made him to have received the neophytes into the Church himself, yet he promised himself that so much good would be effected, especially for Edith, by the impressions her sensitive mind would receive in Rome, that he the more easily gave up the fulfilment of his own wishes. Besides, he did not conceal from himself the difficulties that would arise, especially at the first, from intercourse between the Baron and his friends and neighbors if he took the decisive step under their very eyes, they being all more or less strict Protestants.

Besides the study of religion, the summer was spent in making such arrangements as the Baron deemed necessary to provide for a long absence from home. But while occupied with these matters, Werneck by no means forgot to correspond by letter with Count Herold; on the contrary, he acquainted his friend periodically with his progress in the Faith, as also with the plans he had laid down for his future life. He told him that everything was done with the full concurrence of his wife; and that Edith, after a few hesitating steps at the outset of the new way, was now fired with love and zeal, and rather flew than ran forward to the goal. Beyond this, delicacy forbade any frequent mention of his daughter to the Count. He would not appear to praise the child of his heart to her suitor, lest it should seem as if he wished to keep the conversation concerning her fresh in his memory. A somewhat similar reflection withheld the Count from speaking of his feelings towards Edith in his letters to her father.

When the time set for the journey to Rome had come, Werneck proposed to Count Herold that they meet together, with their families and make of the journey a pilgrimage in common, he conquered himself sufficiently to send an excuse for answer,—an excuse, however, for which ample grounds existed.

In the course of that year, his mother had come to reside with him. The unhappy, unpeaceable marriage of her eldest son, who inherited the estate by right of primogeniture, and who, infatuated by a youthful passion, had brought a celebrated singer to be mistress in the stronghold of his ancestors, made residence in the castle insupportable to the otherwise suffering old lady; and she preferred to live out her days of widowhood in the modest dwelling of her younger son. Here she received attentions betokening the most faithful and self-sacrificing filial love. And instead of accepting the enticing invitation to accompany his friend to the Seven-hilled City, the Count, in his vacation time, accompanied his mother again to Kronthal, which certainly had lost its greatest charm for both, since those friends were no longer there whose presence had once cheered so pleasantly the monotonous bathing-place.

Meantime, Herold's refusal made an almost painful impression upon Werneck. Had he altered his mind? and was that communication to blame for it which he had made with so much openness, and which he now almost repented? The thought of one day seeing Edith the wife of the Count was become to him very dear, and he beheld in it almost a secure pledge for her future happiness; had he destroyed this hope by his own fault? He spoke to Dolores about it, but she could only advise him to be perfectly at peace on the subject.

At length all arrangements were made, all difficulties overcome. The heat of the summer had given place to the most beautiful and clearest weather of the early harvest, and the family entered on their pilgrimage with deeply moved and ardently excited hearts. Werneck insisted on neither seeing nor enjoying any of the glories of the Eternal City before he had put the affairs of his soul in order. "To wander through heathen Rome," he said, "to contemplate those gigantic ruins of the crushed glories of heathenism, would now be too distracting for me and Edith; and the glory of Christian Rome, of the Papal City, I will not first admire as a stranger: I reserve the pleasure until I dare call myself a son of Holy Church."

The missionary had provided him with letters of recommendation to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who gave him a most gratifying reception. After a short examination in the truths of salvation, the day for the solemn reception into the Church was fixed; and seldom has the confession of Faith and the vow of fidelity ascended to heaven from more upright hearts than those who pronounced them on that September morning in the venerated Gesù. And who would be rash enough to endeavor to depict the sensations which animated the breast of Dolores, when for the first time, she received the Bread of Life in the company of her husband and daughter? In the communion of faith and hope, a new, indestructible bond of love was woven round the hearts of the parents and their child.

After some days of interior recollection, our neophytes, armed with Molitor's unsurpassed Roman guide-book, began their devout excursions through the Eternal City. After they had first traversed the gigantic halls of St. Peter's, the central point of Catholic unity, the Baron before visiting any other place gave precedence to the Catacombs. They were to begin with the Catacomb of St. Callistus. They went therefore through the Gate of St. Sebastian out into the Campagna. They left their carriage at a considerable distance from the city walls, walked on foot through the old military road on the right hand, and followed a path which brought them to some newly-laid steps which led down to a deep shaft. The guide, who went before, halted here with his key in his hand, before the subterranean gate, which he hastily opened; then he handed to each one of the party a thin wax taper, which he lighted from the light he had in his own hand. Werneck and Dolores took the tapers from his hand with thanks, without observing the man closely, and he, too, cast his eyes on the ground and did not look at the strangers. When he came to Edith, however, the light fell full on his face, and as the young girl held out her hand for the taper, she suddenly uttered a loud cry, and, half fainting, fell back in her mother's arms. The guide started, as if terrified at her cry; pale as a

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spectre, he gazed on the trembling maiden with wide-opened eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked Werneck, somewhat sternly: "do you know the man?"

But she only pressed her face close to her mother's shoulder. "O papa!" she sobbed.

Astonished and greatly surprised, the Baron turned to look the guide in the face. A haggard form stood before him, with bowed head, and arms crossed over the breast; but the countenance?

Suddenly, as if by magic, the scene in the waiting-room came up before his mental vision. There was no doubt about it,—the man who now stood before him ready to guide him and his family through the intricate labyrinth of these subterranean streets, these galleries crossing each other, through these steps leading apparently to the very bosom of the earth, where a stranger after a very short course therein would never find his way out again, this man was the Neapolitan Biondetto, or, as his true name stood in the acts, Joseph Baldi!

"Let us go back, Arthur, I beg of you!" whispered Dolores.

"Be tranquil, dear," he whispered in tones as low as hers; "I'll answer for everything. Then, turning to the guide, he looked him sharply in the face as he asked: "How did you come here?"

"Signor," answered Joseph, bowing meekly, "I have lately been received among the appointed guides to the Catacombs. It is my turn to serve to-day."

"Did you know that I was coming here?"

"I was ordered to expect strangers; but no names were mentioned. You may trust me, signor," he added as he saw the Baron hesitate. Speaking in an imploring tone, he continued: "I am changed from what I was. The dismissed convict has no word of honor to offer, but as a Christian speaking to Christians, I swear to you you may trust me."

"But since, as you say, you are only lately received here, can you not yourself lose the way in this underground world?"

"No one is appointed as a guide before he has gone three times without a leader all through this labyrinth. That is the test of his fitness for the service."

Werneck bethought him yet for a moment then he said, resolutely: "Lead on, then, we follow; come, my dears."

"Will you really venture, Arthur?" whispered Dolores, anxiously; "is it not tempting God?"

Joseph was already inside the gate, had descended some few steps, and was waiting in the narrow gangway holding his torch on high.

"I thank you, signor," he said, as Werneck descended first; "your magnanimous trust in me restores me to the dignity of manhood."

"Be first a faithful guide to us in this holy city of tombs," answered Werneck, with mild seriousness; "after which I would like to learn from you how you came into this service, and through what influence you came to be an altered man."

Dolores had far more trouble to overcome her anxiety—nay, her aversion; but she followed close on the heels of her husband, whom she would as little leave alone with the dangerous man as she would leave Edith alone with him. She pressed the arm of her daughter close to her side, and where the narrow space did not permit this, she drew her by the hand behind her, as if she feared she might somehow be separated from her.

Edith followed as if the power of will had left her; she was like a little child, half stunned with surprise, fright and shame. Yet she felt as if a hundred-weight was lifted from her heart, at seeing Joseph at liberty, and apparently contented with his lot.

At the places in which the paths, by crossing, offered more space, as also in the chapels and grave-chambers, the women came alongside and participated with Werneck in the interesting explanations of the guide. Edith, however, never ventured to look up, and he directed his words with almost striking exclusiveness to her father. Only once, as by an abandoned burial-place she took up one of the remaining splinters of bone, which had been left behind when the bones were removed intending to keep it, he said, as gently as if speaking to a little child, and as tranquilly as if speaking to a stranger:

"That is forbidden under pain of excommunication, signora."

Terrified and ashamed, she silently laid the bone back in its place; but it was peculiarly remarkable that in doing so, all her fear of Joseph, all her heartfelt anguish and anxiety melted away; and when, after having wandered for hours in this city of the dead, they returned to the light of day, she felt free and cheerful as she had never been before since that unlucky attempt at elopement.

Werneck begged the ladies to go forward a little, and seat themselves for a while in the carriage which was in waiting.

"Before we part never to meet again," he said to the guide, "since God has led us together here in so unexpected, almost in a miraculous manner, I would like to learn from yourself what has altered your disposition towards me. You were my mortal foe; yet here, I, my wife and child, were all in your power."

"Signor," answered Joseph, deeply moved, "it was principally your magnanimity that overcame my heart, which was thirsting for revenge. You showed goodwill towards me when everything might induce you to prosecute me to death. You used all your influence to mitigate my punishment, to represent my crime as less than it was, while your own life hung on a thread in consequence of that very crime! That overpowered me, signor."

"How came you here—and especially how did you come into this service?"

"I was sentenced to a year's imprisonment; but, through your intercession, the half-year that had passed between the examination and final trial was reckoned in. On leaving the prison, my attorney handed me a new proof of your generous compassion, which placed me in a condition to make my way back to Italy without delay. You may well believe that the German soil scorched my feet. I came to Rome, and here I sought and found absolution from my sins. I came as a pilgrim to the Catacombs, and here by the tombs of the Saints, in the dark bosom of the earth, the light fell upon my soul; I saw that my whole life to this moment had been a thorough failure and full of sin. Though I had received the absolution from my guilt, yet I felt in my inmost soul that

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only by long and serious penance could I regain interior peace. And as that conviction came to me here, I saw in it an indication of the will of Providence as to my future destiny; and resolved to dedicate my life henceforth to the service of the pilgrims who desire to visit the tombs of the Saints. That is my history, signor."

The Baron, deeply moved, replied: "May the path on which you have entered confirm you more and more in peace."

The driver ran up in great haste and interrupted him. "The signora beseeches your excellence to come," he called out, even before he came up to him.

"All right, I am coming." With a dexterous manœuvre, he had managed to shove a well-filled purse, without its being noticed, under Joseph's hat as it lay on a stone block on the steps. He then held out his hand to take leave; Joseph seized it eagerly, with tears in his eyes. "Adieu! signor, may God be your guide, signor." Thus they parted.

"I cannot understand, Arthur," said Dolores, somewhat excitedly, "how you can converse with that man as if——"

"As if we neither of us were the same as we were before: is not that what you would say, my love? Shall a feeling of enmity accompany us into our new life? shall we not rather forgive everything that has been done against us, since our merciful God has forgiven us so unspeakably much?"

With cheerful heart and opened understandings, the three gave themselves up to the glories that the Papal city offered to the friends of art and of antiquity; but above all, in immeasurable fulness, to the faithful Christian. After they had had the happiness to take part in one of the great audiences of the Holy Father, they bent their way, after Christmas, to the South, and lived many weeks in great enjoyment in glorious Naples, with its paradisaical surroundings; and then before the beginning of Lent, returned to Rome. The sublime festival of Easter, and the solemn blessing of the Vicar of Christ from the Loggia of St. Peter's dome, were the last great and exalted impressions they took with them from Rome. A few days after this, laden with rich treasures of memory to last them through their lives, they took the journey back to their own home.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCERT IN AID OF THE POOR.

The storms of spring had, this year, set in with peculiar violence. Even earthquakes were at times felt, sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker; incessant rain swelled the waters, from the mighty river to the tiny brooklet; and as the snow now melted from the mountains and flowed downwards, the waters of the Rhine rose above their banks, broke through the dams which the powerless hand of man had laid down to stem the torrent, and poured themselves over the plains, destroying and ravaging everything in their course. The most bitter want ensued among the country people.

Christian compassion was excited to help and soften the calamity thus arising, and where individuals were unable to assist the numbers of the suffering, many combined in aid of the charitable purpose. Count Herold, called forward officially to this duty, was inexhaustible in giving, and indefatigable in seeking new means of assistance. In spite of all that was done, however, the means would not hold out; and, finally, all resources seemed at an end.

One day his mother, who throughout had assisted him in act as well as with advice, said to him: "How would it be if we were to give a concert? That would entice young and old, I think."

"A concert of mere amateurs, my dear mamma! How could we get them together to any purpose? The young ladies play a little on the piano; here and there one does not sing badly; but, in the first place, they are not accustomed to perform together; and, secondly, they are much too bashful to come forward in public."

"And your glee-quartet?"

"Is good enough, but we should find it impossible to fill out a whole evening with them. We need be greater masters of our art for that, than we are."

"You might write to Mayence; a few musicians from there would——"

"And where would be the profit in that case?" interrupted he, with a laugh. "We must not aim so high as that, dear mamma, if we are to gain anything by it; but I think if I ask my sister-in-law she would sing; and her companion would play the harp. That would settle the matter. In such a case, it would be necessary to make the announcement in a somewhat pompous manner, for in these matters a great deal depends on puffing properly."

"So you will write to them immediately," said the Countess, as she rose.

"No, mamma, I have no more time to-day; I must go to my office: business awaits me; but to-morrow is Sunday, and after early Mass I will go to Heroldseck and try to take the fortress by storm."

On the next day he found the Countess Leontine in that state of loneliness and weariness, which, as a rule, occurs on a Sunday for such as, being without interior resources, wish for, nay, can only receive excitement and entertainment from without. In this mood, even the insupportable bigot of a brother-in-law was welcome, and his proposition met with, not only an unexpectedly responsive attention, but the husband, who generally disliked any public appearance of his wife, which would bring to mind her former profession at the theatre, gave his consent unasked; and besides this, placed a large sum of money at his brother's disposal.

The lady companion, Miss Matilda, also expressed her willingness to give brilliancy to the affair by playing on the harp. This masterly harp-playing was the single charm, the only beauty that the old maid had ever possessed, and the time in which she had hoped to make a late, but so much the more dazzling conquest of the younger Count, was not so very long ago. So they passed the day in the most beautiful concord, selected and tried musical pieces with one another, and finally settled upon the evening for their great performance.

On returning home, Herold found his hands full with the artistic preparations and the more material arrangements he had to make for his under-

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taking. But at length he thought he had brought everything into good order, and on the morning of the concert-day he entered his mother's room with an air of great satisfaction. The lady was still writing the last copies of the programme.

He put the question: "Dear mamma, will you allow your piano to be taken away now? The bearers are waiting below."

"Of course," was her friendly answer, and laying down her pen, she added: "the landlord of the Red Lion has just sent for some strangers of distinction: if only the performance corresponds to the promise."

"Oh, it will, mamma. Leontine with her harp is my warrant for a good result. She is the grand performer on the harp; the rest will chime in with all this."

The Countess Leontine was expected to dinner; but the hour appointed was long past and she did not appear. At length the mother and son took their meal together with an uneasiness they could scarcely suppress. The afternoon passed, and brought no tidings.

"What shall we do?" she asked, pale with excitement.

Before he could answer that he had not the slightest idea, a carriage drove up. "At last,—thanks be to God!" he said in joyful tones, and hurried down to receive the visitor so longed for. "But, my good Leontine!" he exclaimed to the lady who stepped out, and then threw back her thick veil.

"It is I, Count," she said in flute-like tones, "my harp and I. The Countess begs you will kindly excuse her—she is attacked with sudden hoarseness."

He stood for a moment completely taken aback, opposite this bringer of ill-news without answering a word; then suddenly, he said out in a rage: "Caprice, thy name is woman!" He politely offered the lady his arm to lead her upstairs. That done, he hastened out to press into the service, at this last moment, the daughter of the apothecary, who had a pretty voice and could sing little songs in a very pleasing manner.

He did not believe in this sudden hoarseness, and was not far wrong either. Leontine had heard that morning, for the first time, that a distinguished family of the neighborhood, who had made her feel, in every possible way, her want of equal birth with them, intended to be present at the concert. She had immediately declared that she would not sing in a concert for beggars before these proud people, who held themselves too high to take part in an innocent social amusement, and who would turn up their noses and criticise her contemptuously. All the representations of her husband and entreaties of her companion only exasperated the self-willed lady more and more, and at length Miss Matilda beheld herself compelled to set out alone, and, with the discouraging announcement, to bring in her own person and her harp the only compensation in her power.

The concert began in a hall, filled to overflowing, with the overture of the 'Troubadour'; then, the quartet executed a sonata of Beethoven's, after which came the turn for the harp. Herold led the lady to her place on the platform; then fatigued and ill-humored, drew back into an adjoining room, to take a little repose. He had scarcely taken his place there, before he was startled with the harshest discords; the tones were certainly those of the harp, but most miserably out of tune. The strings must have become loosened by the moist air on the journey. The lady, however, in her agitation and excitement, had forgotten to try if the instrument was in tune before she began to play.

Herold hastened back into the hall. There sat Miss Matilda on the platform, her presence of mind completely gone. She was storming on the strings which were all out of tune, as if her fortissimo could cover the harsh discordance. But, what was that?

A slight maidenly form, in a simple travelling costume pressed through the densely-crowded audience, with a light step ascended the platform, took the key from the piano, and with a few quick, skilful strokes, tuned the strings to perfect accord. A storm of applause broke out through the hall; Miss Matilda bowed her joyful thanks, but Herold stood at a distance and rubbed his eyes as in a dream.

And was it indeed a dream? This assisting angel, this rescuer in the time of need, was really Edith. Edith, more beautiful, more lovely than he had ever seen her before, who now, that she had finished her deed of love, did not know where to go to hide herself from the admiring eyes of the crowd.

Then a friendly hand was held out to her assistance; looking up, she beheld Herold's admiring look. The flash of joy which passed over her countenance filled his heart with bliss immeasurable.

"How glad I am!" she whispered, hastily; and he rejoined, also under his breath: "May God reward you a thousandfold! what a joy to see you here!"

"There are my parents," she said, pointing to the background; "we could scarcely find room." He led her thither, radiant with joy, and ravished by the now harmonious sounds of the harp.

Hearty shakes of the hand, and a few words spoken in low tones were exchanged by the friends. Not before Miss Matilda concluded her sonata, amid thundering applause, could a mutual explanation take place.

"How long have you been here?" asked the Count.

"We came to-day: we intended to surprise you."

"And you could not have done it more effectually; without Lady Edith's friendly interposition, all our local papers to-morrow would be full of the harrowing announcement that the concert for the poor broke down—was a failure."

"The false notes," said Werneck, laughing, "made the child nervous; I was surprised, myself, at the prompt step she took."

"I was so sorry for the poor lady," she said, feelingly.

"But, please, come to mamma," entreated the Count.

The Countess had recognized Edith from the first, but being very near-sighted, had thought she must be mistaken. Her pleasure was so much the greater when the friends she had believed so far off now surrounded her, and she insisted that this very evening they should come to her in the

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official dwelling house out of the not very comfortable hotel.

The remainder of the programme was for the most part unattended to by our friends, who were excited in so many ways. Yet as Herold narrated the disappointment his sister-in-law had occasioned him, Werneck said, "Perhaps Edith could help the case a little?"

"No, papa," she replied, "I cannot mount the stage again; my anxiety and embarrassment were too overpowering when I found myself the object of such overwhelming applause; while in fact, I had only performed a trifling service."

"Which, however, no one will find it easy to imitate," remarked Herold.

"But to-morrow," he added, entreatingly, "when surrounded only by friends, you will let us hear your voice?"

"As much as you wish," she cheerfully replied.

The answer clung to his heart like a promise. Edith had not sung a note so long as the burden of regret lay heavy on her soul; and to-night, the discovery of her musical talent had been a surprise for him. Her readiness to promise to sing to-morrow was as a guarantee for him, that she had regained the freedom of her heart and spirit.

At the pressing request of both mother and son, the travellers tarried with them several days, which were spent pleasantly, and enjoyed very much, as might be expected, from the unrestrained interchange of thought and feeling between men entertaining similar views. Werneck had, with the whole energy of his character, adopted the affairs of the Church as his own personal matter; and his plans and projects as to how he intended to carry this out in his own home, often formed the subject of their serious conversation, in which the Countess and Dolores took a sympathetic part. Besides this, the reminiscences of travel furnished inexhaustible topics of conversation, in which art also was discussed.

Edith kept her word, and the sweet ringing tones of her voice were heard throughout the old-fashioned house; they rang with sweet and irresistible power in Herold's heart. But the more vividly he felt his love for his young guest take hold of his inmost soul, the more violently was he tormented with the doubt whether his love would or could be returned? Was he not already too old for the young maiden, who at most was but eighteen?

Thus he tormented himself, and from day to day he put off speaking the all important word that, in one way or another, would end those harassing doubts. And thus a week passed away.

The Baron declared his intention of departing at the beginning of the next. Then, at length, Herold gathered up all his courage, to beg the beloved maiden to grant him a private interview, in which, to her great surprise, he laid before her with manly earnestness the feelings and wishes of his heart.

"And yet?" she said, doubtingly.

"And yet, the only question is, and on it hangs the happiness of my life, whether you can feel love enough for me to lay your hand in mine for the life-long contract."

After saying these words, he offered her his right hand with a beseeching look, and she laid hers in it and said with deep earnestness: "To whom much is forgiven, the same also loveth much!"

With interior joy the parents blessed the bond of the heart. After Werneck had yielded to the petition which beset him on all sides, and put off his departure a little, the lovers spent some happy days together; and their mutual interest and sympathies were quickened to a livelier and more and more blissful consciousness of congeniality. Thus the parting lost its bitterness, in the hope of being united after a while never more to part.

The Crib of Bethlehem.

The cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem, and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others, had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem were brought to Rome. Some have asserted that the transfer was made in the year 352, but the learned Pope Benedict XIV proved that it was not until the 7th century, at the time that the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 653. In conformity with this, it is said by Cardinal Baronius that in the year 653, St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there, telling him to carry the crib and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did.

The Crib, considered one of the most precious relics of the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of the Snow and Our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V, in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone, leading to a little chapel called the Chapel of the Crib. Formerly the holy crib was kept here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side-chapel, enclosed in a magnificent, silver-mounted, crystal reliquary, surrounded by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days, for public veneration. Old and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore to visit the holy Crib.

OUR esteemed *confrère*, Mr. Dennis A. Clarke, of the *Catholic Columbian*, was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood last week, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit. To many, who supposed from the able manner in which the *Columbian* was conducted, that its editor was devoting his undivided attention to it, this will be a surprise. Indeed it must have required great effort on the part of Mr. Clarke to complete a theological course while conducting a weekly paper; but he has done it, and his labors have been crowned with unfading glory. Length of days to the Rev. editor of the *Columbian!*

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How to Help the Army Chaplain Bill.

The proposed Bill to be placed before Congress, I am informed, will not be delayed much after the reassembling of that body, on the 6th of January, 1880. How can this project be aided by those who think the Government should recognize the Catholic soldier? Undoubtedly by bringing to bear upon Congress all the influence possible. And, still further, by discussing the matter in the public press. Many persons when desiring the passage of a particular measure by Congress, are apt to confine their efforts to the lower House. This is a mistake. The House of Representatives is a popular body, and a measure can be passed far more easily there than in the Senate, providing, of course, it is non-political. The Senate and House must act concurrently to make a law, and, finally, the President must approve by his signature. The failure to approve remands the bill to Congress, where, to become a law, it must again be passed, and this time by a two-thirds majority of votes. Petitions should be prepared to reach each body. Individual Catholics having the success of the project at heart, and knowing members or Senators, should endeavor to secure their candid consideration of the question. This may be done by writing them, or by personal interviews, when practicable. That noble body of men, the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union; its German kindred society; the Literary Union, which has for its organ the *Catholic Visitor*, of Richmond, Virginia, and any Catholic society in the country, might, and can, aid in this; and if they would, not in a perfunctory way, but in dead earnest, the bill would be an assured success.

The question is, will they do it?

As to the representation of the question in the press, it may be permitted the writer to say, that all such work should be done in charity, with zeal tempered by discretion. The writer knows a number of the chaplains in the army, and for those he knows best he has a high respect. They are the victims of a false system, which makes the corps only an asylum for worn out-men. It is not given to all men to be Hercules. So far as religion is concerned, the writer pretends to no sympathy for the present chaplains, but so far as the abstract principle of their appointment and work is concerned, he does.

Let the effort be carried forward with earnestness, with zeal, but temperately. A good claim can afford to eschew violence. And while doing all we can, let it not be forgotten that the aid of One more powerful than man should be invoked. It may be proper to say that these articles are believed to reflect the sentiment of all army Catholics, —certainly all with whom any consultation has been had.

The cause they advocate is placed under the powerful protection of her to whose honor this magazine is devoted, and whose glorious Feast has just been celebrated by the universal Church; the Mirror of Justice, and the Help of Christians.

A CATHOLIC ARMY OFFICER.

NOTHING is so common in the world as the contempt of things worthy of esteem, and the esteem of those which ought to be condemned.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception
(Or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 17TH.

The following petitions have been received: Recovery of health for 92 persons and 16 families,—change of life for 68 persons and 13 families,—conversion to the Faith for 67 persons and 15 families,—grace of perseverance for 8, and that of a happy death for 6 persons,—special graces for 5 priests, 6 clerical students, 4 religious, and 2 persons aspiring to the religious state, —temporal favors for 25 persons and 7 families,—spiritual favors for 21 persons and 3 families,—the spiritual and temporal welfare of 5 communities, 3 congregations, 4 schools, and 3 orphan asylums,—also 28 particular intentions, and 6 thanksgivings for favors received.

Specified intentions: Removal of obstacles to two vocations,—preservation of several persons from a sudden and unprovided death,—the payment of a just debt contracted by the deceased head of a wealthy family who now refuse to acknowledge it,—employment for those needing it in a certain place,—the conversion of a number of inebriates,—recovery of several insane persons,—peace and harmony between and within several families.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious lady writes: "I send you the particulars of a wonderful cure that has been wrought through the intercession of our Lady and the use of the water of Lourdes. The Protestant to whom I gave this heavenly remedy is up and walking about. When I first went to see him, five of the best physicians in our large city had given him up, saying there was no hope, that as soon as the abscess broke he would die. I told him I would give him some of the water of Lourdes, which he accepted, although his parents thought it was useless. He drank some, and I poured a little on the swelling, which was as large as two hands. I then began a novena for him, and, thanks be to God and our Lady! he was sitting up on the tenth day when I went to see him. The doctors were much surprised, and wanted to know what I had given him."

OBITUARY.

The members of the Confraternity are requested to remember the following deceased persons in their charitable prayers: Mr. NICHOLAS J. BEAN, formerly of Boston, who departed this life at Liverpool, England, on the 11th of November. SISTER AUGUSTINE (Harkins), of the Sisters of Charity, whose beautiful life was crowned with a precious death at Albany, N. Y., on the 28th of September last. Mr. JAMES O'KANE, whose death occurred at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 29th. Mr. PATRICK KELLY, of Creston, Iowa, who breathed his last on the 17th ult. Miss MARGARET SULLIVAN, who was taken away in the bloom of youth on the 9th of November. Dr. PETER O'MALLEY, a resident of Pittston, Pa., who slept in the Lord on the Feast of All Saints. MARY B. MADDEN, deceased on the 7th inst., at Halifax. Mrs. Dr. LINGENFELDER, of St. Louis, Mo., who died last September. Mrs. M. WELLON, of San Francisco, Cal., who passed out of this world on the 3d inst; Mr. DENNIS O'CONNELL, who rested in peace at Edina, Mo., on the same day. Miss MARGARET MCMAHON, whose death took place on the 11th of December at New Bedford, Mass. And several others whose names have not been given.

Requiescant in pace.

A. GRANGER, C. S. C., Director.

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Children's Department.

Wake Up!

Wake up! 'tis Christmas morning!
Wake up: be wise!
The stars look down, like angels' eyes,
Heaven's pale blue adorning.
Yet brighter far
Shines Bethlehem's Star.

To Midnight Mass we hasten,
Wake up: be wise!
The stars look down, like angels' eyes,
Our contrite hearts to chasten.
Bells are ringing,
Censers swinging.

Bright flowers are on the altar,
And lilies white,
'Mid waxen tapers' tender light:
Come, join the angels' psalter;—
With one accord
Praise we the Lord.

SISTER ALOYSIA.

The Legend of St. Hymelin.

Saint Hymelin flourished in the eighth century. A kinsman of Saint Rumold, he had from childhood led a life of piety, and as early as the wise laws of the Church permitted, devoted himself to the service of God's altar. Like so many of his countrymen, St. Hymelin turned with a longing heart to Rome. His inmost soul yearned to visit the shrines of the Apostles, where the illustrious Apostle of Ireland had received his mission. At last his hopes were realized. Of a princely family, he journeyed on his way as a poor pilgrim, alone and unattended. He reached Rome, and bent in prayer at the spots hallowed by the blood of the princes of the Apostles and the countless martyrs of the early Church. When his devotion had been satisfied, when he felt that he could tear himself from the basilicas and shrines that were to him of deeper interest than arch or pillar or amphitheatre, he took up his pilgrim's staff to journey homeward. Pestilence desolated the face of Europe: famine followed in its destroying path. The pilgrim's way was hard and weary. One day, faint and suffering from want of food and every necessary of life, wayworn, in tatters, he reached a village in France and stopped at a well. A maid was there, the servant of the parish priest, her pitcher in her hand. The exhausted Saint asked her for a drink, but as her master, dreading the contagion, had forbidden her to let any one drink from her pitcher, she refused. As he asked again, she invited him to the house, where her master would give him meat and drink in abundance.

"No," he replied; "give me but a drink of cold water: thy master will be perfectly satisfied with thy conduct." She finally yielded, and when the pilgrim had quenched his thirst, he went his way.

The servant beheld him depart, then turned with her re-filled jar to the house and placed it before her master on the table. There had been delay, and he hastily filled a goblet; but on raising it to his lips, found it to be exquisite wine. Full of astonishment, he called back the girl to know how she had brought him wine.

"Wine, master!" she exclaimed; "it is water; I drew it from the well." But as she saw his look of incredulity, she told all the circumstances of the meeting with the stranger. The good priest saw that it must be some great servant of God: and feeling how unworthy it was for him to sit at ease while so holy a man plodded on, bereft of every comfort, he ran out in pursuit of the pilgrim and urged him to return. So pressing were the priest's entreaties, that St. Hymelin turned back and sat him down at the hospitable board. But he would not, when night descended on the earth, accept the kindly proffered couch. God's wanderer, no bed would he accept for his weary limbs but the floor of the barn, and there the noble pilgrim stretched himself never to rise again. The pestilence had seized him, and still refusing a softer or more delicate couch, all the little luxuries that kindness could offer, he lingered till the third day, gradually sinking. The good priest full fain would have given every comfort his house afforded to that pious pilgrim, who had journeyed so far to venerate, in the centre of Catholicity, the tombs of Christ's saints.

When St. Hymelin on the third day felt his last moment approaching, and asked for the last Sacraments, the priest administered them with great reverence. Soon after, the Saint expired alone.

But though the servant of God expired unseen by men, the angels were not absent. As his pure soul soared to receive its reward, the bells of the church began to ring; the people gathered together; but the priest looked at his flock, and they at him. At last he thinks of the man of God, and says to his parishioners: "I have a pilgrim in my barn: let us see whether the bells have rung on his account." Leading the way, the priest proceeded to the barn. There lay St. Hymelin, lifeless, but with a countenance radiant of the joys of heaven. After kneeling to thank God for the wonders wrought in His servant, they thought of preparing him a fitting sepulture, when, lo! they find a grave already prepared. There they laid his sacred remains, to be the treasure of the village. The veneration of the Saint was rewarded by miraculous favors. Age after age repeated his virtues and commended his intercession.

O blessed Hymelin, worthy of God, confessor of Christ, vouchsafe to pour forth prayers to the Lord for us poor pilgrims, wandering in this vale of tears, that we who recall thy travel through the slippery ways of this world, may merit to rejoice with thee eternally in the heavenly abode!

WE ask our young folks to kindly excuse a short Children's Department this week, on account of the great press of other matter. We wished to conclude everything in this number, so as to begin the new year with fresh materials. A larger space than usual in the first issue will be devoted to our younger readers, to whom we wish

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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